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Bc Oct 1858

P.131.1

The Gift of
Henry Austin Whitney
of
Boston
(Class of 1846)
25 September 1858

57.840
1-25
VH.80

Bc Oct 1858

P.131.1

The Gift of
Henry Austin Whitney
of
Boston
(Class of 1846)
25 September 1858

37.2.20
1-25
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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1856.

AMERICAN EDITION—VOLUME XLIII.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
NO. 79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD.

1856.

Back Numbers of the Westminster Review wanted.—Fifty cents is offered for April, 1854, and One Dollar for August, 1843.

BLACKWOOD'S

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Notice to Editors and Caution to the Public.

Will our Editorial friends caution their readers against a man, pretending to be a *deaf mute*, and forging our name to printed subscription bills, got up by himself, expressly to cheat the Public? *We have no deaf mute in our employ.* We have heard from this man's victims chiefly in the Western States, but he will doubtless go wherever he can be most successful in his villany. We therefore wish to check and expose him at all points simultaneously, and hence this request from Editors with whom we exchange. It is not for our benefit, but for that of the Public, that we ask the favor, for we learn that this scamp is doing a large business with other Publications, as well as our own. He has, in one instance, given the name of "Broderick," but all the receipts we have seen are boldly signed "Leonard Scott & Co.," without even an assumed name as Agent. Please pass him around.

L. S. & Co.

P.S.—One of his victims, writing from Illinois, describes him as "short, thick set, black hair, sallow complexion, German cast of countenance, wore spectacles with steel rims, limped considerably, and was well dressed." His deafness, &c., is probably feigned.

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that tendency to become oblivious of past wretchedness which the average mind happily possesses, those who came unscathed through the worst privations of that season have ceased to dwell on their calamities. But in the memory of every survivor there will ever remain a dark corner devoted to the squalid and spectral phantasmagoria of the wintry siege; and at the *Open Sesame* of the words "Camp before Sebastopol," they will rise to his mental vision chill and ghastly, and full of fearful interest, even in remotest old age.

First among them will unroll itself that which daily met his eye—a wilderness of mud overhung by a low sky, with the space between filled by a piercing northern blast, before which the rags of the tents flutter and the poles rattle in their earthy sockets. Before the icy breath of the wind drifts with uncertain steps a soldier, whom but for the buttons on his great-coat and the rusted musket, you might take for a famished mendicant. He stoops stiffly beneath the opening of his tent, and disappears for a moment; it is to exchange his musket for a pick-axe. He is weary, and longs for sleep; but he is numb with the long night's watching in the trenches, and longs, too, for some warm food and drink to send a ray of heat through his shivering frame before he creeps beneath his blanket. The food is there, scanty and raw, but not the fuel. The ground surrounding his camp is not only bare of twigs, but the roots have everywhere been sought with a scrutiny keener than that of the gold-seeker, and he goes forth to search at a distance. As he plods on, everything around tells of famine and desolation—everything tells him to despair—the skeletons, the half-buried carcasses, the open graves. Snow, which fell last night, lying in the bottom of these graves, shows they were dug yesterday in certain anticipation of victims. What matter if he fill one himself, and so end the struggle and weariness?—what matter if cold and starvation soon do their work?—or, better still, if he meet to-night some friendly bullet in the trenches?

Of all the dreary scenes, that which the soldier turns to with least repugnance is the Trenches—the scene of his fame as well as his sufferings, where he earned a claim, not only to his country's sympathy, but to her applause. In the advanced trench he has, through his loophole of sandbags, exchanged shots all day with the opposing riflemen, and the excitement of combat has prevented him from feeling the full evils of cold and wet; but night has put an end to the desultory duel of musketry, and he is laid under the parapet, seeking, with his back against the cold wet earth, some shelter from the wind that issues as from caverns of ice out of the bleak north. His last look over the parapet at nightfall showed the Redan rising before him a black silent mound; on his right lies the Malakoff, black and silent too; yet in a moment they may become, as they often suddenly become, volcanoes darting flame. But to-night they are quiet; only an occasional gun on the left throws a shot across the French lines;—to night he will yield to soft drowsy thoughts of his warm home. What a paradise it seems!—never did he half appreciate its charms till now. Is it possible there are in the world people so fortunate as to possess warm clothing, cheerful firesides, neat-spread tables, plentiful food?—are there really such things as home faces? On such pleasant themes he tries to think steadily,—and could succeed, but for the rain on his face distracting his thoughts. Presently, as he dozes, the images become more real, the faces come without effort, the scene is furnished with forgotten details, the fireside glows—strange that it does not warm him!—is the fuel frozen—is the flame but a glitter? He tells the friends of his dream how he had been lately almost despairing of ever seeing them again—how he has suffered since they parted—but now they will be merry! ——A sound as of thunder wakes him;—as, still half dreaming, he looks up, the comrade at his side, whose hand touched his but now, starts to his feet, stands straight, with outspread arms, and falls back dead. A shell has burst close by, and the splinter which has struck his comrade to the heart passed across his own breast. No great interest is dis-

played by those who presently throng round—the event is too common to excite them; their faces, as they stoop to examine the wound, look dull and dreary in the light of the lantern, and their eyelids are stiff with cold, or heavy with watching or with recent sleep; the only remark they make is that he is dead. They bear the slain man over the parapet to the spot where they will dig his grave; the ground is stony; but here, here is a soft place where the earth will be easily turned—no, not there, that is itself a grave where those who fell in the last sortie were laid. Close by they scoop the narrow and shallow sepulchre and lay him in it; the enemy has heard the jarring of the spades, and opened from the guns that looked towards the sound; the shells whistle and explode, the grape comes rustling like birds on the wing; quickly they fill in the earth and return to the trench, again to shiver and doze till the cold dawn shall once more usher in the weary day, and bring the relief which is scarcely even a variety of misery.

At the word "Balaklava" the scene shifts to where, as you look towards the town from the top of the last eminence, the harbour gleams, like a plate of steel, in its rocky basin, while heavy clouds, charged with sleet and rain, are rent into rags as the wind drives them against the edge of the mountain. Slowly move the trains of men and horses that traverse the melancholy valley—slowly come those which ascend the hill towards you. This line of grisly men in ragged red coats, whose thick beards mingle with their fur-caps and cover the woollen scarfs wound round their necks, have been sent down from the front for provisions for themselves and their comrades, and those pieces of pork which dangle in strings from their hands are the rations, on which they will break their fast for the first time to-day—the first time, though, through yonder break in the black cloud, comes a lurid glimmer of the setting sun. That pack-horse, which has sunk under its burden by the roadside, will never rise again; ah, you may cease, good fellow, those efforts to raise him! to-morrow there will be one more carcass cumbering the road. Room for the sick! and turning, you see a dismal troop. He who rides first is, as you see by his helmet, a dragoon, from whose stooping shoulders, as he leans forward to clutch the mane, flows a blanket covering the hollow flanks of his gaunt horse; his lips are parted, his eyes closed, his cheeks livid—he is little other than a mounted corpse. The next moans as he goes propping himself with both hands painfully on the pommel of his saddle. "Will this journey never end?"—so you read in his face: "this desert of mud which I seem to have been traversing for months and years, shall we ever be through it?—were it not better to relax these faint hands, to cease to cling with these weary knees, and to bury all my troubles in the mire beneath!" The next glares at you for a moment with wide eyes, void of speculation; he is fever-stricken; and if he saw you at all in that hurried insane glance, you exist in his brain only as another of the phantoms or fiends that haunt his delirium. Bound for the great hospital of Scutari, though some of them will never see it, the ghostly train sweeps on, wading and slipping past the dying horses, past the dead and half-buried bullocks, past skeletons and carcasses in various stages of decay, past the wrecks of arabas and waggons, past the men with bundles who have been down for the clothing they have needed for weeks, past the waggon-load of dead Turks going to that yawning pit beside the road which is to be their sepulchre, past the artillery-waggons returning now at dusk with the forage they set out at daybreak to fetch—and on, always through deep mire, to the place of embarkation.

Embarkation! To how many will that word bring the most fearful recollections of all. Lying amid a thousand other sick and wounded on the bare planks—in torture, lassitude, or lethargy—without proper food, medicine, or attendance—they are launched on the stormy sea. It is bitter cold, and their covering is scanty; the roll and plunge of the ship are agony to the fevered and the maimed; in place of the hush, the

cleanliness, the quiet, the stealthy step that should be round the sick, the sounds are such as poets have feigned for the regions of the damned —groans, screams, entreaties, complaints, curses, the straining of the timbers, the trampling of the crew, the moaning of the wind, the weltering of the waves. But courage! the voyage is short—to-morrow night will see them in the Bosphorus! So at least it should be; but even that hope fails. The machinery of the overladen ship breaks down, and, all their evils aggravated tenfold by delay, they lie for days tossing a hell upon the waters, longing for death or Scutari.

Scutari, the longed-for haven, was for weeks the very climax and headquarters of suffering—crammed with misery, overflowing with despair. In those large chambers and long corridors lay thousands of the bravest and most miserable of men. One standing at the end of any of the galleries that traversed the four sides of the extensive building, looked along a deep perspective, a long-diminishing vista of woe. Ranged in two rows lay the patients, feet to feet; the tenant of each bed saw his pains reflected in the face of his suffering *vis-a-vis*; fronting each was another victim of war or cold, starvation or pestilence. Or frequently the sick man read in the face opposite, not the progress of fever, nor the leaden weight of exhaustion, but the tokens of the final rest to which he was himself hastening. With each round of the sun nearly a hundred gallant soldiers raved or languished out their lives; as the jaws of the grave closed on the prey of to-day, they reopened as widely for that of to-morrow. It might be though, that, at this rate, the grave, so greedy, so improvident, would exhaust its victims—that some day it would gape in vain; but no fear of that—the sick flock in faster than the dead were carried out, and still the dismal stream augmented till the hospitals overflowed, while still faster poured the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea, feeding, as they came, the fishes with their dead.

Had Dante witnessed these scenes, he might have deepened the horrors of his Inferno. Told with more or less exactness, but with a graphic skill that suffered none of the pathos to be lost, they shook the nation with a universal tremor of anger and grief. It could not bear to think that the men of whom it had suddenly grown so proud—the men who were to revive the ancient glories of the Peninsula—should be perishing of want, while wealth and plenty reigned at home. In compliance with the loudly expressed feeling of the public, the Ministry resolved to send a Commission to the Crimea, to seek a clue to the causes of the sufferings of the army. Lord Panmure, looking about for a suitable person to conduct an investigation so important and so delicate, fixed on Sir John M'Neill, for many years envoy to Persia, a man excellently qualified by sagacity, temper, knowledge of official and diplomatic proceedings, and acquaintance with the East, for the task imposed on him. With him was associated Colonel Tulloch, an officer who had served in India, and who had for many years superintended the organisation and equipment of the pensioners, to the satisfaction of the Government; and to them, on the 19th February, his Lordship addressed the following letter:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have the honour to acquaint you that I have selected you to proceed to the Crimea on Thursday next, *viâ* Marseilles.

"I have the honour to inform you that it will be your duty to inquire into the whole arrangement and management of the Commissariat Department.

"You will acquaint yourselves with the mode by which the supplies of forage, and any other articles, are obtained; and should any better mode suggest itself to you for the execution of this duty, you will transmit to Lord Raglan such suggestion, and also furnish me with a copy.

"You will satisfy yourselves whether there has been a regularity of supply furnished to the army, and a sufficiency to the Store Department at Balaklava; and if not, what has been the cause of the irregularity or insufficiency.

"You will ascertain whether supplies offered for purchase have been accepted or rejected; and if rejected, the reasons for such rejection.

"You will also examine carefully the

mode of accounting, and if the system be in your opinion unnecessarily complicated for a period of actual warfare, you will suggest such means of simplification as may occur to you.

"To enable you to conduct this inquiry satisfactorily, you will have authority from Lord Raglan to summon and examine witnesses, and to require the production of all books and papers that you may consider necessary for completing your investigation.

"I have a full reliance upon your executing this duty satisfactorily, and request that copies of all reports and suggestions made to Lord Raglan may be transmitted to me.

"You will be furnished with copies of the Rules and Regulations in force for the guidance of the Commissariat, and defining the duties of the Department with an army in the field,—also of any special instructions issued by the authorities at home to the Commissariat with the army,—and of such Reports relating to the supply of the army as may have been made by the Commissariat to the authorities at home.

"I am, &c.
(Signed) "PANMURE.

"Sir John M'Neill, G. C. B.,
and
Colonel Tulloch."

Sir John, though in ill health at the time, at once undertook the arduous mission, and left England in four days, accompanied by Colonel Tulloch. They halted six days at Constantinople; and having visited the Barrack and General Hospitals at Scutari, where they examined the Purveyor and the principal medical officer, they obtained there their first important information, proving that diet was a chief cause of sickness in the army.

The Commissioners reached Balaklava on the 12th March. At that time affairs had assumed a much brighter aspect. The severity of winter had relaxed, the health of the troops was much improved, and our trenches and batteries were daily presenting a more complete and formidable appearance. The Russians had grown more active as well as we, and, the day before the Commissioners arrived, had seized on and begun to fortify the famous Mamelon, the small hill destined to be for months steeped in blood and cumbered with corpses, and which the French stormed twice on the 7th of June, placing on it a battery against the still more famous Malakoff. The harbour of Balaklava was no longer the dismal scene of helplessness and confusion which it had continued during the winter. Admiral Boxer's energy had lined its shores with wharves, and established order; and the railway, which afterwards so materially helped our attack by supplying ammunition to the trenches, was already partially completed. Sir John and his colleague took up their residence on board a steamer at the head of the harbour, on the side opposite the town, and there began their investigations. The commanding officer, surgeon, and quartermaster, of every corps in the Crimea, if not prevented by illness from attending, were personally examined by them. The next witnesses were the officers commanding brigades and divisions: lastly, the Quartermaster-General, the senior Assistant-Quartermaster-General, the Commissary-General, and the two Deputy-Commissaries-General. Their evidence, being corrected and signed by themselves, formed the basis of the Reports of the Commissioners.

Here, then, the reader, perplexed and overwhelmed by the heterogeneous mass of censure, foreboding, suggestion, and reviling, which formed the materials from whence to mature his idea of the existing evils, will find the best evidence to be procured carefully sifted by competent men, and the result presented in a compact and lucid form. Clear and well-written, the reports prove the labour, the caution, and the penetration which the Commissioners brought to bear upon their object. The reader who carefully peruses it will form a much clearer idea than he could possibly have before possessed of the complications, difficulties, and embarrassments which accompany the administration of an army in the field at all times, as well as of those peculiar to the expedition to the Crimea. The First Report, dated 10th June, 1855, relates to the food and transport of the army.

At the commencement of the first

report a warm tribute is paid to the military qualities of Lord Raglan's army. The inquiries they had instituted, and the scenes they had witnessed, led the Commissioners to entertain such an admiration for the conduct of the army, as, though apart from their specified duties, they found it impossible to refrain from expressing: — "It is doubtful," say they, "whether the whole range of military history furnishes an example of an army exhibiting throughout a long campaign qualities as high as have distinguished the forces under Lord Raglan's command." Their labours, their privations, their spirit, and their discipline, form the subjects of admiring comments. "The army," says the Report, "never descended from its acknowledged military *pre-eminence*." We italicise the word, because, occurring in a Report so careful and well considered, it has peculiar weight, and is in itself a refutation of the ignorant and ignoble attempts so incessantly made during the war to disparage our army in comparison with that of the French.

Considering the privations of their army in this last winter, it is not likely that its condition in the preceding one was much better than that of our own. To those amongst our allies who were behind the scenes it must have been amusing to listen to our blind admiration. French generals, French systems, military, medical, divisional, and regimental, were all held up to us as models. The criticism of French officers on our system and operations was considered as final. Nothing was more common than to find some disparaging absurdity ushered in by "A French officer told me," "I heard a Zouave remark to a friend;" any opinion reflecting disgrace upon us was assented to with a groan, if backed by the authority of some shadowy Gaul—a cloudy oracle speaking through a foolish priest to a gaping multitude.

"Both men and officers, when so reduced that they were hardly fit for the lighter duties of the camp, scorned to be excused the severe and perilous work of the trenches, lest they should throw an undue amount of duty upon their comrades; yet they maintained every foot of ground against all the efforts of the enemy, and with numbers so small that, perhaps, no other troops would even have made the attempt.

"Suffering and privation have frequently led to crime, in armies as in other communities, but offences of a serious character have been unknown in the British army in the Crimea. Not one capital offence has been committed, or even alleged to have been committed, by a soldier, and intemperance has been rare.

"Every one who knows anything of the constitution of the army must feel that when troops so conduct themselves throughout a long campaign, the officers must have done their duty and set the example. The conduct of the men, therefore, implies the highest encomium that can be passed upon their officers. They have not only shared all the danger and exposure, and most of the privations which the men had to undergo, but we everywhere found indications of their solicitude for the welfare of those who were under their command, and of their constant readiness to employ their private means in promoting the comfort of their men. Doubtless there has been, as their always must be, better management in some regiments than in others, but amongst much that was painful in the evidence that we have heard, it was always gratifying to observe the community of feelings and of interests that appeared everywhere to subsist between the men and their officers, and which the regimental system of the British army seems almost always to produce."

Yet to more than nine-tenths of the officers and men this was a first campaign. When they came in sight of the Russian masses arrayed on the Alma, they for the first time saw an enemy; when the shot from the Russian guns dashed past, they were for the first time under fire. Yet under that fire, and against that enemy, they advanced with all the confidence, discipline, and determination, which can attend the onset of troops long accustomed to victory. That the same discipline and spirit distinguished them under circumstances still more trying to young troops, the Commissioners bear witness. Not in some peaceful happy community, the realisation of a utopian dream, could temperance, obedience, diligence, cheerfulness, be more conspicuous than in that camp in the wintry desert, where various and in-

cessant horror and distress might have been expected to dissolve the ties of order, to cast submission to the winds, and to leave despair, in the form either of apathy or recklessness, sole master of the suffering host. Such an extraordinary exhibition of soldierly qualities resulted partly from the nature of the soldier himself, partly from his relation to his officers. Sprung from a race in which the influence of the commercial and the levelling spirit has not yet extinguished the respect for social superiority which had birth under a vanished system, the recruit is already in subordination a soldier. He finds his comfort and welfare the care of those to whom he has always been accustomed to look up. His obedience is not the sullen submission to him who finds his late equal "dressed in a little brief authority," suddenly elevated into his tyrant, but ready and cheerful, as honouring those to whom honour is due; and his energies, neither crushed by oppression nor fretted away in discontent, are ready to respond to the legitimate occasion. He finds those whom he has been accustomed to respect and cheerfully obey, eager to lead in peril and share in privation; he finds in his officers men, young, generous, enterprising; manly by habit, elevated by birth, honourable of necessity. Hence we have the most perfect regimental system in the world.

That regiments so perfect in themselves should not be the components of a division, or an army equally perfect, is matter of regret, but not of surprise. The complaints of the inefficiency of our generals and staff, our commissariat, and transport, and medical systems, were incessant and uproarious. But generals and staff, commissariat and transport, cannot learn their duties, or exercise their functions, except with a body of troops assembled, and isolated as if in the field; and what English officer has for the last thirty years had, except in India, the opportunity of seeing such a force as one of our Crimean divisions (that is, six thousand men) assembled in one spot, and exercised as if for war? Everybody knows that our army, incomparably the smallest in Europe, as compared with our resources, is dispersed for the most part in our numerous colonies; everybody knows that, for many years, the feeling of the public has been in favour of reducing it to its narrowest limits. Yet, as if the public had no share in the inexperience of those members of the profession to whom we refer, it has assumed the aggrieved and indignant tone of those who have a right to complain. It is eloquent on the subject of its wrongs — it denounces the inefficient system and want of organisation. But how can organisation exist where there is nothing to organise? How can a system be found efficient, some parts of which are always in disruption, some altogether wanting? Look at the French! was the cry. France, with an army vastly more numerous than ours, is comparatively destitute of colonies. Everybody in France is familiar with the sight of a large military force assembled as if for a campaign, whose supplies, obtained and regulated by a commissariat, are conveyed by the means of transport which would attend it in an enemy's country. The geographical position of France obliges her to maintain such bodies and such material; but she cannot do it for nothing. For this among other reasons, she is poorer than England. She is compelled to expend her resources in purchasing security, while we prefer being rich and impuissant. In pointing this out we do not mean at present to argue whether England should or should not augment her military power, but to show that, having made her election, she must accept the consequences; and that when, at the beginning of another war, the command, the supply, the reinforcement, and the organisation of our army shall be again found defective, she should remember that this is only the natural result of the deliberate national choice. Given the materials, and we could compete with the French as successfully in organising an army as in organising anything else; but to expect the genius of war to display itself without material is as unreasonable as to expect poetry without language, or painting without colours. We by no means insist that the ad

ministration of the army is, with our present means, as good as it might be. We at once grant that none of what is commonly termed genius was elicited in the war. Nor do we object to the exposure of incompetence wherever it really exists, provided the exposure takes place on just grounds and with due provocation. We are the less disposed to do battle for the chiefs of the army, because we know of no class of men so intolerant of talent in their subordinates, so impervious to reason, and so unteachable as old soldiers of rank. The revolving years which have raised them to commands, have also removed them farther from the warlike experiences of their youth, probably their only education for war; thus as they rise in rank they decline in ability—and the natural growth of authority, combined with incapacity, is arrogance. The disdain with which an ancient prude regards some pretty mutineer against propriety is not more ostentatious than many a venerable commander's sour discountenance of a subordinate who stands charged with information or talent. For once that such a one meets with encouragement from his seniors he will twenty times chafe beneath the cold sneer, the grim reserve, the open rebuff, or the studied depreciation, which, according to the disposition of the man, are equally the signs of the ungraceful and contemptible jealousy we allude to.

Our readers will agree that the most important part of the Commissioners' duty was to ascertain what deficiencies were remediable, and how—the fixing of culpability on this or that individual, however gratifying to public feeling, being of comparatively small moment. The Report is so condensed and weighty with facts, being itself the essence of the mass of evidence appended to it, that it would be difficult to attempt to give a *resumé*, but we will trace briefly its facts and conclusions.

The first fact recorded is, that the Commissariat was never without a supply at Balaklava of the articles issued as rations to the men. But in the fourth and light divisions the men were frequently on three-quarters, two-thirds, and sometimes on half rations of meat and rum; on two occasions they had only quarter rations, and on one day they had none at all. Shocking as it may appear, that men who were suffering so much from overwork and exposure should be so ill-fed, there are circumstances which diminish the importance of the deficiency in the rations. A continuance of salt diet is found to result in loathing for that kind of food, and many men rejected it altogether, while many others could only prevail on themselves to eat part of their daily supply. After a time, too, it appears that salt meat not only becomes nauseous but poisonous, and while a variety of disorders were altogether caused by it, others were considerably aggravated. For these reasons the Commissioners came to the conclusion that there were other deficiencies more to be lamented than the want of salt meat and biscuit:—

"The deficiencies in the supplies provided by the Commissariat, from which the army, and especially that part of it which was encamped upon the heights before Sebastopol, suffered most, were, a deficiency of fresh meat, a deficiency of vegetables, a deficiency of fresh bread, particularly for the sick, and more especially for those whose gums were affected with scurvy, a deficiency of fuel, a deficiency of hay and straw, to such an extent that enough could not be procured to fill the paillasses of the sick, and, above all, a deficiency of land transport, to which many of the other deficiencies are mainly to be attributed."

What a list of privations is here! The condition of the sick, extended on the damp ground without even sufficient straw to lie on, craving a morsel of soft bread instead of the biscuit, which, from the soreness of their mouths from scurvy, it was torture to them to eat, seems especially horrible. A deficiency of fuel! Think of that in such a climate, and with such shelter as a tent or a burrow in the earth! Think of raw pork as frequently the diet of those who underwent such extremities of cold and fatigue! No wonder that in those days half the people of England felt almost ashamed of the comforts and luxuries of home, the cheerful firesides, the soft beds, the plentiful meals, when those

accustomed to share them were in such dire extremity.

Taking it as proved that fresh meat and vegetables would have been boons of enormous service to the army, the Report proceeds to point out how the deficiencies in those articles arose, and how they might have been remedied. It appears that the supply of rice issued up to a certain period was stopped during the winter, because the means of land transport would not allow the additional weight to be carried to the front.

"The troops felt the loss of the rice severely, many of them declaring that they would rather have lost their rum; but they submitted without remonstrance, because the belief appears to have been general, that the issue of rice had ceased in consequence of the supply being exhausted."

And, suggests the Report—

"Had Lord Raglan's attention been called to the stores of rice, and other farinaceous and vegetable food at his command, or had there been any officer on his Staff who could be held responsible for the proper application of the available supplies, there can be no reasonable doubt that the men would have received in lieu of two ounces of the salt meat, which many of them could not eat, an equal weight of food that would have been both more acceptable, and infinitely more beneficial."

Why then was his attention not directed to the fact? Because

"It appears from the evidence of the Commissary-General, that it has not been the practice in the British army to keep the General Commanding informed of the amount of provisions in depôt, or available for the use of the troops, but only of such as may be in the possession of the troops, and in the charge of the Commissariat officers of Divisions. It was not until the latter end of January, when circumstances forced upon Lord Raglan's attention the necessity for his being kept personally informed of the actual amount of the supplies on which he could rely for the maintenance of the troops, that periodical returns of the quantities in store at Balaklava were ordered to be submitted to him."

The Commissary-General knew officially of the supplies, but not of the sickness arising from the want of them. The Commander-in Chief knew of the sickness, but not of the supplies which might have relieved it. Hence, say the Commissioners—

"It appears to us, not only that periodical returns of the supplies in store, and available, ought regularly to be submitted, but that it ought to be the duty of some officer to call the attention of the General Commanding to such as are likely, in special circumstances, to prove beneficial."

. . . . .

"The health of the army also suffered from a deficiency of fresh or preserved vegetables. Lord Raglan seems to have been urgent to supply this deficiency; but it appears that, according to the regulations, vegetables do not constitute a part of the soldiers' rations, and it is, therefore, no part of the ordinary duty of the Commissariat to issue or even to provide them. This arrangement, which leaves the soldier to purchase vegetables in the market, may be an advantage to him where such a market exists, but it is obviously inapplicable where, as in the Crimea, there was none. The first attempts to import green vegetables were not successful, and some time elapsed before the defects in the arrangements could be so far remedied as to secure a regular supply. In the mean time, scurvy in its ordinary forms, extended rapidly, till, in several regiments, hardly a man was free from the taint."

Here we may tell the non-military reader how the diet of a soldier is ordinarily provided for. A ration or daily supply of one pound of meat and one of bread is issued to each individual, for which a portion of his pay is stopt. This leaves a large proportion in hand, and each man contributes for the daily purchase of milk, vegetables, and groceries.

So the men lived on their pound of salt meat and pound of biscuit, with rum in rather larger quantity than was good for them; and this diet was unvaried by flour, soft bread, or vegetables. These latter esculents had abounded in the army when first it arrived in its position. The valley of Balaklava and the ground around Kadukoi was one large and well-stored garden. Plums and apples grew overhead, the clustering vines were thick with green and purple grapes, and between the vineyards was a rich jungle of melons, pump-

kins, tomatas, and cabbages. Palmy days those, when we had just routed the enemy at the Alma, caught a glimpse of him as he scampered off at Mackenzie's Farm, and marched into that fertile valley, bathed in sunshine, and filled with the murmur of rivulets, where we recovered the communication with our fleet. Thick and dark was the curtain that descended between us and those scenes of rose-tinted warfare.

About four days in the month, during December, January, and February, the army dined on fresh meat. But the British housekeeper who rejects a haunch because there is too much fat on it, and who sees that the sirloin is duly intermingled with red and white, must remember that the fresh meat brought to the army was of quite a different order. A herd of small and under-fed oxen, more like calves that had outgrown their strength than beeves, after staggering on the deck of a storm-driven steamer for two or three days, and after lying off the harbour of Balaklava for another interval, would be driven through the mire to the different divisions. The survivors of this journey were shot by musketry as if they had been deserters, cut up immediately, and the warm beef transferred at once to the pot. Between the third and fourth division camps and that of the sailors was a valley, which, less romantic in its name than the Valley of the Shadow of Death, was known as the Valley of Bowels, because of the number of cattle slaughtered and dismembered there. Riding of a morning through that dreary defile, the destined victims, lean and weary, might be seen awaiting their doom. A soldier close in front would fire a ball into the head of each, and the bullock, whose death was rather grotesque than tragic, would fall over with its four legs stiff and unbent, like those of a cow in a child's ark. The frequenters of Leadenhall market will easily believe that this was not the way in which prime beef is procured.

Bread is the subject which next attracts the attention of the Commissioners. The French army had been regularly supplied with fresh bread. The cravings of our sick induced them to purchase it from private bakeries at Balaklava, which, like all other private enterprises in that place, used the necessities of the army as a means of extortion. Colonel Tulloch states, in a memorandum in the Appendix, that, "on going round the town of Balaklava, I found in operation three or four large ovens, formerly belonging to the Russians, and which were then occupied by private bakers, who supplied bread, at an enormous profit, to such persons as could afford to buy it at about eightpence a pound—during the winter about double that price had been charged."

On the 15th March he suggested a plan for setting some ovens to work; the same idea already occupied the attention of Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge, the commandant at Balaklava, and "on the 25th March bread was at length supplied to the hospitals at Balaklava, at the public expense, for the first time." Finally, after some controversy, about the end of May a floating bakery arrived in a ship called the Abundance, and was put in operation. Meantime several devices were tried to vary the monotony of the biscuit, such as soaking, toasting, or frying it in grease.

But there was another deficiency which, during the winter, would have neutralized in great measure the advantage of supplies had they existed—that of fuel. Meat, vegetables, flour, are uneatable till cooked, and the means of cooking scarcely existed. "On the march from Old Fort to the Alma, most of the men threw away or lost their camp kettles," and the result of that proceeding was, that "each man had to cook for himself, in his small mess-tin or canteen, to procure his own fuel and to light his own fire." A mess-tin is a small vessel, flat on one side and circular on the other, about six inches deep, and capable of holding about three pints, and in this meat or vegetables may be stewed or made into broth, provided you can light a fire under it—otherwise it is not very useful. But where was fuel to be got? The thick coppice in the neighbourhood of the army was cut down, and the roots grubbed up in a few weeks. Some groups of trees of large size, inter-

mixed with thorns and bushes, stood near the Monastery of St. George, and a party of woodcutters under a subaltern were encamped there to cut and stack the wood, when it was conveyed by Turks to the different divisions; but the supply thus afforded was desultory and scanty. No fuel was provided for the troops, says the Report, because "the Commissariat maintained that it was not the practice of the service to issue fuel to troops in the field; that a soldier was not entitled to a ration of fuel unless in barracks." "But," the Commissioners remark, "the circumstances of the army before Sebastopol were obviously exceptional, and an appeal to precedent was out of place." Exceptional enough, certainly, and no amount of quotation from the rules of the service will enable a soldier to find fuel on a bare plain. At the same time, the position of purveyor to a starving army, amid such difficulties as our commissaries laboured under, was one where a man, unless he would go mad at once, must needs have some precedent or authority to support him.

So far things seem bad enough—no fresh bread, no fresh meat, no vegetables, no coffee—and if these had existed, no fuel to cook them. But now comes a new feature. Had all these supplies, and fuel besides, existed at Balaklava, still matters would have been as bad as ever. The want of transport was the worst deficiency of all. Between the army and its port lay a swamp seven miles broad, and no accumulation of stores in Balaklava would benefit the camp, while the problem of how supplies were to be sent across this swamp remained unsolved. Hear the Commissioners:—

"The most disastrous of the deficiencies to which we have referred was the deficiency of land transport. This was not confined to the transport more properly belonging to the Commissariat, but extended also to the public and private bat animals, the former being such as, previous to the formation of the Land Transport Corps, were provided by the Commissariat, and handed over to each corps in regulated proportions for the carriage of the field equipment, the latter being the private property of the officers, who are, however, authorised to draw rations for them. Public bat animals appear to have been provided for such corps as were in Bulgaria, and most of the officers of those corps also provided themselves; but when the army embarked for the Crimea, nearly all of both descriptions were left behind, and it was not till the end of October that about half the regulated number was landed in the Crimea. A second and smaller detachment arrived in January, but by that time a great part of those received in October were dead, or no longer effective, and, in consequence of the continued deficiency of forage, and the exposure and fatigue, most of those received in January shared the same fate. When the Commissariat transport failed, this deficiency of regimental transport, which otherwise would have been of comparatively little moment in a standing camp, was severely felt.

"All the witnesses examined upon the subject are of opinion that the duties which the men had to perform under arms, in the trenches, and on pickets and guards, involved an amount of labour and exposure as great or greater than they could bear, without injury to their health. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance that they should be saved all additional labour and exposure, but, owing to the deficiency of land transport, they had to perform a large amount of the work that ought to have been done by horses and mules. The roads, or tracks, were so deep in mud, that the journey which the men had to perform from the camp on the heights to Balaklava and back, carrying up rations, warm clothing, huts, or ammunition, frequently occupied twelve hours, during the whole of which time they were without food, shelter, or rest—unless standing in deep mud, drenched and cold, instead of struggling through it, can be called rest. It was in consequence of the want of transport that, even after fire-wood had been provided at Balaklava, the men had to undergo the labour and exposure of digging up roots to cook their food, without always being able to procure enough for that purpose. It was in consequence of the want of transport that the men were repeatedly on short rations, and that they were deprived, for about six or seven weeks, of their rations of rice, which would have been so beneficial at that precise time, when hardly any vegetables were supplied to them, and hardly a man in the army escaped the prevailing diseases. The men were overworked in the trenches, and on

pickets and guards; and they suffered in health from the excessive fatigue, watching, and exposure, which those duties involved. To these, in consequence of the want of transport animals, were superadded other duties, involving an amount of fatigue and exposure which alone would have been trying to their constitutions. Several of the officers stated that the drafts for their corps, which were excused duty in the trenches for the first ten days after their arrival, were sent, during that interval, on fatigue to Balaklava, but that it became necessary to relinquish the practice, because a fatigue party to Balaklava sent so many of the young soldiers into hospital."

Let us look then at this question of transport "From a return prepared by the Commissariat, there appears the startling fact, that in January 1855 the whole number of effective animals belonging to that department was 333 pack horses and mules, and twelve camels. The Commissary-General had considered it necessary, before the army should move from Varna, to have transport at his disposal equal to about fourteen thousand pack animals.

A much less number than fourteen thousand would, however, have sufficed at present. The numbers of the army were greatly diminished; the standing camp did not require the same accumulation of supplies on the spot as a moving army, and the artillery and cavalry horses were to some extent available for procuring their own forage. Had the depôt which the Commissary-General attempted to form near headquarters been completed, the task of supplying the troops would have been rendered comparatively easy. But the formation of the depôt, which was to have afforded future supplies, as well as the conveyance of those necessary for daily and present use, was interrupted for want of transport." In rear of each division a scanty group of miserable ponies and mules, whose backs never knew what it was to be quit of the saddle, shivered and starved, and daily died; and these were the means of transport on which the army depended for subsistence. In such a state of things the Commissioners might well ask why the means of transport were not increased from available sources. Plenty of horses existed in the surrounding countries; and the Report, after treating of the ships at the disposal of the Commissary-General, says, "The deficiency in the land-transport of the army cannot, therefore, be accounted for, on the ground that he could not obtain sufficient sea-transport to convey the animals he was desirous of conveying to camp." Why, then, were not a sufficient number of horses at once purchased, and conveyed to Balaklava, when, by so doing, mortal suffering would be reduced to hardship, privation to inconvenience, and, in fact, the state of the army so far ameliorated as to entail no tax on endurance beyond what men often voluntarily submit to for the sake of sport or adventure?

In answer to this question, the Commissary-General says he had as many animals as he could feed. "The reason for not increasing the amount of transport was, not that a greater number of animals was unnecessary, but that a greater number could not be fed in the Crimea.

Now, then, we have arrived at the primary cause of the sufferings of the Crimean army—the want of forage. Hay and barley would have enabled the Commissariat to maintain a land-transport sufficient to feed the troops and their horses, to shelter them with huts, to supply ammunition for the siege, and to form a depôt against contingencies. Shrewd men at home might have made many guesses before they hit on the right cause of the distresses, for the intelligence and foresight must have been rare indeed that conducted an inquirer through such a jumble of calamity to so unexpected a conclusion.

Whence, then, this deficiency in forage? "The hay and straw began to fail about the 14th of November, after the gale in which so many vessels were lost off the coast." That was one principal cause. About six hundred or seven hundred tons of hay was in the possession of our Commissariat in Turkey. This hay was of course in a loose state as it came from the fields, and therefore, as may be readily imagined, unfit for transport for sea, as a very small amount of it in weight would have

occupied the whole stowage of a ship. When sent to sea, hay is pressed into a small compass, and hydraulic presses had been sent for the purpose from England. But these were by some mistake erected at a spot fifteen miles from the place where the hay was collected, "and it became necessary to carry the loose hay that distance either by land or water before it could be pressed. This operation could not be carried on in bad weather, and thus, by defective arrangements throughout the whole transaction, the only provision for supplying the army with hay which had been made in Turkey, was rendered nugatory at a time when six hundred or seven hundred tons in the Crimea would have been invaluable."

The only branch of the service to which, in the first part of the Report, blame is imputed, is the Commissariat. We have not paused to insert the various instances of neglect set down in the Report, intending at this present point to take a general review of them, and to see what the Commissary-General has to say in reply.

The first charge not already noticed is, that a quantity of lime-juice lay in the harbour from the 10th of December to the first week in February, while its issue would have prevented a great deal of the scurvy by which the army was so severely afflicted. Next it appears a quantity of tea remained in store when it might have been advantageously substituted for green coffee. Cattle were not procured in numbers corresponding with the resources of the Commissariat, for, says the Report, "the quantity might have been considerably increased during the months of December, January, and February, if proper measures had been taken for that purpose. . . . . In short, it appears to us that fresh meat in much larger quantities might have been, and ought to have been, supplied to the army. Vegetables, both fresh and preserved, might, it would appear, have been procured and issued with great benefit to the troops. A large quantity of porter remained in store at Scutari, which (it is suggested in a note) might "have been issued to the troops in the vicinity of Balaklava, as well as the numerous parties sent there from camp on fatigue duties, which would by degrees have extended the supply throughout the force in front without the trouble of carriage. It was one of the hardest consequences of the fatigue duty to Balaklava, that the men had often to remain there for the greater part of the day without food; a pint of porter and a biscuit would have obviated this, and been of material benefit to their health; such a supply would also have been most valuable for the sick." Finally, the defective arrangements respecting forage caused in great measure the want of transport, from whence resulted the deplorable deficiencies of food and fuel which have been narrated.

The excuse suggested by the Commissioners for these serious shortcomings, is not one which the Commissary-General would choose to adopt:—

"While we have considered it our duty to point out what appear to us to be serious defects in the arrangements of the Commissariat with the army in the Crimea, as well as the consequences that have resulted from these defects, we do not mean to infer that the Commissary-General, or the other officers of that Department, have failed to make any exertion of which they were capable to provide for the exigencies of the public service, according to the measure of their ability and foresight; and it is but just to direct attention to the unusual nature of the duties required of them, where a large army occupied, as it were, a barren island which furnishes nothing except water and a limited quantity of fire-wood. The Commissariat, which appears for some time to have been without a sufficient number of hands, had also serious difficulties to encounter which could not have been foreseen. The tempest of the 14th of November was a great disaster, and the peculiarities of the harbour of Balaklava, whatever may be its advantages, created constant difficulties, especially in landing the vast supplies required for the army. The breaking up of the road from Balaklava to the front, and the impossibility of sparing from their military duties a sufficient number of men to make it practicable for Commissariat carts, had not been anticipated or provided for, and the belief, apparently shared in by the Commissariat, that Sebastopol would

speedily fall, and the campaign in the Crimea terminate, though not much insisted upon by the witnesses whom we examined, was unquestionably a most influential cause of many defects in the arrangements. It appears to have been assumed, till the beginning of November, that any present inconvenience could be but of short duration, and that any expedients by which the emergencies of the moment could be overcome, were sufficient for the occasion. A man of comprehensive views might probably have risen superior to these disadvantages, and created an organisation suited to the circumstances. He would doubtless at once have perceived that the established practice of procuring all supplies by tenders and contracts is not calculated to draw forth the resources of Turkey, or to make them available when required. Finding that his supplies must be drawn from provinces of the resources of which he had little knowledge, and to the inhabitants of which he was unable even to communicate his wants in any language which they could understand, he would probably have turned to good account the knowledge of the country and its resources, possessed by a large and respectable body of public servants, her Majesty's Consuls, and he would then have found those resources more ample and more easily made available than till lately they were believed to be. But it is unreasonable to expect that every man who may rise to the head of so limited a department, even after a long course of meritorious service, is to display, whenever the occasion may demand it, inventive resources and administrative capacities of a very high order."

Without here anticipating the Commissary-General's reply, we may state that the Commissariat, like other branches of our service, only begins to apprehend the nature of its duties in the field, when the time comes to exercise them. To supply the garrisons of our colonies, where stores filled by regular contractors are always maintained, and where the duty of seeing that those stores, of good quality and fair price, are regularly issued, is the chief service required from a Commissariat officer, is obviously a very slender preparation for the exigencies of the camp or the field. Those exigencies existed in the Crimean campaign in more formidable and perplexing array than any man's experience could, though aided by a quick imagination, have enabled him to anticipate or provide for. The Quartermaster-General truly says in his evidence, "Owing to the peculiar circumstances in which this army in the Crimea has been placed, in an enemy's country, with only the ground on which we stood, and during a Crimean winter, the commissariat department has been called upon to perform most unprecedented services for an army in the field." It was the instant and pressing nature of the wants, demanding temporary shifts and appliances to meet them, which caused all attempts at organised provision for the difficulties which arose, to be each day more hopelessly futile. Could the pressure of calamity have paused for a time, had any breathing-space been allowed, a system might have been established. But we can fancy a man even of "comprehensive views," and possessing "inventive resources and administrative capacities of a very high order," bewildered by the demands, each day more urgent, of an army starving before him, till he despairs of being able to overtake and arrest the incessant crowd of disasters.

There is one deficiency not touched on in the Report, which we have always estimated among the most serious—that of wharves at Balaklava. A dozen on each side of the harbour would have enabled ships to unload and make room for others, with a facility which would at once have obviated much of the confusion that grew daily more perplexing in that crowded region. Vessels packed side by side, completely choked the narrow harbour, and most important supplies remained on shipboard, because others less wanted could be more easily disembarked. Every day a long line of cavalry horses and artillery-waggons might be seen lining the muddy edge of the harbour, while a single boat at a time discharged at a single point its scanty cargo of hay. The great tide of supply that poured from England was narrowed at Balaklava to a single point, the waist of the hour-glass, through which it drained in scanty droppings to the camp. Admiral Boxer at once perceived this, and his first efforts on arriving at Balaklava were directed to making wharves, the good effect of

which measure was instantly visible—and this, we think, might and ought to have been done before.

The first Report having investigated the subjects of food, transport, and forage, the second treats of the clothing and shelter of the army. It is dated London, January 1856.

When the army landed in the Crimea, so great was the anxiety for a rapid advance, that the knapsacks were left on board the ships the men had come in. These were despatched on different errands, and the men consequently did not regain their knapsacks for six weeks, so that though the British soldier is well provided with clothing, the troops in the Crimea were for that period without a change of clothes.*

By the end of November large supplies of warm clothing had arrived, but a great and disastrous deficiency was occasioned by the loss of the Prince, which went down in the storm of the 14th November with a vast quantity of stores on board. By the end of December great quantities had arrived to replace the loss, both from England and Constantinople. The period when these articles were most required was in December and January, when there were supplies enough in hand to have averted much of the suffering the troops underwent. Yet these supplies were not issued; and this fact, of which the Commissioners never received any satisfactory explanations, forms the gravest charge in this second Report. Great-coats, ruge, paillasses, watch-cloaks, were in thousands at Balaklava unissued, while "during the month of December the severity of the winter had much increased, and the medical officers describe the sufferings of the troops for want of proper bedding, warm covering, and clothing, as very serious. No circumstance was more dilated on by those gentlemen than the condition of the men, lying on the muddy floors of their tents, with nothing under or over them except a blanket or great-coat, often quite wet. From this condition even the sick were not at that time exempt." In speaking of boots and shoes, a circumstance is incidentally mentioned which will convey some idea of the novel and peculiar sufferings of our forlorn soldiers. "Throughout the greater part of the winter the troops suffered much from the want of proper boots and shoes, not because there was any deficiency of them in store, but because in a cold climate the men required to wear more than one pair of socks or stockings, *and because their feet had swollen so much from the effects of cold, and from rarely taking off their boots and shoes, lest they should be unable to get them on again, that comparatively few were large enough.*" With tight and wet boots clinging to his swelled feet, the soldier limped in his thin wet clothing through the mire, or lay shivering on the mud-spread floor of his bleak tent. Numbers of huts were sent from England, but it was impossible to convey them to the plateau. A man stricken with fever or dysentery lay with a blanket between him and the wet ground, in a common tent, destitute of medicines and comforts, till in most cases the blanket became his shroud. For the six severest weeks of winter this continued, till after the middle of January supplies poured in from England in embarrassing profusion.

Merely as a calm, clear, unprejudiced narrative of the state of the army during this extraordinary campaign, the Report would have been of great value; but its most important lessons are contained in the suggestions which the Commissioners throw out, the adoption of which may guard against the recurrence of such calamities in future wars.

After remarking how beneficial an alteration in the diet of the army, perfectly practicable at the time, would have been, they say—

"It seems to be a defect in the system of the British army, that no one is specially responsible for the fitness of the diet supplied to the troops, or for the most advantageous adaptation of the resources of the countries in which military operations are carried on, to the requirements, in this respect, of the

* So says the Report; but Col. Gordon has since asserted that what was left in the knapsacks would not have repaid the troops for the trouble of reclaiming them.

army. Supplies of the utmost value to health may thus be lying within reach, without being made available, because they are not specified in the scale of rations, and because there is no one whose especial duty it is to find them out and to suggest their employment. A Commander-in-chief may be a man of consummate genius, capable of attending to everything great or small, but a nation cannot safely ground its system upon the assumption that it can at all times command the services of such men; and it may be worthy of consideration whether there ought not to be upon the staff of an army in the field an officer, holding high military rank, whose duty it should be to devote his attention to the supply of the army, who should be responsible for everything connected with the receipt and issue of supplies and stores of every description, in the same manner as the Quartermaster-General and the Adjutant-General are responsible for the manner in which their Departments are conducted, and who should be selected with reference to his special qualifications."

Fresh meat, soft bread, and vegetables, should, in the opinion of the Commissioners, always be issued so far as possible to an army in the field, as regular articles of consumption.

"Regarded merely in a pecuniary point of view, irrespective of higher considerations, moral and political, the most wasteful of all expenditure is the expenditure of men. There is hardly any conceivable price that it may be necessary to pay for what is required to preserve the health and efficiency of the soldier, that is not advantageously laid out. Every soldier has cost a large sum before he is landed in the Crimea fit for duty, and it costs a like sum to replace him. The value of the other considerations cannot be estimated in money, for they are above all price. But the highest price that has been paid, per pound, for fresh meat, including freight and casualties, was 5d. or 6d., and therefore less than the lowest price at which salt meat has been put into store in the Crimea; and if the casualties which, in the winter voyage from the Bosphorus, in steam vessels, are variously stated at from fourteen to twenty per cent, had been double that amount, or even a larger proportion, that would not have been a sufficient reason for leaving the army without an adequate supply of what was necessary to preserve the health of the troops."

The provisions issued to the army in the late campaign should only be resorted to when fresh meat and bread cannot be obtained :—

"The dependence on a diet of salt meat and biscuit only should, in future, be confined to cases in which the General Officer in command has satisfied himself as to the impossibility of procuring other supplies, and therefore directs, in general orders, the issue of that description of food. The restriction to this ration should then be communicated immediately to the Home Authorities, in order that they may send out supplies of preserved meats and vegetables, to counteract its sameness and innutritious qualities."

Following up the subject, they propose the details of an improved daily ration for the soldier, and their opinion is supported by the approval of the great dietary authority, Dr. Christison, who agrees with them in the selection of articles, though he thinks a slight increase in the quantity advisable, and who also coincides with them in thinking that porter might be beneficially substituted for the ration of rum.

The present method of clothing the army by contract they consider highly objectionable. The clothing was described by commanding officers as—

"Extremely spongy in its texture, badly put together, and quite unfit to stand the tear and wear of the rough work of the trenches. Some of the officers who had examined the clothing of the French soldiers, stated that it was greatly superior in texture to that which was supplied to the British troops.

"The experience gained in the Crimea appears to establish the expediency of improving the quality and workmanship of every part of the soldier's clothing. But it would be vain to look for improvement, so long as it is procured from the man who offers it the cheapest, instead of from him who manufactures it of the best quality."

Perceiving that ill consequences arose from the circumstance that commanding officers were not informed of the articles in store for the use of the troops, they suggest a remedy :—

"We would venture to suggest, that the commanding officers of brigades, or divisions, should be informed, at least

once a month, of the contents of the Quartermaster-General's store, and that they should be held responsible for the transmission to headquarters of requisitions for whatever articles they consider essential to the welfare of their men, whether these articles may be in store or not. Commanding officers would then know how far the stores were capable of supplying the wants of their men, and the Quartermaster-General would know what those wants were which his stores were unable to supply."

The ration-stoppages, or amounts deducted from each man's pay for his daily subsistence, were the cause of hopeless confusion in the accounts.

"The ration-stoppages, however, are not only different at different times, but they also differ in different circumstances at the same time. It has been stated that since coffee and sugar have been regularly issued, the stoppage has been 4½d.; but if the man who is subject to that charge while doing duty on shore is ordered on ship-board, his ration stoppage becomes 5d. or 6d., according to circumstances. Again, if the same man goes into hospital sick or wounded, the stoppage is 3½d.; thus, before his account can be settled for the month, it must be ascertained how many days he was doing duty on shore, and therefore subject to a stoppage of 4½d.; how many on board of ship receiving rations of spirits, and therefore subject to a stoppage of 6d.; how many on board not receiving spirits, and therefore subject to a stoppage of 5d.; and how many in hospital, and therefore subject to a stoppage of 3½d. During the last campaign, every man in the army was part of the time on duty on shore, and part of the time on board ship; nearly all were part of the time in hospital—most of them two or three times; and about half the army went sick to Scutari, and were, therefore, part of the time on shipboard sick, besides the other occasions on which they embarked; yet for each of these men it is necessary, to the settlement of his account, that the precise amount of stoppage to which he is subject on each day should be ascertained. This, however, in a vast number of cases is impossible; and therefore the soldier cannot get a settlement of his account; neither can the Regimental Paymaster, nor the Commissariat, nor the Purveyor. At length, after an amount of labour and correspondence which is almost incredible, the inextricable knot has probably to be cut by an arbitrary settlement, as being the only one practicable.

"Even where the whole details of the various stoppages can be traced and established, the amount of labour and the extent of the accounts is enormous. The Commissariat, which has charge of the Military Chest, ought to settle accounts with each regiment monthly, taking care that in all cases the proper amount of ration-stoppages is paid into the chest, and that the vouchers are complete. Mr. Williams, the Commissariat officer charged with the superintendence of that branch of the Department, produced to us vouchers for ration-stoppages amounting to 348 half-sheets of foolscap paper, and which it occupied one person fully a week to compile and examine. These were the vouchers for only one corps, the Artillery, and for only one month. The memorandums furnished by Mr. Leahy, Acting Quartermaster of the Sappers and Miners, by Mr. Dares, Paymaster of the 23d Fusiliers, and by Mr. Williams, Assistant Commissary-General, explain very clearly the difficulties and embarrassments arising in their several departments from the present system, and they all point to one uniform rate of stoppage in the field as the appropriate remedy.

"By reducing the charge to one uniform rate, whether the soldier be doing duty on shore, or be in hospital, or on shipboard, and making the balance of his pay the only matter of account, the whole of these difficulties would at once be removed, and an immense amount of labour saved. The system of accounting, as between the public, the Paymaster, and the Commissariat, would thus be placed upon a footing so simple and satisfactory, that there could never, at any time, or under any circumstances, be the slightest difficulty in settling a soldier's accounts, so far as regards any period during which he is considered to have been on field service. The daily stoppage being always the same, the balance of pay would never vary, and it would only be necessary to establish the number of days he was entitled to receive it to admit of his accounts being settled at once."

To adopt this suggestion would be to confer a great benefit, not only on the soldier himself, but on those charged with the settlement of his accounts. The instant a man left the camp sick, all trace of him was for a time lost. Hundreds arrived at Scutari delirious, and so died, nameless, and without a record by which their

death might be certainly known. At this very day, men are returned as missing, who must have died during that winter. A great number too died, and were buried at sea, either on their passage to Scutari, or thence to England. Under such circumstances, it may easily be imagined that the difficulties in the way of an exact settlement were quite insurmountable. It may be said, truly, that such difficulties are not likely to occur again—but this, like all the remedies proposed by the Commissioners, is of general application, and will tend to the improvement of our military system.

The Report takes up but a small portion of the large volume of which it is indeed the essence. It is followed by a mass of evidence collected from nearly all those in authority, and in great measure authenticated by official documents; and the reader will be repaid for the perusal of the volume and appendix by a much clearer idea of the perplexities of the campaign than he before possessed. Take, for instance, this letter, one of many, from the Deputy-Assistant Commissary of the Light Cavalry Brigade. It is dated Balaklava, Nov. 21,* the time when the distresses were beginning to press heavily:—

"BALAKLAVA, *November* 21, 1854.

"My Lord,—I must again bring to your Lordship's notice the state of the Light Cavalry Brigade with regard to forage.

"In my last letter I informed your Lordship that one and a half days' corn and some hay was due to the brigade, but instead of my having been able to make good any part of that, I have fallen into further arrears. The weather is in part the cause, but it is chiefly to be attributed to the want of transport. On the 19th I had only 10 extra mule-carts afforded me.

"Yesterday, the 20th, none whatever until so late an hour (and then only 15 pack animals) as to be of no use.

"It is now mid-day, and as the transport has not yet come into Balaklava from its own camp, I have only been able to despatch 30 sacks of barley on my own carts, each only carrying three sacks on the present roads.

"I would wish further to bring to your Lordship's notice that the Light Brigade suffers in another respect. Even when I have transport on the beach, and a boat-load of barley arrives, a dozen or more Heavy Dragoons, or as many Artillerymen, jump in, carry out the sacks, load their transport, my few wretched Turks or Maltese having a very poor chance in the melée.

"Whilst writing this, Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Goold, the officer in charge of the depôt transport, has come in, and assures me the mules are nearly done up—almost incapable of further work.—I have, &c.

(Signed) "A. CROOKSHANK,
"*Deputy Assistant Commissary General,*
"*Light Cavalry Brigade.*

Lieut.-General the Earl of Cardigan,
Commanding Cavalry."

The publication of the Report was anxiously looked for. There was a general expectation that, as Mrs. Quickly says, Sir John would make it a bloody day to somebody, and the public were eager for the signal to fall on. It appeared in January, and, naturally enough, called forth loud complaints from those who were, or imagined themselves to be, impugned. Shortly afterwards a Court of Inquiry was ordered, the reason for convening which was for a long time the subject of much controversy and speculation, for while Lord Panmure said it was to inquire into the Report, thereby certainly seeming to cast a reflection on the Commissioners, Lord Palmerston, with many compliments on the manner in which they had executed their task, represented the object of the inquiry to be to afford certain officers, who imagined their characters to be assailed, the opportunity of vindication. These little discrepancies in the accounts of the Ministers might well excuse some confusion in the ideas of the public; and accordingly the Inquiry was variously regarded as an impeachment of the Commissioners, as a tribunal for bringing to justice the accused officers, and as a *post-mortem* examination on the remains of the army.

Meanwhile the Commissary-General, who, as we have seen, was the only person blamed in the first Report, and against whom the accusations were of the gravest, did not

* Several letters and documents are erroneously dated 1855 instead of 1854—this is one of them.

quietly submit, but saying, with Falstaff, "My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply," he laid before the House a counter-statement, which we will compare with the inculpatory matter of the first Report.

First, Mr. Filder enumerates the duties of the Commissariat, duties which "embrace all the civil administration of the army, excepting the hospitals, and have since been divided among three separate departments." Here we may call attention to the fact, proving the difficulties the Commissariat laboured under, that after the land-transport became a separate service under selected officers, who had every means placed at their disposal for rendering it speedily effective, so great were the obstacles to the formation of a transport-corps on a large scale, that we believe the entire army could at no period have advanced into the country for want of sufficient means of conveyance. He then shows how utterly inexperienced his subordinates were in their field duties. "None of the subordinate establishments absolutely necessary to the efficiency of a field-commissariat existed at the outbreak of the war, and even the officers had to be collected from the most distant parts of the empire,—from Sierra Leone, the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales, and of course by slow degrees. In the mean time I had to carry on the duties with the temporary assistance of gentlemen furnished from other departments, and wholly without experience in commissariat service." Next he alludes to the uncertainty as to where the army would spend the winter, showing that until the 12th of October he received no orders whatever from Lord Raglan on the subject of making provision for it. Now, on these pleas alone—viz. the extensive duties of the Commissariat, the total inexperience of his officers, the absence of necessary establishments, the want of definite information as to the winter-quarters, and lastly, the unprecedented difficulties of the campaign—Mr. Filder would have been entitled to a full and honourable acquittal, even had all the charges of the Report been proved against him. These, however, he meets in detail.

First, he shows that the average monthly quantity of fresh meat which he provided from November to March was 10 lb. per man, while that of the French army was but 6¼ lb., although our allies did not suffer the same losses as we did on the 14th November, and that the low average in December was due to the hurricane which had damaged many of his cattle-vessels. In the month of February it appears by returns that the issue of vegetables averaged 17 lb. per man, besides regular rations of rice. At this time, therefore, the diet of the army was, considering the circumstances, wonderfully good.

The lime-juice adverted to by the Commissioners was, he says, sent out by the medical department, and intended for the hospitals. If demanded, it would have been issued; but the chief Commissary is certainly not to blame for not volunteering the issue, having in truth no more to do with the health of the army than the chief engineer. When, shortly afterwards, it was ordered that lime-juice should form part of the ration, the issue at once became regular.

"When the difficulty about fuel to roast the coffee," says the Report, "began to be seriously felt in December, there were 2705 lb. of tea, equal to 173,000 rations, lying in the commissariat stores at Balaklava." To this Mr. Filder replies: "This quantity of tea was reserved for the use of the hospitals; and considering the vast number of sick, it was not more than it was prudent to keep on hand for that purpose." He received no orders for its issue for some time after the practice of keeping Lord Raglan informed of the quantities of commissariat supplies in store had been commenced. When he did receive the order to issue tea on alternate days, it was at once complied with.

As to the porter, its bulk precluded it from being sent even to the troops around Balaklava, while no order was ever received to issue it to fatigue parties. The defence to this count is, however, less satisfactory than to the others, because the porter had originally been sent out for the

use of the troops, and, therefore, should not have been left at Scutari. No medical knowledge was needed to be aware how advantageous its issue would have been.

Mr. Filder denies having quoted previous practice in the Peninsula as an argument against providing fuel; no such opinion, he says, is to be found in his evidence. "I have never maintained that the troops were not to be supplied with fuel by the Commissariat, if they were so circumstanced that they could not provide themselves with it." It had, it seems, been settled early in November, "that the Commissariat was to supply the troops with fuel when they could no longer provide themselves with it, and we were quite prepared to commence the issues whenever ordered. . . . There was never, at any time, a want of fuel at Balaklava. The only difficulty was to find the means of conveying it to the front." And as this brings us to the primary question of forage, we will proceed at once to that.

The Commissary-General had, it seems, made ample provision for supplying forage, in the form of loose hay and chopped straw, to the army, had it remained in Turkey. When it was ordered to the Crimea, he prevailed on the contractors in Constantinople to have 500 tons of the hay pressed for shipment, and when he found they were likely to fail in their agreement, he wrote to England for 2000 tons. "Of this demand only about one-tenth was forwarded." This 200 tons, which was intended for a two months' supply only, was all he received from England in six months. "Had my requisitions for hay been complied with, the deficiency in this respect which was felt throughout the winter would have been prevented, and I should have been able to maintain a sufficient transport establishment."

To the suggestions thrown out by the Commissioners, already quoted, respecting the best method of drawing forth the resources of Turkey, Mr. Filder's reply is somewhat in the spirit of Mr. Weller's to Solomon Pell, when that legal friend volunteered some advice respecting the probate of Mrs. Weller's will, "Ve know vot's o'clock, sir—ven ve don't, ve'll ask you, sir."

"The Commissioners have here assumed that I obtained no supplies, except by means of contracts and tenders, and that I had only followed the beaten track. I am unable to say whence they have derived the opinion; but however derived, it is inconsistent with the fact. I obtained supplies by every variety of mode in which it was possible to procure them; that is, by means of agents having a knowledge of the resources of the country, and of the language and habits of the people; by direct purchases made by Commissariat officers from the parties holding the supplies, without either written tender or agreement; by public competition and by special tender; and, when necessary, by requisition on England."

We have now gone briefly through the whole of the charges brought against the Commissariat, by men sent expressly to make inquiries on the subject, and well qualified for the task. Let us request the imaginative reader to place himself for a moment in the Commissary-General's place. Let him fancy himself suddenly apprised after Inkermann that the army is to winter on the plateau, destitute of shelter, at a distance from its port, and encircled by the enemy. Let him fancy his first efforts to procure supplies defeated by the hurricane which disabled his cattle-vessels. Let him see his transport-horses daily dying, the roads daily disappearing, the harbour daily more crowded, and still the never-ceasing demand for daily food. Let him remember that the duties of the Commissariat know of no relaxation, that whether the siege progressed or languished, its efforts were the same, —that the subaltern officers of the Commissariat, though men of great capacity, energy, and intelligence, were all untrained to their work; let him hear for his encouragement the echoes of the minatory clamour at home; and then let him say whether greater shortcomings than have been proved against Mr. Filder might not easily be forgiven. And let him say, too, whether, considering all the direct obloquy and indirect censure to which Mr. Filder has so long been exposed, he is not entitled to some tardy reparation.

On the 4th of April the Board of Inquiry began its sittings. A large wooden edifice had been constructed at Chelsea, calculated to accommodate 1200 spectators, and here the general officers constituting the Court assembled to receive evidence, their proceedings being regulated by the Judge-Advocate General. A letter from the Minister-of-War informed the Court that they had been convened "for the purpose of taking into consideration so much of the 'Reports on the supplies to the British army in the Crimea,' as animadverts upon the conduct of certain officers upon Her Majesty's General Staff, and in her Majesty's army;" and they were commanded "not only to report an opinion upon the matters referred to them, but also to submit to Her Majesty what may be in their judgment best to be done thereon." In compliance with the President's desire that the Court might be informed of the names of the officers referred to, a letter from General Yorke was read, naming them as Lord Lucan, Lord Cardigan, Sir Richard Airey, and Colonel Gordon.

We have already seen that the Quartermaster-General's department had been directly inculpated by the second Report, therefore the demand of the two last-named officers to be heard in defence was intelligible. Not so Lord Lucan's and Lord Cardigan's appeal; for, after careful perusal of the Report, we were ourselves unable to detect any passage which could be construed into an imputation on the commander of the cavalry sufficiently explicit to call for formal refutation. The offence to Lord Lucan lay, it seems, in a passage of the second Report relating to the hutting of the army, where, under the head of "Shelter of Horses," the losses of the cavalry are partly ascribed to "a want of promptitude and ingenuity." Now, as a want of promptitude and ingenuity is not a military crime (if it were, God help the wicked!), many persons in Lord Lucan's position would probably have sat quietly down under the imputation, conscious that no overt act of promptitude or ingenuity could be quoted in defence, and that the less that was said on the subject, the sooner would any disfavour, with which the public might regard those inculpated, fade away. But "the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient," and his lordship burned to wipe the stigma from his scutcheon, by breaking a lance with the Commissioners before the world. "Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicon? Then, Pistol, lay thy head in furies' lap!" During the whole of April the Court sat gravely to hear discussed the question of whether Lord Lucan had or had not shown promptitude and ingenuity; and at the end of that time it may still be fairly doubted whether his lordship is either prompt or ingenious.

First, Lord Lucan proved that some of the Commissioners' figures were incorrect. Had this incorrectness told against him, the exposure of the error would have been pertinent enough, as conducting to the inference of "a malignant animus" on their part. But as the error consisted in putting the losses of the cavalry at a per-centage much below the reality, the implication of animus fails, the thrust parries itself, and Tulloch, who has somewhat indiscreetly thrown his hat into the ring, draws first blood in the encounter.

Next, his lordship shows that he remonstrated against the position selected for the cavalry after the battle of Inkermann, as being so distant from the harbour as to endanger the supply of forage. The reason for selecting that position, as it subsequently appears from Sir R. Airey's evidence, was this, that General Canrobert, anticipating a second attack from the Russians at the same point, and thinking that the mere fact of the presence of cavalry there might, when told to the enemy by their spies, deter them from the attempt, had persuaded Lord Raglan to post them in that quarter. Lord Lucan's forebodings were quickly realised. Before the end of the month the neighbouring artillery-camps were invaded by ravenous cavalry horses galloping madly in at the sound of the feeding trumpet, and snatching, undeterred by stick or stones, the hay and barley from the very muzzles of the right owners. Painful it was to see the

frenzy of the creatures in their first pangs of hunger, more painful to see their quiet misery in the exhaustion which succeeded. Remedy there seemed none. The labour of toiling through the slough to Balaklava to fetch their own forage was so great that many horses sunk and died in each journey—every day saw them weaker and less fit for the effort—every night the cold of frost was succeeded in numbers by the cold of death. As for shelter—given the bare plain and some blunt pickaxes, and great indeed must be the promptitude and ingenuity that secures it. Therefore his lordship has the best of round the second.

The wary Tulloch now tries a cunning feint. He says that want of promptitude and ingenuity are not charged on Lord Lucan or any one particularly, but generally on those who might be in responsible positions—that Lord Raglan himself might be thus alluded to—that in their great desire to avoid attacking persons, the Commissioners worded their censure so cautiously as to render it ambiguous, and thus roused up a hornet's nest of possible culprits, when, by making the charge more direct, they would have had but the attack of one to meet. This skilful evasion, leaving his lordship to fight the air, makes the contest at this period look well for Tulloch.

But this advantage is presently lost. While supposed to have withdrawn from the fight under cover of the before-mentioned cloud, we suddenly hear the Colonel shouting out, "Turn, recreant! I have yet another arrow for thee. Why didn't you get canvass from the fleet to cover your horses, and carpenters to put it up?" His lordship might well be puzzled at the manœuvres of so Protean and shifty an antagonist, who one minute tells him he was aiming at somebody else, 'twas all a mistake, and the next brings a fresh charge against him. However, the parry, like that of the Smith of the Wynd when Norman of the Hammar leaps over his guard and aims the poniard at his back, is successful as we think. The idea of the spare sails is evidently an afterthought, and being such, it is certainly unfair to quote it, after such lapse of time and such protracted discussion, as if it were an obvious and easily available shift that ought to have suggested itself at once. Sir Edmund Lyons, here making his appearance as a not very judicious bottle-holder, says there were neither sails nor carpenters to spare. The instance quoted against Lord Lucan of Captain Heath, who, by means of his ship's carpenters, succeeded in covering with canvass a number of horses in a short time, is not to the point, because Captain Heath's vessel was lying in Balaklava harbour, where both carpenters and canvass could be easily spared. And even supposing that such shelter could have been procured, we do not see how the commander of a cavalry force, himself a subordinate, could be expected to apply to the Admiral of the blockading fleet for part of his stores and seamen. It was not in his province to be aware of the number of spare sails or spare carpenters the ships might possess, nor, if he were, to make a demand for the use of them. Subsequently, we find an engineer officer giving it as his opinion that canvass would have been inapplicable for the purpose.

Again, it was charged against Lord Lucan that he might have caused drains to be dug round his horses, and pits to be excavated for them to stand in. His reply was, that the digging of drains was to soldiers, especially English soldiers, when unaccustomed to such work, and compared with skilled workmen, a labour of five-fold effort, and as such, it was not expedient to incur it, when they did not know, from day to day, how soon the camp might be shifted, and all their pains rendered nugatory. The pits, he remarked, besides being difficult to excavate except on a hillside, had many disadvantages, being often after rain mere tanks. Indeed, the digging, draining, and paving of such a pit, however practicable for a groom who had nothing to do but look after his master's horse, was scarcely to be demanded of soldiers, who, besides the care of their horses, had to keep in order their arms and accoutrements, to be ready for action, to fetch forage, to find their camp in guards, and to convoy the sick.

So far, then, as proving a negative goes, his lordship, we think, has the advantage. The instances fail in which his antagonists try to establish a want of promptitude and ingenuity. But, on the other hand, he does not prove himself to have displayed those qualities. The noble horses that broke through the Russian squadrons at Balaklava as deer break through the broom—the gallant greys, the glistening bays, "whose necks were clothed with thunder, who said among the trumpets Ha! ha! who went forth to meet the armed men," have rotted on the plain which shook beneath their charge. Possibly a man of extreme promptitude and ingenuity might have saved them, but the means of their salvation have not been incontestably indicated; and had Lord Lucan been notoriously such a man, he might still, for all that has transpired, have been unequal to the struggle with the elements.

Next came Lord Cardigan, and we must confess our disappointment at not finding his lordship so entertaining as we expected. The animadversion he had to complain of was so slight that it could hardly be considered an animadversion at all, and therefore his exculpation was not likely to be particularly interesting, and thus far we did not anticipate much amusement. But remembering his Lordship's appetite for the *monstrari digito*, his lofty self-importance, and the sonorous energy with which the trumpet blown by himself lately resounded through the world, we expected to see him make the fullest use of the present opportunity for display. Arrayed like another distinguished errant, in pasteboard helmet, and armour somewhat out of date, we expected to see him go forth on his Rosinante, "the horse on which his lordship led the celebrated charge at Balaklava," to attack innumerable windmills, to combat many vast but shadowy giants, to complain bitterly of envious enchanters, and to scatter whole flocks of sheep. Finally, we entertained some dim expectation that, chancing to meet in his career his brother complainant Lord Lucan, the noble blood of both heated by the contest, they would incontinently assault each other, and engage in a conflict, at the termination of which nothing would be left of these aristocratic Kilkenny cats but the tails.

This promising programme, as we had sketched it for the occasion, was, however, totally different from his real course. In place of adopting Eccles' vein, "a vein to tear a cat in, to make all split," he delivered himself, not only like a man of this world, but a very meek and reasonable man of this world, saying that he had never solicited any inquiry, and confining himself to refuting a statement in the Report, which certainly does not amount to a charge, to the effect that he had declined to let the horses of his brigade fetch their own forage.

We have said we think Colonel Tulloch indiscreet in appearing as the defender of the Report, which, made at the instance of, and published by the Government, might be considered as their adopted child, and which, if it be defended at all, should have received ministerial support and protection. Considering that the Government had been pressing in its solicitations to at least one of the Commissioners to undertake a difficult, invidious, and delicate office; that though in ill health he complied; and that the Commission spared no labour in its investigations, we think a prompt and warm recognition of its services might fairly have been expected. Instead of that, the official statement of the Minister of War on the subject, certainly left the public under the impression that the Report was itself to be impeached in the Court of Inquiry; and Colonel Tulloch found the task of publicly defending it so full of anxiety and trouble, that his health gave way, and the inquiry was eventually concluded in his absence.

General Airey's reply may be briefly summed up. Its essence consisted in showing that the Commissioners had imputed blame to his department for not issuing supplies in store, when its province lay not in the issue but the apportionment of these supplies. He called one of his assistants to prove that the Report is inaccurate in the quantities of clothing stated to be in store at particular

dates. He showed that requisitions for clothing, so far from being refused, were generally in the possession of regiments long before they were able to render them available, and that to the oft-quoted want of transport alone was due the fact that those stores remained unissued. No official barrier was, he says, raised between the men and the supplies; on the contrary, the issues of clothing were authorised very much faster than the men could draw it. He rightly observes that, in the altered state of affairs existing in the middle of March, it was impossible for any two persons, whether civilians or military men, fully to appreciate the position of the army in the midst of the unheard-of difficulties of the winter, and concludes by a picture of the condition of the troops, and the causes of distress and perplexity by which they were surrounded.

The reader of the Report and Inquiry will possess as much information on the subject of the campaign as will enable him to draw his own conclusions. The reader of this paper will, we hope, have a fair idea of the Report and Inquiry. A careful comparison of the statements contained in both has confirmed us in the opinion, formed long ago, that, the army once before Sebastopol, no arrangement or foresight within the scope of human means could have averted, to any extent, the disasters which followed. While bearing testimony to the patience and sagacity with which the Commissioners investigated the circumstances of the army, and to the general correctness of their facts in all important particulars, we think the inference to be drawn from the Reports, that blame may be justly affixed in specified quarters, cannot be sustained. The fact that the different departments of the army have their proper limits, seems in some measure to have been lost sight of by the Commissioners, as well as by the public, whose complaints all appear to us to have been based on the error that everybody ought to understand and interfere in the business of everybody else as well as his own. No commander-in-chief would wish to see such a system of interchange of duties substituted for the restricted and specific sphere of operations and responsibility allotted to each department. To perform the duties of his own branch is all that can be expected from an officer; and it is the province of the superintending intellect, which knows the instruments it works with, to combine all in harmonious action.

While showing that to undertake the siege was to brave great and inevitable distresses, we nevertheless rejoice that the siege was undertaken. Our own losses, though great, were nothing in comparison with those inflicted on the enemy, by forcing him to carry on the war at such a distance from his resources, and with such a country as the Crimea intervening. Thus, and thus only, could be attained the result we behold; Russia, at the end of one campaign, compelled to accept the terms dictated by the Allies.

While we write, the tents which whiten the plains of Sebastopol are disappearing like dissolving snow: each day sees roods of the plateau restored to the dominion of desolation. To prove that practice and material alone were wanting to render our departments effective, we need only look back on the past winter in the Crimea, where our troops have lived in comfort, plenty, and extraordinary health, while our allies, notwithstanding the oft-quoted superiority of their military system, experienced severe suffering and loss. That army, which would have begun another campaign in a state of unrivalled completeness, is about to be dissolved for ever; already its regiments are landing, some in distant colonies, some in England, while the militia, which garrisoned our fortresses, are once more absorbed into the general population. Seeing the indifference with which this great change is viewed, and the apathy with which the announcement for the reduction of the army is listened to, we would impress once more the moral, which, in anticipation of the Board's verdict, we draw from the Report we have been discussing. That moral is, that all the suffering and calamity, not absolutely inevitable, which befell our troops, were caused by the nation itself, which

has always penuriously denied in peace the means of maintaining the army in efficiency for war. Let it be satisfied that individuals are not chargeable with the consequences of its own ruinous policy; let it acquiesce cheerfully in the expenditure which nations less rich, and really though not apparently less powerful than ourselves, submit to for the sake of security; or let it believe that in every future war the first gallant army it lands on an enemy's soil is doomed to a fate as certain and inexorable as that which smote the first-born of the Egyptians.

THE SNOW-STORM.

I.

What angel is passing from heaven,
With her white robes trailing thro' air—
Cold, as the form whence the spirit is driven—
Pale, as the face of despair?

II.

Child of the air and sky,
With a cloud she wreathes her brow,
While her white foot falls as silently
As a vision's thread on the earth below.

III.

See! her foot gleams white on the mountain
As it rests on its earthward flight!
See! she melts in the arms of the fountain
As day-beams dissolve into night!

IV.

O'er the forest she throws a diamond shower,
O'er the ash, and the fir, and the wild rose-tree;
With elf-woven domes she roofs the bower
Where sleeps the young anemone.

V.

Silent she moves on the soul of the dead;
With a quiet touch of her magic wand
She binds the green moss in a silver thread,
Like a fanciful work of fairy-land.

VI.

She comes like a thought of bygone love,
In the winter of hope descending,
When the blossom we loved is blooming above,
And sorrow our life's tree is bending.

VII.

When, amidst the stillness, and chill, and gloom,
That memory bright and fair returning
Illumines the heart in the shades of the tomb,
And whitens the barren season of mourning.

VIII.

When once she clasped the earth, like true love
No more from her chosen one she flies,—
But pours out the soul, which came from above,
On the breast where her beauty lies.

IX.

A visitant all too pure for earth,
Early she fades in her virgin day,
And her spirit floats back to the clime of her birth,
Drawn by the golden threads of a ray.

Musa.

THE ATHELINGS; OR, THREE GIFTS.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was made into a parcel, duly packed and tied up; not in a delicate wrapper, or with pretty ribbons, as perhaps the affectionate regard of Agnes might have suggested, but in the commonest and most matter-of-fact parcel imaginable. But by that time it began to be debated whether Charlie after all was a sufficiently dignified messenger. He was only a boy—that was not to be disputed; and Mrs. Atheling did not think him at all remarkable for his "manners," and papa doubted whether he was able to manage a matter of business. But, then, who could go?—not the girls certainly, and not their mother, who was somewhat timid out of her own house. Mr. Atheling could not leave his office; and really, after all their objections, there was nobody but Charlie, unless it was Mr. Foggo, whom Agnes would by no means consent to employ. So they brushed their big boy, as carefully as Moses Primrose was brushed before he went to the fair, and gave him strict injunctions to look as grave, as sensible, and as *old* as possible. All these commands Charlie received with perfect coolness, hoisting his parcel under his arm, and remaining entirely unmoved by the excitement around him. "*I* know well enough—don't be afraid," said Charlie; and he strode off like a young ogre, carrying Agnes's fortune under his arm. They all went to the window to look after him with some alarm and some hope; but though they were troubled for his youth, his abruptness, and his want of "manners," there was exhilaration in the steady ring of Charlie's manful foot, and his own entire and undoubting confidence. On he went, a boyish giant, to throw down that slender gage and challenge of the young genius to all the world; meanwhile they returned to their private occupations, this little group of women, excited, doubtful, much expecting, marvelling over and over again what Mr. Burlington would say. Such an eminence of lofty criticism and censorship these good people, upon this morning, recognised in the position of Mr. Burlington! He seemed to hold in his hands the universal key which opened everything; fame, honour, and reward, at that moment appeared to these simple minds to be mere vassals of his pleasure; and all the balance of the future, as Agnes fancied, lay in the doubtful chance whether he was propitious or unpropitious. Simple imaginations! Mr. Burlington, at that moment taking off his top-coat, and placing his easy-chair where no draught could reach it, was about as innocent of literature as Charlie Atheling himself.

But Charlie, who had to go to "the office" after he fulfilled his mission, could not come home till the evening; so they had to be patient in spite of themselves. The ordinary occupations of the day in Bellevue were not very novel, nor very interesting. Mrs. Atheling had ambition, and aimed at gentility; so, of course, they had a piano. The girls had learned a very little music; and Marian and Agnes, when they were out of humour, or disinclined for serious occupation, or melancholy (for they were melancholy sometimes in the "prodigal excess" of their youth and happiness), were wont to bethink themselves of the much-neglected "practising," and spend a stray hour upon it with most inconsistent and variable zeal. This day there was a great deal of "practising"—indeed, these wayward girls divided their whole time between the piano and the garden, which was another recognised safety-valve. Mamma had not the heart to chide them; instead of that, her face brightened to hear the musical young voices, the low sweet laughter, the echo of their flying feet through the house and on the garden paths. As she

sat at her work in her snug sitting-room, with Bell and Beau playing at her feet, and Agnes and Marian playing too, as truly, and with as pure and spontaneous delight, good Mrs. Atheling was very happy. She did not say a word that any one could hear—but God knew the atmosphere of unspoken and unspeakable gratitude, which was the very breath of this good woman's heart.

When Charlie came home, though he came earlier than papa, and there was full opportunity to interrogate him—Charlie, we are grieved to say, was not very satisfactory in his communications. "Yes," said Charlie, "I saw him: I don't know if it was the head-man: of course, I asked for Mr. Burlington—and he took the parcel—that's all."

"That's all?—you little savage!" cried Marian, who was not half as big as Charlie. "Did he say he would be glad to have it? Did he ask who had written it? What did he say?"

"Are you sure it was Mr. Burlington?" said Agnes. "Did he look pleased? What do you think he thought? What did you say to him? Charlie, boy, tell us what you said?"

"I won't tell you a word, if you press upon me like that," said the big boy. "Sit down and be quiet. Mother, make them sit down. I don't know if it was Mr. Burlington; I don't think it was: it was a washy man, that never could have been head of that place. He took the papers, and made a face at me, and said, 'Are they your own?' I said 'No' plain enough; and then he looked at the first page, and said they must be left. So I left them. Well, what was a man to do? Of course, that is all."

"What do you mean by making a face at you, boy?" said the watchful mother. "I do trust, Charlie, my dear, you were careful how to behave, and did not make any of your faces at him."

"Oh, it was only a smile," said Charlie, with again a grotesque imitation. "'Are they your own?'—meaning I was just a boy to be laughed at, you know—I should think so! As if I could not make an end of half-a-dozen like him."

"Don't brag, Charlie," said Marian, "and don't be angry about the gentleman, you silly boy; he always must have something on his mind different from a lad like you."

Charlie laughed with grim satisfaction. "He hasn't a great deal on his mind, that chap," said the big boy; "but I wouldn't be him, set up there for no end but reading rubbish—not for—five hundred a-year."

Now, we beg to explain that five hundred a-year was a perfectly magnificent income to the imagination of Bellevue. Charlie could not think at the moment of any greater inducement.

"Reading rubbish! And he has Agnes's book to read!" cried Marian. That was indeed an overpowering anti-climax.

"Yes, but how did he look? Do you think he was pleased? And will it be sure to come to Mr. Burlington safe?" said Agnes. Agnes could not help having a secret impression that there might be some plot against this book of hers, and that everybody knew how important it was.

"Why, he looked—as other people look who have nothing to say," said Charlie; "and I had nothing to say—so we got on together. And he said it looked original—much he could tell from the first page! And so, of course, I came away—they're to write when they've read it over. I tell you, that's all. I don't believe it was Mr. Burlington; but it was the man that does that sort of thing, and so it was all the same."

This was the substance of Charlie's report. He could not be prevailed upon to describe how this important critic looked, or if he was pleased, or anything about him. He was a washy man, Charlie said; but the obstinate boy would not even explain what washy meant, so they had to leave the question in the hands of time to bring elucidation to it. They were by no means patient; many and oft-repeated were the attacks upon Charlie—many the wonderings over the omnipotent personage who had the power of this decision in his keeping; but in the mean time, and for sundry days and weeks following, these hasty girls had to wait and to be content.

CHAPTER IX.—A DECISION.

"I've been thinking," said Charlie Atheling slowly. Having made this preface, the big boy paused: it was his manner of opening an important subject, to which the greater part of his cogitations were directed. His sisters came close to him immediately, half-embracing this great fellow in their united arms, and waiting for his communication. It was the twilight of an April evening, soft and calm. There were no stars in the sky—no sky even, except an occasional break of clear deep heavenly blue through the shadowy misty shapes of clouds, crowding upon each other over the whole arch of heaven. The long boughs of the lilac bushes rustled in the night wind with all their young soft leaves—the prim outline of the poplar was ruffled with brown buds, and low on the dark soil at its feet was a faint golden lustre of primroses. Everything was as still—not as death, for its deadly calm never exists in nature; but as life, breathing, hushing, sleeping in that sweet season, when the grass is growing and the bud unfolding, all the night and all the day. Even here, in this suburban garden, with the great Babel muffling its voices faintly in the far distance, you could hear, if you listened, that secret rustle of growth and renewing which belongs to the sweet spring. Even here, in this colourless soft light, you could see the earth opening her unwearied bosom, with a passive grateful sweetness, to the inspiring touch of heaven. The brown soil was moist with April showers, and the young leaves glistened faintly with blobs of dew. Very different from the noonday hope was this hope of twilight; but not less hopeful in its silent operations, its sweet sighs, its soft tears, and the heart that stirred within it, in the dark, like a startled bird.

These three young figures, closely grouped together, which you could see only in outline against the faint horizon and the misty sky, were as good a human rendering as could be made of the unexpressed sentiment of the season and the night—they too were growing, with a sweet involuntary progression, up to their life and to their fate. They stood upon the threshold of the world, innocent adventurers, fearing no evil; and it was hard to believe that these hopeful neophytes could ever be made into toil-worn, care-hardened people of the world by any sum of hardships or of years.

"I've been thinking;"—all this time Charlie Atheling had added nothing to his first remarkable statement, and we are compelled to admit that the conclusion which he now gave forth did not seem to justify the solemnity of the delivery—"yes, I've made up my mind; I'll go to old Foggo and the law."

"And why, Charlie, why?"

Charlie was not much given to rendering a reason.

"Never mind the why," said Charlie, abruptly; "that's best. There's old Foggo himself now; nobody can reckon his income, or make a balance just what he is and what he has, and all about him, as people could do with us. We are plain nobodies, and people know it at a glance. My father has five children and two hundred a-year—whereas old Foggo, you see—"

"*I* don't see—I do not believe it!" cried Marian, impatiently. "Do you mean to say, you bad boy, that Mr. Foggo is better than papa—*my* father? Why, he has mamma, and Bell and Beau, and all of us: if anything ailed him, we should break our hearts. Mr. Foggo has only Miss Willsie: he is an old man, and snuffs, and does not care for anybody: do you call *that* better than papa?"

But Charlie only laughed. Certain it was that Charlie had not the remotest intention of setting up Mr. Foggo as his model of happiness. Indeed, nobody quite knew what Charlie's ideal was; but the boy, spite of his practical nature, had a true boyish liking for that margin of uncertainty which made it possible to surmise some unknown power or greatness even in the person of this ancient lawyer's clerk. Few lads,

we believe, among the range of those who have to make their own fortune, are satisfied at their outset to decide upon being "no better than papa."

"Well," said Agnes, with consideration, "I should not like Charlie to be just like papa." Papa can do nothing but keep us all—so many children—and he never can be any thing more than he is now. But Charlie—Charlie is quite a different person. I wish he could be something great."

"Agnes—don't! it is such nonsense!" cried Marian. "Is there any thing great in old Mr. Foggo's office? He is a poor old man, *I* think, living all by himself with Miss Willsie. I had rather be Susan in our house than be mistress in Mr. Foggo's: and how could *he* make Charlie anything great?"

"*Stuff!*" said Charlie; "nobody wants to be *made;* that's a man's own business. Now, you just be quiet with your romancing, you girls. I'll tell you what, though, there's one man I think I'd like to be—and I suppose you call him great—I'd like to be Rajah Brooke."

"Oh, Charlie! and hang people!" cried Marian.

"Not people—only pirates," said the big boy: "wouldn't I string them up too! Yes, if that would please you, Agnes, I'd like to be Rajah Brooke."

"Then why, Charlie," exclaimed Agnes—"why do you go to Mr. Foggo's office? A merchant may have a chance for such a thing—but a lawyer! Charlie, boy, what do you mean?"

"Never mind," said Charlie; "your Brookes and your Layards and such people don't begin by being merchants' clerks. I know better: they have birth and education, and all that, and get the start of everybody, and then they make a row about it. I don't see, for my part," said the young gentleman meditatively, "what it is but chance. A man may succeed, or a man may fail, and it's neither much to his credit nor his blame. It's a very odd thing, and I can't understand it—a man may work all his life, and never be the better for it. It's chance, and nothing more, so far as I can see."

"Hush, Charlie—say Providence," said Agnes, anxiously.

"Well, I don't know—it's very odd," answered the big boy.

Whereupon there began two brief but earnest lectures for the good of Charlie's mind, and the improvement of his sentiments. The girls were much disturbed by their brother's heterodoxy; they assaulted him vehemently with the enthusiastic eagerness of the young faith which had never been tried, and would not comprehend any questioning. Chance! when the very sparrows could not fall to the ground—The bright face of Agnes Atheling flushed almost into positive beauty; she asked indignantly, with a trembling voice and tears in her eyes, how mamma could have endured to live if it had not been God who did it? Charlie, rough as he was, could not withstand an appeal like this: he murmured something hastily under his breath about success in business being a very different thing from *that*, and was indisputably overawed and vanquished. This allusion made them all very silent for a time, and the young bright eyes involuntarily glanced upward where the pure faint stars were gleaming out one by one among the vapoury hosts of cloud. Strangely touching was the solemnity of this link, not to be broken, which connected the family far down upon the homely bosom of the toilsome earth with yonder blessed children in the skies. Marian, saying nothing, wiped some tears silently from the beautiful eyes which turned such a wistful, wondering, longing look to the uncommunicating heaven. Charlie, though you could scarcely see him in the darkness, worked those heavy furrows of his brow, and frowned fiercely upon himself. The long branches came sweeping towards them, swayed by the night wind; up in the east rose the pale spring moon, pensive, with a misty halo like a saint. The aspect of the night was changed; instead of the soft brown gloaming, there was broad silvery light and heavy masses of shadow over sky and soil—an instant change, all brought about by the rising of the moon. As swift an alteration had passed upon the mood of these young specula-

tors. They went in silently, full of thought—not so sad but that they could brighten to the fireside brightness, yet more meditative than was their wont; even Charlie—for there was a warm heart within the clumsy form of this big boy!

CHAPTER X.—MR. FOGGO.

They went in very sedately out of the darkness, their eyes dazzled with the sudden light. Bell and Beau were safely disposed of for the night, and on the side-table, beside Charlie's two grammars and Agnes's blotting-book, now nearly empty, lay the newspaper of papa; for the usual visitor was installed in the usual place at the fireside, opposite Mr. Atheling. Good companion, it is time you should see the friend of the family: there he was.

And there also, it must be confessed, was a certain faint yet expressive fragrance, which delicately intimated to one sense at least, before he made his appearance, the coming of Mr. Foggo. We will not affirm that it was lundyfoot—our own private impression, indeed, is strongly in favour of black rappee—but the thing was indisputable, whatever might be the species. He was a large brown man, full of folds and wrinkles; folds in his brown waistcoat, where secret little sprinklings of snuff, scarcely perceptible, lay undisturbed and secure; wrinkles, long and forcible, about his mouth; folds under his eyelids, deep lines upon his brow. There was not a morsel of smooth surface visible anywhere even in his hands, which were traced all over with perceptible veins and sinews, like a geographical exercise. Mr. Foggo wore a wig, which could not by any means be complimented with the same title as Mr. Pendennis's "'ead of 'air." He was between fifty and sixty, a genuine old bachelor, perfectly satisfied with his own dry and unlovely existence. Yet we may suppose it was something in Mr. Foggo's favor, the frequency of his visits here. He sat by the fireside with the home-air of one who knows that this chair is called his, and that he belongs to the household circle, and turned to look at the young people, as they entered, with a familiar yet critical eye. He was friendly enough, now and then, to deliver little rebukes and remonstrances, and was never complimentary, even to Marian; which may be explained, perhaps, when we say that he was a Scotsman—a north-country Scotsman—with "peculiarities" in his pronunciation, and very distinct opinions of his own. How he came to win his way into the very heart of this family, we are not able to explain; but there he was, and there Mr. Foggo had been, summer and winter, for nearly half-a-score of years.

He was now an institution, recognised and respected. No one dreamt of investigating his claims—possession was the whole law in his case, his charter and legal standing-ground; and the young commonwealth recognised as undoubtingly the place, of Mr. Foggo as they did the natural throne and pre-eminence of papa and mamma.

"For my part," said Mr. Foggo who, it seemed, was in the midst of what Mrs. Atheling called a "sensible conversation,"—and Mr. Foggo spoke slowly, and with a certain methodical diguity,—"for my part, I see little in the art of politics, but just withholding as long as ye can, and giving as little as ye may; for a statesman, ye perceive, be he Radical or Tory, must ever consent to be a stout Conservative when he gets the upper hand. It's in the nature of things—it's like father and son—it's the primitive principle of government, if ye take my opinion. So I am never sanguine myself about a new ministry keeping its word. How should it keep its word? Making measures and opposing them are two as different things as can be. There's father and son, a standing example: the young man is the people and the old man is the government,—the lad spurs on and presses, the greybeard holds in and restrains."

"Ah, Foggo! all very well to talk," said Mr. Atheling; "but men

should keep their word, government or no government—that's what I say. Do you mean to tell me that a father would cheat his son with promises? No! no! no! Your excuses won't do for me."

"*And* as for speaking of the father and the son, as if it was natural they should be opposed to each other, I am surprised at *you*, Mr. Foggo," said Mrs. Atheling, with emphatic disapproval. "There is my Charlie, now, a wilful boy; but do you think *he* would set his face against anything his papa or I might say?"

"Charlie," said Mr. Foggo, with a twinkle of the grey-brown eye which shone clear and keen under folds of eyelid and thickets of eyebrow, "is an uncommon boy. I'm speaking of the general principle, not of exceptional cases. No! men and measures are well enough to make a noise or an election about; but to go against the first grand rule is not in the nature of man."

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Atheling, impatiently; "but I tell you he's broken his word—that's what I say—told a lie, neither more nor less. Do you mean to tell me that any general principle will excuse a man for breaking his promises? I challenge your philosophy for that."

"When ye accept promises that it's not in the nature of things a man can keep, *ye must* even be content with the alternative," said Mr. Foggo.

"Oh! away with your nature of things!" cried papa, who was unusually excited and vehement,—"scarcely civil," as Mrs. Atheling assured him in her private reproof. "It's the nature of the man, that's what's wrong. False in youth, false in age,—if I had known!"

"Crooked ways are ill to get clear of," said Mr. Foggo oracularly. "What's that you are about, Charlie, my boy? Take you my advice, lad, and never be a public man."

"A public man! I wish public men had just as much sense," said Mrs. Atheling in an indignant undertone. This good couple, like a great many other excellent people, were pleased to note how all the national businesses were mismanaged, and what miserable 'prentice-hands of pilots held the helm of State.

"I grant you it would not be overmuch for them," said Mr. Foggo; "and speaking of government, Mrs. Atheling, Willsie is in trouble again."

"I am very sorry," exclaimed Mrs. Atheling, with instant interest. "Dear me, I thought this was such a likely person. You remember what I said to you, Agnes, whenever I saw her. She looked so neat and handy, I thought her quite the thing for Miss Willsie. What has she done?"

"Something like the Secretary of State for the Home Department," said Mr. Foggo,—"made promises which could not be kept while she was on trial, and broke them when she took office. Shall I send the silly thing away?"

"Oh, Mr. Foggo! Miss Willsie was so pleased with her last week—she could do so many things—she has so much good in her," cried Marian; "and then you can't tell—you have not tried her long enough: don't send her away!"

"She is so pretty, Mr. Foggo," said Agnes.

Mr. Foggo chuckled, thinking, not of Miss Willsie's maid-servant, but of the Secretary of State. Papa looked at him across the fire-place wrathfully. What the reason was, nobody could tell; but papa was visibly angry, and in a most unamiable state of mind: he said "Tush!" with an impatient gesture, in answer to the chuckle of his opponent. Mr. Atheling was really not at all polite to his friend and guest.

But we presume Mr. Foggo was not sensitive—he only chuckled the more, and took a pinch of snuff. The snuff-box was a ponderous silver one, with an inscription on the lid, and always revealed itself most distinctly, in shape at least, within the brown waistcoat-pocket of its owner. As he enjoyed this refreshment, the odour diffused itself more distinctly through the apartment, and a powdery thin shower fell from Mr. Foggo's huge brown fingers. Susan's cat, if she comes early to the parlour, will undoubtedly be seized with many sneezes to-morrow.

But Marian, who was innocently unconscious of any double meaning, continued to plead earnestly for Miss

Willsie's maid. "Yes, Mr. Foggo, she is so pretty," said Marian, "and so neat, and smiles. I am sure Miss Willsie herself would be grieved after, if she sent her away. Let mamma speak to Miss Willsie, Mr. Foggo. She smiles as if she could not help it. I am sure she is good. Do not let Miss Willsie send her away."

"Willsie is like the public—she is never content with her servants," said Mr. Foggo. "Where is all the poetry to-night? no ink upon Agnes's finger! I don't understand that."

"I never write poetry, Mr. Foggo," said Agnes, with superb disdain. Agnes was extremely annoyed by Mr. Foggo's half-knowledge of her authorship. The old gentleman took her for one of the young ladies who write verses, she thought; and for this most amiable and numerous sisterhood, the young genius, in her present mood, had a considerable disdain.

"And ink on her finger! You never saw ink on Agnes's finger—you know you never did!" cried the indignant Marian. "If she did write poetry, it is no harm; and I know very well you only mean to tease her: but it is wrong to say what never was true."

Mr. Foggo rose, diffusing on every side another puff of his peculiar element. "When I have quarrelled with everybody, I reckon it is about time to go home," said Mr. Foggo. "Charlie, step across with me, and get some nonsense-verses Willsie has been reading, for the girls. Keep in the same mind, Agnes, and never write poetry—it's a mystery; no man should meddle with it till he's forty—that's *my* opinion—and then there would be as few poets as there are Secretaries of State."

"Secretaries of State!" exclaimed papa, restraining his vehemence, however, till Mr. Foggo was fairly gone, and out of hearing—and then Mr. Atheling made a pause. You could not suppose that his next observation had any reference to this indignant exclamation; it was so oddly out of connection that even the girls smiled to each other. "I tell you what, Mary, a man should not be led by fantastic notions—a man should never do anything that does not come directly in his way," said Mr. Atheling, and he pushed his grizzled hair back from his brow with heat and excitement. It was an ordinary saying enough, not much to be marvelled at. What did papa mean?

"Then, papa, nothing generous would ever be done in the world," said Marian, who, somewhat excited by Mr. Foggo, was quite ready for an argument on any subject, or with any person.

"But things that have to be done always come in people's way," said Agnes; "is not that true? I am sure, when you read people's lives, the thing they have to do seems to pursue them; and even if they do not want it, they cannot help themselves. Papa, is not that true?"

"Ay, ay—hush, children," said Mr. Atheling, vaguely; "I am busy—speak to your mother."

They spoke to their mother, but not of this subject. They spoke of Miss Willsie's new maid, and conspired together to hinder her going away; and then they marvelled somewhat over the book which Charlie was to bring home. Mr. Foggo and his maiden sister lived in Bellevue, in one of the villas semi-detached, which Miss Willsie had named Killiecrankie Lodge, yet Charlie was some time absent. "He is talking to Mr. Foggo, instead of bringing our book," said Marian, pouting with her pretty lips. Papa and mamma had each of them settled into a brown study—a very brown study, to judge from appearances. The fire was low—the lights looked dim. Neither of the girls were doing anything, save waiting on Charlie. They were half disposed to be peevish. "It is not too late; come and practise for half an hour, Agnes," said Marian, suddenly. Mrs. Atheling was too much occupied to suggest, as she usually did, that the music would wake Bell and Beau: they stole away from the family apartment unchidden and undetained, and, lighting another candle, entered the genteel and solemn darkness of the best room. You have not been in the best room: let us enter with due dignity this reserved and sacred apartment, which very few people ever enter, and listen to the music which nobody ever hears.

CHAPTER XI.—THE BEST ROOM.

The music, we are grieved to say, was not at all worth listening to—it *would* not have disturbed Bell and Beau had the two little beds been on the top of the piano. Though Marian with a careless hand ran over three or four notes, the momentary sound did not disturb the brown study of Mrs. Atheling, and scarcely roused Susan, nodding and dozing, as she mended stockings by the kitchen fire. We are afraid this same practising was often an excuse for half-an-hour's idleness and dreaming. Sweet idleness! happy visions! for it certainly was so to-night.

The best room was of the same size exactly as the family sitting-room, but looked larger by means of looking prim, chill, and uninhabited, and it was by no means crowded with furniture. The piano in one corner and a large old-fashioned table in another, with a big leaf of black and bright mahogany folded down, were the only considerable articles in the room, and the wall looked very blank with its array of chairs. The sofa inclined towards the unlighted fire, and the round table stood before it; but you could not delude yourself into the idea that this at any time could be the *family* hearth. Mrs. Atheling "kept no company;" so, like other good people in the same condition, she religiously preserved and kept in order the company-room; and it was a comfort to her heart to recollect that in this roomy house there was always an orderly place where strangers could be shown into, although the said strangers never came.

The one candle had been placed drearily among the little coloured glass vases on the mantel-shelf; but the moonlight shone broad and full into the window, and, pouring its rays over the whole visible scene without, made something grand and solemn even of this genteel and silent Bellevue. The tranquil whiteness on these humble roofs—the distinctness with which one branch here and there, detached and taken possession of by the light, marked out its half-developed buds against the sky—the strange magic which made the faint ascending streak of smoke the ethereal plaything of these moonbeams—and the intense blackness of the shadow, deep as though it fell from one of the pyramids, of these homely garden-walls—made a wonderful and striking picture of a scene which had not one remarkable feature of its own; and the solitary figure crossing the road, all enshrined and hallowed in this silvery glory, but itself so dark and undistinguishable, was like a figure in a vision—an emblematic and symbolical appearance, entering like a picture to the spectator's memory. The two girls stood looking out, with their arms entwined, and their fair heads close together, as is the wont of such companions, watching the wayfarer, whose weary footstep was inaudible in the great hush and whisper of the night.

"I always fancy one might see ghosts in moonlight," said Marian, under her breath. Certainly that solitary passenger, with all the silvered folds of his dress, and the gliding and noiseless motion of his progress, was not entirely unlike one.

"He looks like a man in a parable," said Agnes, in the same tone. "One could think he was gliding away mysteriously to do something wrong. See, now, he has gone into the shadow. I cannot see him at all—he has quite disappeared—it is so black. Ah! I shall think he is always standing there, looking over at us, and plotting something. I wish Charlie would come home—how long he is!"

"Who would plot anything against us?" said innocent Marian, with her fearless smile. "People do not have enemies now as they used to have—at least not common people. I wish he would come out again, though, out of that darkness. I wonder what sort of man he could be."

But Agnes was no longer following the man; her eye was wandering vaguely over the pale illumination of the sky. "I wonder what will happen to us all?" said Agnes, with a sigh—sweet sigh of girlish thought that knew no care! "I think we are

all beginning now, Marian, every one of us. I wonder what will happen—Charlie and all?"

"Oh, I can tell you," said Marian; "and you first of all, because you are the oldest. We shall all be famous, Agnes, every one of us; all because of you."

"Oh, hush!" cried Agnes, a smile and a flush and a sudden brightness running all over her face; "but suppose it *should* be so, you know, Marian—only suppose it for our own pleasure—what a delight it would be! It might help Charlie on better than anything; and then what we could do for Bell and Beau! Of course it is nonsense," said Agnes, with a low laugh, and a sigh of excitement, "but how pleasant it would be!"

"It is not nonsense at all; I think it is quite certain," said Marian; "but then people would seek you out, and you would have to go and visit them—great people—clever people. Would it not be odd to hear real ladies and gentlemen talking in company as they talk in books?"

"I wonder if they do," said Agnes, doubtfully. "And then to meet people whom we have heard of all our lives—perhaps Bulwer even!—perhaps Tennyson! Oh, Marian!"

"And to know they were very glad to meet you," exclaimed the sister dreamer, with another low laugh of absolute pleasure: that was very near the climax of all imaginable honours—and for very awe and delight the young visionaries held their breath.

"And I think now," said Marian, after a little interval, "that perhaps it is better Charlie should be a lawyer, for he would have so little at first in papa's office, and he never could get on, more than papa; and you would not like to leave all the rest of us behind you, Agnes? I know you would not. But I hope Charlie will never grow like Mr. Foggo, so old and solitary; to be poor would be better than that."

"Then I could be Miss Willsie," said Agnes, "and we would live in a little square house, with two bits of lawn and two fir-trees; but I think we would not call it Killiecrankie Lodge."

Over this felicitous prospect there was a great deal of very quiet laughing—laughing as sweet and as irrepressible as any other natural music, but certainly not evidencing any very serious purpose on the part of either of the young sisters to follow the example of Miss Willsie. They had so little thought, in their fair unconscious youth, of all the long array of years and changes which lay between their sweet estate and that of the restless kind old lady, the mistress of Mr. Foggo's little square house.

"And then, for me—what should I do?" said Marian. There were smiles hiding in every line of this young beautiful face, curving the pretty eyebrow, moving the soft lip, shining shy and bright in the sweet eyes. No anxiety—not the shadow of a shade—had ever crossed this young girl's imagination touching her future lot. It was as rosy as the west and the south, and the cheeks of Maud in Mr. Tennyson's poem. She had no thought of investigating it too closely; it was all as bright as a summer day to Marian, and she was ready to spend all her smiles upon the prediction, whether it was ill or well.

"Then, I suppose, you must be married, May. I see nothing else for you," said Agnes, "for there could not possibly be two Miss Willsies; but I should like to see, in a fairy glass, who my other brother was to be. He must be clever, Marian, and it would be very pleasant if he could be rich, and I suppose he ought to be handsome too."

"Oh, Agnes! handsome of course, first of all!" cried Marian, laughing, "nobody but you would put that last."

"But then I rather like ugly people, especially if they are clever," said Agnes; "there is Charlie, for example. If he was *very* ugly, what an odd couple you would be!—he ought to be ugly for a balance—and very witty and very pleasant, and ready to do anything for you, May. Then if he were only rich, and you could have a carriage, and be a great lady, I think I should be quite content."

"Hush, Agnes! mamma will hear you—and now there is Charlie with a book," said Marian. "Look! he is quite as mysterious in the moonlight as the other man—only Charlie

could never be like a ghost—and I wonder what the book is. Come, Agnes, open the door."

This was the conclusion of the half-hour's practising; they made grievously little progress with their music, yet it was by no means an unpleasant half-hour.

CHAPTER XII.—A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Mrs. Atheling has been calling upon Miss Wilsie, partly to intercede for Hannah, the pretty maid, partly on a neighbourly errand of ordinary gossip and kindliness; but in decided excitement and agitation of mind mamma has come home. It is easy to perceive this as she hurries up-stairs to take off her shawl and bonnet; very easy to notice the fact, as absent and preoccupied she comes down again. Bell and Bean are in the kitchen, and the kitchen-door is open. Bell has Susan's cat, who is very likely to scratch her, hugged close in her chubby arms. Bean hovers so near the fire, on which there is no guard, that his mother would think him doomed did she see him; but—it is true, although it is almost unbelievable, mamma actually passes the open kitchen-door without observing either Bell or Bean.

The apples of her eye! Mrs. Atheling has surely something very important to occupy her thoughts; and now she takes her usual chair, but does not attempt to find her work-basket. What can possibly have happened to mamma?

The girls have not to wait very long in uncertainty. The good mother speaks, though she does not distinctly address either of them. "They want a lad like Charlie in Mr. Foggo's office," said Mrs. Atheling. "I knew that, and that Charlie could have the place; but they also want an articled clerk."

"An articled clerk!—what is that, mamma?" said Agnes, eagerly.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Atheling did not very well know what it was, but she knew it was "something superior," and that was enough for her motherly ambition.

"Well, my dear, it is a gentleman," said Mrs. Atheling, "and of course there must be far greater opportunities of learning. It is a superior thing altogether, I believe. Now, being such old friends, I should think Mr. Foggo might get them to take a very small premium. Such a thing for Charlie! I am sure we could all pinch for a year or two to give him a beginning like *that*!"

"Would it be much better, mamma?" said Marian. They had left what they were doing to come closer about her, pursuing their eager interrogations. Marian sat down upon a stool on the rug where the firelight brightened her hair and reddened her cheek at its pleasure. Agnes stood on the opposite side of the hearth, looking down upon the other interlocutors. They were impatient to hear all that Mrs. Atheling had heard, and perfectly ready to jump to an unanimous opinion."

"Better, my dear!" said Mrs. Atheling—"just as much better as a young man learning to be a master can be better than one who is only a servant. Then, you know, it would give Charlie standing, and get him friends of a higher class. I think it would be positively a sin to neglect such an opportunity; we might never all our lives hear of anything like it again."

"And how did you hear of it, mamma?" said Marian. Marian had quite a genius for asking questions.

"I heard of it from Miss Willsie, my love. It was entirely by accident. She was telling me of an articled pupil they had at the office, who had gone all wrong, poor fellow, in consequence of ——; but I can tell you that another time. And then she said they wanted one now, and then it flashed upon me just like an inspiration. I was quite agitated. I do really declare to you, girls, I thought it was Providence; and I believe if we were only bold enough to do it in faith God would provide the means: and I feel sure it would be the making of Charlie. I think so indeed."

"I wonder what he would say himself?" said Agnes; for not even Mrs. Atheling knew so well as Agnes

did the immovable determination, when he had settled upon anything, of this obstinate big boy.

"We will speak of it to-night, and see what your papa says, and I would not mind even mentioning it to Mr. Foggo," said Mrs. Atheling; "we have not very much to spare, yet I think we could all spare something for Charlie's sake; we must have it fully discussed to-night."

This made, for the time, a conclusion of the subject, since Mrs. Atheling, having unburdened her mind to her daughters, immediately discovered the absence of the children, rebuked the girls for suffering them to stray, and set out to bring them back without delay. Marian sat musing before the fire, scorching her pretty cheek with the greatest equanimity. Agnes threw herself into papa's easy-chair. Both hurried off immediately into delightful speculations touching Charlie — a lawyer and a gentleman; and already in their secret hearts both of these rash girls began to entertain the utmost contempt for the commonplace name of clerk.

We are afraid Mr. Atheling's tea was made very hurriedly that night. He could not get peace to finish his third cup, that excellent papa: they persecuted him out of his ordinary play with Bell and Bean; his invariable study of the newspaper. He could by no means make out the cause of the commotion. "Not another story finished already, Agnes?" said the perplexed head of the house. He began to think it would be something rather alarming if they succeeded each other like this.

"Now, my dears, sit down and do not make a noise with your work, I beg of you. I have something to say to your papa," said Mrs. Atheling, with state and solemnity.

Whereupon papa involuntarily put himself upon his defence; he had not the slightest idea what could be amiss, but he recognised the gravity of the preamble. "What *is* the matter, Mary?" cried poor Mr. Atheling. He could not tell what he had done to deserve this.

"My dear, I want to speak about Charlie," said Mrs. Atheling, becoming now less dignified, and showing a little agitation." "I went to call on Miss Willsie to-day, partly about Hannah, partly for other things; and Miss Willsie told me, William, that besides the youth's place which we thought would do for Charlie, there was in Mr. Foggo's office a vacancy for an articled clerk."

Mrs. Atheling paused, out of breath. She did not often make long speeches, nor had she frequently before originated and led a great movement like this, so she showed fully as much excitement as the occasion required. Papa listened with composure and a little surprise, relieved to find that he was not on his trial. Charlie pricked his big red ears, as he sat at his grammar, but made no other sign; while the girls, altogether suspending their work, drew their chairs closer, and with a kindred excitement eagerly followed every word and gesture of mamma.

"And you must see, William," said Mrs. Atheling rapidly, "what a great advantage it would be to Charlie, if he could enter the office like a gentleman. Of course, I know he would get no salary; but we could go on very well for a year or two as we are doing—quite as well as before, certainly; and I have no doubt Mr. Foggo could persuade them to be content with a very small premium; and then think of the advantage to Charlie, my dear!"

"Premium! no salary!—get on for a year or two! Are you dreaming, Mary?" exclaimed Mr. Atheling. "Why, this is a perfect craze, my dear. Charlie an articled clerk in Foggo's office! it is pure nonsense. You don't mean to say such a thought has ever taken possession of *you*. I could understand the girls, if it was their notion—but, Mary! you!"

"And why not me?" said mamma, somewhat angry for the moment. "Who is so anxious as me for my boy? I know what our income is, and what it can do exactly to a penny, William—a great deal better than you do, my dear; and of course it would be my business to draw in our expenses accordingly; and the girls would give up anything for Charlie's sake. And then, except Beau, who is so little, and will not want anything much done for him

for many a year—he is our only boy, William. It was not always so," said the good mother, checking a great sob which had nearly stopped her voice—"It was not always so—but there is only Charlie left of all of them; and except little Beau, the son of our old age, he is our only boy!

She paused now, because she could not help it, and for the same reason her husband was very slow to answer. All-prevailing was this woman's argument; it was very near impossible to say the gentlest Nay to anything thus pleaded in the name of the dead.

"But, my dear, we cannot do it," said Mr Atheling very quietly. The good man would have given his right hand at that moment to be able to procure this pleasure for the faithful mother of those fair boys who were *in* heaven.

"We could do it if we tried, William," said Mrs. Atheling, recovering herself slowly. Her husband shook his head, pondered, shook his head again.

"It would be injustice to the other children," he said at last. "We could not keep Charlie like a gentleman without injuring the rest. I am surprised you do not think of that."

"But the rest of us are glad to be injured," cried Agnes, coming to her mother's aid; "and then I may have something by-and-by, and Charlie could get on so much better. I am sure you must see all the advantages, papa."

"And we can't be injured either, for we shall just be as we are," said Marian, "only a little more economical; and I am sure, papa, if it is so great a virtue to be thrifty as you and Mr. Foggo say, you ought to be more anxious than we are about this for Charlie; and you would, if you carried out your principles—and you must submit. I know we will succeed at last."

"If it's a conspiracy, I give in," said Mr. Atheling. "Of course you must mulct yourselves if you have made up your minds to it. I protest against suffering your thrift myself, and I won't have any more economy in respect to Bell and Beau. But do your will, Mary—I don't interfere. A conspiracy is too much for me."

"Mother!" said Charlie—all this time there had been nothing visible of the big boy, except the aforesaid red ears; now he put down his grammar and came forward, with some invisible wind working much among the furrows of his brow—"just hear what I've got to say. This won't do—I'm not a gentleman, you know; what's the good of making me like one (of course, I mean," said Charlie, somewhat hotly, in a parenthesis, as Agnes's eye flashed upon him—"not a gentleman, so far as being idle and having plenty of money goes); I've got to work for my bread. Suppose I was articled, at the end of my time I would have to work for my bread all the same. What is the difference? It's only making a sham for two years, or three years, or whatever the time might be. I don't want to go against what anybody says, but you wouldn't make a sham of me, would you, mother? Let me go in my proper place—like what I'll have to be, all my life; then if I rise you will be pleased; and if I don't rise, still nobody will be able to say I have come down. I can't be like a gentleman's son, doing nothing. Let me be myself, mother—the best thing for me."

Charlie said scarcely any more that night, though much was said on every side around; but Charlie was the conqueror.

CHAPTER XIII.—KILLIECRANKIE LODGE.

Killiecrankie Lodge held a dignified position in this genteel locality; it stood at the end of the road, looking down and superintending Bellevue. Three square houses, all duly walled and gardened, made the apex and conclusion of this suburban retirement. The right-hand one was called Buena Vista House; the left-hand one was Green View Cottage, and in the centre stood the lodge of Killiecrankie. The lodge was not so jealously private as its neighbours: in the upper part of the door in the

wall was an open iron railing, through which the curious passenger might gain a beatific glimpse of Miss Willsie's wallflowers, and of the clean white steps by which you ascended to the house door. The corresponding loopholes at the outer entrance of Green View and Beuna Vista were carefully boarded; so the house of Mr. Foggo had the sole distinction of an open eye.

Within the wall was a paved path leading to the house, with a square bit of lawn on either side, each containing in its centre a very small round flower-plot and a minute fir-tree. These were the pine forests of the Islingtonian Killiecrankie; but there were better things within the brief enclosure. The borders round about on every side were full of wallflowers—double wallflower, streaked wallflower, yellow wallflower, brown wallflower—every variety under the sun. This was the sole remarkable instance of taste displayed by Miss Willsie; but it gave a delicate tone of fragrance to the whole atmosphere of Bellevue.

This is a great day at Killiecrankie Lodge. It is the end of April now, and already the days are long, and the sun himself stays up till after tea, and throws a slanting golden beam over the daylight table. Miss Willsie, herself presiding, is slightly heated. She says, "Bless me, it's like July!" as she sets down upon the tray her heavy silver teapot. Miss Willsie is not half as tall as her brother, but makes up the difference in another direction. She is stout, though she is so restlessly active. Her face is full of wavering little lines and dimples, though she is an old lady; and there are the funniest indentations possible in her round chin and cheeks. You would fancy a laugh was always hiding in those crevices. Alas! Hannah knows better. You should see how Miss Willsie can frown!

But the old lady is in grand costume to-night; she has her brown satin dress on, her immense cairngorm brooch, her overwhelming blue turban. This sublime head-dress has an effect of awe upon the company; no one was prepared for such a degree of grandeur, and the visitors consequently are not quite at their ease. These visitors are rather numerous for a Bellevue tea-party. There is Mr. Richards from Beuna Vista, Mrs. Tavistock from Woburn Lodge, and Mr. Gray, the other Scotch inhabitant, from Gowanbrae; and there is likewise Mr. Foggo Silas Endicott, Miss Willsie's American nephew, and her Scotch nephew, Harry Oswald; and besides all this worshipful company, there are all the Athelings—all except Bell and Beau, left, with many cautions, in the hands of Susan, over whom, in fear and self-reproach, trembles already the heart of mamma.

"So he would not hear of it—he was not blate!" said Miss Willsie. "My brother never had the like in his office—that I tell you; and there's no good mother at home to do as much for Harry. Chairles, lad, you'll find out better some time. If there's one thing I do not like it's a wilful boy!"

"But I can scarcely call him wilful either," said Mrs. Atheling hastily. "He is very reasonable, Miss Willsie; he gives his meaning—it is not out of opposition. He has always a good reason for what he does—he is a very reasonable boy."

"And if there's one thing I object to," said Miss Willsie, "it's the assurance of these monkeys with their reasons. When we were young, we were ill bairns, doubtless, like other folk; but if I had dared to make my excuses, pity me! There is Harry now will set up his face to me as grand as a Lord of Session; and Marian this very last night making her argument about these two spoiled babies of yours, as if she knew better than me! Misbehaviour's natural to youth. I can put up with that, but I cannot away with their reasons. Such things are not for me."

"Very true—*so* true, Miss Willsie," said Mrs. Tavistock, who was a sentimental and sighing widow. "There is my niece, quite an example. I am sadly nervous, you know; and that rude girl will 'prove' to me, as she calls it, that no thief could get into the house, though I know they try the back-kitchen window every night."

"If there's one thing I'm against," said Miss Willsie, solemnly, "it's that

foolish fright about thieves—thieves! Bless me, what would the ragamuffins do here? A man may be a robber, but that's no to say he's an idiot; and a wise man would never put his life or his freedom in jeopardy for what he could get in Bellevue."

Mrs. Tavistock was no match for Miss Willsie, so she prudently abstained from a rejoinder. A large old china basin full of wallflowers stood under a grim portrait, and between a couple of huge old silver candlesticks upon the mantelpiece; Miss Willsie's ancient tea-service, at present glittering upon the table, was valuable and massive silver: nowhere else in Bellevue was there so much "plate" as in Killiecrankie Lodge; and this was perfectly well known to the nervous widow. "I am sure I wonder at your courage, Miss Willsie; but then you have a gentleman in the house, which makes a great difference," said Mrs. Tavistock, woefully. Mrs. Tavistock was one of those proper and conscientious ladies who make a profession of their widowhood, and are perpetually executing a moral suttee to the edification of all beholders. "I was never nervous before. Ah, nobody knows what a difference it makes to me!"

"Young folk are a troublesome handful. Where are the girls—what are they doing with Harry?" said Miss Willsie. "Harry's a lad for any kind of antics, but you'll no see Foggo demeaning himself. Foggo writes poems and letters to the papers; they tell me that in his own country he's a very rising young man."

"He looks intellectual. What a pleasure, Miss Willsie, to you!" said the widow, with delightful sympathy.

"If there's one thing I like worse than another, it's your writing young men," said Miss Willsie, vehemently. "I lighted on a paper this very day, that the young leasing-maker had gotten from America, and what do you think I saw therein, but just a long account—everything about us,—of my brother and me. My brother Robert Foggo, as decent a man as there is in the three kingdoms—and *me!* What do you think of that, Mrs. Atheling?—even Harry in it, and the wallflowers! If it had not been for my brother, he never should have set foot in this house again."

"Oh dear, how interesting!" said the widow. Mrs. Tavistock turned her eyes to the other end of the room almost with excitement. She had not the least objection, for her own part, in the full pomp of sables and sentiment, to figure at full length in the *Mississippi Gazette*.

"And what was it for?" said Mr. Atheling, innocently; "for I thought it was only remarkable people that even the Americans put in the papers. Was it simply to annoy you?"

"Me!—do you think a lad like you could trouble me?" exclaimed Miss Willsie. "He says, 'all the scenes through which he has passed will be interesting to his readers.' That's in a grand note he sent me this morning—the impertinent boy! My poor Harry, though he's often in mischief, and my brother thinks him unsteady—I would not give his little finger for half-a-dozen lads like you."

"But Harry is doing well *now*, Miss Willsie?" said Mrs. Atheling. There was a faint emphasis on the now which proved that Harry had not always done well.

"Ay," said Miss Willsie, drily; "and so Chairles has settled to his business—that's aye a comfort. If there's one thing that troubles me, it is to see young folk growing up in idleness; I pity them, now, that are genteel and have daughters. What are you going to do, Mrs. Atheling, with these girls of yours?"

Mrs. Atheling's eyes sought them out with fond yet not untroubled observation. There was Marian's beautiful head before the other window, looking as if it had arrested and detained the sunbeams, long ago departed in the west; and there was Agnes, graceful, animated and intelligent, watching, with an affectionate and only half-conscious admiration, her sister's beauty. Their mother smiled to herself and sighed. Even her anxiety, looking at them thus, was but another name for delight.

"Agnes," said Marian at the other window, half whispering, half aloud —"Agnes! Harry says Mr. Endicott has published a book."

With a slight start and a slight blush Agnes turned round. Mr. Foggo S. Endicott was tall, very thin, had an extremely lofty mien, and a pair of spectacles. He was eight-and-twenty, whiskerless, sallow, and by no means handsome: he held his thin head very high, and delivered his sentiments into the air when he spoke, but rarely bent from his altitude to address any one in particular. But he heard the whisper in a moment: in his very elbows, as you stood behind him, you could see the sudden consciousness. He perceived, though he did not look at her, the eager, bright, blushing, half-reverential glance of Agnes, and conscious to his very finger-points, raised his thin head to its fullest elevation, and pretended not to hear.

Agnes blushed: it was with sudden interest, curiosity, reverence, made more personal and exciting by her own venture. Nothing had been heard yet of this venture, though it was nearly a month since Charlie took it to Mr. Burlington, and the young genius looked with humble and earnest attention upon one who really had been permitted to make his utterance to the ear of all the world. He *had* published a book; he was a real genuine printed author. The lips of Agnes parted with a quick breath of eagerness; she looked up at him with a blush on her cheek, and a light in her eye. A thrill of wonder and excitement came over her: would people by-and-by regard herself in the same light?

"Oh, Mr Endicott!—is it poems?" said Agnes, shyly, and with a deepening colour. This simple girl was almost as much embarrassed asking him about his book, as if she had been asking about the Transatlantic lady of this Yankee young gentleman's love.

"Oh!" said Mr. Endicott, discovering suddenly that she addressed him —"yes. Did you speak to me?—poems?—ah! some little fugitive matters, to be sure. One has no right to refuse to publish, when everybody comes to know that one does such things."

"Refuse?—no, indeed; I think not," said Agnes, in spite of herself feeling very much humbled, and speaking very low. This was so elevated a view of the matter, and her own was so commonplace a one, that the poor girl was completely crestfallen. She, so anxious to get into print; and this *bonâ fide* author, doubtless so very much her superior, explaining how he submitted, and could not help himself! Agnes was entirely put down.

"Yes, really one ought not to keep everything for one's own private enjoyment," said the magnanimous Mr. Endicott, speaking very high up into the air with his cadenced voice. "I do not approve of too much reserve on the part of an author myself."

"And what are they about, Mr. Endicott?" asked Marian, with respect, but by no means so reverentially as Agnes. Mr. Endicott actually looked at Marian; perhaps it was because of her very prosaic and improper question, perhaps for the sake of the beautiful face.

"About!" said the poet, with benignant disdain. "No, I don't approve of narrative poetry; it's after the time. My sonnets are experiences. I live them before I write them; that is the true secret of poetry in our enlightened days."

Agnes listened, much impressed and cast down. She was far too simple to perceive how much superior her natural bright impulse, spontaneous and effusive, was to this sublime concentration. Agnes all her life long had never lived a sonnet; she was so sincere and single-minded herself, that, at the first moment of hearing it, she received all this nonsense with unhesitating faith. For Agnes had not yet learned to believe in the possibility of anybody, save villains in books, saying anything which they did not thoroughly hold as true.

So Agnes retired a little from the conversation. The young genius began to take herself to task, and was much humiliated by the contrast. Why had she written that famous story, now lying storm-stayed in the hands of Mr. Burlington? Partly to please herself—partly to please mamma—partly because she could not help it. There was no grand motive in the whole matter. Agnes looked with reverence at Mr. Endi-

cott, and sat down in a corner. She would have been completely conquered if the sublime American had been content to hold his peace.

But this was the last thing which occurred to Mr. Endicott. He continued his utterance, and the discouraged girl began to smile. She was no judge of character, but she began to be able to distinguish nonsense when she heard it. This was very grand nonsense on the first time of hearing, and Agnes and Marian, we are obliged to confess, were somewhat annoyed when mamma made a movement of departure. They kept very early hours in Bellevue, and before ten o'clock all Miss Willsie's guests had said good-night to Killiecrankie Lodge.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE HOUSE OF FOGGO.

It was ten o'clock, and now only this little family circle was left in the Lodge of Killiecrankie. Miss Willsie, with one of the big silver candlesticks drawn so very close that her blue turban trembled, and stood in jeopardy, read the *Times;* Mr. Foggo sat in his arm-chair, doing nothing save contemplating the other light in the other candlestick; and at the unoccupied sides of the table, between the seniors, were the two young men.

These nephews did not live at Killiecrankie Lodge; but Miss Willsie, who was very careful, and a notable manager, considered it would be unsafe for "the boys" to go home to their lodgings at so late an hour as this—so her invitations always included a night's lodging; and this kind and arbitrary little woman was not accustomed to be disobeyed. Yet "the boys" found it dull, we confess. Mr. Foggo was not pleased with Harry, and by no means "took" to Endicott. Miss Willsie could not deny herself her evening's reading. They yawned at each other, these unfortunate young men, and with a glance of mutual jealousy thought of Marian Atheling. It was strange to see how dull and disenchanted this place looked when the beautiful face that brightened it was gone.

So Mr. Foggo S. Endicott took from his pocket his own paper, the *Mississippi Gazette*, and Harry possessed himself of the half of Miss Willsie's *Times*. It was odd to observe the difference between them even in manner and attitude. Harry bent half over the table, with his hands thrust up into the thick masses of his curling hair; the American sat perfectly upright, lifting his thin broadsheet to the height of his spectacles, and reading loftily his own lucubrations. You could scarcely see the handsome face of Harry as he hung over his half of the paper, partly reading, partly dreaming over certain fond fancies of his own; but you could not only see the lofty lineaments of Foggo, which were not at all handsome, but also could perceive at a glance that he had "a remarkable profile," and silently called your attention to it. Unfortunately nobody in the present company was at all concerned about the profile of Mr. Endicott. That philosophical young gentleman, notwithstanding, read his "Letter from England" in his best manner, and demeaned himself as loftily as if he were a "portrait of a distinguished literary gentleman" in an American museum. What more could any man do?

Meanwhile Mr. Foggo sat in his arm-chair steadily regarding the candle before him. He loved conversation, but he was not talkative, especially in his own house. Sometimes the old man's acute eyes glanced from under his shaggy brow with a momentary keenness towards Harry—sometimes they shot across the table a momentary sparkle of grim contempt; but to make out from Mr. Foggo's face what Mr. Foggo was thinking, was about the vainest enterprise in the world. It was different with his sister: Miss Willsie's well-complexioned countenance changed and varied like the sky. You could pursue her sudden flashes of satisfaction, resentment, compassion, and injury into all her dimples, as easily as you could follow the clouds over the heavens. Nor was it by her looks alone that you could discover the fluctuating sympathies of Miss Will-

sie. Short, abrupt, hasty exclamations, broke from her perpetually. "The vagabond!—to think of that!" "Ay, that's right now; I thought there was something in *him*." "Bless me—such a story!" After this manner ran on her unconscious comments. She was a considerable politician, and this was an interesting debate; and you could very soon make out by her continual observations the political opinions of the mistress of Killiecrankie. She was a desperate Tory, and at the same moment the most direful and unconstitutional of Radicals. With a hereditary respect she applauded the sentiments of the old country-party, and clung to every institution with the pertinacity of a martyr; yet with the same breath, and the most delightful inconsistency, was vehement and enthusiastic in favour of the wildest schemes of reform; which, we suppose, is as much as to say that Miss Willsie was a very feminine politician, the most unreasonable of optimists, and had the sublimest contempt for all practical considerations when she had convinced herself that anything was *right*.

"I knew it!" cried Miss Willsie, with a burst of triumph; "he's out, and every one disowning him—a mean crew, big and little! If there's one thing I hate, it's setting a man forward to tell an untruth, and then letting him bear all the blame!"

"He's got his lawful deserts," said Mr. Foggo. This gentleman, more learned than his sister, took a very philosophical view of public matters, and acknowledged no particular leaning to any "party" in his general interest in the affairs of state.

"I never can find out now," said Miss Willsie suddenly, "what the like of Mr. Atheling can have to do with this man—a lord and a great person, and an officer of state—but his eye kindles up at the name of him, as if it was the name of a friend. There cannot be ill-will unless there is acquaintance, that's my opinion; and an ill-will at this lord I am sure Mr. Atheling has."

"They come from the same countryside," said Mr. Foggo; "when they were lads they knew each other."

"And who is this Mr. Atheling?" said Endicott, speaking for the first time. "I have a letter of introduction to Viscount Winterbourne myself. His son, the Honourable George Rivers, travelled in the States a year or two since, and I mean to see him by-and-by; but who is Mr. Atheling, to know an English Secretary of State?"

"He's Cash and Ledger's chief clerk," said Mr. Foggo, very laconically, looking with a steady eye at the candlestick, and bestowing as little attention upon his questioner as his questioner did upon him.

"Marvellous! in this country!" said the American; but Mr. Endicott belonged to that Young America which is mightily respectful of the old country. He thought it vulgar to do too much republicanism. He only heightened the zest of his admiration now and then by a refined little sneer.

"In this country! Where did ye ever see such a country, I would like to know?" cried Miss Willsie. "If it was but for your own small concerns, you ought to be thankful; for London itself will keep ye in writing this many a day. If there's one thing I cannot bear, it's ingratitude! I'm a long-suffering person myself; but that, I grant, gets the better of me."

"Mr. Atheling, I suppose, has not many lords in his acquaintance," said Harry Oswald, looking up from his paper. "Endicott is right enough, aunt; he is not quite in the rank for that; he has better ——" said Harry, something lowering his voice; "I would rather know myself welcome at the Athelings, than in any other house in England.

This was said with a little enthusiasm, and brought the rising colour to Harry Oswald's brow. His cousin looked at him, with a curl of his thin lip, and a somewhat malignant eye. Miss Willsie looked at him hastily, with a quick impatient nod of her head, and a most rapid and emphatic frown. Finally, Mr. Foggo lifted to the young man's face his acute and steady eye.

"Keep to your physic, Harry," said Mr. Foggo. The hapless Harry did not meet the glance, but he understood the tone.

"Well, uncle, well," said Harry hastily, raising his eyes; "but a man cannot always keep to physic. There are more things in the world than drugs and lancets. A man must have *some margin* for his thoughts."

Again Miss Willsie gave the culprit a nod and a frown, saying as plain as telegraphic communication ever said, "I am your friend, but this is not the time to plead." Again Mr. Endicott surveyed his cousin with a vague impulse of malice and of rivalry. Harry Oswald plunged down again on his paper, and was no more heard of that night.

CHAPTER XV.—THE PROPOSAL.

"I suppose we are not going to hear anything about it. It is very hard," said Agnes, disconsolately. "I am sure it is so easy to show a little courtesy. Mr. Burlington surely might have written to let us know."

"But, my dear, how can we tell?" said Mrs. Atheling; "he may be ill, or he may be out of town, or he may have trouble in his family. It is very difficult to judge another person—and you don't know what may have happened; he may be coming here himself, for aught we know."

"Well, I think it is very hard," said Marian; "I wish we only could publish it ourselves. What is the good of a publisher? They are only cruel to everybody, and grow rich themselves: it is always so in books."

"He might surely have written at least," repeated Agnes. These young malcontents were extremely dissatisfied, and not at all content with Mrs. Atheling's explanation that he might be ill, or out of town, or have trouble in his family. Whatever extenuating circumstances there might be, it was clear that Mr. Burlington had not behaved properly, or with the regard for other people's feelings which Agnes concluded to be the only true mark of a gentleman. Even the conversation of last night, and the state and greatness of Mr. Endicott, stimulated the impatience of the girls. "It is not for the book so much, as for the uncertainty," Agnes said, as she disconsolately took out her sewing; but in fact it was just because they had so much certainty, and so little change and commotion in their life, that they longed so much for the excitement and novelty of this new event.

They were very dull this afternoon, and everything out of doors sympathised with their dulness. It was a wet day—a hopeless, heavy, persevering, not-to-be-mended day of rain. The clouds hung low and leaden over the wet world; the air was clogged and dull with moisture, only lightened now and then by an impatient shrewish gust, which threw the small raindrops like so many prickles full into your face. The long branches of lilacs blew about wildly with a sudden commotion, when one of these gusts came upon them, like a group of heroines throwing up their arms in a tragic appeal to heaven. The primroses, pale and drooping, sullied their cheeks with the wet soil; hour after hour, with the most sullen and dismal obstinacy, the rain rained down upon the cowering earth; not a sound was in Bellevue save the trickle of the water, a perfect stream, running strong and full down the little channel on either side the street. It was in vain to go to the window, where not a single passenger—not a baker's boy, nor a maid on pattens, nobody but the milkman in his waterproof coat, hurrying along, a peripatetic fountain, with little jets of water pouring from his hat, his cape, and his pails—was visible through the whole dreary afternoon. It is possible to endure a wet morning—easy enough to put up with a wet night—but they must have indeed high spirits and pleasurable occupations who manage to keep their patience and their cheerfulness through the sullen and dogged monotony of a wet afternoon.

So everybody had a poke at the fire, which had gone out twice to-day already, and was maliciously looking for another opportunity of going out again; every person here present snapped her thread and lost her needle; every one, even, each for a single moment, found Bell and Bean

in her way. You may suppose, this being the case, how very dismal the circumstances must have been. But suddenly everybody started—the outer gate swung open—an audible footstep came towards the door. Fairest of readers, a word with you! If you are given to morning-calls, and love to be welcomed, make your visits on a wet day!

It was not a visitor, however welcome—better than that—ecstatic sound! it was the postman—the postman, drenched and sullen, hiding his crimson glories under an oilskin cape; and it was a letter, solemn and mysterious, in an unknown hand—a big blue letter, addressed to Miss Atheling. With trembling fingers Agnes opened it, taking, with awe and apprehension, out of the big blue envelope, a blue and big enclosure and a little note. The paper fell to the ground, and was seized upon by Marian. The excited girl sprang up with it, almost upsetting Bell and Beau. "It is in print! Memorandum of an agreement—oh, mamma!" cried Marian, holding up the dangerous instrument. Agnes sat down immediately in her chair, quite hushed for the instant. It was an actual reality, Mr Burlington's letter—and a veritable proposal—not for herself, but for her book.

The girls, we are obliged to confess, were slightly out of their wits for about an hour after this memorable arrival. Even Mrs. Atheling was excited, and Bell and Beau ran about the room in unwitting exhilaration, shouting at the top of their small sweet shrill voices, and tumbling over each other unreproved. The good mother, to tell the truth, would have liked to cry a little, if she could have managed it, and was much moved, and disposed to take this, not as a mere matter of business, but as a tender office of friendship and esteem on the part of the unconscious Mr. Burlington. Mrs. Atheling could not help fancying that somehow this wonderful chance had happened to Agnes because she was "a good girl."

And until papa and Charlie came home they were not very particular about the conditions of the agreement; the event itself was the thing which moved them: it quickened the slow pace of this dull afternoon to the most extraordinary celerity; the moments flew now which had lagged with such obstinate dreariness before the coming of that postman; and all the delight and astonishment of the first moment remained to be gone over again at the home-coming of papa.

And Mr. Atheling, good man, was almost as much disturbed for the moment as his wife. At first he was incredulous—then he laughed, but the laugh was extremely unsteady in its sound—then he read over the paper with great care, steadily resisting the constant interruptions of Agnes and Marian, who persecuted him with their questions, "What do you think of it, papa?" before the excellent papa had time to think at all. Finally, Mr. Atheling laughed again with more composure, and spread out upon the table the important "Memorandum of Agreement." "Sign it, Agnes," said papa; "it seems all right, and quite business-like, so far as I can see. She's not twenty-one, yet—I don't suppose it's legal—that child! Sign it, Agnes."

This was by no means what papa was expected to say; yet Agnes, with excitement, got her blotting-book and her pen. This innocent family were as anxious that Agnes's autograph should be *well written* as if it had been intended for a specimen of caligraphy, instead of the signature to a legal document; nor was the young author herself less concerned; and she made sure of the pen, and steadied her hand conscientiously before she wrote that pretty "Agnes Atheling," which put the other printer-like handwriting completely to shame. And now it was done—there was a momentary pause of solemn silence, not disturbed even by Bell and Beau.

"So this is the beginning of Agnes's fortune," said Mr. Atheling. "Now, Mary, and all of you, don't be excited; every book does not succeed because it finds a publisher; and you must not place your expectations too high; for you know Agnes knows nothing of the world."

It was very good to say "Don't be excited," when Mr. Atheling himself was entirely oblivious of his newspaper, indifferent to his tea, and

actually did not hear the familiar knock of Mr. Foggo at the outer door.

"And these half profits, papa, I wonder what they will be," said Agnes, glad to take up something *tangible* in this vague delight.

"Oh, something very considerable," said papa, forgetting his own caution. "I should not wonder if the publisher made a great deal of money by it: *they* know what they're about. Get up and get me my slippers, you little rascals. When Agnes comes into her fortune, what a paradise of toys for Bell and Beau!"

But the door opened, and Mr. Foggo came in like a big brown cloud. There was no concealing from him the printed paper—no hiding the overflowings of the family content. So Agnes and Marian hurried off for half an hour's practising, and then put the twins to bed, and gossiped over the fire in the little nursery. What a pleasant night it was!

TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA.

PART II.

One of the most severe trials of patience to which the traveller in a wild country is subjected, is invariably to be found in the impracticability of his guides. Circassia, I regret to say, did not prove a bright exception to this rule.

We had, before starting from Vardan, distinctly explained to Ismail Bey the length of time and the line of country over which we wished our travels to extend. He assured us that our guides should be given explicit directions upon this head; and therefore, when we found ourselves in a remote valley of a province which had never before been entered by a European, it was with no little dismay that we listened to their query, of where we wished to go to next. We had followed them with the blindest confidence over precipitous mountains, through impetuous streams, along narrow rocky valleys, and by dangerous paths, for two days; and had, by dint of extreme exertion and no little peril of our necks, at last almost attained the summit of a lofty range, only to be asked, when we got there, to inform them as to our future destination. The guides insinuated (and their suggestions were strongly supported by L——), that having only reached our present position with much toil and risk, we had better retrace our steps, and not tempt our fate any more upon the wild mountain-sides of Circassia. We held a very different opinion. Having got so far, we voted that it would be unworthy in the extreme to be daunted by the perils of the road or the vagueness of our destination. We declared that, in spite of the precipices, we had not seen enough of Circassia, and that it was a matter of perfect indifference to us in which direction we went, seeing that on every side it was new and hitherto untrodden ground. It was perfectly clear that our escort had received instructions to lead us to the inaccessible residence of the Bey with whom we were now lodged, and who was a half-brother of Ismail's, under the belief that we should have had enough of journeying by that time, and be glad to return: they had not, therefore, received instructions as to the course to be pursued in the event of our persisting in extending our tour. The main objection seemed to be in the difficulty of procuring us our night's lodging. Ismail Bey had only a certain number of friends in the country, and his influence only extended over a limited district, beyond which it was doubtful whether, as his protegés, we should receive that hospitality which had hitherto been so freely accorded to us.

The province in which his influence thought not paramount, was principally felt, is called Ubooch, and lies between Abkhasia and Shapsugh, the latter forming at present part of the government of Sefer Pasha, who has just headed the Circassian deputation to Constantinople, praying for independence and a protectorate.

The village at which we passed the night of the 17th October, last year, is one of the most remote in this district of Ubooch, and is situated upon the western slope of the range which divides it from Abbasack; we were, in fact, at this point, not above five or six miles from the boundary of this latter province, and consequently the same distance from the head-waters of those streams which flow into the Kuban. We had, however, determined not to attempt to cross this range, which becomes more precipitous and impracticable near its summit; and as we were equally decided against turning back, the only alternative remained of following along its western slopes, until we thought fit to bend our steps towards the coast. This intention we accordingly announced, and declared, moreover, that we should trust to chance for our night's lodging. This weighty matter having been settled, we held some interesting discourse with our host, who, like our last, was a pilgrim, or hadji, and who also professed a decided antipathy for the Naib. He considered that gentleman a great deal too much addicted to forms and ceremonies—a sort of Puseyite, in fact, and consequently an object of aversion in his low-church eyes. He said that he was introducing fanatical customs, which were destroying the simplicity of the Circassian character, and which had for their ultimate aim and object his own self-aggrandisement. He had an infinitely higher respect for Schamyl, but then Schamyl lived two hundred miles off, and he could afford to respect him; the Naib was his nearest neighbour, and constantly threatening his influence in his own country. Moreover, he expressed a very low opinion of the military capacity of the lieutenant of Schamyl, and remarked with a sneer upon the singular custom which prevailed with respect to him in time of war. The Naib, he said, had so great a reputation for prowess in battle, that wherever he was likely to meet the enemy in the field, he was always accompanied by four men, whose business it was to hold him back.

We had reason afterwards to congratulate ourselves upon the liberal religious sentiments of our host, who despised that narrow-minded injunction of the Prophet, which commands the women to veil their faces. I happened after dinner to stroll into one of the neighbouring rooms, and there found S—— surrounded by a bevy of damsels, with whom he had already succeeded in establishing friendly relations. Conversation was of course somewhat limited, as we had no interpreter, and were obliged to convey our sentiments of admiration and respect by the most expressive signs which occurred to us. The young ladies, however, did not depend upon our conversational powers for their amusement. They were quite satisfied with staring at us in amazement, and giggling among themselves, while we found food for contemplation in speculating whether their remarks were likely to be complimentary or not. Gradually, as they found we were quite tame, the group increased; one damsel after another crept in, and squatted upon her heels round the little konak—and one bolder than the rest offered us a quantity of roasted chestnuts, which we skinned and handed to one another with profound civility. At last the group became so noisy that the sounds of merriment reached the ears of the rest of our party, who did not linger over their flesh-pots under such inviting circumstances. Soon the room was crammed full of Englishmen and Circas-ian girls, the male portion of the native community being collected at the door, and manifesting the most intense interest and amusement in our proceedings. Then, by means of L——, we held a little conversation, but they became shy again under so formal a ceremony as interpretation, and indeed were evidently a little overwhelmed by the rapid increase to our party, and the general attention they were attracting. So we thought it time to create a diversion by the introduction of a few presents, and a great many yards of printed calico were extended before their glistening and admiring eyes. This, we informed them, we should divide equally and impartially. At the same time I inwardly resolved to secure as large a portion as possible for a charming little creature who

had been feeding me with chestnuts, and whose soft lustrous eyes and long jet lashes I had compared deliberately with every other in the room, and had arrived at the conclusion that they were unrivalled. In virtue of this superiority, therefore, it was clear that she was entitled to the largest share; and I was just debating within myself how this was to be managed, when she settled the matter for herself in the most off-hand way, by making a vigorous snatch at the tempting prize, evidently with an idea of appropriating the whole. A beauty on the other side resented so strong a measure, and firmly grasped the other end. Each one now saw that it would become the property of the stoutest arm, and the whole of the party threw themselves into the contest with frantic ardour. Not even in the most excited game of hunt-the-slipper could more scrambling, screaming, pulling, and romping have been displayed. It was utterly hopeless to attempt to interfere; crack went the calico in every direction. First one and then another would flourish a fragment of the crumpled trophy in the air, and then pass it through the window to her mother or some of the old beldames who were looking greedily on, and then plunge into the ring again for more. I had the satisfaction of seeing my little protegé, with flushed face, and eyes that flashed with a fire somewhat at variance with their former deep repose, come out of the strife victorious. I took charge of at least two yards of the precious article for her while she recovered her breath and smoothed her ruffled feathers.

Gradually order was once more restored, and those whose dejected countenances and swimming eyes betrayed the ill-success with which they had come out of the conflict, were presented with some new pieces, of patterns so bright and gaudy that they were more than recompensed. The young ladies of that hamlet will flaunt about, for years to come, in such trousers as never before graced the limbs of fair Circassians, except in the harems of Stamboul. And, doubtless, swains from neighbouring villages will be attracted by their brilliant plumage to pay their devotions to the maidens who captivated the Anglia. Assuredly never can Manchester calico be converted to nobler use than when, cut into the shape of a short tunic, it shall adorn their graceful figures; and the sunflower pattern cannot be more highly honoured than when in the form of loose trousers, tight at the ankle, it shows to advantage the tiny little white foot peering out from beneath.

On the following morning we bade a tender adieu to all these lovely damsels, who were paraded upon the green by our host for that purpose. They formed a most fascinating array. In front stood the two daughters of the Bey, in their richest attire, and perched upon curiously-shaped pattens, which raised the wearers five or six inches above the ground, and which were richly mounted in silver. Behind them a row of handmaidens waited in respectful attendance, the children of serfs belonging to the great man, and the humble companions of his own daughters. He pointed with a dolorous expression to all this valuable property, rendered utterly worthless by the recent firman, which forbids the exportation of slaves, and which he knew perfectly well emanated from the English. Here was an extensive stock in trade thrown upon his hands, and their proprietor found himself deprived of his entire income, for girls have hitherto been the only raw material of Circassia which could be converted into money. The only currency which ever found its way into the country was in exchange for the female part of the population, and now that this source of revenue is cut off, the owners will be compelled to barter them amongst themselves for horses. Girls and horses are almost convertible terms in Circassia, and are valued as nearly as possible alike, though I am bound to say that in any other country the former would fetch a far higher price than the latter. It is very seldom that a Circassian will give two horses for one girl. We laughingly asked some of those young ladies if they would come with us to Stamboul; and their eyes sparkled with delight at the idea, as they unhesitatingly expressed their willingness to

do so. A Circassian young lady anticipates with as much relish the time when she shall arrive at a marketable age, as an English young lady does the prospect of her first London season. But we have prevented the possibility of their forming any more of those brilliant alliances which made the young ladies of Circassia the envy of Turkeydom. The effect is, in fact, very much the same as that which an Act of Parliament would have in this country, forbidding any squire's daughter to marry out of her own parish, thus limiting her choice to the curate, the doctor, and the attorney; and the result, in all probability, will be anything but beneficial to the morality of the community. Hitherto the female portion of society was influenced by a powerful, though perhaps an unworthy motive, to maintain that propriety of conduct, a violation of which would seriously have depreciated their value in the market. Now that restraint (and among a savage people it is difficult to substitute a more efficient one than interest) is withdrawn, in the absence of any moral principle no motive exists to induce them to cherish that virtue which the suppression of slavery appears to them to have deprived of its value.

We were half-tempted to put off our departure for a day, for the purpose of visiting a cave and some ruins which our host described as the wonder of the neighbourhood. It so often happens, however, that the traveller is misled by the extravagant description by savages of the marvels of their country, that we were scarcely disposed to risk the expenditure of our valuable time upon the word of the Bey, though it is possible we may have missed a discovery which may rejoice the heart of some future traveller. It was late before we were *en route* toiling up the steep side of the range, which rose abruptly in rear of our quarters of the previous night. We had replaced our shattered baggage-pony by a fresh animal, and were progressing prosperously, when the other pack-horse tumbled over a precipice. It was fortunately not above fifty feet in height, and his velocity was checked by the brushwood, which cracked under him as he gently revolved to the bottom, and was brought up on his back in the bed of a stream. The process of hauling him up again to the path caused some delay, and the extreme difficulty of our way rendered our progress necessarily slow. As we attained a higher elevation, the character of the vegetation underwent its usual change, and here and there a pine tree mingled its dark green with the more vivid foliage of the beech. These were already beginning to assume autumnal tints, and at the top of the range to drop their yellow leaves. We estimated our elevation at the highest point at about six thousand feet above the sea-level, and it was no small relief to exchange the upward scramble for the downward rush. The Circassion ponies retain their centre of gravity on these occasions with wonderful instinct, and they are by no means to be supposed to lack sure-footedness because they occasionally tumble over precipices. In no other country that I have ever been in are horses expected to perform such extravagant feats. Indeed, except in Nepaul, I have never seen such dangerous roads, and there men carry the passengers, and sheep the merchandise. The wonder in Circassia is, not that the horses fall over the precipices, but that they do it with so much impunity. It is singular also that in a highland country a horse should be as indispensable a possession to a mountaineer as his wife. No Circassian is without one or two horses, and yet, except upon the occasional stony bed of a river, or along the sea-shore, there is not fifty yards of level ground in the country. Even the natives are obliged frequently to dismount, though they fearlessly ride over ledges of slippery rock, over hanging dizzy heights, which make one shudder to think of, past which it requires some nerve even for a man trusting to his own stout legs and careful steps to carry him, and to attempt which on horseback seems little short of insanity. As we descended towards the valley of the Schacho, our guides pointed out to us amongst the bushes the leaves of a plant resembling as nearly as possible the tea plant of China, and from which they assured us the

natives were accustomed to infuse a similar beverage. We never had an opportunity of testing Circassian tea. The valley of the Schacho was prettily cultivated, and the scenery assumed a somewhat softer tone as we descended from the higher elevation. We stopped to rest in a grove of magnificent trees, where some singular monuments arrested our attention. Large masses of rock, which protruded here and there from the hill-side, had been smoothed by the hand of man, and presented an almost perpendicular plain surface about six feet square. On each side the rock had been shaped into somewhat the form of a buttress, so as to give a sort of finish to the work, and in the centre was a circular aperture about eighteen inches in diameter. Upon looking through this, we perceived an excavation in the solid rock, of about six feet square and four in height. The roof was formed by a single slab of stone, which had apparently been hewn for the purpose, and placed upon the top. The hypothesis which most immediately presented itself to our minds, upon inspecting these singular cavities, was, that they were sarcophagi, although it was difficult to divine the object of the circular aperture in front. We asked the guides their explanation of the mystery, and they said that in former times their country was inhabited by a race of dwarfs, who were served by a race of giants; that one great use to which the dwarfs put the obedient giants, was the construction of durable and substantial habitations, and that the excavations we were inspecting were the result of their labours. The circular apertures were the entrances, and as the little people used to ride on hares, their dimensions were most appropriate. While L—— was delivering this marvellous history with great unction, we were sketching the subject of his discourse. Their whole aspect and position invested them with an air of solemnity and mystery. The gnarled trunks of gigantic oaks rested heavily upon the rude architecture, or twisted their giant roots into the crevices of the sculptured rocks. The dense foliage overhead drooped sometimes over the whole, so as almost to conceal it; rank grass and ferns grew in dark moist corners, and mosses and lichens clung to the weather-beaten surface. It was a silent hidden spot, at the bottom of a deep valley, from which no view was visible, seldom visited even by the natives, for the path we were travelling was so little frequented that it was often nearly invisible, and never seen before by a European. We were the first to discover its secrets and speculate upon their origin; doubtless, for years to come the majestic grove in which lie concealed these monuments of a bygone race will remain untrodden and unknown.

Shortly after leaving this interesting spot, we found ourselves in the valley of the Schacho. We had accomplished the descent from the top of the ridge with immense rapidity, and our host of the previous evening, who had politely accompanied us thus far, here bade us adieu. The crossing of the tumultuous Schacho was the most perilous undertaking of the kind which we had attempted. The horses could barely keep their footing upon the stony slippery bottom, while the rushing stream reached to the holsters. After one or two unsuccessful attempts we found a ford, and, with the exception of the baggage getting drenched, suffered no other inconvenience. We now saw, to our dismay, a range before us quite equal in height to the one we had just traversed. The guides informed us that, if we did not stop where we were for the night, there was great risk of our failing to accomplish the ascent, and thus being compelled to camp out, as there were no houses until we reached the other side. This was a most disagreeable prospect. At the same time the day was still young; we had four good hours of daylight before us, and we determined to push vigorously on, and risk the chance of a night in the woods. Our start was not auspicious. The path, more narrow than ever, was at one place so unpleasant-looking that some of the party dismounted; among others L——, whose chestnut horse was a proverbial fool at picking his way. I did not think the same precaution ne-

cessary with the clever little beast I bestrode, but the chestnut, though left entirely to himself, slipped his hind foot, lost his balance, and went clean over thirty feet perpendicular, performing a sumersault in the air, and landing upon a quantity of sharp rocks. Of course we expected to find that his back was broken—for although the height was not great, there had been nothing whatever to check his fall. To our amazement, however, he got upon his feet, and though he was evidently much bruised, and bled a good deal from the mouth, he managed to scramble through the remainder of that tremendous day's journey, and lived to undergo the horrors of Omer Pasha's campaign. A very few yards after this, and even the Circassians were obliged to dismount. Recent rains had made the path so sticky and muddy that the ponies were soon utterly exhausted, and we plodded up beside them, our progress being much retarded by long jack-boots reaching to our thighs, and to which adhered many pounds of pertinacious clay—indeed, during the whole of this day's journey, some of our party scarcely ever mounted their horses at all. We must have ascended, in the course of three hours, about three thousand feet, and as this was the second range we had crossed since the morning, we arrived at the top thoroughly exhausted. But we were amply compensated for our toils, by one of the most magnificent views it was ever my good fortune to behold.

Upon our left rose in majestic grandeur the snowy peaks of the towering Caucasus, and a flood of golden light bordered their irregular outline. Lower down, the glaciers met the dark green of the pine forest; and the contrast was the more striking, because the rays of the declining sun fell only on the glittering snow, while the shades of evening were settling fast upon the sombre woods of the lower mountains. From these gushed boiling torrents, and forced their way through narrow gorges, which expanded at our feet into winding valleys, where the hills had exchanged their dark-green mantle for one in which the many hues of autumn were combined; and hamlets were embowered amid fruit-trees and orchards; and the streams, like threads of silver, no longer swept seething beneath overhanging rocks, but rippled calmly under the drooping foliage which kissed the water. Farther to the right the country opened still more, and so they meandered to the sea between variegated margins, formed of patches of yellow corn, brown millet, and verdant meadow.

We revelled for some time in this glorious prospect, for our path kept along the ridge of the hill for some distance, and crossed a saddle before it thought of once more descending into the long-wished-for valley, where we expected to find food and lodging for the night. Meanwhile the sun had set; and as we turned our backs sharply upon the view we had been admiring, and rounding a shoulder of the mountain, expected to have another and not less interesting panorama at our feet, our surprise and dismay were great when we burst suddenly upon an immense expanse of dense fog, which lay like a white shroud upon the earth, concealing it from us entirely, except where two or three hill-tops still showed their wooded summits. Gradually the mist rose, and one by one they disappeared, as though submerged by some mighty flood. We could scarcely regret the loss of the view as we gazed upon a phenomenon so singular and striking, until at last we were ourselves enveloped in its chill embrace. There was a warning sound in the cold damp gusts that swept over the mountain-side, which was anything but pleasant, as, wearied and jaded, we commenced the arduous descent. Our horses, with drooping heads, followed their plodding masters down dry water-courses and steep slippery banks. A general recklessness seemed to pervade the party, as though life was momentarily becoming less valuable as the chance of passing a rainy night in the woods increased. At length, when the last glimmer of twilight had almost disappeared, the bark of a dog sounded cheerily on our ears, and soon after human voices inspired us with hope. Their owners promptly answered our shouts, and directed us, in a bewil-

dered manner, to the chief man of the village, furnishing us with a guide to his residence, which we reached at last, utterly worn out and exhausted.

Our host was a perfect specimen of a Circassian, who had never travelled *beyond* his native valley; but though wrapt in amazement at our appearance, he did not allow his feelings of astonishment to get the better of his hospitality. He at once commenced the most active preparations for our comfort; and though he evidently was not so well off as our former host, he seemed determined to make up by activity for his want of means. We ventured, despite L——'s remonstrances to the effect that we should only give offence, to hint our ravenous condition, and to express a wish that the ceremony of the sheep should be dispensed with for once, and that we *should* be supplied with a turkey, or something less sumptuous, but more rapidly prepared. Our host received this intimation with a somewhat dissatisfied expression of countenance, and left the room without deigning a remark. A few minutes after he returned, and, with a grin of triumph, informed us that, in revenge for the serious reflection we had cast upon his hospitality, he had ordered a bullock, instead of a sheep, to be killed for our benefit. It was already nearly eight o'clock, and we had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and during the interval had been sustaining almost without intermission the most severe exercise. This announcement, then, was received with a murmur of profound despair, and we flung ourselves in our quilts in a state of sullen discontent. It was no consolation to us to know that our wretched horses were as badly off as ourselves; for it is the custom in Circassia never even to take the saddle off a horse for an hour or two after his arrival, much less to feed him. There is always a post like a hat-stand before the house of the great man, to which visitors fasten their ponies, and there they are left to stand until thoroughly cool. Our poor brutes could have found no great difficulty in arriving at this latter state of body, for shortly after our arrival came a most tremendous thunderstorm. The thunder seemed to burst almost inside the kenak, and then went echoing and crashing through the narrow valleys as though it would rend the very mountains. The sluicegates of heaven seemed opened, and the rain-swept in through the chinks and crevices of our miserable abode in spite of our utmost efforts to keep it out. We could not, however, be sufficiently thankful for the shelter we enjoyed, when we remembered how nearly we had been destined to pass the night in the woods, and how deplorable would have been our condition had we done so. As it was, we were only suffering from a heated atmosphere and voracious appetites, being confined in a small room, with a blazing fire, and deprived of our dinner until half-an-hour after midnight. One was almost tempted to believe that Bolingbroke must have been a Circassian traveller, and spoke feelingly when he said—

> "Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus;
> Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast?"

It was late on the following morning before we roused ourselves from the heavy slumbers consequent upon our midnight meal, and we occupied the hour before breakfast in paying our respects to the daughter of our host, a lady-like looking girl, who sat to Mr. S—— for her portrait with great satisfaction. Her brother, a stalwart young fellow, who stood near, had not long before been taken prisoner by the Russians. He had, however, managed to shoot the officer on guard, and effected his escape. This was the most unsophisticated family we had met. They had never been out of their native valleys; neither father or daughter had ever before seen any Europeans, and they were evidently genuinely anxious to show us kindness and hospitality. As we parted from them, and one of our party recompensed our host for his entertainment of us by a handsome present, the old man embraced the donor with much fervour, and many professions of eternal friendship and regard. The violent rain of the night before had swelled the mountain torrents, always rapid—greased the narrow paths, always dangerous

—and rendered travelling in Circassia, always difficult, almost hopeless. We made up our minds to walk nearly the whole of our day's journey, and found it difficult to keep our footing upon the slippery path, not broader than a Highland sheep-walk, which led along the edge of a hill some eight or nine hundred feet above the brawling stream at its base. Downwards, however, our steps were now directed, and we at last reached it, after a great deal of trouble with our baggage animals, whose packs were continually tumbling off. Fortunately there was nothing of any value contained in them, or the combined effects of soaking in the rivers and rolling over precipices would have been fatal. We were amply repaid by the beauty of the valley of the Tecumseh, for the difficulty we had experienced in scrambling down to it. The path led through the wood by the river bank, sometimes diving into a glen, and crossing gushing tributaries by rustic wooden bridges; sometimes, descending to the level of the stream, it was shut in by rocks and overhanging trees; at others, where the channel became compressed, and the banks rugged and precipitous, it ascended to a height of a hundred feet, and, rounding the projecting rock, afforded romantic glimpses of roaring cascades and boiling rapids; then through the open smiling valley, where hedges of gigantic box were covered with the wild clematis, and azaleas and rhododendrons mingled their glowing blossoms.

Surely nature has lavished an undue share of her gifts upon the lovely valley of Tecumseh. Never was there such a combination of the sublime and the beautiful. As we followed its course, we seemed to pass from one to the other; we left behind us the snowy peaks, and journeyed onward towards gently-swelling hills; issuing from deep narrow gorges re-echoing with the hoarse murmur of flooded torrents, we entered silent, peaceful dells, where tiny rills trickled between moss-grown stones; and passed from forests of grand majestic trees, dark and gloomy, into summer gardens of wild flowers, bright and cheerful; and so on through green meadows and orchards of fruitful trees, where bunches of purple grapes hung side by side with walnuts or chestnuts, as the tree was covered by the tenacious creeper, and apples and figs presented themselves temptingly to our grasp, and half-ripe medlars suggested the idea of a second visit. There was some little excitement going on in the valley of Tecumseh, as we passed down it, for a message had been sent by Omer Pasha, calling upon the inhabitants for a cavalry contingent; and a grand meeting of the young men was appointed to take place, in order that the district of Ubooch might be properly represented in the Turkish army.

Our young men were very full of the anticipated pleasures of campaigning, but I afterwards saw them in Mingrelia, considerably disenchanted. Many of them had lost their horses from starvation, and they were returning in a miserable plight. Meantime they were great gossips, and what between the excitement of being our guides, and of going to the wars, they were extremely communicative to everybody they met. The old hadji told the same story over, of who we were, where we had been, where we were going, &c., for the edification of every passenger; and these roadside chats, though no doubt very full of interest to the parties concerned, were very tiresome to us, whose only object was to push on without losing any unnecessary time. We crossed over a low range a little below nightfall, passing a large and populous village charmingly situated, and looked out for quarters among the numerous konaks with which the valley we had now entered was dotted. For the first time we applied in vain; the family informed us that, the master of the house being away, we could not be allowed admittance. We somewhat questioned the truth of this excuse, but had no alternative but to prosecute our search for some more friendly householder.

At last we reached a village where the inhabitants gladly placed two little cottages at our disposal, and where we were permitted to dine off turkeys instead of sheep. After dinner, a rough-looking Circassian came

into our konak, and informed us that he was anxious to enter into the service of a European. He was a native of Abbasack, and had fought against the Russians; he had also been the pilgrimage to Mecca, and picked up a smattering of Turkish. Altogether, though wild and uncouth in appearance, there was something so amiable and prepossessing in his face, that I at once offered to engage him and his horse at the monthly stipend of thirty shillings. Salary, however, was evidently "no consideration" with my friend Hadji Mustapha, who only desired the novelty of the employment with a European, and thenceforward took me under his prtronising care.

Nor would it have been possible to find a more good-humoured, affectionate, and hard-working slave than this faithful creature afterwards proved. Thoroughly unsophisticated, his service was rather that of a devoted friend than a paid domestic. It was refreshing to be waited upon by one utterly ignorant of the ordinary relations existing between master and servant—to receive from him good advice when well, and the most unremitting attention when ill. He united in his person the functions of groom, for he took care of five horses; cook upon emergencies; valet after he had been initiated into the mysteries of the toilet, which at first amazed him exceedingly; nurse when, unfortunately, the occasion offered, and tutor and guardian always. He was the only servant I had throughout the Transcaucasian campaign of the Turkish army, and consequently accompanied me to Constantinople, where I parted from him with regret, and where he astonished the world upon the quay of Tophanè by straining me to his bosom. His costume by that time had become a curious mixture of English and Circassian, for he had a great weakness for civilised apparel, and, though thoroughly honest, was a little covetous of his master's goods. It was impossible to resist his insinuating appeal when he admiringly contemplated a pair of thick shooting-boots of mine, and then glanced ruefully at his own worn-out tsuaka or moccasins. In fact, if the truth must be told, Hadji Mustapha was an incorrigible beggar, and kept himself supplied with clothes very cleverly. His wardrobe gradually expanded during our residence in camp, and I used constantly to see garments transferred from the backs of other servants to his own. He was such a universal favourite, and so ready to do good-natured things, and take any amount of trouble, that he deserved all he got. Poor Hadji! I gave him a character, in which I endeavoured to describe his merits, and recommended him to Misserie's good-offices at Constantinople, but I fear he will not again find an English master. There is a difficulty in communicating with him, which will operate as a serious objection. Nor could any bystander have understood the jargon of Turkish, English, and Circassian, which formed a sort of language of our own invention, and by which we held communion.

We had now reached the south-eastern frontier of Ubooch. There is a narrow district intervening between this province and Abkhasia called Djikethie, inhabited by a tribe who speak the Asgar language, and who were reported by our guides to have Russian sympathies. They decidedly objected to the idea of our travelling through the interior of this province, and indeed we had had quite enough of clambering over successive ranges; so we bent our steps seaward, and, passing the Russian fort of Mamai, followed the coast to Ardiller. At Soucha, another Russian fort, now dismantled, we found a number of brass guns in a perfectly good state of preservation. The Circassians were revelling in the domain of their old enemies, little dreaming that the day would soon come when the barrier would again be established which should cut them off from intercourse with the whole civilised world. We, too, as we rode along the shingly beach under shelter of gigantic forest-trees, speculated upon the happy future which seemed now in store for this devoted land — when its resources should be developed, and intercourse with Europe produce its beneficial influence upon the benighted population.

We found practical evidence of the truth of the assertion of our guides as to the alteration which existed in the sentiments of the people among whom we were now journeying, when we arrived at our night's quarters at Ardiller. Some of the villagers came in to inspect us, and, accustomed as they were to Russians, manifested no curiosity, and very little interest in us. One of these, a fine stalwart fellow, with a disagreeable sneer upon his countenance, informed us, without circumlocution, that he was heart and soul a Russian. He said he regretted their departure exceedingly, and hoped soon to see them back again; whereupon one of our Circassian guides, of an impetuous disposition, applied an epithet to the speaker, which has its equivalent in civilised, but not in polite society, accompanying the same with a gesture so menacing that we feared for the public peace. As we wished to have some more conversation with our new acquaintance, we persuaded all the Circassians to leave the room. He then said that it was by no means to be wondered at that he should regret the departure of the Russians, as their presence always secured a profitable market for corn and vegetables; for the garrison had orders to buy the produce of the country at exorbitant prices. But this was not the only method resorted to for obtaining the good-will of the people. Our informant assured us that he received a monthly salary of seven rubles, on condition that he maintained friendly relations with the Russians, and exercised his influence in their behalf among the natives.

It was therefore most natural that the people of Ubooch, who voluntarily deprived themselves of these advantages for the sake of freedom, and suffered all the inconveniences resulting from a determined hostility to Russia, should have felt doubly indignant with the base conduct of these Djikethians, who were ready to sell their independence for a wretched pecuniary advantage, and then boasted of their treachery in their very faces. We were amused at the hesitation which this fine gentleman displayed when we informed him that he might retire, and he contemplated the hostile party who were waiting to receive him outside. We felt very little pity for him, and were not surprised to hear the sounds of strife proceed from the yard. It was perfectly dark, and we could only speculate upon what was probably passing. Nor did we think it wise to interfere: but L—— rushed out with his usual impetuous curiosity, and came back with an excited account of an affray. However, quiet was gradually restored, and our Circassians came dropping in after a little, with satisfied countenances, like dogs who lick their lips after feasting on the produce of the chase. It was clear, however, that the locality was by no means congenial to our friends, and they informed us of their intention to return on the following day to Ubooch. To this we made no objection, as we hourly expected the return of the Cyclops to the coast, and had agreed that she was to look in for us at this point. We were, moreover, gainers by the intimate relations which had been maintained between the inhabitants of the village and the garrison of the fort, situated on the coast, about a mile and a half distant. There were all sorts of evidences of civilisation apparent about our habitation. It was a large wooden building, containing two rooms, constructed of planks, and with a shingle roof, a most comfortable fire-place, a couple of couches, and various other articles of furniture unknown in Circassia, the whole belonging to an old lady, who overwhelmed us with civility, and entertained us most sumptuously. We were detained at Ardiller for three days, during which time we were dependent entirely upon the hospitality of this exemplary person. It is true that we received a pressing invitation from a neighbouring great man to honour his konak with our presence, and we were very much disposed to do so; but we were assured that it would give much mortal offence to our kind hostess, and cast so dire a reflection upon her hospitality in the eyes of the surrounding population, that the move was given up. Meantime we rode

about the country exploring the neighbourhood, and sketching its beauties. The fort, as usual, consisted of four walls, enclosing a number of tall poplars and a great deal of rubbish. All the forts to the north of Souchoum were dismantled by the Russians prior to their evacuation; but Souchoum itself was left untouched, as Prince Michael assured the Russians that, if they damaged the place in any way, the people of the country would rise and cut off their retreat. As the weather was by no means propitious, we congratulated ourselves upon our good quarters, and did not regret the abrupt conclusion of our tour. The Circassians, too, lingered on in spite of their hostile feelings towards the country-people, and seemed disposed to be somewhat intractable when the important duty of recompensing them for their trouble was to be entered upon.

Like thorough savages, they resorted to all sorts of manœuvres to screw more out of us than they were entitled to. First, they disputed the terms of the agreement collectively; then one of them adopted a conciliatory tone, while the others departed in high dudgeon. Finding he could not coax a present out of us, he too left indignantly, and then one of the others returned with a long face, and still longer story, of his having lost all his wages, and tried to work upon our compassion. When he found this hopeless (like Mr. Montague Tigg when Pecksniff refused to lend him the ridiculously small sum of eighteenpence), he swore eternal friendship, in which he was joined by all the others, who now reappeared, after having absented themselves in a fit of disgust for twenty-four hours, and who remained with us until we left the coast, when we parted on the best possible terms.

It was indeed difficult to be angry with these men on the very ground which their gallant countrymen had rendered sacred by many a deed of noble daring; and we were ready to forget that acquisitiveness, which is so often the mark of barbarians, amid scenes with which so much that was heroic was associated. We could not turn our backs upon Ubooch without regret. Of all the tribes of Circassians who have so long and steadily resisted the Russian arms, none have shown a more indomitable spirit than the inhabitants of this district. Their enterprises have been as bold as the execution of them has been skilful; they have produced warriors whose deeds have rendered both themselves and their tribe famous throughout the mountains; and the name of Hadji Dokum Oku is one which is painfully familiar to Russian ears. Their country has always been a region of terror to the Muscovites, who have never succucceeded in penetrating it; and with the exception of a Baron Turnau, an officer who had been taken prisoner, and kept in confinement amongst them for some time, it was, prior to our visit, a complete *terra incognita*. Indeed, as this gentleman was kept a close prisoner, his description of the country was very meagre. The best account of the episodes in which the Uboochians have figured is to be gathered from Russian sources; for though by no means trustworthy, they are more to be relied upon than the fables of the mountaineers. Dr. Wagner, who visited Ardiller in 1848, gives some interesting details which he obtained from the officer then in command. Three years before, this tribe, together with some of the Shapsugh warriors, stormed four Russian forts sword in hand. Out of the five hundred soldiers composing the garrisons, only eleven survived, and these were made prisoners. An enormous number of Circassians, however, fell in the assault, and perished in one of the forts, which was ultimately blown up by a Russian soldier. In the following year, the Czar determined to avenge this disaster, and sent a mixed force of about three thousand men to Ardiller, who attempted to penetrate into Ubooch, between that fort and Soucha. They no sooner turned inwards, however, than they were attacked furiously by the Uboochians under Ali Oku, the grandson of the old chief just mentioned, and driven back, after a determined struggle, in which that young chieftain was shot cheering on his men, and his

place taken by the venerable Hadji, who more than avenged the death of his gallant grandson. The Russians admitted to a loss of five hundred men on this occasion, and gave up any further idea of punishing the Uboochians, or entering their country. We passed over the scene of this bloody conflict on our ride from Soucha to Ardiller. There is unfortunately now no great Ubooch warrior. The most dashing young man of the tribe, and a descendant of the Hadji, was, at the period of our visit, only burning for an opportunity of maintaining the credit of the family; and with this view put himself at the head of the cavalry contingent which was supplied by the district to Omer Pasha. Izak Bey was indeed one of the handsomest and most gallant young fellows I ever saw; he was in the thickest of the fight on the eventful day of the Ingour, and we lay together under the same cloak by the bivouac-fire that night on the bloody battle-field. Poor fellow, he succumbed under the hardships of the retreat, and died of typhus fever at Choloffi the day before I left the army.

In the course of my journeys upon the Circassian coast, I had now visited some eight or nine of these abandoned Russian forts, and always with sensations very different from those which usually accompany the contemplation of scenes of ruin and desolation. Here the sight of dismantled walls, and tottering towers, and heaps of rubbish, gave rise, not to feelings of melancholy, but of satisfaction and of triumph;—of satisfaction that a noble and free-hearted people should be relieved of the presence of foreign invaders; and of triumph, that this result had been due entirely to our navy. It was pleasant, then, to see Circassians cultivating gardens which formerly supplied their enemies with vegetables, and building their cottages within gunshot of those loop-holed walls, then so harmless; and melancholy is it now to think that Russian cannon will soon again fill up the empty embrasures, and Russian soldiers reconstruct and reoccupy the ruined and deserted barracks; that the gardens will again be abandoned by their rightful owners, and their cottages destroyed. The effect of any clause in the late treaty preventing the reconstruction of these forts, is more important than people in this country have been disposed to allow. It has been contended that the Circassians had no claim to our sympathies on the score of co-operation, and that therefore any stipulation in their favour was uncalled for. In the first place, it is easy to show that they co-operated with us whenever they were asked, and could do so; and, in the second, it is not because the Circassians deserve their independence that we should endeavour to secure it for them, any more than it was the purity of the Sultan's government which induced us to undertake a war which had for its object "the integrity and independence of his empire." We acted in this from self-interested motives, and we have only neglected to stipulate against the reconstruction of the Circassian forts, because we did not see that our interest demanded it; or if perchance we did, France did not, and we were not in a position to insist upon it. The future will show that her policy in this was as shortsighted as was ours in concurring in it. The whole question of Eastern aggression by Russia hinges upon the existence of this line of forts. Without them, Russia can never hope to subdue Circassia, any more than she could have taken Kars if she had left one gate open. The success of the Russian war in the Caucasus depends upon the efficacy of the blockade; that can only be secured by the reconstruction of these forts. When these are rebuilt, and Circassia will be again thrown upon its own limited resources, the latter will at last be exhausted, the besieged country will capitulate, and the only barrier to Russian aggression in the East will thus be swept away. So long as a strip of independent country remains to separate Russia from her Transcaucasian provinces, their value is not only depreciated, but the difficulty of extending her frontier in that direction is increased, as her armies are in danger of being cut off, and reinforcements can only be brought up with risk.

Thus at this moment she hesitates to annex those provinces of Ghilan

and Mazenderan to the south of the Caspian, which have been mortgaged to her by Persia. If, therefore, Russia intends to relinquish her Eastern policy, she need not care for the subjugation of Circassia, as the country itself is too impracticable to be of any intrinsic value; but if, as will undoubtedly be the case, Russia recommences her war with Circassia and the reconstruction of these forts, then we may infer that she has not relinquished that policy, but that she intends again to threaten Turkey when a convenient season offers — not this time upon the banks of the Danube, but on those of the Araxes. It is supposed that the rectification of the Bessarabian frontier will secure us against a repetition of the siege of Silistria. The non-reconstruction of the Circassian forts was the only guarantee we could have had against the recurrence of the siege of Kars. It is a pity that the work was left half done. But this is not all. If these forts are rebuilt, that clause of the treaty which announces that the coasts of the Black Sea are for the future opened to the commercial enterprise of all nations, will be remarkably restricted. The coast from Anaklea to Anapa will be hermetically sealed against the enterprise of all nations. The Russian troops, posted at short intervals along it, will no more allow a bale of Manchester calicoes to be carried into the country, than they would have allowed a bag of biscuits to be taken into Kars. They will, at all events, bring their blockade within the terms of that clause of the treaty which says, "A blockade, in order to be binding, must be effective." Thus, unless Russia relinquishes her cherished policy in Asia, and admits the independence of Circassia — a most improbable event — the resources of that country will remain undeveloped,—its mineral wealth will never be explored,—its magnificent forests, teeming with valuable timber, will never ring with the sound of the axe; and the box-trees, unequalled in the world, will decay where they stand. The small patches of cultivation in the fertile valleys will never be enlarged beyond what is necessary for a scanty population. The grapes will wither upon the vine-stems, and the fruit which loads the trees rot where it falls. And yet the nation does not exist who would appreciate more thoroughly the advantages of a free and unrestricted commerce. Whenever the opportunity has offered, they have manifested a spirit of mercantile enterprise which only proves how anxious they are for intercourse with other nations, and how speedily civilisation would exercise over them its benign influences; but, like ourselves, they are ready to sacrifice their internal prosperity to their liberty, and would rather be annihilated as a nation, savage but free, than purchase that degraded civilisation which Russia offers them, at the price of their independence.

With respect to the absence of any co-operation on the part of the Circassians, that is easily accounted for with regard to the eastern part of the range. There are two reasons which doubtless operated with Schamyl; one was, that his assistance was never asked; and another, that he had no army—and it is universally admitted that it is impossible for a general to carry on a campaign in an enemy's country without one. Nevertheless our statesmen expected this of Schamyl, and of all the other chieftains in the range; the fact being that Circassians are guerillas without either land-transport or commissariat corps, or artillery, or infantry, or anything, in fact, but ponies, and are indomitable upon their own mountain-tops. If, therefore, we had expected their co-operation, we should have asked them to do something in their own country—block up the Russian passes, for instance—and had we sent them a few regular soldiers and some money, we should have had their co-operation most cordially offered. As it was, when we asked the Naib to attack the Russians, he did, and got well beaten in Karachai; and when we asked the people of Ubooch to raise a contingent, they did, and their irregular horse accompanied Omer Pasha on the campaign, until all the horses died of starvation, as they were allowed neither pay nor rations, and were forbidden to plunder, and the men returned on foot to their

own valleys, to praise the generosity of the Allies, and, after losing their property, to hear from Constantinople that they did nothing to deserve sympathy, and that the forts are all to be rebuilt, which are to exclude them for ever from intercourse with the rest of their species.

At last, just when we had given up the Cyclops, and had determined upon riding down the coast to Souchoum, we observed the line of smoke upon the distant horizon, and soon after were actively engaged in the process of embarkation, leaving our Circassians collected in a group upon the beach, shouting "Oagmaff," or farewell.

It would have been interesting, could we have spared the time, to have visited the church of Pitzounda, celebrated as the oldest Christian church in the Caucasus, and situated upon a remarkable promontory, which we steamed past the morning after leaving Ardiller. It is almost exactly similar to that of Souksou, but upon the scale of a cathedral instead of a church. It has been described at length in the elaborate work of Mons. Dubois de Montpereux, whose extensive researches into the history and antiquities of the Caucasian province are a most valuable source of reference. Founded by the Emperor Justinian about the middle of the sixth century, it embraced within its patriarchate nearly all the Caucasian countries. The invasions of the neighbouring Circassians, however, forced the bishops to abandon it, and its importance declined, until under Muscovite auspices there appeared some prospect of its old position being assigned to it. As in former times it was the repository of many valuable documents, which have since been removed to the monastery of Ghelathi, and from which a history of the Caucasian provinces was compiled by a Georgian chronicler, and translated by Klaproth, it may not be uninteresting, in conclusion, to glance cursorily at the history of this part of the coast of Circassia and Abkhasia, as gathered from that record and the pages of Montpereux.

It is satisfactory to find that, according to these traditions, no obscurity hangs over the early portion of the history of these countries. They carry us boldly back to the Flood, and decide that Togarmah, who, it will be remembered, was a great-grandson of Noah, after the confusion of tongues consequent on the building of the Tower of Babel, established himself in Armenia, but whose possessions extended to the banks of the Kuban. He divided his territory between his eight sons, and Abkhasia was included in the portion of the eighth, Egros. These princes owed allegiance to Nimrod, then, in the language of the chronicle, "the first king among the inhabitants of the earth." At the instigation of the elder brother they revolted, and the mighty hunter fell by his hand. This prince, whose name was Hhaos, then became king over his brothers, and his rule was paramount in Caucasia and Armenia.

It is precisely at this epoch that the Argonautic expedition is placed by the Greeks, the reputed origin of those colonies which sprung up along the eastern shores of the Black Sea, in the country then called Colchis, and which includes Mingrelia and the greater part of Abkhasia. In the subsequent wars between the Persians and Georgians, these colonies took part with the latter, who, according to the chronicle, were only ultimately conquered by the first Artaxerxes. This veracious history then proceeds to describe the invasion of Georgia by the armies of Alexander the Great. After subduing the country, the conqueror is said to have left as its governor a Macedonian named Ason, who united, under his rule in Georgia, the province of Abkhasia. The tyranny of this man, however, roused the spirit of an enterprising young Georgian, who traced his descent to Ouplos, the grandson of the great-grandson of Noah, by name Pharnavaz, and who, in conjunction with a certain Koudji, lord of Abkhasia, conspired to overthrow the Greek oppressor. They collected a large army in Abkhasia, crossed the Ingour, as better men have done since, in the face of the enemy, and utterly routing Ason, Pharnavez became king of Georgia, giving his sister in marriage to his faithful

ally, Koudji, prince of Abkhasia, who thenceforward owned his suzerainty. The Greek colonies at the mouths of the Ingour, Kodor, Rhion, and other places upon the coast, and who had sided with Ason, managed, however, still to preserve their independence, although surrounded by a hostile population. Such was the condition of Abkhasia about two hundred and forty years before the Christian era, and so it remained until included within the limits of the vast empire of Mithridates.

To those who know the country, the march of this monarch, after his defeat by Pompey, from the Ingour to Anapa, seems an achievement worthy of his great reputation. The glory of the ancient Greek colonies had now departed, and the far-famed shores of Colchis and lovely valleys of Abkhasia became a Roman province under the rule of a governor appointed by Pompey. Not long after, it was incorporated into the kingdom of Bosphorus, under Polemon I., who had married a grand-daughter of Mithridates. During the reign of Polemon II., or about forty years after Christ, the apostles Simon and Andrew arrived, according to the Georgian chronicle, in Abkhasia and Mingrelia, to publish those truths which have never since been altogether extinguished. The Emperors of Rome continued to arrogate to themselves the right of naming the rulers of these provinces, which were, nevertheless, practically independent. When, however, war broke out between the Persians and the people of the Caucasus, Justinian was obliged to send his armies to the assistance of the latter, for the Persians meditated the conquest of Mingrelia and Gouriel, then united into one province, from which they could threaten Constantinople itself. The Abkhasians took this opportunity of withdrawing themselves from their allegiance to the neighbouring province, which had assumed the right of naming their kings. They succeeded in this attempt, and appointed two kings of their own. Justinian determined to punish them for such contumacious conduct, and sent a picked force to Souchoum Kaleh. The Abkhasians took refuge in a strong castle which crowned a hill overlooking a steep gorge which issues from the mountains a little to the right of Soukson, and which still partially exists under the name of Anakopi. Had we known, when we saw it in the distance, what interesting associations have attached to it, we might have attempted to visit it. The Abkhasians, however, notwithstanding the strength of the place, did not hold out against the military tact of the Roman general, and the castle was taken and burned; but this spot owes its chief celebrity throughout the country to the still older tradition which attaches to it; for here, it is said, are laid the bones of Simon the Canaanite.

The result of the war between Justinian and Khosroes was to place more decidedly than ever the Transcaucasian provinces under the suzerainty of the Byzantine Empire.

Abkhasia, as well as the other provinces, felt this influence, and between the fifth and tenth centuries made considerable progress in civilisation. The greater part of those churches and forts, the ruins of which add so much to the picturesque character of the scenery, date from this period. Hitherto the princes of Abkhasia, though owning allegiance to the Greek Emperors, were independent of the neighbouring provinces. Towards the close of the tenth century, however, the crowns of Georgia and Abkhasia became united in the family of the Bagrats. Its history is, therefore, identical with that of Georgia until 1442, when the reigning king (Alexander) died, leaving his kingdom divided between his three sons. Abkhasia and the rest of the seaboard provinces fell to the share of one of these, but his successors failed to preserve the allegiance of several of the principal families, who, finding their influence almost as great as that of their sovereign, successively threw off his yoke, so that very soon the kings ceased to exist, and their former territory was divided amongst themselves by the most influential families, whose authority is to this day recognised by Russia in the different provinces which resulted from this separation. Meantime these

petty principalities became once more the theatre of war between Persia and the empire of which Constantinople was the capital, now no longer Christian. Abkhasia with its neighbours was placed finally under the suzerainty of the Porte; and, in 1578, Souchoum Kaleh and Poti at the mouth of the Rhion were built and garrrisoned by Turkish troops. For the next two hundred years Abkhasia was a Turkish province, but about the middle of the last century the Abkhasians revolted, and the Turks abandoned Souchoum Kaleh, still, however, retaining the suzerainty. Keliche Bey, the Prince of Abkhasia, then living at Souchoum Kaleh, soon after, by refusing to give up a Turkish refugee, brought matters to a crisis, and called in the protection of Russia, at the same time professing himself a Christian convert. From that moment Russia never relinquished the hold which she was thus enabled to secure; and at the close of that war with Turkey which terminated in the treaty of Yassy, she acquired Abkhasia, together with the neighbouring provinces to the south. Shortly afterwards Russian troops were quartered at Souchoum Kaleh and other forts on the coast, and the princes of Abkhasia became Muscovite vassals. Their subjects, however, were by no means disposed to concur in this transfer of allegiance, and the Mahometan portion of the population have steadily refused to recognise the sovereignty of their new masters. The Christians, indeed, remain docile subjects of their Prince. They remember with abhorrence the barbarities of their Turkish rulers, and even exaggerate those atrocities which unfortunately but too often characterised their dominion. The population of the north and interior, on the other hand, have conceived an inveterate hatred to the Russians, enhanced no doubt by the perpetual struggle with them in which they have been engaged, while they have forgotten the oppression of their former masters, from whom they doubtless suffered less than their Christian compatriots; and regarding them only as co-religionists, they hailed with joy the arrival of a Turkish Pasha, shortly after the evacuation of Souchoum Kaleh, as an earnest of that change from the Christian to the Mahometan rule which they so ardently desire. The consequence was, that when the Turkish army arrived at Souchoum Kaleh, Prince Michael found himself compelled to receive them with the utmost friendship and cordiality, for he was as unable to change the sympathies of the greater portion of his own subjects as he was to prevent the landing of Omer Pasha and his forces. Like the Uboochians, they too contributed their quota to the Turkish army, but, like them, they will gain nothing by the war in return for their co-operation. Had a condition prohibiting Russia from rebuilding the forts on the eastern coast of the Black Sea been inserted, that alone would have sufficed to secure their independence. For although she might have reserved to herself the right of garrisoning troops in the interior of Abkhasia, that attempt would have been found perfectly impracticable, except in the low country, where, as has already been shown, the population is not so strongly opposed to her rule. The evacuation of Souchoum Kaleh by Russian troops, and the residence there of foreign consuls, would have opened up the whole of the Mahometan part of the country to the commercial enterprise of the world. So far from that being the case, in consequence of those hostilities which must inevitably be resumed between the Mahometan Abkhasians and Russians, as soon as Souchoum Kaleh is regarrisoned, the country will revert to the condition in which it was before the war, and which is precisely similar to that of Ubooch. The chances of their ultimate civilisation are more remote than ever; they will be cut off again from intercourse with humanity. Their villages and fields will be burnt and destroyed as of old by rapacious soldiery, and war, incessant war, will be their only occupation, until at last, determined never to submit, they will become exterminated as a race, savage, but free to the end.

Such is the prospect of the Abkhasian mountaineers, and it is melancholy to think that the unhappy

fate to which these brave men are now doomed, might have been averted by a stipulation forbidding the reoccupation of that town which, after having been taken from Russia and permanently garrisoned by Turkish troops for more than a year, might surely have been regarded as a very legitimate conquest. In addition to this, the establishment of Abkhasian independence would have been attended with far less difficulty than that of any province of Circassia. It had a Prince whose right was universally acknowledged, and whose close alliance with the Princess Dadianie of Mingrelia, his only neighbour, would have secured for both a peaceful frontier. Surrounded on all other sides by Circassians, nothing was to be feared from the depredations of the more lawless of his subjects upon any Russian province; and it is therefore difficult to conceive how any inconvenience could have arisen from such a measure, while its advantages are apparent.

The population of the province is not above 50,000, and is yearly diminishing, owing partly to the constant warfare, and partly to the exportation of slaves. The latter traffic is carried on surreptitiously in spite of the Russian occupation of the seaboard. In fact, that blockade which prevents the ingress of civilised merchants and travellers, protects a traffic which owes its existence to the ignorant and degraded state of the population among whom it is carried on; and firmans issued at Constantinople to forbid it will be utterly useless, so long as the light of civilisation is never allowed to shine into the dark mountains of the Caucasus.

In a word, the result of this war with respect to Abkhasia and Circassia has been to exclude the benighted populations of those countries from all chance of civilisation more completely than ever—to extinguish in their breasts any hope of their ultimate independence — to render inevitable the continuance of that traffic by which the women are now made the slaves of Turks, until that period arrives when the whole country is subdued, and both men and women will become the slaves of Russians.

METAMORPHOSES: A TALE.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.—RETROSPECT.

The cat was let out of the bag in the last chapter, so we need not waste our time and energy in running after it. You learned, in a casual sentence, that Victor and Adrienne were about to meet; and your quick sagacity at once divined that the fugitives had been recaptured. I scorn to vex a reader by keeping him in suspense over the details when he already foresees the denouement; and I will at once hurry to that crisis in my story which the meeting of the prisoners with their judge necessarily brought about. Only while they are being marched back to the Cheval Blanc the opportunity may be seized of briefly sketching that part of Adrienne's story which must be known before her interview with Victor can be rightly appreciated.

We left her greatly indignant. His letter, so offensive in its tone, and rendered doubly offensive by the circumstances under which she read it, gave her anger an excuse, and for two or three weeks her thoughts were not kindly. But as the weeks passed, her anger abated. She heard him so frequently abused by her family that the naturally rebellious girl began secretly to take his part. Added to this, her conscience now began to tell her plainly that she had not been blameless: she acknowledged the fact that she had encouraged him, and was gratified by his homage. She remembered that the thought of his loving another had been very painful to her. Besides, what was more natural than that he should love her? Was there

any offence in his love? Did not his youth and inexperience excuse the presumption?

Into this track flowed her thoughts, and they very often flowed into it, so that at last Victor became the constant guest of her mind. The two walked together, talked together, dreamed together. The little botany he had taught her, the books he had read with her, the ideas he had expounded to her, were so many links with which memory connected their two existences. And now he was absent—now his presence could no longer keep alive her anger by recalling his fault—she thought of him only with pleasure. His absence had another effect. Absence is said to make the heart grow fonder. The phrase is an absurdity, but it has a fallacious kind of truth in it. Real affection is fed by presence, because real affection lives on sympathies; but factitious affection—the love of the imagination, not the heart—prospers in absence, because imagination has free scope for its arbitrary and idealising tendencies, and can create its own idol undisturbed by inconvenient fact. When Victor was present, he was always in danger of destroying, by some phrase, some gesture, some slight yet important self-betrayal, the effect of his good qualities. Absent, this danger was removed. She thought of him only in his best moments. She had before her a handsome, high-spirited, energetic youth, whose qualities captivated her inexperienced and uncritical mind.

To these influences was added the softening influence of compassion. She knew that he had quitted his home to seek oblivion in the tumult of Parisian life, and she thought of his loneliness in the great city, and the dangers he ran there. She fully expected to hear of his becoming a great personage among the Jacobins, for he had impressed her with a deep sense of his intellectual superiority. That he could enter public life without at once distinguishing himself never occurred to her; and when months, years elapsed, and his name never reached her, she concluded he must be dead, or had emigrated to America. It pleased her rather than otherwise to reproach herself with having been the cause of his expatriation. She would weep sometimes, but there was consolatory sweetness in the bitterness.

Meanwhile events rapidly succeeded each other. Her marriage was interrupted by persecution. Her father fled to England, where Henri and the Chevalier de Figeac soon joined him. A king had fallen on the scaffold; a queen had followed. The Terror began. The correspondence kept up by the Countess de St. Marc and the emigrants had been rare and precarious; but that active and indomitable woman had contrived that the three men should re-enter France to join in a bold scheme of overthrowing the Triumvirate, and restoring France to tranquillity. She was at first amazed at the eagerness with which the Count entered into the plan. She wished him to remain in England, and confide the scheme to younger and more energetic hands. But he had become the most intolerant of reactionists, to make up for his previous affectation of liberalism; and his presence was in many ways desirable, because he was still the head of the Chateauneufs, and many would risk their lives for him when they would hesitate to act for another.

Hitherto all had been more successful than their hopes had pictured. The scheme was in such a train that nothing seemed likely to thwart it. M. Foville (the Count) had a confidential letter from Robespierre himself, urging him to complete his investigations of the emigrant conspiracy, and to hasten to Paris as soon as he was ready. Bernard Tronchet (Henri de St. Marc) was anxiously expected by Couthon, to produce his documentary evidence of Robespierre's intention of usurping sole power. M. Charles Foville (the Chevalier de Figeac) was no less anxiously awaited by St. Just, to whom he was to unfold the treason of Couthon. Three blows struck at the same hour would deliver France!

When Nicotte wildly rushed into the apartments of the Count, and bade him fly because he was discovered, he at first told her that her fears were idle—an arrest could only delay him a few hours. But when

he told him it was Victor Marras who had ordered the arrest, his countenance fell; and although he could not suppose the plot had been discovered, he felt that his incognito could not deceive Victor. He fled therefore, as we have seen; and when recaptured, it only remained for them to put a bold face on the matter, and try what influence Adrienne could exert with Victor in preventing their detention.

CHAPTER II.—THE INTERVIEW.

Victor ordered the two male prisoners to be conducted into his presence. As they were unarmed, he motioned to the soldiers to withdraw, and was thus left alone with the Count and the Chevalier.

Strange were the feelings which the sight roused within him; not of wrath, for, as I have said, his indignation had long burned itself out; not of kindness, for he had a dim remembrance of a wrong, and he felt as we feel in the presence of those who have once deeply humiliated us. A certain irrepressible exultation mingled with his feelings. His prophecy had been fulfilled; they *were* to sue for mercy to him whom they had outraged! He felt as if there were something peculiarly mysterious in this fulfilment of a wild prophecy; although, as he had been implored by hundreds of prisoners to whom no such prophecy had been uttered, as he stood in the same relation to the Count in which he had stood to many other nobles, there was nothing peculiar in this which he considered so very mysterious.

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed the Count, pretending surprise, and turning to the Chevalier, "it is Victor—our old friend Victor! This is a surprise and a pleasure! You have not forgotten me?" he added, seeing no recognition in Victor's eye.

"The proof that I have not forgotten you is that you are here," said Victor, coldly.

"Certainly; and although I cannot divine the reason of our journey being interrupted, I am sure nothing but friendliness actuates you towards those who always showed the utmost kindness to you; except," he added, hesitatingly, "on one little occasion, the last time we met, when a momentary surprise, and very excusable indignation—it was excusable, you must admit?—produced a somewhat disagreeable interruption to our friendship. But a man of your high spirit would never bear malice, I am sure. You have long ago forgotten that unpleasantness?"

"Long ago," said Victor.

"I knew it. I was certain of it. I have often thought of the incident with pain, and, let me add, with some self-reproach; but, however, this is not the time to talk of such things. May I ask why you have had us arrested?"

"May I ask why your papers bear the name of Citizen Foville?"

"Merely a precaution."

"Your arrest is a precaution."

"What is your purpose?"

"To do my duty to the Republic."

"I do not understand."

"The Revolutionary Tribunal will make everything clear."

"The Tribunal!" exclaimed the Count, fairly alarmed. "You are not about to send us there! That, as you know, is certain death."

"I know it."

"You would not have innocent blood shed for——"

"I would not. Yours is no innocent blood. In vain you try to defend yourself; your conspiracy is discovered."

"What conspiracy?"

"To assassinate Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just."

The Count's heart ceased to beat. The Chevalier boisterously exclaimed:—

"What miserable calumny is this?"

"A miserable conspiracy, Chevalier, but no calumny, as you are perfectly aware."

"It is false!"

"I have proofs," said Victor, sternly, "which you can swear are false, but which no tribunal will refuse to accept."

"Dear Victor," said the Count, earnestly, "whatever your suspicions

or information may be, let me entreat you not to act hastily in this matter. We are innocent, but you know too well that, once before the Revolutionary Tribunal, our innocence will avail us nothing. Now I claim from you the office of friendship. In early days I showed you much kindness, for you were an especial favourite with me, as you know. In return, I only ask you not to be rash."

"I shall not be rash. I act on certain knowledge. I told you I had *proofs*."

"What are they?"

"I shall produce them on the proper occasion."

"But it will then be too late for us to clear ourselves. If you are really actuated by sincere desire to discover a conspiracy against the Republic, tell us what information now causes you to arrest us; we may be able to point out to you our innocence."

Victor smiled slightly, and then, with some scorn, said—

"Citizen, you undervalue me. I do not act upon suspicions; I have proofs."

"What are they?"

"Bricolin's confession."

A dead silence ensued, in which the hearts of both prisoners beat almost audibly. Victor continued:

"You have appealed to my friendship; it shall not be in vain."

They breathed more freely.

"But even my friendship must give place to my duty. I am bound to frustrate your scheme, but I would willingly spare your lives. Tell me candidly who are your accomplices; let me be assured that I have really prevented your plan, and a boat shall convey you in safety to England."

"We have no accomplices," they both answered.

"Excuse me if I do not believe that."

"You doubt the word of a gentleman?" asked the Chevalier, with some haughtiness.

"In such a case, I do."

"Then, as we can only give our word, nothing more need be said."

"You forget, Chevalier, that I am in possession of knowledge which assures me that you have accomplices. I can myself name one of them to you—the citizen Henri de St. Marc. He is also in my hands."

"Where?"

"At St. Malo. If, therefore, you conceal from me one accomplice, I am forced to believe, in spite of your *word*, that you conceal others."

"We did not attempt to conceal his complicity," replied the Chevalier; "for if Bricolin betrayed us, he must have betrayed the whole family. But again, I say, on the word of a gentleman, that beyond our family no one is implicated. No one except Bricolin knew anything of our scheme."

"If you persist in the denial, the Tribunal must investigate the case. Confess, and in return for the safety of the Republic I assure you your lives. I shall thus fulfil my duty and not send you to the scaffold."

"But, my dear Victor, we have nothing to confess. Do you suppose that we, finding you so well disposed towards us, would not gladly embrace your offer?"

"If you have nothing to confess," said Victor, coldly, "this interview had better cease. I have informed you of my resolution."

"And you persist——"

"If *you* persist. You know my terms, and can accept or reject them." He rose and opened the door, ordering the prisoners to be removed into an inner apartment, and the Countess de St. Marc to be conducted before him. She came in with great haughtiness, and scarcely paid any attention to what he said, until he informed her of all he knew. She coloured violently, but made no remark as he proceeded:

"I have offered your brother and nephew a safe-conduct to England in exchange for a free confession of their scheme, which they have frankly accepted."

"They confessed!" exclaimed the indignant Countess.

"How else should I have been informed of the plot?" asked Victor, quietly.

"The cowards!" muttered the amazed Countess, thinking, no doubt, that her misgivings respecting the Count's fitness for such a plot were now realised.

"But," he continued, "as their confession may be incomplete, or designedly inaccurate, I am not going to act without feeling quite convinced of its accuracy; for this reason I have thought proper to examine you separately. If your stories coincide I shall be convinced; if not, I shall know that I have been misinformed. I do not ask you for details of the scheme; that is unnecessary; what I want to know is whether the names of the conspirators have been all given up. Will you be kind enough to tell me who they are?"

"Ourselves."

"And? ——"

"No one else."

"Excuse me; there are others. For instance there is your son——"

The Countess shook as he said this; but recovering herself she said:

"I include him among ourselves."

"And the others?"

"There are no others."

"Have a care: the lives of the whole family are at stake unless I am satisfied; unless your stories separately agree, I must send you to the Revolutionary Tribunal."

"I have answered you: there are no others."

"The Count named some, however."

Here the Countess looked at him steadily, and said: "You have overreached yourself; the Count has made *no* confession. I shall answer no more questions."

Victor saw indeed that his last assertion had betrayed him. But the fact that it had betrayed him suggested the probability of there being really no other accomplices to name. In this respect the stories of both coincided. He remained thoughtful for a few minutes, and then opening the door of the apartment, into which the Count and Chevalier had been conducted, bowed her into it. Left alone, he mused for some time on the two interviews. He then ordered Adrienne to be introduced.

Their meeting was strangely agitated, and for some time neither spoke. To meet thus after such a parting, after six long years of separation, was indeed a trying event. The emotion soon subsided in his breast. He had ceased to love her. He had indeed almost forgotten her in the hurrying tumult of his agitated life; and although the sight of that face which once filled him with rapture, still affected him with peculiar feelings, he looked on it rather as we look on an old book which once delighted us, but which long has lost its power of charming. Adrienne, indeed, was greatly altered. Beautiful she was still, but there was a faded look about her, produced by illness and anxiety, and a constraint produced by her present situation, which robbed her of that buoyant grace once so enchanting to him.

Victor saw clearly that he had outlived his love, and instantly his resolution, hitherto undefined, became fixed.

"Adrienne," he said mournfully, "we should not have met thus. Do you remember the happy days long ago?"

Tears rose into her eyes as she looked at him and said, "I have never forgotten them."

"I was happy then," he continued. "And now!" He threw a dreary mournfulness into this phrase which moved her, and quite pleased him, for in truth he was acting, and thought of his *effects* like an actor.

"In those days," said Adrienne with effort, "your life was pure. You had not then joined the bloodthirsty men who have destroyed France."

"My life remains pure, Adrienne. Yes, in spite of what you say, I repeat it, *pure*. I have served the Republic; but my hands are free from blood."

"Do you not serve those men—are you not their accomplice?"

"No; I serve a great idea, not men."

"Has not your Republic become an odious Despotism? Has it not murdered a king, a queen, thousands of innocent beings, and are you not an accomplice in such acts? Why, then, do you serve those men?"

"Adrienne," said Victor, with an enthusiasm which was only half feigned, for he half believed in what he said, "there is nothing in this world worked out by human hands but has some imperfection clinging to it. I deplore, as much

as you can do, the crimes which passion perpetrates in the name of a principle. I see the madness of our time. I pity the victims. But even among the ruin and the bloodshed I see the grand principles of Liberty retain their everlasting purity; and seeing this, I do not give up all my faith in freedom because I see men so little able to bear it at first. You know my early dreams; well, they visit me still! I am older now, and wiser. I have learned that those dreams are still far from becoming realities. I have learned that the progress of the race is slow, and beset with pitfalls; but my faith in ultimate good remains unshaken."

Adrienne was so carried away by the tones of his voice, and the enthusiasm of his manner, that she forgot her own opinions in admiration. He perceived this effect, and continued for some time in the same strain. The ardour of his eloquence not only carried him away, but made him once more feel *something* of his old passion for Adrienne. It was thus he used to speak, and thus she used to listen, in old times! He sat by her side, and took her hand as he spoke. She did not withdraw it. A knock startled them. It was Sergeant Roussel, who, on entering, noticed their ill-concealed confusion, and made a note of it in his own mind. He came to say that a courier had arrived with despatches, and begged for instant audience. With some impatience Victor ordered him to be admitted; and having shown Adrienne into the room where the Count, Countess, and Chevalier already were, bade her be of good cheer, and confide in him.

CHAPTER III.—A BAIT FOR A PIKE.

Adrienne found Nicotte with them, energetically recommending some plan she had at heart, which they seemed to reject.

"Oh, that I could do anything myself," exclaimed the good girl. "A mouse once set a lion free from the net in which he was caught; but then I ain't a mouse, you see."

"How many soldiers are there?" inquired the Chevalier.

"Oh, ever so many. It's no use trying force. If Victor only were my lover now; but he hasn't the good taste. You see we women find it easy to come over the men when they are fond of us; we twist them round our fingers, and they think it pleasant; but when they don't care for us, our power is nothing. Goulard never would have risked his head if I hadn't promised to marry him. I'd promise to marry Victor, but it would be no use. But now I think of it, if he don't love me, he does love you, ma'mselle. You could turn him round your fingers." Adrienne shook her head.

"You could indeed. You don't know how easy it is to make fools of men: they like it!"

"Victor is a Republican!"

"Well, but Republicans, the boobies, are men, are they not? if you look a little languishing—the Chevalier won't mind looks, will you?" she said, suddenly turning to de Figeac, who smiled,—"and then say a few pretty speeches, just to throw out a bait—he'll be like a hungry pike, and rush at any bait—you're sure to hook him, if you try. I tell you what, leave him to me; I'll promise and hint all sorts of things. Do you only *look* sweet upon him, and then you need say nothing; he will imagine you look all I say."

"And what is to be the upshot?"

"Why, that he will let you escape, of course."

"He! never!" exclaimed the Countess. "I mistrust him in every way. He only affects friendship for us. His vanity will never forgive us; we once humiliated him; he will take his revenge."

Adrienne defended him warmly; the Count was disposed to take her view, but the Chevalier and the Countess persisted in considering it hopeless to expect any clemency. His manner to them that day, they said, was only a trap. He pretended to befriend them, that he might extort their secret, and then send them to the tribunal. Nicotte, however, was certain of one thing—let him mean them well or ill, he was a man; and being

a man, it was hard indeed if a woman couldn't bamboozle him. At any rate she would try.

She did try. She went straight to Victor, and told him she wanted some serious conversation with him.

"About the affairs of the Republic?" he asked.

"Pooh!" she said, tossing up her little saucy nose, "you know how much I care for the Republic! About as much as you do yourself, if the truth were known. Oh! you needn't smile and look knowing. You *don't* care for the Republic; you're too clever to be the dupe of such rubbish, and too good really to tolerate such villany. But you don't choose to risk your head by saying so. I understand—so does somebody *else* that I could name—I shan't—somebody whose opinion of you is too high to make her believe any ill of you. And because she thinks well of you I think well of you. Victor, there's my hand." She held out her hand to him with an air of entire forgiveness. He took it, drew her towards him, kissed her pretty cheek, at which she was not at all displeased, but said—

"Now let us talk sense. No one can overhear us, can they?"

"No one. But be quick, for I have much to do."

"Look here, Victor. You are to-day at the top of the wheel—to-morrow you may be sprawling in the dirt. It is well to look a-head. It is well to have friends in both camps. If you act like a man of honour, and wink at the escape of your prisoners, you will"——

"Nicotte, you must not talk to me in this way. If you have nothing else to say, I must decline to hear it."

"How can you know what I have got to say, when you won't hear me to the end?"

"It is unnecessary I should hear the end, when the beginning is treason."

"Treason!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous toss of her head. "How grandly we talk! I don't understand politics; I only care about common sense. It's common sense I want to show you. What will you gain by murdering your old benefactor? Nothing. By saving him you may gain——I need not say what, but, unless I am much mistaken, your early inclinations were fixed *somewhere*. . . Ah, when you left Chateauneuf so suddenly. . . . By the way, why did you leave it? No one even could make out why you disappeared. But never mind that now. When you left, how some one drooped, and pined. I noticed it! Trust a woman's eyes in such matters. You see how pale and worn she looks? Who can say how much of that is caused by you? Well, now you meet again—meet under circumstances in which you can show the extent of your love. . . . Such a chance doesn't occur every day, I can tell you!"

"Were you commissioned to tell me this?" said Victor, eyeing her keenly.

"Perhaps I was, perhaps I wasn't. You can find out. I am here to ask you questions, not to answer them. And I put this question to you, plainly, without any twisting and turning: Is she not a prize worth fifty republics? You don't answer me."

"You must put a plainer question, Nicotte."

"Well, then—to gain her love would you let her father and cousins escape? Come, that's plain."

Victor was silently drawing figures on the paper with a pen, and revolving in his mind the thoughts called up by Nicotte's question. He felt persuaded that she had been commissioned to put this question to him, and never imagined the little woman was boldly taking upon herself to promise anything and everything which would secure her purpose, in the comfortable belief that it could all be justly disavowed by the Count and Adrienne when the promises were claimed to be fulfilled.

"Why do you hesitate?" she continued. "Any other man would jump out of his skin with joy at the chance."

"Nicotte, you have put a very strange question to the Commissary of the Republic."

"I spoke to Victor Marras."

"Well, then, Victor Marras shall answer you, but remember it is not the Commissary who speaks."

"Yes, yes; I don't want to have anything to do with that—(she was going to use a strong expression, but, checking herself, said)—person."

"Victor's answer to your question is this: No proposition of any kind has been made to him by those most concerned. He cannot deal with any others. Let a distinct proposition be made to him, and according to its distinctness will be the distinctness of his answer. To merely vague indefinite questions he will return indefinite replies. Do you understand?"

Nicotte understood perfectly, but did not relish what she understood. She saw that he was too cunning to be duped by a mere lure to a boyish passion. She tried to persuade him to be open with her; but his steadfast reply was, that he could only deal with principals, not agents.

She left him to communicate to the Count the result of her interview, and did not notice the peculiar smile which stole across his lips as she departed. He continued drawing figures with his pen, and smiling to himself as he did so. At length he rose with an air of strange exultation, threw a cloak over his shoulders, and went out.

At the door he met Serjeant Roussel, with three soldiers conducting a prisoner, who proved to be Henri de St. Marc. Victor instantly returned into the house, and, ordering the prisoner to be brought to him in a small room at the back, sat alone with him for half an hour, trying, first by threats, and next by cajoleries, to extort from him the names of the other conspirators. Henri, however, maintained, as the others had maintained, that the conspiracy was confined to their own family, and Bricolin. Victor now believed this to be the case. It was only negative evidence, indeed, but it looked like certainty, and the fact was important. He quitted his prisoner to go at once and write a despatch. On his way he ordered Sergeant Roussel to stay in the room with Henri de St. Marc, and watch him closely, but otherwise to be as respectful and agreeable to him as the disagreeable office admitted. The Sergeant was not in the least surprised at this order. He had noticed the kindness with which the prisoners had been treated. He had noticed the confusion of both Victor and Adrienne when he suddenly interrupted their *tête-à-tête*. He remembered the old passion of Victor for the young Chatelaine; and he knew nothing of the cause of Victor's sudden departure from Chateauneuf. The old soldier was himself but a very tepid republican. He served the Republic, indeed, because he was a French soldier, and felt a Frenchman's pride in the victories of the Republican troops; but he had very little political passion, and was attached to the Chateauneuf family.

CHAPTER IV.—AN OLD SOLDIER AND A PRETTY WOMAN.

"Well, Sergeant," said Henri gaily, "I am glad they have given me you as a guard. I like to have a familiar phiz before me. Have you a pack of cards, or a dice box, by accident? It would make the time pass."

"Yes, here are cards," said Roussel, drawing from his pocket a pack which might have been white in prehistoric times, but which, from the fingers of gentlemen who hummed the Marseillaise, had acquired a hue not easily recognisable as white.

"Roussel, old fellow," said Henri as he shuffled, "I tell you what are the stakes now we can play for with mutual advantage. You're not overburdened with money, are you?"

The Sergeant grinned at this pleasantry, and twirled his long grey mustache.

"Very well; you can't stake money, of course, and it's no use giving credit, because I may not live to be paid. I am rich in money, but poor in something else: shall we make these two the stakes?"

"Don't understand."

"I stake my money—you stake your blindness. If you win, you get money; if you lose, you go to sleep, or look another way, while I take an airing on the sands. D'ye understand?"

"Monsieur Henri—I mean citizen,—It does me good to see you keep up your spirits so, that it does."

"Then you consent?"

"Please don't ask such things; don't allude to them. I am here to guard you. It's a very painful office ——"

"Then quit it, my dear fellow, quit it at once. I have no fastidious desire to be attended by a guard of honour, I pledge you my word."

"You mustn't talk so; please don't. It only makes my duty more unpleasant."

"Then you won't play?"

"Not *that* stake. I'm willing to do anything that's agreeable, provided it does not interfere with my duty."

"Very well, very well; say no more. Then we must play for love I suppose. Hang it, I can't stand that. I tell you what: my money against your moustaches!"

Roussel laughed and stroked his grisly upper lip.

"We must play for something," said Henri. "If I win two games out of three, I shall demand your moustaches; if you win you gain this purse."

After some laughing this was settled, and they began to play, but the entrance of Nicotte, with a basket on her arm, made a diversion. She had brought some wine to cheer her beloved young master, and hoped the dear old sergeant wouldn't object to a glass. To which the sergeant had no objection whatever.

"You see," she said, "when one is confined to a single room, it is very tedious, and there's nothing like a glass of good wine to make time slip away. So put up your cards for the present, and let me arrange the table. If you ask me, I'll take a sip with you. I ain't at all proud."

"You're an angel, Nicotte!" said the gallant Roussel.

"Oh, sergeant!"

"You are. If I were rich enough, I'd marry you, and brave the consequences."

"Would you now really? But I ain't good enough for such as you."

"Coquette!" exclaimed he, winking at her, as he emptied his glass.

"I say what I mean, sergeant," she said, filling her glass once more.

"You're fit for the wife of a marshal of France," added the sergeant, again emptying his glass at one toss, and again holding it out to be filled by the ready Nicotte, who indeed was by no means backward, for she had interpreted the look given her by Henri, which said, "Make him drunk," and had replied by a look which said "Trust me!"

"And, sergeant, do you really mean now that you would marry me if you could?"

"On the word of a soldier!"

"Dear, dear!—Another glass, sergeant."

"By all means, Nicotte; many other glasses."

"That's right."

"But," added the sergeant laying down his glass, "before we proceed further, let us come to a distinct understanding. This wine is excellent, and I am fond of good wine. But there are two things I specially hate."

"And what are they?"

"First, I hate being made a fool of. Next, I hate being thought so soft as to be easily made a fool of. Now, it's quite clear, you want to make me drunk."

"Oh, sergeant! What an idea!"

"I don't blame you—not I. Stratagem of war! But you mustn't suppose you can out-manœuvre an old soldier like me. It can't be done. The old boy has his eye open, wide!"

"You foolish old fellow, why should I want to make you drunk. I hate to see men so—the beasts!"

"Nicotte, I told you the thing wasn't to be done. That's enough. Besides, if you fancy that three bottles of such wine as this is to do it, you are mistaken—six wouldn't make me sleepy. There. I only mentioned it that we might spend the evening pleasantly, and on a right understanding. Now, another glass."

"Sergeant," said Henry with warmth, "you're a fine fellow, and make me ashamed of myself. I'll show you my cards: I do want to escape. Will you aid me?"

"Decidedly not."

"Will nothing tempt you?"

"Nothing. I have my notions of honour as well as another. It is my

duty to guard you, and while there is life in me, guard you I will."

"And do you really think," said Nicotte, "that Victor *meant* you to guard Monsieur Henry?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Well!" she exclaimed, throwing up her eyes, "for a man of your quickness! A woman, sergeant, in your place, would have soon seen through *that*."

"Of course," said Henri, not at all divining what a woman would have seen through, "so would a man, if his wits were sharpened."

"I don't," said Russel.

"Why," retorted Nicotte, "it's as plain as two pats of butter. Victor is Commissary of the Republic, isn't he?"

"Plain enough that."

"And," she continued, "is *forced* to arrest every one he is ordered to arrest, whether he likes it or whether he lumps it. No choice is left him. If his own father was denounced, he must arrest him."

"Well; go on."

"He wouldn't like to arrest his father, and he wouldn't break his heart if his father escaped, I suppose? Well, doesn't this apply to the Count and the Count's family, who were such friends to him when he was a poor youth at Chateauneuf—you remember? Of course he is very reluctant to arrest them."

"There, Nicotte, your argument fails."

"How so?"

"Pitiably fails! He was more eager about arresting them than ever I remember to have seen him in other cases."

"Of course he was," she boldly replied, trusting to her mother-wit to find some excuse.

"Why was he, if, as you say, he was forced?" asked Roussel.

"Because he wanted to have them in his *own* hands—if his father was to be arrested he would prefer no one else having the office, because no one else would care what became of him. Don't you see? Why should Victor be anxious to make his benefactors prisoners, unless he wished to befriend them?"

"It's quite clear!" said Henri, confidently.

The sergeant was somewhat staggered by the argument; but he was more silenced than convinced.

"Dont you see it?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "I don't; frankly, I don't see it. I wish I did, for I should really rejoice in the escape of Monsieur Henri. I have always been attached to him and his family."

"There again," said Nicotte, "your known attachment to the family is the reason why you are appointed to guard him."

"Yes," said Henry, "he counts upon your shutting your eyes."

Roussel was yielding visibly beneath these arguments, and said dubiously:—

"If he wishes you to be free, why doesn't he let you escape himself?"

"Who can penetrate secret motives?" said Henry, feeling that Roussel's argument was unanswerable.

"It is quite clear," said Nicotte. "Victor would be very glad to hear you had escaped; but, as suspicion would naturally fall on him, he acts so as to avoid it. Every one will believe that a sentinel can be bribed; but they wouldn't believe Victor could." Roussel remained a few moments silent, and then said:

"I tell you what; I'll hint the matter to him, and if I find him willing——"

"Don't dream of such a plan," she quickly interposed; "it is important he should know nothing of it. He might as well do it himself as know of it. But to prove that he *means* him to escape, look here!" and she pointed to Victor's cloak and hat which he had left on a chair, and had forgotten to remove when he retired to write his despatch. "Do you recognise his hat and cloak? Is not that plain? Is it not a disguise by means of which he may pass unchallenged by the sentinels?"

"Well, it *is* strange, I confess." And Roussel thought of what Victor had said to him, and thought of the confusion on Adrienne's face when he interrupted the *tête-à-tête*. Nicotte saw the effect, and said: "He not only leaves a disguise, but he places you, whom he knows to be a friend, as guard. The thing is as plain as daylight."

"Roussel, do not fail me! Nicotte

is right. Let me but take this disguise. You pretend to be drunk—which these bottles will explain."

"He will," said Nicotte, putting her white arms round the old soldier's neck—"won't he, like a good dear old brave fellow that he is."

"You be sprawling on the floor, and pretend to be drunk, or what is better still, make yourself really drunk; that will remove all suspicion."

I need not pursue this scene of argument and coaxing. Nicotte clung to him and cajoled him till he was ready to do anything she wished. She kissed his rough cheek, and caressed him into submission. Henri, having obtained the pass-word, and wrapped himself in Victor's cloak, shrouded his face with the hat, and awaited till Nicotte should assure him the coast was sufficiently clear for him to venture.

CHAPTER V.—AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

When Nicotte had told the Count of her interview with Victor, what she had said to him, and what replies he had made, a serious and anxious discussion was held by the prisoners. The Countess, much as her heart was set on the conspiracy, could not brook the idea of their seeming even for a moment to entertain such a project as the one Victor expected. The Count was wavering betwixt family pride, personal safety, and the success of their great enterprise. The Chevalier boldly advocated the desirableness of in any way buying Victor's silence; he only thought of one serious obstacle which should stay them, and that was Adrienne. "We must not sell her happiness, even to secure our great objects," he said.

Adrienne pressed his hand warmly in token of her thanks, and then said:

"Father, if the decision is to rest with me, I cannot hesitate. Let the Chevalier release me from my word, and I am ready to marry any to save you."

"Noble girl!" said her father, "I cannot accept the sacrifice." But she felt sure he would accept it; and, after listening to her arguments for some time, he yielded to what he nevertheless regarded as a very terrible alternative. The truth is, Adrienne had a very powerful cause to argue, and argued it with very powerful eloquence, for not only was she deeply impressed with the importance of rescuing her family from the present danger, and thus, as she thought, liberating France from a blood-thirsty tyranny, when these could be effected by some self-sacrifice on her part, but the sacrifice itself, if truth must be told, did not seem so appalling to her as it seemed to others. To be the wife of Victor Marras, to rescue his ardent and aspiring nature from the misguided men with whom he was associated, to keep him pure and worthy of her love, was worth the sacrifice of family pride. They would go to England; there away from all political connections, Victor would learn to see in its true light the error of the Republican party, or at any rate would cease to have any complicity with its acts.

Victor had not finished his despatch when he was informed the Count wished to speak with him alone. He descended, and had the Count ushered into the room where he had first examined him. As soon as the doors were closed, the Count said:

"Victor, I have a proposition to make to you, if it be not already too late."

Victor bowed, and in bowing concealed the smile which he could not suppress.

"Before I do so," continued the Count, "it is necessary that I should know one thing, because all depends on that. You have discovered my secret. Have you revealed it to any one else?"

"To no one."

"Does any one besides yourself know it through any other channel?"

"Indeed, that is more than I can answer. You have not told me who are the conspirators. I cannot answer for one of them not having betrayed you as Briollin did."

"Did Briollin tell any one but you?"

"No one."

"Then I may consider myself safe if you are silent?"

"You may; but I shall not be silent, so there is nothing gained by that."

"Victor, I will be frank with you, I was always fond of you, as you know. You love my daughter. . . . Some years ago you were refused her hand, under circumstances painful for me to recall; but your good sense will tell you that the refusal was very natural; you know she was affianced to the Chevalier. Suppose I were to tell you Adrienne is free?"

"*Do* you tell me so?"

"I do. The chevalier resigns his claim in your favour. Escape with her and the Countess to England, release us from arrest, and I will call you son."

Victor remained silent. His silence made the Count uneasy, and he said:

"You will not be expected to take any active part; if we fail, you cannot be suspected, because who is to know that you were acquainted with our scheme? Besides, you will be in England."

"Am I to understand you to be perfectly serious in this bargain?" Victor asked.

"Perfectly."

Victor rose, opened the door which led into the room where the others were, and begging the Count to follow him, found himself in the family circle, all eyes anxiously fixed upon his face.

"The Count de Chateauneuf," he said, in a clear firm voice, "has just made a proposition to me, which is so far exceeding my expectation, that I wish to have it confirmed by your presence. If my ears have not utterly deluded me, he proposes that I should escape to England with you, Countess, and you, Mademoiselle, leaving him, the Chevalier, and Monsieur Henri, to pursue their route to Paris. Have I rightly interpreted the proposition?"

"Quite," answered the Count.

"I further understand, Mademoiselle, that your engagement to the Chevalier de Figeac is at an end. Is it so?" Adrienne blushed and looked down. The Chevalier answered that it was so.

"And—but here I confess my doubts are increased—I further understood the Count to say that my acquiescence in his proposition would be rewarded in a way which my modesty almost prevents my crediting, in spite of the solemn significance I know to be due to every word of his. . . . Did I rightly understand, Mademoiselle, that the price of my consent was to be your hand . . . that I should call you wife?"

Adrienne tremblingly raised her eyes full upon him, and murmured faintly—

"Yes!"

The murmur thrilled him—not indeed with holy, but with devilish joy. He had brought her to that! he had made the whole family offer him the hand which, six years ago, had been refused him with contumely; he had made her offer herself in so many words; and his bosom swelled with pride, exulting in the refusal he was about to make. For indeed he had never contemplated its acceptance. He had ceased to love Adrienne; and even had he cared enough for her to be tempted by the offer, he had already placed himself beyond the power of acceptance, for a messenger was far on his way to Paris with full details of the conspiracy. But while he was to refuse the offer, he still wished to preserve in Adrienne's eyes the heroic attitude of one who sacrificed affection to honour. Perhaps he half deceived himself by his attitude. Actors on the stage of real life are very apt to believe in their own parts.

"It is true then!" he exclaimed. "I have not deceived myself. I am asked, in so many words, to desert the cause I have espoused—to forfeit my honour—or else to give up the daydream of my boyish hopes. Adrienne, you know how I have loved you. You know my opinions. Tell me! oh, tell me, which course you would have me choose?"

Adrienne, extremely agitated by this appeal, could only murmur, "Ask your . . . own heart."

"My heart!" he exclaimed, with dithyrambic fire; "it is broken! Cruel, cruel irony to bid me ask my heart! You know, none so well as you, that its answer can be but one." She raised her eyes. "To lose you

again would be to lose life, and hope, and energy." Her heart beat quick. He dropped his voice as he added—"But even you would be lost if I lost my honour. I cannot gain you at the expense of my own self-respect—I should lose you in becoming unworthy of you."

He was extremely pleased with this tirade, which threw them into utter consternation. No one believed in it but Adrienne. The theatrical accent betrayed him to the keener eyes of the others; but she had been accustomed to hear him speak so; and, strange as it may seem, she admired him the more for his refusal, and, because it raised him in her estimation, forgot that it ruined their hopes.

"Victor," said the Count, "your scruples do you honour, but they are *misplaced*. Let no misguided notions warp your judgment. Think of what the Revolutionary Government is, and then think of my offer."

"The notions you are pleased to call misguided," he said haughtily, "are those to the service of which I have devoted my life. I did hope that you," he said, turning to Adrienne, "would have given me courage to persevere in the path of duty. To you I looked for words which would have saved me from the pain of rejecting a marriage, which would have been more to me than an empire. You have failed me. Well! I must bear my burden with what strength I may."

Bowing, and casting a mournful look upon her, he withdrew, gratified with the "point" he had made. A dead silence succeeded. Each was occupied with the thoughts raised by this failure of their scheme.

All this time Nicotte and Henri were persuading Sergeant Roussel, as we have seen, that his being placed as a guard over Henri was meant that he should suffer the escape. They had not quite overruled his scruples, when Goulard paid the Count a visit, and asked him if there was any way in which he could be useful.

"It was I who managed your escape before, in conjunction with Nicotte. But I don't wish it generally known; so that you, M. le Comte, and Nicotte approve, that is all I desire. Others, you see, might look at the matter in a different light. You understand."

"Perfectly, Goulard, perfectly."

"How can I assist you? Show me a way, and if it's *safe*, I'll brave the consequences."

"Thanks; but unhappily we know of no such way."

"Well, that's unfortunate. At any rate I may leave this pistol on the table," he said, drawing out a huge holster-pistol like a small blunderbuss, and placing it on the table: "and then, you know, if I should forget to take it away with me, why, that is no great crime. A man's memory is not always on the alert. And if you *should* shoot a sentinel by mistake, aiming at a sparrow, why, they can't say I did it, can they?"

"Excellent fellow!" exclaimed the Chevalier, snatching up the pistol.

"Take care," said the barber, "it's loaded, and with ball too. And if there should be any sparrows or bats flying about, all I can say is, that—in pity for the poor dumb creatures,—*I hope you'll miss.*"

"Who's that?" said the Chevalier, hastily, looking out of the window.

"Hush! that's no sparrow; you must not aim at him: it's the Commissary."

In another second the sound of a pistol-shot broke the evening silence.

"What have you done?" exclaimed the Count.

"He's struck!—he's killed!" triumphantly exclaimed the Chevalier.

"Assassin!" screamed Adrienne, in a transport of grief and indignation.

Goulard was out of the room like an arrow.

The Chevalier returned from the window and said—

"Now we are safe. No one but the Commissary knew of our plans. He cannot betray us now. For myself, I am willing to bear the consequences. I shall confess my deed—attribute it to jealousy. I shall suffer, but I shall have saved the cause."

"Boldly and nobly done!" said the Countess.

The Count shook his head.

"I fear this has but made our fate certain," he said. "Victor might have changed his mind."

"Be under no apprehension," re-

plied the Chevalier. "Our first object was to secure our secret. One man alone possessed it, and he has carried it to the grave."

"Not yet!" said a powerful voice. The door opened, and Victor stood before them.

The three stood as if petrified. Adrienne, who had been buried in grief, looked up with swimming eyes and eager parted lips at this apparition.

"You have the murderer's instinct, Chevalier," said Victor with hissing sarcasm, "and you have the murderer's hand; but you want the murderer's eye."

"Alive!" exclaimed the Chevalier, with an accent of despair.

"Your aim was well directed, but the bullet reached one who wore my hat and cloak. That one I believe you know."

He here motioned to the soldiers outside, who entered, bearing the body of Henri de St. Marc. With a heart-broken cry the Countess detected her son, and flung herself on her knees before the corpse, feeling at the breast if life still were there. But that light heart was now still. In vain the agonised mother sought against evidence for some slight hope, some breath that might promise her life had not quite departed. He was dead. The others looked on in silence. In silence the Countess rose, when the conviction came upon her, and walking up to the Chevalier, said, in a low but firm voice—

"You did not mean this; I forgive you."

The Chevalier was so moved by this, that he burst into tears.

Victor not wishing to interrupt the scene farther, withdrew, bidding the soldiers, however, remain to watch the prisoners with closeness.

Terrible indeed were the hours which passed. No one spoke, save the soldiers in an occasional whisper. The Countess sat in forlorn grandeur, gazing at her only child lying dead beside her. The Count and Chevalier sat mournfully ruminating, expecting every moment the summons to be marched before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Adrienne sat beside the Countess, holding one hand in both of hers, and occasionally kissing it tenderly. Nothing could be said. Feelings too deep for tears, or any other expression, filled them all. Even the rude soldiers were hushed into awe by the sight of such grief.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CLOUDS CLEAR.

Victor had just finished his despatch when an agent tapped at his door, and, without waiting for the words "Come in," entered almost breathless with the news that the Convention had arrested Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, Lebas, and others.

Victor started from his seat at the first words, and hurriedly demanded the details, which the agent could not give. The news had just reached St. Malo. Patriots were everywhere in consternation. The arrest of the Triumvirs was certain to be followed by their execution. The commune had suffered its chiefs to be arrested; France was rising against the Terror.

Instead of forwarding his despatch, Victor, when once more alone, quietly destroyed it; and then, leaning his head upon his hands, meditated on the course of action he should pursue. Bitterly reproaching himself for not having accepted the Count's offer, he now pondered on the means of retrieving that mistake. His first order was, that no one on any pretext was to communicate with the prisoners; but before the order had been given, Nicotte had whispered in the Count's ear the glorious news of Robespierre's arrest. It came like a ray of sunshine athwart the gloom of the scene.

But although the Triumvirs were deposed, they were deposed by the Convention. The Republic still held France, and the Royalists were as little in favour as before. At present all was uncertainty. The new government might be more clement, but it might also be more terrible than the one it destroyed. Victor doubted whether he should inform the Count of Robespierre's fall, and represent it as an indication of greater severity on the part of the Convention, which would consequently make the Count's

position of Royalist conspirator quite as bad as before; or whether he should pretend to relent in favour of Adrienne, and not mention Robespierre's fall. At length an idea occurred to him, which will be best seen in the following letter which he forthwith wrote to Adrienne:—

"They offered me happiness in exchange for honour, my soul's beloved; how could I hesitate which to choose? I who had known *you!* Oh, Adrienne, you must know the pang which shot through my heart when I saw that alternative before me, and saw so clearly there was but one choice possible. You would have despised me had I accepted! I should have despised myself.

"My plan is fixed. I have resolved to save the Republic, to save my honour, and yet to save you all. *I have so* arranged it that success is certain. Your imprisonment will soon cease. You will soon be on the shores of England, where, if ever you think of me, think of me as one who loved you more than life, but who preferred losing you to making himself unworthy of you. We shall never meet again. Let our thoughts at least be sacred! Adieu!—VICTOR."

This letter was handed to her by one of the soldiers. She read it, reread it, felt her heart swell with emotion, and then, placing the letter in her bosom, gave herself up to sweet and pensive thought. Victor's idea was this: He would let the Count escape, and by so doing gain a powerful protector in the coming days, should the nation once more return to its allegiance to the Bourbons. Meanwhile Adrienne would be so convinced of his love and his noble character, that he had little doubt of obtaining her consent to a marriage whenever he should find it convenient.

But while he was plotting thus, Nicotte was busy, in her restless ingenious way, working on the terrors of Chapot, our fleshy landlord of the Cheval Blanc, whom we have not seen since he lost his tooth on that memorable occasion of Goulard's experiment in painless extraction.

"I tell you what it is, citizen," she continued: "the agent who brought the news of Robespierre's arrest—for which the Virgin be thanked!—told me, in confidence, that he didn't intend returning to St. Malo, because the citizens were rising there against all the Republicans, and would massacre all the agents of Robespierre to a certainty. Now, they will be sure to come here after the Commissary, and tear him to pieces."

"And what if they do?" asked Chapot; "*you* won't care."

"No, I shan't cry my eyes out on his account, certainly. But that isn't the point. He's not a man to be torn to pieces without their saying, 'By your leave.' He will defend himself. He has got soldiers here. The mob will attack the house, pull it to pieces in order to get at him; and having pulled it down, they won't stop to build it up again, I fancy."

Chapot was alarmed at this reasoning. The idea of the Cheval Blanc being attacked by a mob, roused his noblest feelings as a man and a proprietor.

"I'll turn him out at once!" he exclaimed.

"*You* turn him out!" Nicotte said with considerable scorn. "You may frighten him out, if you go the right way to work."

"Show me, show me; there's a good girl."

"You are not a goose, are you?"

Chapot replied that he was not altogether one of those succulent but slightly intelligent birds.

"Then you can invent a story or two, I suppose; and, above all, pretend that what you say springs from a Republican's interest in the Republic's Commissary. Frighten him with the accounts you have heard of the excesses committed by the people at St. Malo, on all who were known to be connected with Robespierre. Do you see?"

"Capital! Trust me for frightening him."

Chapot instantly proceeded to Victor's apartment, and so well improved on the hints Nicotte had given him, that Victor saw his personal safety depended on flight. Nor did Chapot leave him till he had furnished him with every means of flight.

No sooner was he fairly off than Nicotte persuaded Chapot to get rid of the soldiers also; and the readiest way, she thought, would be at once

to tell the sergeant of Victor's flight. Chapot did so; and Nicotte, taking Roussel aside, suggested that he had better march the soldiers back to St. Malo. But the sergeant would not hear of such a thing. The prisoners were prisoners of the Republic, and if the Commissary chose to fly, he, Roussel, would not undertake to decide on their fate. The little woman stamped with impatience at his obstinacy. She tried arguments, coaxings, threats, but the old soldier was immovable. At last she boldly asked him on what authority he arrested them? He had not arrested them; he had merely arrested Henri de St. Marc.

"Whom you suffered to escape!" said Nicotte. "Remember that; I will betray you."

Roussel shrugged his shoulders.

"If that doesn't move you, tell me *why* you let him escape?"

"Because I thought. . . . Because I was bamboozled."

"Well, then, be bamboozled again."

"Can't do it."

"Show me your warrant for detaining the prisoners."

"Haven't got one."

"Then they may proceed on their journey."

"Get the municipal's authority," he said, "and I won't interfere."

Away went Nicotte to Chapot, and soon frightened him into ordering the sergeant and troops to withdraw, to which they were by no means disinclined.

And thus finally did our friends escape the perils of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Here the story ceases, but it does not end. In life stories seldom end, for every crisis is the commencement of a new episode in the long story of our existence. On the stage the principal personages are married or killed—no great matter which; in third volumes the same "rounding-off" is given. But as I am neither writing a play nor a novel, I need not obey the conventional necessity of a satisfactory ending. I have finished my episode, and lay down the pen.

A few words will answer all questions respecting the subsequent fortunes of our characters. The Countess and the Chevalier returned to England, to plot and dream of the restoration of the Bourbons. The Count, after holding out some time, consented to recognise Napoleon, and re-entered France.

Nicotte, the rosy spouse of Goulard, was still a blooming woman when five chubby girls played round her knees; and to make her happiness complete, she had the entire management of the cows at Chateauneuf, not to mention a snug little homestead of her own.

Goulard was appointed butler to the chatean, and drew the corks with a dexterity greater even than that which he formerly bestowed on teeth: and these were perfectly painless extractions. The little man grew stout, not to say obese. But his dignity was unimpaired. He looked down upon the "universe" from the same lofty moral altitude as of old. He spat with even greater emphasis. He rolled the words "my wife" and "my children" over his tongue with a slow and gustatory grandeur. He patronised the peasants with serene and kindly magnificence. But he was never heard to utter a word in favour of Republicanism.

Of Victor nothing was heard after his disappearance. He is supposed to have perished in obscurity, or to have joined the army under another name. Certain it is that Adrienne never discovered any trace of his existence. Poor girl! she cherished the remembrance of him whom she believed to be so heroic, and refused every offer of marriage. Years rolled on; she lost her youth and all but slight traces of her former beauty; it was sad to see one who had been so brilliant now become so subdued and grave. Kindly and gentle she was to all, but seldom did a smile steal over her sad face. Belief in her lover, admiration for his high and noble qualities, and vague dreamy hopes that he might one day reappear, sustained her existence. At the age of fifty-four, she died quite suddenly of enlargement of the heart. Upon that heart was found a little silken bag containing the last letter Victor had written to her.

"For this the passion to excess was given,
That self might be annulled!"

GREECE AND ITALY.

After that of the country which gave them birth, these two names lie nearest to the hearts of all civilised men. There is nothing strange or foreign about them. They do not sound as unfamiliar to the educated Briton as Spain or Sweden, or even our nearest neighbour, France. They come to our ears like the names of friends, heard first when we first learned to speak; as the names of countries which the least travelled amongst us know more by eyesight than by hearsay,—if not in the hard reality, at least from having seen them in some trance or dream, far brighter and more glorious than reality. The reason for this feeling is obvious enough. We owe these two countries, if not our muscle, bone, and blood, our courage and our truth, the land that we tread and the air that we breathe, at least almost everything else. We owe them everything that distinguishes the civilised from the savage man—laws, government, manners, art, literature, and in a manner religion. For if the spirit of our laws existed ages ago in the heart of the German forests, Rome and Greece bequeathed to us the forms in which alone they could permanently live. If the personal freedom we so highly prize was nursed in the same rough cradle, we were first awakened to the consciousness of that precious possession by the literature of the East. If the chivalry that underlies modern society inspired the intercourse of the old Franks and Normans, the manners of Greece and Rome alone polished the asperities of its surface, and made the diamond a marketable commodity. Of art, but through them, we should have known positively nothing, or perhaps so much as is known by the New Zealander. Our literature, but for their teaching, would probably have consisted of a few wild war-songs, or wilder love-songs, delivered by oral tradition; and our religion might have been, for all we know, even now, that of the Druids, with its human holocausts, or that of the warriors of Odin, with their Valhalla and Valkyries. First and foremost, if Greece did not give us the New Testament, she gave us the language in which it was written—the second and more intelligible language by which the voice of God has spoken to man; and if the sword of Rome conquered the world, it gave the world a creed which turned conquest itself into a blessing, and which in turn was powerful to conquer her conquerors, when the sword of Rome had lost its edge for ever. This subject is so trite, that we must not dwell upon it too long. Its very triteness may be one cause why it is apt to pass out of sight, as the constant recurrence of light is the reason why we are blind to its ineffable excellence. If it were not for Italy and Greece, there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent us from being, even at this day, a kind of white Choctaws or Ojibbeways. The Red Men of the Far West have much the same virtues and vices that our ancestors possessed before their contact with Greece and Italy. But to be unmindful of immense and invaluable benefits, is the saddest sin of omission to which human nature is liable. Gratitude for small services is common to all men; few only are willing to allow that they feel the perpetual chain of a boundless obligation. In our highest relations of the kind, we are all of us, even the best, most notorious defaulters. Nor are we much more perfect in acknowledging what we owe to those beings from whom we derive our physical and intellectual sustenance. It might be urged as a palliation of this fault in the highest cases, that powers immeasurably above us would be little benefited by our gratitude; but it is not so in all such cases: it is by no means so in that particular case which we now adduce as one in which we have received manifold and multiplex benefit, which it is difficult too highly to appreciate. A very small part of the educated world in modern Europe cares about Italy and Greece, their state, their position, their sufferings and their hopes, as it ought to care.

We are willing to feed at our ease on the perennial food of their glorious past, without regarding their present or their future. The past is scarcely to be disputed; and the only question is, can we excuse ourselves to our own consciences for this indifference and neglect? The Greeks had a fine expression by which they figured, by a tender irony, the obligations due to parents as a debt for payment of expenses and trouble of rearing. Has any circumstance occurred which can wipe out our account for τροφεῖα, or expenses of nurture, to Greece and Italy? Easy enough and ready to the lips of a nonchalant worldly wisdom is the answer. Greece and Italy are dead. It is a question no longer of even the affectionate tending of the decrepitude of a benefactor, but of the canonization of his dry bones. Let us ask ourselves in sincerity whether or not this is true? To make the case more personal, we will suppose a homely illustration. We had, let us imagine, in our infancy and youth a venerable friend, who adopted us as his own child, became at once our tutor and guardian, raised us from the anonymous obscurity of a parish foundling to wealth, station, rank, and honour. We owe him all, from cleanliness and competence, up to virtue and religion; without him we might have been no better than a sweeper of the crossings. His son or his daughter comes to us like a returning prodigal, and, the father being dead, to us in the place of that father: the son has been led, through capture by pirates in early life, into piratical courses himself; the daughter, through deluded innocence, into a life of disgrace;—they come to us, one or the other, or both, now, and tell us that they have repented of the evil, which was not their own fault in the beginning, and are anxious to lead a new life and achieve respectability, if we will but lend them the hand of our strength to save them from the bitter waters of despair which are closing over their souls. They bring with them the best credentials, the best proofs of identity. The tone of their voices, the dialect they use, the nobility of their manners, the lineaments of their features, bring to mind most unmistakably the friend we lost who was everything to our youth. It may save us trouble to tell them that they are impostors or reprobates, but the verdict of our hearts will not be gainsaid, and if we turn our backs upon them our self-respect must pay a bitter penalty. Not less forcible is the claim of these two countries, Italy and Greece, on our attention and respect. Yet how gladly do we take up every story which tends to illustrate their degradation when sympathy is demanded for them. Bearing in mind what they suffered, the wonder is not that they have vices, but that they have any tradition of virtue left. In considering our relative obligations to Greece and Italy, we cannot refrain from striking the balance pretty evenly between them. Greece planted in remote antiquity the first seeds of those beautiful thoughts which were destined to grow into a vast forest and overshadow the surface of the earth. All the arts and all the sciences had their beginnings in the nursery-garden of her intellectual culture. We will advert to our obligations to Italy as we proceed. But the sun of Greece has suffered an eclipse of two thousand years, partial under Macedon, Rome, and Venice, total in the outer darkness of Turkish domination. Yet, wonderful to say, the light still lives, and the earthly glories of Greece are preserved by that salt of the earth which came down like manna from heaven. We cannot turn a deaf ear to the plea of Tricoupi urged in the language which immortalised the war of Troy: "Professing a religion which teaches the high beginning and the higher end of human nature, and wonderfully conducing to the perfection of the human mind, they have never ceased to extend, as far as their servile condition admitted, the circle of their ideas; and as deriving their descent from great ancestors, whose writings and actions have never been entirely unknown to them, it was not possible that they should appear quite unworthy of their brilliant origin." The language of Homer, of Hesiod, of Æschylus, and of Sophocles, is still spoken among the mountaineers of Ætolia and the Morea, and in the numerous islands

of the Archipelago. It is so like what it was that any old Greek scholar can understand its drift and meaning without separate study when it is written; and when it is spoken, with an easy acquisition of the differences between the native and our barbarous pronunciation.

It is an error to call ancient Greek a dead language, quite as much as it would be to call that English a dead language, which was spoken by the victors of Cressy. And as long as a language lives, it may easily be assumed that a people does not die; and the preservation of the beautiful language of Greece, almost unmutilated and unalloyed to the present time, is nearly as miraculous, considering what Greece has undergone, as the preservation of the Hebrew nationality. And no less miraculous is it that in many instances Hellenic *virtue should* have asserted itself, and shown the old heroism still living and active after two thousand years of slavery. The names of Botzaris, Ypsilanti, Canaris, and Mavrocordato in the great insurrection, recall those of Miltiades, Leonidas, Brasidas, and Thrasybulus, in the palmy days of old. And in the presence of names such as these, and deeds such as these men did, who shall dare to say that Greece is dead, or even trance-bound, with little hope of resuscitation?

If we turn to the history of the insurrection itself, we find that Greece alone and unaided, except by the cold sympathy of the Western Powers and the interested and suspicious encouragement of Russia, was able, with a few handfuls of irregularly organised mountaineers, not only to set at defiance, but to exhaust the armies and break the spirit of her Ottoman enslavers, and was only subjected by the interference of Egypt, which was virtually a foreign power. Greece alone, by her own right arm, and the yet living power of her antique spirit of freedom, had set herself free; and if England had only held up her little finger at that time, would have remained so, with strength and resources worthy to support her freedom; but it suited the purpose of our Government better to allow her to be crushed first, and then to lift her mutilated, exhausted, and discomfited remains; and then only because she ran a risk of falling into the arms of Russia, the only power which, for purposes of its own, ever gave at first her hearty and effective support. The excuse for the apathy of the Western Powers came easily to the lips of their statesmen. The Greek movement, forsooth, was revolutionary in its nature. The noble impulse of a Christian people, rekindled by its glorious past, and longing for nationality, political life, and the free exercise of a religion bearing a close relationship to our own, who had groaned under a yoke the most stupid, brutal, degrading, and ungodly that has ever polluted one of the finest regions of the earth, was confounded with the insurrection of the low against the high, of the bad against the good, of vice against virtue, and brute force against intellectual cultivation, which has always been the distinguishing mark of western European revolution. Reasons scarcely more powerful, some hundred years back, had launched all the chivalry of Europe against Asia to conquer or die in the deserts of Palestine. A few Christian pilgrims, who chose to venture at all risks to the Holy Sepulchre, long robbed and outraged, brought Godfrey de Bouillon, and Cœur-de-Lion, and Saint Louis, in arms to the gates of Jerusalem. But so changed was the heart of Christendom since that time, that the vision of a whole Christian people bound and bleeding under the heel of the infidel scarcely sufficed to make any impression in the councils of the West. The wounded man, fallen among thieves, lay weltering in his blood on the road side; and the priest of France and the Levite of England just gave one look and prepared to pass by on the other side, when Russia, in the guise of the good Samaritan, but with far other intentions, prepared to succour him, and then the priest and Levite turned back and helped him too, that part of the glory of the charitable deed might be their own. Whatever we owe Greece, it must be allowed that Greece does not owe us very much. When she sighed for political existence, we drew, in concert with

Russia and France, an arbitrary geographical line across her, and mocked her with a partial freedom, mortgaging even that to the maintenance of a pauper and puppet dynasty which she did not want, and still leaving her finest provinces in the power of her ancient oppressors. And now we affect to be in dudgeon with Greece because she has sympathised with Russia rather than with us in the late war, and because she thought the entanglement of Turkey a good opportunity for asserting her entire emancipation. Surely the history of the third decade of this country must have passed out of memory. Those who groan over the wrongs of Poland and Hungary—which countries have been seized by foreign powers that they may incorporate them with their dominions, and treat them as the rest of their subjects—ought to recollect that it was not the subjection but the extermination of the Greeks which was the avowed object of the Turks of that period. With reference to this intention we read—"A deliberate proposal was made in the Divan to slaughter them all in cold blood, innocent and guilty, of whatever age or sex. This proposal, however, was resisted by Gazi Hassan. His chief argument, which alone carried conviction to his hearers, was, 'If we kill all the Greeks, we shall lose all the capitation they pay.' Even without the provocation of a Russian war, Sultan Mustapha, predecessor and brother of Abdulhamid, on his accession to the throne, proposed to cut off all the Christians in the empire, and was with difficulty dissuaded from it."* And in the memorable massacre of Scio, in addition to other horrors, we read: "The only exception made during the massacre, was of the young women and boys, who were preserved only to be sold as slaves. Many of the women, whose husbands had been butchered, were running to and fro frantically, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, pressing their infants to their breasts, and seeking death as a relief from the still greater calamities that awaited them. The number of those slain or dragged into slavery on those dreadful days was not less than forty thousand." After this we read, in the same article, that the principal merchants of Scio, who were far from the scene of the conspiracy and quite innocent of it, were seized at Constantinople and impaled alive. This massacre of Scio roused the spirit of resistance and revenge in the whole of Greece. One might have thought that it would have roused something more than the good offices, at the Divan, of the power which was dominant at sea, and boasted of its own freedom and Christianity as few have boasted before or since. The heroic Canaris gloriously avenged his outraged countrymen by grappling with his fireship the ship of the Capudan Pasha, and destroying it with its commander himself, the chief miscreant, on board; and the Turkish invasion of the Morea was disastrously and ignominiously repulsed. So hard were the blows struck now by the spare but sinewy arm of Hellenic vengeance, that the representative of the false Prophet may have well leaped up thrice from his throne, as the king of Persia is said to have leaped, when Leonidas with his knot of heroes was driving pell-mell before him, and threatening destruction to, the largest host that ever came from Asia into Europe. But the fleet of England still lay asleep on the waters, and Ibrahim Pasha came up with his Egyptians to help the discomfited Turk. What his intentions were we learn from a conversation recorded as having passed between him and Captain Hamilton of the Cambria in September, 1825, when he declared that "he intended to burn and destroy the whole Morea, so that it should be profitable neither to the Greeks, nor to him, nor to any one." Yet England still slept heavily. Ibrahim Pasha kept his word, and did his work well. Then some accidental violation of the laws of war occurred, and an action came on which sent the Turco-Egyptian fleet to the bottom of the Bay of Navarino; and Greece, with very few Greeks left in

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If brigandage has increased in Greece since the new arrangement, this is not to be wondered at when we consider what facilities a new frontier creates for robbers, and the disadvantage which a weakened local government has in dealing with a social evil whose roots spread out far beyond its administration into the lands where the old rule still continues. On the whole, it must be allowed that Greece has somewhat improved since her recognition as a free state; while the fact that the improvement has been of limited extent, is quite sufficiently accounted for by the circumstances of the case.

"Division is the weak point of Greece, and always was; and as for other vices which stank so strongly in the nostrils of some of our sentimental Philhellenes —cunning, falsehood, selfishness, rapacity, and blushless impudence of all kinds—such rank weeds grow from a neglected moral soil, not only in Greece, but in the streets of London and Edinburgh, and elsewhere; the only difference being, that in our case a wicked and neglectful parent brings up corrupt individuals, while, in the case of the modern Greeks, a wicked and neglectful government had brought up a corrupt people. There is no doubt some truth in the doctrine of races and hereditary propensities; and the Greek may probably be more subtle in speculation, and more cunning in practice, than the other families of the Indo-European stock. Nevertheless, we are inclined to believe that the proverbial falsehood of the Greeks, which is the worst vice now continually thrown in their teeth, is as much the result of circumstances as of blood, and that, under the same influences, any Teutonic race whose honesty is now most loudly bepraised, would exhibit a large development of the same vice. When a people is not allowed to play the lion, it must either learn to play the fox or perish."*

But whether it is true or not that the Greeks have improved, let us see to what the boasted amelioration of Turkey amounts. If we ask any of our soldiers returning from the Crimea what they think of the Turks, they will tell us things impossible to publish in this Magazine. The cold complacency of the manners of a Turk goes a great way with an Englishman, being himself one of a nation which professes to despise demonstrative vivacity, and his mercantile good faith is duly appreciated by the most mercantile nation in the world. Nevertheless, he remains in his heart the same unlettered barbarian who first came down from the Imaus and destroyed Asiatic churches and Asiatic civilisation. He seems almost the only human being on whom the civilisation of other nations, conquered or confederate, does not appear to produce the slightest effect; only to his Tartar rudeness and brutality he has superadded the full-blown sensuality of the warmer regions of the earth. Unlike the

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gentler Moor and Saracen of Spain, whose manners, culture, and exquisite taste were pleasantly contrasted with the roughness and ignorance of his Castilian vassals, conquerors, or neighbours, the Turk has ever remained as he began, an intractable and inexorable barbarian—the puritan of Islamism without purity—the destroyer and despiser of the Beautiful, not because it may lead to and be made the excuse for vice, but even because of its tendency to wean the heart from vice in its grosser forms. His present mildness is nothing more than the effect of bloodletting. Yet even now, with his Christian allies virtually in occupation of the capital of his unworthy nation, which they have just saved from the grip of another Christian power, he occasionally appears to show the cloven foot with consummate effrontery. We read in an account by the correspondent of a London journal,* dated 8th May, from Constantinople, that a young Greek lady of great personal attractions, the daughter of an opulent merchant of Kullalee, having shown herself at a party at the "Sweet Waters of Asia," an attempt was made to seize her by a pasha resident in the neighbourhood, and to carry her to his harem, but that, the outrage attracting the notice of General Woolridge, commanding the German Legion, she was saved under the British flag; and it is well worthy of remark that her family thought it necessary to leave the place and fly to independent Greece, knowing that the persecution would be repeated with certain prospect of success as soon as the protecting parties were gone. It is true that the Porte has been obliged, under the fearful pressure of the times, having been rescued from dissolution by Christian powers, to put his Christian subjects on a nominal equality with his Ottoman; but it is evident that the very weakness from which this concession was wrung will render it comparatively nugatory in the provinces, unless the strong hand of the contracting powers remains suspended over Turkey till effect has been given to the bond. An instance to prove this occurred somewhere in Asia Minor, where a Turkish official, obliged to give permission to Christians to bury their dead in a certain cemetery, took care to word these permissions in language which conveyed the grossest insult to the professors of the Christian religion. Although we cannot help admiring in war the Turkish common soldier, who appears to be courageous, sober, and enduring, under the most adverse circumstances, yet the narrative of that siege of Kars, in which the virtues of the lower order of Turks most conspicuously shine, shows that the same people when placed in offices of honour and responsibility, become sunk in sloth, corruption, and sensuality, so that none but foreigners can be depended on for any office of trust; and make us feel inclined to say of Turkey, that though there may be some strength left in her extremities, yet "her whole head is sick, and her whole heart faint." The reverse will be found true of Greece. Though the ignorant and ill-used peasant race of her mountains have still the antique vices of craft, greed, and treachery, without the virtues of civilisation—though many remain in their habits and practices not much better than that Themistocles and Alcibiades who cut so great a figure in history—yet their country undeniably furnishes many bright examples of men in high place amongst them, merchants, warriors, and statesmen, illustrated by all the graces of civilisation, and adding to the possession of those virtues honoured in the West, the grand self-respect which ensues on the remembrance of an immortal Past. There is more hope for a country where men become better as they rise in the scale of society, than one in which the reverse is the case; for the good example of the higher classes cannot fail in time to react upon the lower, while the rude virtues of poverty, which chiefly consist in the absence of temptations, soon give way when the sweets of indulgence have been once tasted.

* The *Morning Herald* of May 23.

In forming our estimate of the Greek character, although we cannot set aside the testimony of those Philhellenes who speak from intimate knowledge and deliberate judgment—as, for one, Colonel Mure appears to do—as the mere voice of unreasoning enthusiasm in their favour, yet we must allow that many of their partisans have been bitterly disappointed in them—Lord Byron amongst the number, whom their selfish divisions and general unmanageableness probably worried to death. These men went to Greece prepared to find the Greeks everything they wished—pure, honest, upright, as well as heroic—and seem unconsciously forgetful of the two thousand years of slavery that had passed over their heads. The nation at large has judged them according to the measure of the disappointment of the *disgusted* Philhellenes. Other travellers have appeared to dislike them and their country from the first, having found neither, when they came, exactly what they expected. Yet, when they adhere to fact, we find much in what they say inadvertently to corroborate our hopeful opinion of the Greeks. It must be noticed that we do not say the Greeks are everything that, or indeed in any great degree what, they should be; we only mean to surmise that, if left to regenerate themselves, they still possess in them the elements of a great nation.

M. About, who appears to have resided for some time at Athens, and to have acquired a pretty accurate knowledge of the language and inhabitants of Greece proper, presents us* with a picture of facts which he uses in a much more unfavourable light than we do; at least he draws deductions from those facts much more unfavourable to the expectations of amendment in the Greeks than those we are inclined to draw. The facts themselves appear to be given with sufficient fidelity. Above all, he lays great stress on the existence of that brigandage and piracy which forms so considerable a feature in Greek social life. But it must be considered that in every country which has been conquered by a foreign invader, no refuge is left for those who prefer the woods and caves to servitude, except the plunder of the conqueror. The Saxon Robin Hood harries the Norman abbot and knight. To abstain from doing so would be starvation. As time proceeds, natural mistakes in the persons are made; and as the principle of plunder has been admitted as fair towards the national oppressor, the practice of plunder goes on until it becomes indiscriminate, and its principle is forgotten. The existence of brigandage in Greece is easily accounted for; but it would appear that there would be little difficulty in putting down its practice if the government was only strong enough,—and the practice once put down, better principles would not fail to establish themselves. That agrarian crime should sometimes have shown itself in its most savage aspect, as instanced in the murder of some resident English families in Negropont and Corfu, is not marvellous; but it is so that such cases should not be more numerous. What would the state of England be in a week if the terrors of the law were withdrawn?—and even in Ireland, with the finest police in the world, only the other day a lady was brutally murdered in open day, and almost under the eyes of her tenantry. No case has occurred in semi-savage Greece much worse than that murder of Miss Hinds in the British home-empire. It will never be just to take a solitary instance of ruffianism here and there as evidence of the character of a nation. But let us listen to M. About himself, a Greek-hater, as to the sobriety of the Greeks:—

"The food of an English labourer would be enough in Greece for a family of six persons. The rich are well satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their meal; the poor with a handful of olives or a piece of salt fish. The entire population eats meat at Easter for the whole year. I do not believe a Greek ever died of

* *Greece and the Greeks.* By E. About. Translated by authority. Published by Constable, Edinburgh.

indigestion. Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks; they are great drinkers, but water-drinkers. They would have scruples about passing by a fountain without drinking at it; but if they enter a tavern it is to chatter. The coffee-houses of Athens are full of people, and at all hours; but the customers do not take strong liquors, they ask for a cup of coffee at a penny, a glass of water, light for their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a game of dominoes: they have then enough to keep themselves occupied for the day. In two years I have not met with a man dead-drunk in the streets, and I believe it would be easy to count all the drunkards in the kingdom. It may be said that the Greek people have no inclination for any kind of excesses, and that they take all their pleasures with equal sobriety."

This sobriety naturally explains the fact that insanity is rare in Greece. "Madness also is a malady excessively rare in the kingdom. An hospital for the blind has just been constructed in Athens: it will never be necessary to build one for madmen." Then the Greeks are intelligent.

"They have intelligence, as much so as any nation; and there is, so to say, no intellectual labour of which they are incapable. They understand quickly and well. They learn with wonderful facility all that they please to learn—that is, all it is their interest to know. . . . Greek workmen learn in a few months a trade even when difficult; young commercial men rapidly fit themselves for speaking five or six languages; students of law, medicine, and theology, acquire in a short time the knowledge necessary for their profession." And this love of study in the Greeks, which M. About thinks chiefly prompted by the love of gain, is strikingly illustrated by Colonel Mure's account of the extraordinary diligence in study, and self-denial in the midst of privations, shown by some poor Greek boys who lodged in an adjoining room to him at a country inn. And M. About is struck with their manly independence. "Every intelligent man is proud of being a man and jealous of his freedom. . . . The love of liberty must be deeply sunk in their souls when so many centuries of obedience have not been able to tear it out." M. About doubts of the courage of the Greeks, forgetting the audacious storming of Tripolitza and the superhuman defence of Missolonghi, and the repetitions of Thermopylæ which were enacted in the nineteenth century in many a mountain pass, under the leadership of such men as Botzaris and Diakos. Indeed, the latter leader acted over again the part of Leonidas almost to the letter. He was less fortunate in being taken alive while fighting with equal valour. We refer to M. Tricoupi.*

"In fact when his adopted son, seeing the rest leaving the ranks, was urging him also to give up the battle and fly, that he might be preserved for the good of his country in other circumstances, and brought him up his horse with this object, he answered, 'Diakos knows not flight.' In the meantime the enemy were falling upon him—his brother is slain before his face—he himself is entangled in the midst of his enemies—and then, having scarcely ten soldiers with him, he shifts his position to some rugged rocks lying near the pass, . . . and then makes a stand, and fights for above an hour with his ten men. All these are killed except his adopted son, and he himself is wounded in his right shoulder—his gun falls on the ground—he rises again, holding his pistol in his left hand—is recognised, surrounded, and captured living, though weltering in his blood."

Their courage has never seriously been disputed, even by those who give them credit for no other virtue; but one of M. About's reasons for vilipending their courage is, that they use the word καρδία instead of ἀνδρεία to designate it, forgetting that the equivalent word "cœur" is used in the same sense by his own countrymen, who are not generally accounted the least brave of mankind. In describing the usual Agoyat or Greek guide, who is the universal servant on a journey, he mentions one interesting trait, which is to address as "brother" every one he meets on the road. He shouts out, for instance, to a peasant on the top

* Ἱστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως. Τομος Α. κεφ ΙΔ'

of a hill he is passing, "Brother, we are going to such a place, is this the road? This word *brother* is still in universal use as in the good days of Christian charity;" and, he might have added, it is perhaps a sign that, in spite of all subsequent corruption, the seed sown by the Apostle Paul took root in that land, appearing after such a lapse of time in the language of common conversation, perhaps to produce fruit hereafter, even as the grain of wheat which had been laid up in the case of an Egyptian mummy has been planted and produced its hundredfold fruit after a period of still longer slumber.

Although M. About is not in love with the scenery of Greece, and says that Mycenæ looked like what it was —a den of dreadful reprobates—yet he cannot help breaking out into *poetry in* his description of many scenes. "If you look south and west you discover an horizon as smiling, fresh, and young as the image of Iphigenia." This was in Argolis; and of the country of Lacedæmon he says: "Paris must have been very beautiful for Helen to have consented to leave behind such a domain." In fact his book, taken as a whole, although written in prejudice against the Greeks and Greece, by its inadvertent admissions furnishes strong evidence in their favour. It may be thought superfluous at this time to recapitulate the ancient arguments for sympathy with Greece, as we are not called upon by the present position of affairs to interfere actively in their favour; but at no time in history has the question of the regeneration of Greece, for other reasons, assumed a more prominent importance; and as the Greeks appear to have to a certain degree, in consequence of their playing into the hands of our enemies and giving us trouble, lost the good opinion of England, which they appear to have possessed at the beginning of this century, it may not be amiss to urge that the reasons that existed for befriending them then exist now with as great force as ever. We did not befriend the Greeks then because we owed them any obligations in later times; we befriended them because their fathers were the instructors of our world in its youth, and because they themselves showed qualities not entirely unworthy of those fathers. It must be remembered that it is not the Greek nation which has acted against us on the late occasion, nor its more distinguished men, who have seen throughout that the cause of the Western Powers was that of freedom and civilisation, and that the only hope for Greece lay in the success of their arms; but that fraction of it which is bound by interest or fanaticism to the car of Russia, which must be taken as, if the more numerous, yet the less enlightened and less advanced portion of the nation. Above all, the court of Greece, which we set up ourselves, is most to blame. Having no interests separate from those of Russia, it has made political capital of the desecrated watchwords of Hellenic antiquity; and there is small cause for wonder that, holding out such a bait, it has drawn the ignorant enthusiasm of the Greeks into a complication with the Allied Powers. If France and England wish well to Greece, or wish to earn the respect of the Greeks, the first thing they will do is to send King Otho and his excitable lady back to Bavaria, with the whole host of German officials at their heels, and then let the Greeks choose a government for themselves, promising if it is a sensible one, whether monarchical or republican, to furnish it with material and moral aid until it has found its feet. If they wish ill to Greece, and desire to be avenged on her for her Russian partnership at their own expense, they will maintain Otho in his position of royalty in leading-strings, and an army of occupation by his side, just to keep up the prejudice of the people against Western policy, and their partiality in favour of Russian. The presence of a foreign armed force would alienate the affections of a people from the purest and holiest cause, unless they had made it their own from the beginning. The Porte has not improbably signed the death-warrant of the Ottoman Empire in the deed which emancipates and arms its Christian subjects. The Greeks of the north, of Anatolia, of the islands, will undoubtedly rise and

seek to be united to their brethren in the south as one people, but certainly not to pass under the rule of a King Log and a Queen Stork. It will be our part to watch this movement; and woe be to us if we attempt to meddle with the dispensations of Providence, to direct the struggle into some conventional diplomatic channel, or perhaps seek to sacrifice with reckless indifference, the noble impulse of every Christian heart, to that monstrous hallucination of red-tapists, the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

Pass we from Greece into Italy. Corfu lies in our road with the Septinsular republic. Our duty in this direction is not so obscure. These islands are not united to us in such a way that we have a right to call them part of the British dominions. At present we shield them from conquest and oppression, as our greenhouses shield from winter and spring frost our tender exotics. They must be treated with some delicacy, not quite as we would treat Kaffirs; and should Greece ever rise again, we dare not carry our tutelage so far as to prevent their reunion with their brethren. We need never fear to lose them if we retain our maritime supremacy,—and if we do not, we shall be lost ourselves; but we may lose their affections through ignorance of the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and that Hellenic temper which, in these islands, is mingled with the Italian. But after all, some will say, Greece owes us money still, and has not paid us. We grant that she is our debtor, if money is the most valuable of all human possessions: if not, her debt to us being still withheld by the dishonesty of inability to pay, to use the language of commerce, a considerable balance, to our thinking, remains in her favour.

To ancient Italy we are perhaps less indebted than to ancient Greece. The civilisation of ancient Italy was in great measure the same as that of ancient Greece, and derived from her, although part of it may have been derived from common sources. But if the language of Greece gave us Christianity, the sword of Rome opened the road by which it was to arrive to us. We will not so much insist on this as a motive of gratitude to Italy, as that sword of Rome was a blind agent in the hand of Providence. But to medieval Italy we owe more than to medieval Greece. To her we owe the preservation, through the rude middle ages, of the glorious bequests of the classical Nine. We owe to her instructions in the highest of the Fine Arts, such as never would have come to us from any other source — inspirations of light reflected from Raffael and Michael Angelo. And in poetry, our debt to medieval Italy is unbounded. We owe the education of a Milton through a Dante, of a Spenser through an Ariosto, of a Shakespeare through her dramatists. Whatever we owe to France in the way of civilisation, we owe to Italy also, for French civilisation is entirely Italian in origin. If we do not owe her chivalry, we owe her all the grace and courtesies of chivalry; if we do not owe her manhood, we owe her all the gentleness of manhood. And if our national spirit of independence, and love of civil and religious liberty, revolts against the spiritual chains that an Italian bishop has imposed upon us, and is still plotting to impose, we must ever recollect that the weight and power of those chains, and indeed the whole of that character which makes them formidable, is derived from the paramount claims which Italian art, Italian thought, and Italian learning, ever possess on our attention and regard; that love of the Beautiful, which is innate in all noble natures, being the strongest bait by which the system of the Vatican seeks to allure votaries to itself among the rugged children of the north. If England and France are the hands, Italy and Greece are still, as they were ages ago, the eyes of Europe; and it is not without the deepest pain that any of us, who appreciate the blessings that we derive from these twin fountains of European light, can bear to see either or both of these eyes darkened or extinguished. How gladly would we see Greece, freed by any fair means from her long eclipse of barbarian domination, shining out once more great, glorious, and independent, strong in arts and arms as of yore, and beautiful in

resuscitated youth, as that divine Aphrodite, the offspring of the imagination of her antique poets, rose a living and luminous perfection from the bosom of her glowing Ægean! And how gladly would we see Italy, once more bounded by her native boundaries, and governed by native dynasties, reasserting her old empire over the hearts and imaginations of men at the expense of that usurped empire over their souls, sitting once more in her pride of place on the throne of beauty which she has once filled so gloriously. Even now there is a sunrise of hope in her north-western angle. Piedmont has already shown that Italians can do more than paint, and carve, and put mosaics together. Piedmont has shown that Italians can display in war all the manly virtues of the north, and in peace a yet greater achievement, displaying, in the face of frightful difficulties, the spectacle of a well-governing, self-respecting, constitutional state. But let us dismiss sentiment and go to facts. Except in that land of Goshen of Piedmont there is Egyptian darkness over the rest of Italy, and the clouds of that darkness roll menacingly round the frontiers of Piedmont herself, and threaten to put out even her light.

As we accepted the help of Piedmont in our war with Russia, and as she did us good service in that war, so France and England are bound by every tie of natural duty and national honour to stand by her in the hour of danger, whether it arise from internal difficulties or from external foes, whether from an insane revolutionary propaganda, or from more stealthy and covert machinations of the Jesuits, or from the aggressive policy of that anomalous power, the Empire of Austria. And if France looks coldly upon Italy in her hour of need, this will not excuse us, unless we are ready to confess a weakness tantamount to abdicating our position as one of the great powers of Europe. As the interests of nations must be assumed as the fairest criterions of their intentions, we are justified in assuming that the worst France would do, should matters take a grave turn between Austria and Piedmont, would be to sit still and fold her arms. If France were actually to assist Austria, she would assist in converting the Mediterranean, as the Adriatic is now, into an Austrian lake, and consolidate a new empire on her south-eastern frontier nearly equal in power to herself. And our part would be to give no false hopes, but to be ready to defend the integrity of Piedmont. Austria would never drive matters so far as a rupture with England: she is too weak within to take strong measures without. At the first rumour of English intervention she would only be too happy not only to withdraw her forces from the Piedmontese frontiers, but to give guarantees that her future government of Lombardy should be more in accordance with the interests and happiness of the Lombard Italians than it appears at present to be. Besides the noble spectacle that Piedmont at present shows forth to the world, we see yet another source of hope, derived from a change that is apparently taking place in the Italian character. M. Manin, the man who conducted the defence of Venice in the revolutionary war with so much courage, energy, and ability, has put forth a manifesto, in which he tells his countrymen the plain but bitter truth that no foreign enemy has proved such a curse to Italy as the wicked dogma of the extreme revolutionary party, acted upon so often, and with such lamentable consequences to her freedom, "that a good cause justifies secret assassination," and that the poniard may be fairly resorted to by the hand from which the musket and the sword have been stricken. There is no doubt but that a majority of his more intelligent countrymen think and feel with M. Manin, and have now made up their minds, that if the national cause is to prosper, that prosperity must arise either by peaceful and constitutional means, or by some opportunity being given to the nation to assert itself in honourable and civilised warfare. This view is quite in accordance with that of the historian of the Peninsular War, and we believe with that of the great Duke himself, who held that it was not justifiable to arm a peasantry

against a foreign invader, unless they were enrolled and organised as irregular but still responsible soldiers; or if justifiable in extreme cases, the utmost amount of retaliation would likewise be excusable in the foreign conqueror. If an insurrection of poniards succeeds, that success will justify it in the eyes at least of man; if not, as it seldom does, its failure leaves no room for mercy to the vanquished. Thus when we read that the Austrians are lording it to that degree in Parma, that every citizen found in the streets after ten at night is locked up, and this formal arrest made a medium of political persecution, we have to consider what has taken place in Parma previously, and that the sovereign of that state met his death not long ago by the dagger of one of his subjects. If, with a milder but still severe sway, the French bayonets glitter about the chair of St. Peter, it must be borne in mind that the city which they occupy witnessed the assassination of Rossi, at the gate, if not in the presence of him whom it professes to regard as Christ's vicegerent on earth. Thus political expediency, as well as abstract justice, repudiates the doctrine of the dagger, and reads a perpetual lesson to the suffering Italian, in the most legible characters, that the most roundabout of all ways to national regeneration is over the bodies of murdered sentries, and their boxes overturned to make barricades. Let it be known, once for all, through Europe, that the Italians, as one man, have seen the plague of their hearts, and resolved the disuse of the poniard, with all the horrible social doctrines connected with it—let it be seen that, in fact, they are deserving the liberty they wish to achieve, and quite a new kind of sympathy will be created in all the disinterested nations; and Austria herself, to whom their oppression is in some measure a necessity of existence, may be brought in time to listen to reason, and of her own free will effect changes which will confer all the substantial benefits of the most successful revolutions. If there is any nation in Europe which, from its position, is swayed wholly by considerations of self-interest, that nation must be Austria. Austria's position is so delicate that one false step, one motion of hand or foot, in obedience to impulse, is enough to hurl her into chaos. That yielding to any emotion generous and noble, or mean and vindictive, which might benefit or damage any other power, according to success or failure, would be absolute death and destruction to her, as surely as to the hero of Balzac's "peau de chagrin," who held his life on the tenure of apathy. With regard to Austria's rule in Italy, there is very much, as every one knows, to be said against it, and it is *primâ facie* an unnatural and artificial rule, founded solely on political expediency, and contrary to the sympathies of the governed. Still there is a little to be said for it. The iron crown of Lombardy was an old appanage of the House of Hapsburg; and, though the Lombards are Italians in language, they are in great measure Germans by blood, closely related to those "maladetti Tedeschi," whom they curse between their teeth whenever they pass them. The House of Hapsburg seems to have an hereditary right to the iron crown of Lombardy, but the abstraction called Austria has no right to *denationalise* Lombardy, as it has no right to denationalise Hungary. The King of Hungary, the King of Lombardy, and the Emperor of Austria, though one in person, ought to be, by the precedents of antiquity, three independent sovereigns, and the three countries cannot be made one or two, subjected to the third, without a violation of ancient constitutional rights. There was nothing till lately in the nature of things to prevent each of these countries being governed by separate laws, although united under the same crown. Austria may find that her interest does not lie in centralisation, and that this apparent source of strength is in reality her greatest weakness. But Austria chooses to imperil her existence for the sake of the hegemony of Germany, which she would probably be obliged to yield to Prussia did she not endeavour to carry out the Germanisation of her non-German possessions. Many persons who saw the Austrian sculpture in the Great Exhibition were struck not less with the injustice than the absurdity of the title. It was as if Mummius had

stolen statues from Corinth and exhibited them as specimens of Latin art. Nothing that has happened or can happen in the political world can give Austria a right to reduce Italy to such narrow dimensions, and to exalt her own horn so high. Still, it is too much to expect of her that she should commit suicide, and by the abnegation of her claims over her Italian, Bohemian, and Hungarian possessions, sink into the position of one of the pettiest states of the Germanic Confederation, which would now be the probable consequence. We have, it must be confessed, little sympathy with Austria in her present difficulties, except so far as we helped to make these by the general settlement of Europe after 1815. The revolution of 1848 was no excuse for the excesses of the counter-revolution of 1849. Because Vienna *revolted* it was not necessary to denationalise Hungary by a stratagem which consisted in encouraging Ban Jellachich in a rebellion apparently directed against the very government which abetted it. There was a deep treachery in that entire transaction, which has few parallels in the history of human affairs. The house of Hapsburg let its honour slip from its hands between the incapacity of idiocy and minority, and dashed it to pieces at the foot of the unprincipled and hot-headed Schwartzenberg. The imperial-royal power rebelled against itself. The empire of Austria, wishing to annex the kingdom of Hungary, fomented the rebellion of the vassal of that kingdom, and then the Emperor of Austria punished the Hungarians for loyally defending himself, as King of Hungary, by absorbing them into Austria. It was quite as well that Kossuth carried away the crown of Hungary—it was no longer wanted by its wearer, who was, by the machinations of his ministers, virtually a party to his own deposition. The Italian possessions of Austria have been treated much in the same way. Italy is now governed, not as an independent province, united under not the same crown, but the same crowned head, but as a mere appanage of the city of Vienna, which is utterly unworthy of such honour. And what would be the consequences to the Emperor of Austria of another revolution, and supposing the mob of the Austrian capital to get the upper hand? The democratic and social republic which would probably in that case be set up would force itself on Hungary and Italy, and the house of Hapsburg would find that the loyalty of those provinces existed no longer to grant it an asylum. We cannot imagine any political dilemma more utterly disheartening than that in which the empire of Austria is now placed. If the repressive and brutal system of the counter-revolution is continued, every day of its existence will aggravate it, the finances of the empire will be exhausted in the efforts necessary to keep up immense armies of occupation, and that exhaustion will lead to fresh exactions, the exactions to fresh discontents, the discontents to the necessity of an increased repressive force, till the subjects of Austria are all resolved into soldiers to be paid, and there are no civilians left to pay them. Then the Prætorians will mutiny, and an ancient name will be of little use to protect a bankrupt dynasty. On the other hand, if Austria attempts to liberalise, and endeavours to establish the beginnings of a constitutional government in her subject provinces, having once been denationalised, those provinces will go down the incline of revolution like an engine without drag, until they are dashed to pieces in a general chaos, for she has destroyed with her own hand those ancient liberties and ideas of provincial rights which alone would make possible a liberal and constitutional cause. It is the very Nemesis of revolution, and that counter-revolution which resembles it in unreasoning violence, and naturally flows from it, that it destroys the ends for which it was professedly undertaken—viz., liberty, equality, and fraternity—if not for ever, at least for as long a future as that in which men now living would be likely to be interested. Nothing but this awful dilemma, on the horns of which it is fixed so painfully, could possibly have induced the Court of Vienna to throw the ancient renown of the Roman Empire, before which the Vatican trembled at its zenith, at the foot of the Vatican in its abasement, in con-

cluding this Concordat of humiliating memory, with the Pope. It probably reckoned on the clergy of the Roman Church to support, throughout its peoples, its own pretensions as indissoluble from those of the holy father; and no doubt the clergy will perform their part, and by so doing lose their yet remaining hold on the affections of the people, and thus cease to be useful as auxiliaries. As it is, we can see little hope or help for Austria. She cut away the hope of independent existence from Hungary, and destroyed all the old associations of that nation, by bringing Russian intervention upon her: she now seems to have cut away all hope of political or social regeneration, by calling in a far more dangerous intervention—that of the disciples of Loyola, the enemies of human intelligence. Austria can expect from us little aid of sympathies in her difficulties now; but it is another question whether we ought to interfere between her and her own subjects. Foreign interference seldom leads to good: it only did harm in the case of Greece. We should have left the Greeks to themselves, and they would no doubt have placed their affairs on a satisfactory basis. But we ought not, with the power we possess, to suffer the interference of other foreign powers. The Egyptians ought to have been forbidden to interfere in the Greek war, and Russia in the Hungarian. Our protest would probably have been sufficient in both cases, and in the latter would have saved us most probably the trouble and expense of the war just concluded. Our duty and place in the affairs of Italy now does not seem so very difficult. Piedmont must be protected as long as she abstains from aggression, at the price, if necessary, of our blood and treasure; her independence and national rights must be guaranteed. Let us leave Austria and her subjects to settle their own affairs, but at the same time stand by and see fair play. There must be no Russian or Prussian interference to save Austrian rule in Italy, or to prop up the King of Naples on his insecure throne. If the subjects of the latter madcap choose to tolerate that he should incarcerate eminent men merely because they served him as constitutional ministers, we may lament the injustice, but cannot help it; and however much we might be tempted to send a frigate or two to Ischia, and liberate Poerio from his dungeon, it is not quite clear that the benefit the victim would derive from such an act would not be counterbalanced by the dangerous and Transatlantic character of the political precedent. But it would seem a natural and desirable course that we should suspend diplomatic relations with any government which systematically sets justice at defiance, and outrages the common feelings of humanity. Is our Queen necessarily to be supposed on visiting terms with every monster who happens to wear a crown, simply because he wears it; or is some similarity in character to her own to be considered desirable? Austria must be closely watched, but not insulted. She has made a hard bed for herself, and she must lie on it as she best may. By an injudicious sympathy with Italy, we shall only forge new chains for her, and especially by showing the least encouragement to that insane democratic propaganda which has ended by crushing her soul under the iron heel of Austria and the leaden sceptre of Naples. It is one strong point in favour of Italy that this propaganda is not native to her soil, but undeniably imported from the other side of the Alps. The hydrophobous state of Italy arose from her being bitten by France during her madness; and unfortunately there seems to be a fatal fascination to other nations even in the madness of France, as we know ourselves.

"If France smiles, Italy opens to her both her heart and her arms, because Italy has been and ever will be bewitched by France. Neither former nor recent perfidy has awed her; on the contrary, there is a certain party that never will be awed, but will always be the cause of fresh disasters; because, impelled by the same feelings which fill the hearts of the French, they aim at an universal equality of social rights and privileges rather than at the liberty of the citizen in the State, and of the nation in the fellowship of Europe; and in the midst of noisy boastings about liberty and fraternity, they subject

the citizens to the autocracy of the State, and the nation to the phantoms of an universal political fraternity, which in practice resolves itself into the spurious brotherhood of clubs of refugees from every country in Europe, who found their opinons and their practice on the factions of France which stand highest in the annals of modern revolutions. Thus these jugglers make Italy the slave of all the quackeries of France; and some pretend (may God pardon them) that it is only by the Jacobite prætorians she can be saved."*

If we can do Italy no good, let us at least cease to do her harm. We have done sad mischief already by words not backed by deeds, as the poor Sicilians well know. Even now we shall have enough to do to protect Piedmont, and keep her on her legs—fortunate if we do not lose our own *in doing so*; and this must be done, and at any price, unless the name of our national honour is to be a thing of the past. But let Piedmont be secured, let her boundaries be watched and made safe as the boundaries of the yet unburnt part of a city in conflagration, and Piedmont may in time avail, when she has grown to her full strength, for the regeneration and emancipation of Italy. It is not for the purpose of preaching a wild crusade against the oppressors of these classical countries, or of exciting the utterance of foolish words of encouragement, yet more mischievous, that we have endeavoured to show our obligations to Greece and Italy, and apologise for their shortcomings, but in order to create if possible that real and heartfelt interest in their position and prospects, which should call forth the exercise of sober judgment far more than of passion, because nothing but sober judgment could make our efforts for their good successful. In fact, they have done enough for us in times past to cause us to feel for them as we should feel for an honoured friend or revered relation placed in doubtful, difficult, and delicate circumstances, and to induce us to take the same thoughtful pains for their extrication by fair and legal means.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

THE MAN OF COUNCIL.

A CONTRIBUTOR to a large national work of reference was one day extremely puzzled how to find materials for a biography which had been assigned to him. The name was that of one whom he remembered in his youth, famous in politics, and spoken of at every dinner-table; yet all attempts to master the facts of his life ended in grasps at airy shadows; and of his latter days and the time of his death there was no trace. Meeting in the Strand a veteran politician who had survived most of his contemporaries, and was little less active and conspicuous in the neighbourhood of eighty than he had been in the prime of his days, the bewildered contributor thought he had found relief at last in one who had measured swords in the political world with the deceased. Remarking how odd it was that of the death of one so eminent as Sir R——A—— not a trace could be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—in the *Obituary*—in the *Annual Register*—or in any other of the usual sources of information, he humbly requested some light on the subject. "I think I can direct you to the very best source," said the aged statesman, his face brightening up with its usual sardonic grin; "I just shook hands with him two minutes ago, and if you run smartly you may catch him." He was not dead, but merely forgotten.

The incident illustrates an organic difficulty in biographical literature—the oblivion apt to overtake men of the highest mark and influence in council. He

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* FARINI'S *History of Rome*, 88, ch. v.

"Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne,"

if he be not directly and by name connected with some memorable event, or be immediately laid hold of by historical or biographical literature, may be as totally obliterated from the knowledge of posterity as the footsteps on the sand which the tide has swept. The artist who has done anything worthy of remembrance is sure, after any given period of oblivion, to be resuscitated by some admiring collector who has bought one of his masterpieces a bargain, and picked up an engraving of it with the painter's name followed by the word *pinxit*. The author is still more secure of getting all his own, at least from posterity. If he has written a book of any kind—we speak of course of authors since the era of printing—he has put himself on record, as it were. Unless it be some Eikon Basilike or Junius's Letters, intended as a public and emphatic abdication of nominal fame, the book is a latent memorial which, if anybody should ever care about the author, will be found in the catalogue of the British Museum, or some other great collection; and should there be nothing else whatever discoverable about him who wrote, yet the book itself will supply a something of an identification and an indication of its author. And yet he may have lived a petty, stupidish sort of life, under the shadow of some great wise statesman, who countenanced and upheld the insignificant scribbler, but is himself forgotten, while the book-maker's name is in all the biographical dictionaries.

Hence is it that, of so distinguished a countryman as William Paterson, we cannot say when and where he died. Our experience of the natural duration of the life of man is all the evidence that he is not at this moment alive to tell us about the origin of the London waterworks and the Bank of England—the Scottish African Company and the colonisation of Darien. Hence too it is that we gain slight glances here and there of Scotsmen distinguished as statesmen or political leaders abroad, which yet it is impossible to substantiate into what would be so desirable—the indentification of the man by a knowledge of the stock he came of, and the place where he was born. For instance, there is now before us the engraved portrait of a hard-featured, sagacious fellow-countryman. The Latin inscription around it makes the portrait become valuable as identifying a frequent name in the history of Europe during the Thirty Years' War. It is Alexander Erskine, who was minister-at-war to Gustavus Adolphus—no trivial function—and a representative of Sweden in the conferences about the Treaty of Westphalia. He held many governorships and other offices—was a patron of letters, and had a magnificent library. Yet no biographical dictionary, so far as we are aware, affords him a square inch; and in Ersch and Grubers' Encyclopedia—where one finds everything that is neglected elsewhere—the perfection of German diligence has been able to add nothing material to what the ordinary historians tell us of him, except that he studied at Königsberg, and that he died childless. Another Scotsman of the same name, who represented Russia in some of her Eastern negotiations, and had vast influence at the court of the Czar, is still more untraceable through the usual sources of biographical information. We but know of him incidentally, that he belonged to the family of Erskine of Alva, in Clackmannanshire, some one or other of whose descendants may, we daresay, still possess the magnificent silken hangings of a tent given to him by one of the Tartar princes with whom it was his function to treat.

But even if we could trace their histories with unfailing certainty, we must not expect to find that statesmen and politicians from Scotland were as densely scattered over Europe as the Scottish authors and soldiers. Nations take their public servants—their teachers and their champions, from abroad, but not their masters and rulers, when they can help it. No free or constitutional state can possibly be governed by foreigners. Scotland, though we

shall see that some of her sons exercised remarkable influence in other countries, never could brook foreign influence within her own soil. Her acknowledged gratitude to France did not extinguish the loathing she felt at the touch of despotic hands. Albany could not rule his nephew James' country, because he had lived on the Continent; and the regency of Queen Mary's mother, by its reactionary influence, hastened on the Reformation. And as to an actual foreign stranger holding rule among us, there stands, as a case in point, the fate of the first who tried it, the Sieur de la Bastie, whose head was remorselessly cut off for the same, and strung by its long curls at the saddle-bow of a Border chief.

The Scot had nothing but his energy and force of character to *make him* a good statesman or diplo*matist*. He wanted altogether the *subtle* ingenuity which, under the title of State-craft, was so infinitely valuable to profligate and ambitious rulers. For such purposes, the land of Machiavelli's precepts, and the practice of the Borgias, proved a successful rival to Scotland in the labour market. Three foreigners have successively had the destinies of France in their hands. Two of them were Italians; one was a Scot, of whom more hereafter.

We must go back to the period of the War of Independence against England, to find the commencement of those diplomatic relations with the Continent, which connected Scotland with the Hanse Towns, created the French alliance, and gave our country that peculiar footing in Holland which lasted to the days of the author of *Douglas*, who, after he had ceased to be the Rev. John Home of Athelstaneford, became "The Lord Conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere." There is good ground for believing that this policy was commenced by Wallace, whose far-stretching sagacity embraced the necessity of protecting Scotland from the ambition of the Norman kings of England, by making common cause with the foreign states which might be involved in a like danger. From the popular notion of his prowess, he is so commonly ranked as an Achilles or a Paladin, that we cannot easily believe him to have been also the Ulysses of the war. But the man who presided over and held together so many conflicting elements, must have been a great statesman and ruler, as well as a captain. In Mr. Tytler's *History of Scotland*, we find the echo of certain partly traditional records of Wallace's diplomatic visit to the Court of France. Sir Francis Palgrave curiously confirms the statement, by showing that one of the articles of accusation on which he was put to death was, that there had been found in his possession letters of safe-conduct from Philip, king of France. The letters were thus held, according to the doctrine of the aggressor, to prove a treasonable intercourse, by a subject of England, with the king's enemy. A similar charge was made against Bishop Lamberton, and Wishart of Glasgow, "the warlike bishop," who fortified his cathedral, absolved Bruce for the slaughter of the Red Comyn, and crowned him at Scone. In each instance the aggressor, not having the prelates, like Wallace, in his power, complained to the Court of Rome that they had gone abroad and plotted, with others of the Scottish nobility, against their liege lord the King of England. The external relations thus begun, placed many Scotsmen in conspicuous places on occasions of great peril and excitement. During the French struggle for independence, the Earl of Buchan held the office of High Constable of France. It was not a mere decorative title—it made him director of the national councils in all matters of war, and the maintenance of a military force—no light function at any time, but of surpassing moment during such a crisis.

Let us go on to another stage in the same history. The time is shortly before the fatal battle of Pavia, where all was lost but honour, and King Francis became a captive in Spain. The nations are pressing in on France on all sides with hostile menace, as they did after the retreat from Russia. The traitor Bourbon has laid his plans for co-operating with the enemies of his king. In that same year, 1522, as Felibien tells us

in his profuse circumstantial History of Paris—a history in folios, written long before Paris had achieved the maturity of its notoriety—we are told that Louis de Berquin was sacrificed as the person who introduced *des Lieres dangereux de Luther*, and that there was an insurrection in the streets of Paris, with bloodshed, because the municipality thought fit to resist the royal decree raising to the great office of Lieutenant-General of the Isle of France, a prelate and a courtier of the Pope—Pierre Filhoti, archbishop of Aix. Then we are told the King held a Lit de Justice, in which the Duke of Albany, Prince of Scotland, was inaugurated, and sat between the Duke of Alençon and the Bishop duke of Langres. On that occasion, the King spoke of removing the Parliament to Poictiers, on account of the turbulence of the Parisian mob, and the perversity of the municipality. It would be difficult, as we read the story in Felibien's circumstantial narrative, to invent a closer parallel to the scene in Edinburgh, some fifty years later, when James VI. was scared away by the vehement clergy, and threatened to take the Parliament, with its appurtenances, to that quiet and decorous place, Stirling. The Duke of Albany, known in our history as the inefficient Regent of Scotland, repeatedly makes his appearance in Continental history during this volcanic period. At the crisis of the battle of Pavia, he was sent on a mission to bring over Naples to the cause of France; or perhaps it might more accurately be said, to create a revolution there in favour of the French interest. There is a good deal of mystery and suggestion connected with this embassy. Belcarius, in his *Commentarii Rerum Gallicarum*, thinks it of importance to say that, while the French historian Bellay, and the Italian Capella, consider that the embassy was suggested by Pope Clement, he, Belcarius, must support Guicciardini in the contrary belief, because his brother, John Belcarius, who was a domestic in the Duke of Albany's family, told him that he there learned how the Pope had ever advised Francis not to divide his army until he had entirely subdued Milan. The question might afford room for a valuable archæological paper. A second might be made out of another French embassy into Italy, which we should have noticed earlier had we given strict attention to chronological order—that of Everard Stewart, lord of Aubigny, in 1594. It was preparatory to the invasion of Italy for the purpose of conquering Naples, and was, it must be confessed, an attempt to bully some of the smaller Italian states, as Comines lets us see, by the gently sarcastic turns with which he mentions the modest disinclination of the Venetians and Florentines to offer any counsel, or profess to provide any warlike assistance worthy of acceptance to so great a man as the King of France. Though it may be our pride that they were our countrymen, yet the reflection again forces itself on us, that the nations which thus employed foreign statesmen were ill off. Every one knows the noble rebuke offered by the dying Bayard, when Bourbon, his old companion in arms, professed to condole with him as he lay bleeding at Romagnano—"It is not I, dying as I am, a true man, on the field of honour, that should be pitied, but thou who art a traitor to thy country and allegiance." It is not a safe thing to palliate conduct so recklessly selfish as Bourbon's was. Yet, before we can demand patriotism of a man, he should have a country, and that is not given to him, in the moral sense, by his merely living in a certain territory where a king reigns. That land where a stranger could sit in the highest places of council, was not fitted to nourish patriots; and, though it may be a just object of pride that many of our countrymen have held rule among others, like Joseph among the Egyptians, yet they show us that the nation where foreign influence prevails, will have kings like Pharaoh, and subjects like Bourbon.

When it was destined that the young Queen of Scots should reign also in France, and be attached by close connection with the powers which swayed the Vatican, it was, of course, expected that new fields would be opened to Scottish adventurers. But the introduction to them

was inauspicious. When the commissioners from Scotland, who negotiated the marriage, had reached Dieppe on their way home, one of them, Reid, the bishop of Orkney, died suddenly. Two days only elapsed ere a second, the Earl of Rothes, also died suddenly. Then followed, at brief intervals, Cassillis and Fleming —four out of seven falling mysteriously on that foreign shore. They had just performed a great service to their own country, but one very unwelcome to the prevailing powers in France, by defeating the projects for annexing Scotland as an appanage to the French Crown. It was the classic age of poisonings, and they were in the power of the vindictive Guises. Could people help suspecting that they had come to a foul end? And yet it is difficult to see what motive there could remain for such a deed, *after the* Commissioners had accomplished their end, unless the preposterous design had been formed of obliterating all testimony that Scotland had been successfully protected.

It would lead us into too much historical detail to trace the multitudinous influences exercised by our countrymen in various parts of Europe, during the contests of the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War. There were Scotsmen at the Court of Rome, and at Madrid—Setons, Semples, Colvilles, and others —plotting for the restoration of Queen Mary and the old religion. There were others in Germany, the Low Countries, and France, propagating the principles of the Reformation, as they had become triumphant at home. The influence of this class of men was concentrated in France where there is little doubt that they were very instrumental in infusing into the Huguenot party that spirit of resistance, and indeed of domination, which made them at one time appear likely to be as successful as their reforming brethren had been in Scotland. For a good type of the wanderings and doings of a political Scotsman in the sixteenth century, we would refer to that highly amusing volume, *The Memoirs of his own Life*, by Sir James Melville of Hallhill.

Oliver Cromwell did not like the Scots; but in his deep mind he saw the policy of appointing a Scotsman to represent the Commonwealth at the Court of France. It was the best tie that he could establish between the new republic and the ancient monarchy, that one from the nation who had ever been so much at home in France should now go thither. He found the proper man in Sir William Lockhart, the brother of that Lord President Lockhart who was slain in the High Street by Christy of Dalry. The ambassador had a turn of character still more haughty, brave, and independent, even than the judge. He was on his way to France to seek his fortune, disgusted by the conversion of his country into a mere province, when Oliver caught him. He probably thought it a very fair acknowledgment of the equality and independence of his countrymen, that he should be himself chosen for the most important mission which the Protector had to give; and Cromwell, to do him justice, could risk his prejudices when a valuable servant was to be obtained, for he made a Scotsman the chairman of his House of Lords. How powerfully Lockhart executed his commission in France is attested by Richelieu's close alliance with the English Commonwealth, and the flight of Charles II. from that Court, which was afterwards the natural refuge of exiled English royalty. Lockhart married Miss Rubina Sewster, a niece of the Protector. In a work about Cromwell, published a very few years ago, we find it said of the ambassador: "It is thought that in Lockhart the Lord Protector had the best ambassador of that age; . . . a man of distinguished qualities, of manifold adventures and employments; whose biography, if he could find any biographer with real industry, instead of sham industry—and, above all, with human eyes instead of pedant's spectacles, might still be worth writing in brief compass." We need not tell where we got this—it is, according to a useful old Scottish word, "kenspeckle." We only recommend that no adventurous youthful biographer should be so ambitious as to attempt writing this biography with his human eyes in-

stead of pedant's spectacles, lest, peradventure, he find himself denounced before the world as a purblind, opaque flunky, or a solemn sham that keeps a respectability-gig.

Lockhart, when his mission was repeated under the reign of Charles II., would have to transact business with one scarcely less bold and far-sighted than his dead master, the great financier Colbert. We cannot claim him as a Scotsman, any more than France can claim Romilly; but Moreri tells us that he came of a Scottish stock, and gives us the inscription on his ancestor's tomb:

"En Ecosse je us le berceau.
Et Rheims m'a donné le tombeau."

But though we must resign Colbert, no one will deny our right to the next statesman who in France carried out his principle of stimulating commerce and colonial enterprise to an extreme degree of excitement and activity—the renowned John Law.

On the Plutarchian system of comparison, John Law and William Paterson should pair off together. Law had proposed certain projects to the Parliament of Scotland, which, being in a cautious humour, they declined to adopt, and he then carried his genius abroad. Paterson's schemes were all directed to the aggrandisement of his own country, and therefore he does not appear, at first sight, within the category of those Scotsmen whose genius and achievements have been exhibited among foreigners. But Paterson during a large part of his life was busy abroad. His information on foreign countries—whether he had acquired it, according to his enemies, as a pirate in the Spanish main, or, according to the version of his friends, in his labours as a Christian missionary among heathens and papists—guided the Darien Company and the Scottish parliament in all their operations. When his scheme was at its climax, he directed some very important negotiations on the Continent, where he in some measure tried his strength against the power of William III. The cause of the calamities of Scotland, at that time, was the determination of the Dutch King to sacrifice everything to his European system. To this end, when he had to consider whether he should be just to Scotland, or propitiate the great trading interests of England, he chose the latter alternative. The Darien Scheme, as most people are aware, was a plan to enable Scotland to have a foreign trade, and colonies of her own, since the Navigation Act made her a foreign country to England, not entitled to participate in the English shipping privileges and colonial trade. The projectors of the Darien Scheme naturally enough courted English capital, and established an office in London. This was denounced as a breach of the privileges of the East India Company, as well as in various other shapes offensive, and the eminent men who represented the Company in London were hunted out of England as criminals. Paterson conceived that, as Scotland was deemed a foreign country, incapable of participating in the trading privileges of England, she was, as a converse, not only entitled, but invited to treat with her old friends on the Continent, without asking leave of her imperious yoke-fellow. It was arranged that the Company should fill up the shares which the English merchants had subscribed, but were obliged to abandon, in that old burghal community which had been long associated with Scotland—the Hanse Towns. But that foreigners should enter in the field of enterprise from which their own jealous laws excluded themselves, was intolerable to the English capitalists, and they had interest enough to get instructions issued to the representatives of England in foreign courts—Scotland could not afford to have representatives—that the Company disposing of its shares was not countenanced by the King and any communities giving encouragement to it would encounter his displeasure. The Burgomasters of Hamburg indignantly repudiated the King of England's right to menace them, if they traded as they pleased; but the Hamburgers did not take stock.

The flow of capital from Northern Europe was in fact effectually checked by the intervention of William. Paterson showed on the occasion his versatile resources, and looked at once to the other side of the Conti-

ment. He proposed terms to the Armenian merchants, the great masters of Eastern trade, whose chain of connections passed from Hindostan to Lapland. These men, so remarkable for their honesty, sagacity, and substantiality, would fain have aided the Scots, had they not, through their subtle channels of intelligence, known that the Darien Company was not countenanced by the king who reigned over Scotland. Thus was frustrated a plan by which Paterson and his friends projected an overland traffic to India, and the establishment in the Eastern Peninsula of factories which should rival those of the East India Company. We cannot but regret that both the beginning and the conclusion, with many portions of Paterson's life, are so dark to the world. A systematic biography of him is, we see, announced, and we can *only hope* that the author will be able successfully to fill up the blanks. So saying, we return to the other and greater projector.

The French, who are said to forget their great men after a generation has passed over their tombs, still take a lively interest in the history of John Law. Probably there is something peculiarly adapted to their ardent taste in its meteoric character. Every historian who tells them the history of the regency, from Voltaire to Sismondi, braces himself up to the full tension of his powers of description and excitation as he approaches the great Mississippi scheme. But it is perhaps the most remarkable testimony to the popularity of the subject that we should be able to pick up for a couple of francs, in the French Railway Library (the Bibliothèque des Chemins-de-fer), an amusing volume, called *Law—son Système et son Epoque*, par P. A. Cochut. It must be admitted that the French historians are not always complimentary to the pilot of that storm. They had many provocations to attack him, and he offered, in the conditions by which he was surrounded, many avenues of attack. If a nation will submit to feel grateful for the services of a foreigner—a rare occurrence—it will never patiently endure injuries or calamities at his hands. The social position of John Law was not fixed on a sufficiently lofty pedestal to stand the fastidious criticism of a people who were the most aristocratic in Europe, down to the period of reaction, when it became a sin against democracy to speak of a Regent and Comptroller-general. M. Cochut says: "Etait-il ou non gentilhomme?" a question which, he says, caused much serious and determined debate at one time, and is not without its interest now. The fact is, that he was in the position which we so well understand in this country, but which foreigners cannot comprehend,—where a person is a gentleman or not, just as he possesses, or is deficient in, certain qualities of the head and heart, promoted by certain petty indefinable social advantages. To those who chose to believe in him as a gentleman, he was Law de Lauriston, with a significant patronymic title, while his enemies could say, that any man rich enough to buy an estate in Britain could call his land and himself by what name he pleased; or even, like that ingenious historian who called himself Monteith de Salmonet, in honour of his father's trade as a fisherman, create a territorial title out of nothing. He was an Edinburgh silversmith, which sounded ill abroad, but had little significancy here. As in some other trades, it did not tell whether its owner was a mere retailer, or a merchant who dealt in large affairs, and was more likely than a provincial squire to be a gentleman. He might be a mere vendor of toothpicks and pencil-cases; but, on the other hand, he might be a large dealer in bullion and money, whose transactions affected the monetary system in his country. George Heriot, his predecessor in his profession, married into the titled family of Rosebery; and Law married, without apparently any consciousness of inequality, the Lady Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Banbury; while, in the days of his pride and power, the house of Argyll was glad to claim kindred with him, through his mother, who was a Campbell.

After his fall, it was, however, ominously remarked against him that, even during the height of that pride and power, one fellow-countryman kept at haughty distance from him.

This was Lord Stair, the British ambassador; the man who by his firmness, courage, and sagacity, was the first to restore the influence of England on the Continent, where it had greatly decayed since the time when his countryman Lockhart represented the Commonwealth. We might have here, were there not richer materials at hand, no mean specimen of the eminent Scot abroad, but we only notice Lord Stair, parenthetically, to say that his enmity to Law was on public grounds, not on private or social. He thought at one time that the schemer was likely to make France too powerful a rival in trade and colonisation to England. He thought subsequently that the system was to ruin a country which he wished to see kept under the level of Britain, but not utterly destroyed. He adhered to his opposition with honourable firmness, alike disdaining the allurements of advantageous allocations which had bought over the greatest men in France, and coolly defying the threats of his own Court, which, protesting that it could not afford to be offensive to so great a man as the Comptroller-general, threatened to recall him. On the whole, it was a sight flattering to the pride of Scotland, to see in this conspicuous arena two of her sons rising so high above the level of all around them, and bidding each other stern defiance, each from the standard of his own fixed principles.

But leaving the question of Law's family and social position where we found it, let us cast a glance on a few of those incidental characteristics of the greatness of his talents, the boldness of his policy, and the vastness of his influence, which are shown to us by the results of late inquiries. It is a historical vulgarism to speak of this man as a gambling adventurer, capable only of imposing on a confiding public with a glittering and hollow plan for making money. An adventurer perhaps he must be admitted to have been, but in the sense in which Cæsar, Arteveld, Wolsey, and Napoleon were adventurers. He was a statesman who looked far into the distant future for the results of all his acts—an erring statesman if you will, but still a great one. He firmly believed that he would raise up in France a power that would struggle with and put down the waxing commercial greatness of England. Nor can we well charge the project as criminally unpatriotic. Scotland and England had not been so long in union as to feel themselves one people; and when Law threw his interests into another nation, the old ally of Scotland, he did what in his father's day would have been deemed an act of patriotism. In the course of a series of letters to the English court, full of alarming prognostications, we find the British ambassador saying, "You must henceforth look upon Law as the first minister, whose daily discourse is that he will raise France to a greater height than ever she was, on the ruins of England and Holland." And again, "He in all his discourse pretends he will set France much higher than ever she was before, and put her in a condition to give the law to all Europe; that he can ruin the trade of England and Holland whenever he pleases; that he can break our bank whenever he has a mind, and our East India Company. He said publicly the other day at his own table when Lord Londonderry was present, that there was but one great kingdom in Europe, and one great town—and that was France and Paris. He told Pitt that he would bring down our East India stock; and entered into articles with him to sell him, at twelve months hence, £100,000 of stock at 11 per cent. under the current price. You may imagine what we have to apprehend from a man of this temper, who makes no scruple to declare such views, and who will have all the power and all the influence at this Court."* Such passages have not inaptly been compared with the boastings of Napoleon when he issued the Berlin and Milan decrees.

We are not going to undertake the Quixotic task of vindicating the Mississippi scheme when we say, that there was more soundness in Law's proposals than the world has been disposed to concede to one who was unfortunate, and that many of the

* Hardwicke's State Papers, ii. 593.

calamitous results were caused by their not obtaining fair play. They were subjected to that "ergoism," as it is aptly termed, of the French, which makes them drive every opinion ruthlessly to its utmost logical conclusion—that spirit so well exemplified in Robespierre, when it was said that he would slay one-half of mankind to get the other half to follow his principles of rigid virtue. Hence whatever Law commenced was carried out to its utmost extreme; and when there arose the faintest reactive misgiving, the foundations of his complicated structure were at once kicked away, and the whole toppled down in ruin.

In Law's politico-economical works there are many views of undisputed soundness. His ideas of the nature of metallic money correspond with the prevalent political economy of the present day. He seems, indeed, to have been the first to disperse the theory, entertained by Locke and many others, that the precious metals are endowed, by the general consent of mankind, with an imaginary value; and he shows that their universal employment as a circulating medium depends on their real value, arising from their ornamental and portable character, their indestructibility, and, above all, the nearly uniform amount of labour that it ever costs to bring them into the market. His notion of the real value of the precious metals was the antinome, as it were, of his view that their cost prevented the supply of money in sufficient abundance; that they were too dear, in short, and ought to be discarded for a cheaper and more prolific medium. The main tenor of his theory was, that when a country is exhausted it can only be resuscitated by an infusion of fresh financial blood in the shape of easy issues of money. Voltaire, in his *Age of Louis XV.*, testifies that, in the end, it was successful, and that, through all the misery and ruin she endured, the country was the better for the Mississippi scheme, deriving from it an elasticity of movement which led her on to subsequent prosperity. Many people will doubt this view; but it is rather remarkable that Law's scheme was considered by the French themselves so fundamentally sound that they virtually repeated it in the celebrated issue of assignats during the Revolution.

The utter prostration of the patient's condition when the new physician took her in hand, is not to be conceived. Louis XIV. with his costly triumphs, and the dire vengeance taken for them, had left the country destitute of ships, of commerce, of agriculture, of money, of hope itself. There had just been a savage hunting-down of farmers-general, monopolists, and other persons who were supposed to have enriched themselves at the public expense. But the slaughter and pillage of a few millionaires would not make up for the prostration of enterprise and industry. The foreigner who offered to cure these constitutional disorders was no nameless and needy wanderer. He was a favourite among the European courts where he had dazzled the eyes of the smaller monarchs with visions which they sighed to reflect that they had not ready capital sufficient to realize. He is described as very handsome, very accomplished, and of marvellously fascinating address. More than all, he did not come empty-handed. He was in possession of a sum said to be a hundred thousand pounds in English money, which, with his usual sanguine impetuosity, he threw into his own scheme, and there lost. He was accused of having realized this money at the gaming-table. No doubt Law gamed; it was a prevalent vice of the day, only too congenial to a temperament so vivacious and susceptible. But he does not appear to have ever condescended to petty dissipated gambling. His practices had more of the character of stock-jobbing. He played with princes and ministers that he might strengthen his hand to hold a political part in European history; and he was rather too successful in accomplishing his object.

Our readers are not to expect from us a history of "the System," and we shall here notice only those incidents of violent oscillation, which show how remorselessly the complex plans of the ingenious speculator were

dashed backwards or forwards, according to the prevalent humour or panic of the moment. When he had gathered together the threads of all the various funds and projects which were absorbed within the mighty "System," it was announced that the company could pay 200 livres on the shares which had cost 1000 livres. This was 20 per cent.—a very pretty dividend, which, with interest at 4 per cent, made each thousand livres' share worth 5000. But the public would not leave them at this humble figure; and though there was no promise of a prospective enlargement of the already enormously enhanced dividend, they bade them up, in the mad contests so often described by historians, until they reached 10,000 livres; an increase in their original value of 900 per cent. The impetuosity with which the Actions rose was such, that ere two men could conclude a bargain for sale with the utmost possible rapidity, a difference of some thousands of livres had arisen in the value of the article sold; and in this way, messengers who were sent to buy stock at eight thousand, for instance, found that, if they could but linger a few minutes at the mart, the stock would rise to nine thousand, and they might pocket the difference.

There has been wild enough work of this sort in our own country; but the peculiarity of the great French system was, that whenever the popular mania took a particular direction, the government beckoned it, urged it—nay, coerced it—on to the utmost extreme. The public mind was so well saturated with Law's aversion to the precious metals and preference for paper money, that for once gold became a drug in the market. People who chose might hoard it, but none, save a few eccentric exceptions to the prevailing opinions, then wished to hoard. All were under a sort of trading fever; they must be speculating and increasing their wealth; and with so worthless a thing as gold there was no use of trading, for no one would take it. Thus, to the eminent satisfaction of the leaders of opinion, the precious metals were rapidly streaming out of the kingdom into countries still so benighted as to deem them worthy of possession. Still there were a few—a very few—people of sceptical and saturnine temperament, who, distrusting the "System," were suspected of having secret hoards of the precious metal in their possession. This was a sort of treason against the system, and must not be permitted. Accordingly, that celebrated edict was issued, that no person or corporation could legally possess more than 500 livres in specie, whether it were in coined money or in the shape of plate or ornaments. A sort of insane aversion to the precious metals—a simple desire to put them out of existence—is the best account that history gives of this affair. But we can suppose that the design of Law himself was to bring the bullion into his bank, and make a metallic basis, somewhat on Sir Robert Peel's system, for his paper currency. Bullion did, in fact, flow into the bank, to the extent, in three weeks, of 44 millions of livres—about 5½ millions sterling; but it passed through as from a sieve, not apparently in the slightest degree to the regret of the Regent and his courtiers.

The dilapidation which the law of confiscation created among the family plate in the great houses may easily be imagined; but such a trifling inconvenience was not to be permitted to impede the onward progress of the system. The law was carried out with rigour and cruelty. The police were directed to make domiciliary visits, and the informer received one-half of the forfeited treasure. It would appear, from an anecdote, that whoever had served the public by denouncing a bullion-keeper, might retain what he had so worthily acquired. One day the President Lambert de Varmon appeared before the chief of police, and stated that he was prepared to denounce a criminal possessed of 5000 livres in gold. The chief was shocked somewhat; he thought the rage for denunciation was spreading far indeed, when so amiable and excellent a man was infected by it. "Whom was he to denounce?"—himself. He knew no other way of saving a moiety of his fortune.

As part of his grand project for re-

excitating France, and lifting her to a height of greatness far above that achieved by the great monarch who had just passed to his account, Law proposed to carry out the greater portion of those internal reforms which France has subsequently adopted; having effected some of them by peaceful degrees, and others by sudden violence. But the relentless vehemence with which the government proposed immediately to enforce all these radical changes, effectually defeated them. It was part of his plan to abolish the infamous *corvée*, with all the multitudinous feudal taxes, and to establish a capitation and property tax. Doubtless the exemptions enjoyed by the nobility would have been swept away before the paper hurricane as they fell in the great day of sacrifices at the commencement of the *Revolution*, and the government again was not to impede the system on so trifling a consideration; but the reaction postponed the sacrifice for half a century. Farther, Law anticipated the beneficent policy of Turgot, in a proposal to abolish the provincial restrictions and monopolies which interrupted the trade of the country, and made Frenchmen strangers to each other. He had a vast colonisation scheme, which was to serve two objects. It was to raise up a French empire in America, which, beginning in the valley of the Mississippi, should radiate thence and pervade the whole of the western hemisphere. It was to be at the same time a means of removing the damaged and surplus population of France, and sweetening the blood of the country.

No sooner was the scheme proposed than the government plunged into it with its wonted impetuosity. On the morning of the 19th September, 1719, the bells of St. Martin gave forth a wedding-peal; it was no mere private joy peal, but something that might announce a royal wedding or some other important ceremony. All the people are on the alert; and behold there wind through the street one hundred and eighty damsels, dressed in white, with garlands of flowers, each attended by a bridegroom suitably apparelled. They move onwards with signal regularity and precision; and no wonder,—they are chained together with iron fetters, and on each side of them marches a file of musqueteers. These are the female convicts of the prison of St. Martin des Champs, each mated with a suitable husband from one of the other prisons, and the whole are to be shipped off to form an earthly paradise in the West. It had been well had matters stopped with the prisons; but a kind of emigration rapacity seized upon the government. They looked around with greedy eyes, finding this or that damaged part of the population, and immediately amputating it for removal. It was as if a universal press-gang were abroad. People hid themselves, and were dragged forth from their hiding-places, lodged in some prison, and marched down in chains to a vessel. At Rochelle a gang of one hundred and fifty women fell on their keepers and tore them. The guard fired on the amazons, killing six and wounding many others. At the same time the wildest exaggerations were published, to encourage voluntary emigration. Some deep politicians thought it would assist the progress of French aggrandisement in the West, and make the Parisian Empire that was to cover the New Hemisphere arise more rapidly, were some French blood infused into the native royal races of North America. Accordingly the Queen of Missouri was induced to come to Paris to select a husband. The fortunate object of her choice was a stalwart sergeant in the Guards, named Dubois. A disagreeable condition said to be attached to the new dignity probably impeded more distinguished candidates. The Queen of Missouri, being a Daughter of the Sun, was entitled to cut off her husband's head if he displeased her; and rumour went that Dubois the First actually suffered the penalty of this rigid discipline. But all distinct record of his fate was lost in the tangled mixture of wild adventures encountered by the thousands who were unshipped on the desert shore—shovelled, as it were, into a strange land swarming with savages, and left there to struggle for life and food.

The government was ready to do anything—to banish the Parliament from Paris—to hang a member of one of the first families in Europe—to confiscate fortunes and abolish powers and privileges—if it appeared that the act was likely to have the faintest efficiency in establishing the universal dominion of "the System." In the same manner, when the first breath was blown on it, instead of leaving it to struggle on or die naturally, they turned on it and rent it. The first symptom of alarm was the high price of commodities. They mounted, though not by such extravagant leaps, as rapidly as the value of the Actions, doubling, trebling, and quadrupling. This was just the natural effect of an excessive and valueless currency. If the government could have reduced that currency by buying it in, they might have made it rather more appropriate to its object. But short, violent remedies were the rule under the Regent's government, and a decree was issued reducing the nominal value of notes to one-half. It reduced their actual value to nothing. They were something to be got rid of on any terms.

Had the French Revolution taken place before the verdict of a jury of historians had been passed upon John Law, they would have found no true bill against him, but, after the laudable fashion of English grand juries, would have vented round opinions on all the defects in public affairs which had rendered their assembling together necessary. To have made all the madness of those times was beyond the capacity of any human being, however malignantly he were inclined. There is indeed throughout all the narratives of the affair a signal and almost appalling parallelism with the earlier symptoms of the great Revolution. It looks as if the long latent disease had endeavoured to break out, but had been thrown back into the constitution to gather power and malignity. There was much dire misery among the humbler people, and many who belonged to the comfortable classes, whose dissatisfactions are generally supposed to proceed less from destitution than unsatisfied ambition, felt the gripe of hunger and the want of a roof. Amid all this misery, and at the times when it was at its very worst, it was noticed by thoughtful bystanders, as it afterwards was noticed during the Reign of Terror, that the theatres never were so well filled, or all the usual novelties of Paris so eagerly pursued. Frondes and mots abounded, and the rapidity of the ruin which fell on thousands was improved in multitudinous pasquinades, such as—

"Lundi, j'achetai des actions,
Mardi, je gagnai des millions,
Mercredi, j'ornai mon ménage,
Jeudi, je pris un équipage,
Vendredi, je m'en fis au bal,
Et Samedi à l'hôpital."

Along with this well and ill timed gaiety, crime increased rapidly; at all events it was supposed to increase. The administration appears to have been too deeply absorbed otherwise, to pay much attention to it. The bodies of the murdered seem, however, to have been thought worth counting, and they were so numerous as abundantly to alarm the living.

On one occasion, the thousands of Paris gathered in insurrection, carrying with them the bodies of those who had been killed in the crush before the bank. They sang—

"Français, la bravure vous manque,
Vous êtes pleins d'aveuglement;
Pendre Law avec le Régent,
Et vous emparer de la Banque,
C'est l'affaire d'un moment."

they rushed on the palace, just as their grandchildren did on the renowned tenth of August. So far as history speaks, architecture seems to have postponed the catastrophe. The old Palais Royal was a vast square or *place*, bordered by straight lines of high, many-windowed houses. These had gradually been filled with soldiers. Thus when the mob came to the point of attack, they found themselves in the position in which the military have so frequently found themselves in the streets of Paris—surrounded by buildings garrisoned by the enemy.

While the wheel of fortune thus revolved amid storm and fire, there was, so far as we can infer from history, in the conduct of the presiding genius, serenity and haughty calmness. He was the most wonderful, if not the most powerful man in the

world; and the humiliations undergone by the greatest people of France to propitiate him call up a blush for human nature. It was scoffingly said of him that he gave a blandly condescending reception to his countryman the Duke of Argyll; but the duke was a mere provincial respectability beside the triumphant Comptroller-general, and he knew it. To others of his countrymen of very humble rank, Law appears to have been kind and affable. He stands entirely free from the taint of mercenary premeditation. He could have fortified himself by investments to any extent in England, and many other places, had not his faith or his allegiance bound him to his own system. When it broke he scattered everything from him, as one to whom the preservation of a mere private fortune was felt as *infinitely* despicable. There was perhaps something more of recklessness than of virtue in this; yet it would have been more painful to have found him in search of some little prize for himself among the ruins. While the house was falling he was often exposed to personal danger, and he gained respect by his haughty defiance of it. Once he seems to have lost his temper. A mob following his carriage with fierce cries, he stepped out and faced them, saying, "Vous êtes des canailles," and walked on. "Soit," says M. Cochut, "que le mot se fût perdu dans le tumulte, soit qu'un majestueux sang-froid eut imposé à la multitude, l'Ecossais put gagner le Palais-Royal sans accident." Not so with the coachman. He, inspired with sympathetic fervour, repeated his master's scornful epithet, and the canaille, in consequence, tore him from his seat, and stamped him to death, while they broke the carriage in pieces. The Premier-President de Mesme, who beheld this little incident, acquired much fame by relating it to his brethren, thus—

"Messieurs, messieurs, bonne nouvelle,
La carosse de Law est réduit en cannelle."

In the fictions, and perhaps in the realities of the East, when the favourite of the caliph, who has sprung from nothing, forgets himself in his overweening pride, and abuses the royal confidence, he is at once hurled from his height of power, and sits a beggar at the corner of the market-place, to bear the gibes and cuffs of those who used to court him. In like manner the popular conception of John Law is, that, when his meteoric flight was over, he became extinguished to sight in some jeweller's stall or petty gambling-house. But he was still a personage, carrying about him the faded lustre of a deposed prince; or, perhaps, more fitly speaking, the repute of a fallen minister, of whom it is not to be forgotten that he may rise again. As he left France his carriage was followed by another in hot pursuit. It contained, not an officer of justice, but M. Pressy, the agent of the Emperor of Russia—come to solicit the aid of the great financier for the adjustment of the pecuniary affairs of the empire; but the Ex-Comptroller-general does not appear to have encouraged the proposal. Alberoni went to Venice to meet him, and for some time he carried about in his wanderings a sort of shifting levee of ministers and petty princes. Desiring to return to Britain, Sir John Norris, who commanded the Baltic fleet, thought it due to so eminent a person to give him a passage in the admiral's own ship. The courtesy with which the Government received him created some excitement in the Opposition; and the last time when Law's name was brought conspicuously before the world, was in a debate in the House of Lords.

We had it in view to have concluded this paper with some notices of Scotsmen who have obtained great diplomatic influence in the German and northern courts about the middle of last century; but the precept of "Do unto others" has made us take into consideration the natural limits of a reader's patience.

A SPECIAL EMBASSY IN 1698.

The Peace of Ryswick was signed. William of Orange, recognised sovereign of Great Britain, prepared himself, in the exercise of his office, to accredit a personal representative to the Court of the Great Monarch. His choice fell on the Earl of Portland, Groom of the Stole, his *très fidelle et bien-aimé cousin et conseiller*.

And the choice was not injudicious. Portland, even according to the verdict of a writer by no means biassed in favour of the house of Orange, possessed all the qualities necessary to his office. "He was discreet, secret, polite to others, faithful to his master, skilful in affairs."* His six conferences with Marshal Boufflers, previous to the conclusion of peace, had already obtained for him a favourable celebrity in the French court. He had given fine horses to the marshal himself, to the Duke de Guiche, and to Pracomtal. His qualities, as we shall presently see, were those calculated to shine amongst the nation of his future residence.

It is not our purpose to enter on the high question of policy involved in Portland's mission. Our attention will for the present be occupied by minor details,—by the frivolities of chamberlains rather than by the intrigues of chancellors—by the Board of Green Cloth in preference to the Council Chamber. For this study we have ample materials. The curious correspondence, ably edited by Monsieur Grimblot, is a mine of history not easily exhaustible. A manuscript document now before us contains all that is necessary for our more humble task. In this document we have every event connected with the Embassy chronicled with scrupulous care. It is the official diary of Matthew Prior, the poet, who accompanied the mission as secretary.

Previously employed as secretary to the embassy in Holland, the author of Hans Carvel had displayed diplomatic and social talents of no common order. Selected to carry home from Ryswick the original treaty of peace, his nomination to the second position in Lord Portland's embassy followed as a fit reward for the good tidings.

But Prior was not the only official follower of his excellency. The Lords Westmoreland, Anglesea, Cavendish, Hastings, Paston, Woodstock, and Raby, swelled the train, with Mr. Compton, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Fielding, and Mr. Boyle, all apparently chosen according to the canon of favour and practice, not yet entirely obsolete.

With a staff thus organised, on "January the 10th, 1697-8, my Lord sett out from Lambeth about 8 in the morning, dined at Rochester, and lay at Sittenburn, was wellcomed there with Ringing of Bells and Illuminations." But before we accompany my Lord in his farther progress, we must pause for a moment to examine the royal sign-manual, credentials, and instructions with which he was provided.

His Commission, as well as Mr. Prior's, was countersigned by "John Lord Sommers," his passport by Vernon, his credentials by the Duke of Shrewsbury. The latter consisted of four letters; one to King Louis,† full of protestations of friendship and official platitudes on the blessings of peace; two of pure compliments to the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy; and a fourth, "A mon frère le Duc d'Orleans." To the original copy of this last in the Secretary's letter-book, is appended, by the hand of Mr. Secretary Vernon, the somewhat curious note, "The King writ himself to the Dutchess of Orleans."

No reason is assigned for this exception, which appears singular. On the appointment of Lord Jersey, Portland's successor, we find, drawn

* St. Simon.

† This letter, dated Kensington, December 30, 1697, is addressed: "A très haut, très excellent, et très puissant Prince, nostre très cher et très aimé Bon frère, cousin et ancien Allié, le Roy très Chrestien."

up in due form, his credential to the Duchess of Orleans.

The sign-manual instructions contained in a formal document were of a very general nature. The ambassador was directed with all convenient speed to repair to Paris, or such other place where the Most Christian King shall keep his court, to ask for an audience in the king's name; and "having delivered your credentialls, you shall declare to him the great satisfaction we have in seeing the Warre which has afflicted Europe for so many years brought to an end." The various duties of an ambassador are then broadly laid down. Amongst them is enjoined strict attention to etiquette, and to the due assertion of dignity in all courtly ceremonies and observances.

We cannot do better than extract *two short* paragraphs on this point. We shall hereafter see with what precision Portland followed the letter of his instructions.

"You shall likewise desire audience of the Dauphin, and deliver him Our Letter, accompanying the same with a suitable compliment; which you shall likewise make in Our name to the rest of y^e^ Princes of the Blood, according to the Stile and practice of that Court, taking care at your audiences, and on all other occasions, to maintain Our Dignity, and that you be treated with all the honours and respects that are given to the Extraordinary Ambassadors of Spaine, and other Crowned Heads."

* * * *

"Whereas Our Royal Unkle King Charles the Second did, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 26th day of August 1668, direct his Ambassadors not to give the hand in their own Houses to the Envoyés, in pursuance of what was practised by Ambassadors of other Princes, and the same having been ever since observed, We think fit to repeat this direction to you, Not to give the hand to any Envoy in your owne house."

Thus instructed and accompanied, Lord Portland proceeded on his journey. On the 11th he arrived at Dover at about four in the afternoon. Here he was received with due solemnity; bells were rung, soldiers stood at arms, cannons were fired, the flag hung at the castle. The ambassador was visited by the "Mayor and Jurats in their formalities." Hence he sailed for Calais on the 13th, starting at nine in the morn, and arriving in twelve hours. "Mons. de la Tour, Commandant of the Town, and the persons of most distinction here, rec^d^. My Lord Amb^r^. on the Peere at his landing." He was treated with the utmost attention; harangued by the echevin and magistrates; supped and lodged at the Government House. A gentleman, before supper, in talking to the English, happened to name the king Prince of Orange. The governor, it is recorded, jogged his indiscreet follower, who went out, and appeared no more either at supper or in the morning.

On the 14th the Embassy arrived at Boulogne, on the 15th at Montreuil, on the 17th at Abbeville, on the 18th at Amiens. At each place they were welcomed with honours and tokens of respect—presents of wine and squadrons of horse. At Amiens is especially noted the hospitality of Mons. de Bignon the intendant. "His supper was very magnificent, the apartment where his Excellency lodged stately."

At length, passing Creyle and Lusarche, where he met the carriage of his former colleague Boufflers, and stopping at St. Dennis, where he dined and saw the treasure, Portland arrived at Paris, and took up his abode in a hotel forced on his acceptance by the Count d'Auvergne. The ambassador returned the civility in a princely manner. Finding the house "too little, my Lord ordered the building a great dining Room, which joyned the house and gave into the Gardens." This was completed in three weeks. In the course of the evening the ambassador was visited by the Marshal de Boufflers and the Duke de Gramont. It was his first practical lesson in etiquette: he acquitted himself with much success. My Lord went to receive them in the vestibule, or part of the hall nearest the door. Thence he conducted them to the great apartment above stairs, giving them the hand, letting them pass first through the doors and take a seat before himself.

At the conclusion of the interview he conducted them back to their coach. By the code of ambassadors these honours were paid only to princes, ministers of state, and to dukes, peers and mareschals of France, and to none other. Monsieur de Mesme, President au Mortier, who had formerly been acquainted with my Lord in Holland, was not entitled to the same privileges. Some days after my Lord's arrival, he sent word that he had a mind to wait upon his excellency. His excellency answered that he was sorry his character precluded his giving the hand in his own house. The president yielded the point, and paid my Lord a visit, his excellency taking the hand, the door, and the chair, sitting. The same gradation of ceremonial was observed in the reception of Monsieur de Harlay, although he had held the post of ambassador-plenipotentiary at the peace. All envoys were similarly treated, as also were Messieurs Bonneuil and Sainctot, Entroducteurs to the ambassadors, though they vainly insisted on a higher scale. The observances are thus described by Prior: "The way of this Reception is in his Chamber, going only to the Door; he gives them a chair below his own; conducts them into his antechamber; but the gentlemen receive them as they come out of their coach, and reconduct them to it."

These minor matters disposed of, Mr. Prior, on the 23d, went by my Lord's order to Versailles, to announce the arrival of the Embassy to the Marquis de Torsi, sécrétaire d'état pour les affaires étrangères. Mr. Prior was directed to acquaint the minister that, the ambassador's coaches and equipages having met with some delay, on account of the frost on the river Seine, his excellency was desirous to pay his duty privately to his Most Christian Majesty. He accordingly begged the favour of the Marquis de Torsi to procure him a private audience. Monsieur de Torsi answered with much respect for Lord Portland, and promised to mention the subject to the king the same evening. After some apologies on the part of Mr. Prior, for being in undress, and not in mourning for the Duchess-Dowager of Loraine, and "some discourse on more general heads," with Torsi and the Count Verjus de Crecy, the diplomatists separated with mutual civilities.

"His Excel^{y} dined this day the 23d in privat with y^{e} Dutchesse of Portsmouth."

It would be tedious and unnecessary to record the names of all those who interchanged visits with the inhabitants of the Hôtel d'Auvergne. They were in constant communication with Beauvilliers, Pontchartrain, Pomponne, Torsi Valentinois, Guiche, Clarembeaet, and "Rockleur," with foreign envoys, and "several others of the French quality in France." A contemporary writer remarks on the sensation created by the arrival of the British ambassador. He appeared, we are told, with a personal splendour, a politeness, an air of the world and of courts, a gallantry and grace which surprised; besides this, with much dignity, even pride, but with discernment and a judgment which risked nothing. The French, who run after novelty, a good welcome, good cheer, and magnificence, were charmed with him. He courted them, but with discernment, and as a man who understood the French court, and who only desired good and distinguished company. With this testimony of the fastidious St. Simon, we may safely omit mention of any but royal visitors, or those whose peculiarities or position may demand especial notice.

On the 25th the ambassador had a private audience of the king, and of the members of the royal family. In the evening he dined with Monsieur de Torsi, meeting the Archbishop of Rheims.

Although the absence of his equipage deferred the public entry of the Embassy, Portland lost no time in discharging the duties of his position. He was fully occupied by constant audiences of the king, and other principal personages of the state. His leisure moments were agreeably employed in seeing the sights, and occasionally hunting the wolf, with the Dauphin and the Count of Armagnac.

But although the reception he experienced at the hands of the Dauphin

and of Monsieur was eminently flattering, Portland did not entirely escape mortification. On one occasion, while already booted to hunt with the Dauphin, King James expressed his intention of attending the meet. Portland was instantly informed of the fact, and requested to postpone his hunting to another occasion.

As a mighty huntsman, Portland was naturally desirous to enjoy his favourite diversion with the king's own stag-hounds. He had informed his own sovereign* of these wishes, and, surprised at receiving no invitation, openly expressed them with a view to their reaching the ears of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, the royal huntsman. Tired of waiting, he at length accosted the grand huntsman, and, rallying him, frankly *stated his* desire. The latter answered *dryly*, that indeed he had the honour to be grand huntsman, but that he had not the direction of the hunts; that the King of England had the disposal of the pack, and that until the start he never knew whether his Majesty would attend.†

But nevertheless Portland's intercourse excited considerable jealousy on the part of his fellow-ambassadors, "and particularly him of Portugal." They "took notice that my Lord before his entry visited the Princes of the Blood, conducted to those visits by an Introduct'. Their cavil was, that these Princes would not return my Lord's privat visit till my Lord had payed them his Visit of Ceremony: So that my Lord, for two visits payed them, and both by the Introduct', would have but one returned, which might be aledged for the Future, and took from him y' equality w^th^ Ambassad^rs^ pretend to have with Princes."

One circumstance, however, that occurred before the great entry, cannot be passed over in silence; we allude to the affront put upon Dr. Wickard, Dean of Westminster, and chaplain to the Embassy.‡ He was arrested while at dinner with a friend. This proceeding is attributed by the journals§ of the period to the extraordinary zeal of the French to prevent the "new converts from hearing any sermons that might confirm 'em in their First Religion." Dr. Wickart was accused of having given the communion to one Descombs. The charge was, however, disproved, and the chaplain liberated, but the ambassador was by no means satisfied with so scant a reparation for the violation of his rights.

At length arrived the coaches and equipage so long expected. "Mr. Prior, on Friday the 6th of March, was desired to wait on the Princes and Princesses of the Blood at Marley," to invite them to send their coaches for his entry, intended for Sunday The Princes were dressed before Mr. Prior came to them. The Princesses received him at their toilet. "Mr. Prior payed y^e^ compliments to the Duke de Maine in the great Hall, excusing it for that he heard his Highness was going a-hunting, and that he feared to miss him. The Duke said on the contrary he took the freedom very kindly, and that he should rather go back to his lodgings to receive one who came from y^e^ English Embassy. He bid Mr. Prior pay his compliments to my Lord very particularly." This urbanity appears strange in the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, who steadily refused to receive the ambassador of William.

Everything in the British Embassy now gave way to the approaching entry. Notification was made to the King (who approved the day), to all the Royal Family, and to the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, who visit the Ambassador, and, receiving his visit, give him the hand in their own house. These send their coaches. The privileged number consisted of the Prince and Princess of Condé, the Duke and Duchess of Bourbon, the Princess Dowager, Prince and Princess of Conti, the Duke and Duchess of Maine, and the Comte de Toulouse. None of the ministers send their coaches except Mons. de Torsi, who received the same compli-

* Letter to William, Paris, March 1, 1698. Grimblot, vol. i. p. 185.
† St. Simon, vol. ii. p. 108. Edit. 1829. Grimblot.
‡ Grimblot, vol. i. MS.
§ Monthly Mercury, April, 1698.

ments as the Princes of the Blood. Notifications are made to the foreign ambassadors and ministers, who however do not attend, not being able to agree about their rank. The list of the ambassadors thus honoured is concluded by a note of Mr. Prior—"We never take any notice of the Pope's Nuncio."

All at first went smoothly, but before the event difficulties arose. Portland, in one of his letters, declares that every imaginable difficulty and annoyance was thrown in his way; at any rate, the French court seems to have advanced pretensions of a novel character.

On the 6th, Monsieur Bonneuil, the introducer of ambassadors, told Mr. Prior that M. Sainctot, the other introducer, would engage my Lord to invite the Duchess of Verneuil to his entry, as a Princess of the Blood. This proposal Portland flatly refused. He declared that nothing should come between the coach of the Count de Toulouse and his own; that he would not submit to the attempted innovation; that he would not invite the duchess; and that he consequently hoped she would not send her coach; but that if, notwithstanding his protestations, she should send it, he should be obliged to order his men to make it go back again; or if it should get into the rank by force or stratagem, he would that moment get out of the king's coach, and return to his house in his own coach. Finally, his Excellency proposed to defer his entry till he could receive instructions from the king his master. A correspondence ensued on this point between Torsi, the introducer, and Lord Portland. Torsi insisted on the right of the king to assign any rank he might best please to the Duchesse de Verneuil. But as the entry was settled, and his Majesty did not wish to disturb the arrangements, Portland carried his point. The real position of the Duchesse de Verneuil appears never to have been precisely defined. The daughter of the Chancellor Séguier, and widow of the Duc de Verneuil, a natural son of Henri IV. by Mademoiselle d'Entraigues,* she was first recognised as a princess of the blood at the marriage of the Duke of Chartres in 1692. The honours of a prince of the blood were thereby conferred on her deceased husband, who had never dreamt of such distinction. The Duc d'Uzès found the circumstance so pleasant, that he walked before her, crying, "Place, place à Madame Charlotte Séguier." She was subsequently admitted to the ceremonial portion of royal solemnities and rejoicings, but never, as it would appear, on a footing of perfect equality. Even at the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy in 1697, her invitation included only the wedding-day, and none of the subsequent festivities.

The point, however, must have been previously decided. More than one ambassador had arrived at Paris since the exaltation of Madame de Verneuil to the princely dignity. The fault doubtless lay with Sainctot, the introducer: he was a terrible man, and constantly the cause of errors. Not long before the arrival of Portland, he had induced the Duchess du Lude, principal lady of the Duchess of Burgundy, to advance to the antechamber at the reception of an ambassador of Savoy. For some time no other ambassador would accept an audience without the same ceremony. Correspondence ensued, and couriers were despatched to different courts of Europe. The affair was not settled until the French minister declared, in writing, that the peculiarity attending the reception of the Savoyard ambassador had been the result of a mistake, and should occur no more. For this blunder, the king, we are informed in metaphorical language, "washed the head" of his officer. But this was not the only occasion in which Sainctot showed himself disqualified for the office he had purchased. St. Simon justly exposed him to eternal execration for having inveigled the young Duchess of Burgundy into kissing on the cheek Mademoiselle Heemskerke, daughter of the ambassador from Holland. The distinction was due only to the ambassador's wife. On this occasion, also, it is reported that the head of Sainc-

* *Mémoires de Sully.*

tot was severely washed by his Most Christian Majesty.

At about ten o'clock on the morning appointed for the entry, the English nobility and gentry came to my Lord's house to pay their respects to his excellency. They dined about eleven, after which my lord sent his pages, coaches, led-horses, and footmen, to the Maison Rambouillet. He then repaired thither himself in a private coach, his gentlemen in theirs. They arrived about twelve at y^e^ said house, where y^e^ Princes of the Blood sent their coaches, their écuyers remaining to return in those coaches. These gentlemen were received by my Lord in the outward chamber, as soon as they were alighted out of their coaches. The Ambassadors and *Forrein Ministers* sent also each a gentleman in a coach-and-six. The gentlemen were received by some of the fourteen gentlemen that attended his excellency at their alighting out of the coach, and by his excr. at y^e^ door of y^e^ inward room. Each having payed his compliments, returned in the coach of his principal as he came.

Thus were received the écuyers or gentlemen from the princes of the blood, and the gentlemen who brought compliments from the joint ministers, Pomponne and Torsi.*

At three o'clock arrived the king's coach with Monsieur de Boufflers, the marshal charged, according to custom, with conducting the ambassador on his entry. My Lord gave him the hand and honours in the house. The marshal gave my Lord the pass in going into the king's coach, and y^e^ upper hand when he came in it.

Then began the march which even the French, accustomed to magnificence, acknowledged as magnificent. And, indeed, these solemnities had every right to be so entitled; for we are informed that the Embassy, which lasted less than five months, cost King William fourscore thousand pounds.†

At my entrée, says Portland in a confidential letter to his master, I was much surprised to see the great concourse, not only of the lower orders of Paris, whose curiosity is a matter of course, but all the people of quality in the city, of all ages, and both sexes, were looking out at the windows and the balconies. As I passed over the Pont Neuf, some persons exclaimed, "Good Heaven! what do we witness to-day!" A scene that demands our attention; the solemn entry of a monarch whom for the last eight years we have been burning on this same bridge.

First in the march was the coach of the marshal with eight horses, and six pages on horseback, and one écuyer before it, about thirty paces before the rest, and, as they call it, *hors du rang*, to guide the procession.

Then came one of the king's messengers, and one of my Lord's gentlemen of the horse, twelve led horses, each having rich hozens of my lord's livery, led by twelve grooms, each on horseback, my Lord's first gentlemen of the horse, twelve pages on horseback, and sixty footmen.

These preceded the king's coach, in which were my Lord Ambassador, the marshal, Bonneuil the introducer, and Lord Westmoreland. The introducer, in this and public ceremonies, is always on the left hand of my Lord, supposed to be nearest him, and for that reason has place, having a right to be in that coach where my Lord Westmoreland was only invited by his excellency as a stranger. Consequently Bonneuil had place.

Next followed the Duchess of Burgundy's coach, with her écuyer and three of the ambassador's suite; Monsieur's coach with the same, including Mr. Prior; Madam's coach, and the coaches of the princes and princesses, with the rest of the English gentlemen, as their birth or employment gave them place. "Their footmen, who had all new liverys,

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* It is scarcely necessary to inform the readers that Torcy, or, as he is called by Mr. Prior, Torsi, was son-in-law of Pomponne, and his coadjutor. Pomponne advised, Torsy signed.—*Dangeau.*

† Kennet; Grimblot.

and very fine, walked by the coaches, where their masters were."

At the end of this long line came my Lord's carriages, six in number, coaches and chariots, drawn by eight and six horses respectively, and escorted by Swiss gentlemen on horseback, and servants on foot. These carried the members of my Lord's immediate family. The coaches of Monsieur Torsi and of Bonneuil closed the array.

My Lord had, in the morning, sent his own officers to the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs to receive the present the king makes him of fish (it being Lent), bread, candles, &c. He ordered his own sideboard of plate to be sett up. My lord stayed there from Sunday night to Wednesday night. Ten of his own servants lay there. He had five tables for ninety-two people. Monsieur d'Igny, one of the Maistres d'Hôtel du Roy, had order to wait on my Lord during his stay, besides others of the king's servants.

Having arrived at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs in the order described, my Lord descended from the coach, took the hand of Boufflers, and entered every room before him, till, being come into y^e^ bedchamber (supposed then to be in his own house), he did the honours, gave the chair and the hand to the marshal, and conducted him to his coach, which he saw go away. About half an hour afterwards the king sent a compliment to the ambassador by the Duke d'Aumont. The secretary and gentlemen received him at his coming out of y^e^ coach. My Lord received him half-way of the stairs, and gave him the hand and the chair, the introducer having one also at the ambassador's left. The ambassador conducted the duke to his coach, and saw it go away. Till this moment all had gone smoothly. But now Bonneuil, as we shall see, began to put forward pretensions wholly untenable.

On the departure of d'Aumont arrived the Marquis de Villecerf, Chevalier d'Honneur to the Duke of Burgundy. The ambassador, coming to the topp of the stairs, and being ready to go down some of the steps, in order to receive the marquis in the middle of the first pair of stairs (there being two pair of stairs, each divided into fourteen steps), Monsieur Bonneuil stopped the gentleman, and insisted that my lord ought to come thus farr to him. His excellency sent Mr. d'Allone, one of his secretaries, to inform Monsieur Bonneuil, that neither his instructions, nor the examples of his predecessors, would justify his coming so far. The introducteur insisted yet more vehemently, and with passion, that my Lord ought to give the same honour to the marquis as to him who came from his Majesty. My Lord returned that he would not do it, and if the marquis did not think proper to advance, my Lord could not receive the honour of his visit. The introducteur, seeing it impossible to bring my Lord to what he pretended, cried out, "*Allons, donc, montons, montons*," which, accordingly, y^e^ marquis did. My Lord came down half-way the first part of the stairs to meet him, gave him the honours, and an armed chair, and saw him to his coach, but did not stay to see the coach move, which Monsieur Bonneuil would have had him to have done.

Presently after came Monsieur de Sassenage from Monsieur. Bonneuil again insisted on greater honours than those accorded to Villecerf, whereon he was subjected by Portland to the same lavatory process already experienced by his colleague at the hands of the king. The conductor of ambassadors, writes Portland, behaved impertinently in public, which obliged me to treat him as became a person who has the honour to represent your majesty. Upon which the dispute ended for the time, and I received the latter (Sassenage) as I had done the former. But the conducter of ambassadors was confounded and irritated.

The departure of Sassenage gave rise to a scene in which Bonneuil talked passionately. Mr. Prior referred to the Memorial concerted, before the entry, between the Embassy and Bonneuil. The latter insisted that there was in the Mémoire *quasi les mémes honneurs aux Envoyés de la Duchesse, &c. qu'à celuy du Roi*. This was refuted by Mr. Prior, who let the conductor see that the expres-

sion did not run so, nor was there any ground to think it should. The dispute ran high, until the arrival of Monsieur de la Rougère, on the part of Madame, and the renewal of pretensions by the conductor. Monsieur Bonneuil made all imaginable haste to get down to Monsieur Rougère, and told him that it was not advisable for him to come up, for that my Lord had not given Monsieur Sassenage the honours due to him. He then returned to tell the ambassador that, unless he would see the coach go, the visit could not be made. My Lord said very plainly that he would receive Monsieur de la Rougère no otherwise than he had done Monsieur de Sassenage; so the introducteur hindered him from coming up, and the visit was not made. The conductor acted in the same manner in regard to a gentleman from the Duchesse de Chartres. He then crowned his crimes by going away in anger, without supping with my Lord, as he should have done, or taking his leave decently, repeating what my Lord had said, that his excellency would not act according to Monsieur Bonneuil's prescription. Monsieur Bonneuil therefore said, as he was leaving, that there was nothing more for him to do since things went at this rate. After receiving one or two gentlemen, untroubled by the punctilious Bonneuil, the ambassador supped, with the ceremony as usual.

The next day Portland sent to Versailles to Messieurs de Pomponne and Torsi, to complain of what had happened. He declared his respect for the princes, but represented that they could not expect for their representatives the same amount of honours as were paid to the representatives of the king. Monsieur de Torsi replied that the matter had been brought before the council by Bonneuil, who had been rebuked for his indecent behaviour. Later in the morning the two conducters came to my Lord in order to concert matter for his audience, whereon my Lord chid Bonneuil for his passion, and gave him to understand that he was in the wrong. "I spoke to him," says Portland, "as was befitting. He was ashamed and speechless." Portland subsequently sent to inquire of the nuncio as to what had happened at his entry. His answer justified the proceedings of the English ambassador. But it turned out that the Portuguese ambassador, doubtless imposed on by the representations of the conductor, had gone down a larger number of steps to every one than was generally considered necessary or convenient.

To Madame the gallant Portland made an explanation. He let her know that he was sorry for what had happened, that he hoped she was persuaded of the respect he had for her, and that he should always pay it as far as his character would give him leave. Madame answered, very obligingly, that she could take nothing ill that was not done with an ill intention, that she did not understand the ceremonial, and for whatever might happen between the ambassador and herself, she was not less the servant of my Lord Portland. Monsieur, who understood etiquette, decided in favour of the ambassador, and blamed the conductor.

The 11th of March was the day appointed for the audience. The ambassador prepared himself by a study of the titles employed by persons of his rank to the personages he was about to encounter.

The secretary drew up a regular schedule for the occasion. The king was Sire and Votre Majesté. The Dauphin, the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri—the two latter only fourteen and twelve years of age respectively—Monseigneur and Vous. To the Dutchess of Burgundy and to Madame, Madame and Vous. To Monsieur was assigned the same title as to the Dukes. Monsieur and Madame liked the title of *Vous* simply, better than that of *Royal Highness*, because it put them more on the same footing with the Dauphin and with the Duke and Dutchess of Burgundy.

The Duke of Chartres was Monseigneur and Votre Altesse Royale. The same title, *mutatis mutandis*, was given to his wife. The family of Condé and the Bastards were accosted as Monsieur or Madame, and Votre Altesse, "mais non pas royalle."

The princes return the visit to my

Lord who gives them in his house the same honours he received in theirs, though they affect a little more, as will be seen in the continuance of this relation.

THE AUDIENCE.

March y^e^ 11th. My Lord having sent his pages and equipages before with his six coaches, the first empty, the other five filled by the gentlemen belonging to his own family, the lords and other gentlemen being likewise gone before in their own or his coaches.

The procession commenced almost in the same order and with the same performers as before. On this occasion, however, the Count de Marsan, brother to Count d'Armagnac, was substituted for Boufflers. It was the custom for a marshal to conduct ambassadors at their entry; but at their audience they were introduced by a prince of the house of Savoy or Lorraine. The honour of the prince was not given to the Venetian ambassador, who had a mareschal only. The point was, however, conceded in the following November to Monsieur Errizzo at his audience of leave.

In the first court the foot-guards were ranged in battalia, the French on one side and the Swiss on the other; the drums beating an appeal (as the French term it), the colours were displayed, but the officers only saluting with their hats. In the second court the guard they call Hoquetons were ranged. All the coaches went in, and my Lord alighted at the Chamber of Ambassadors, as all his retinue likewise did, and found there the English nobility and gentry who were to attend him to his audience. His excellency stayed there a quarter of an hour, when Monsieur Bonneuil, who had gone to Versailles the day before to adjust matters, informed him that the king was ready to receive him, and his excellency went to his audience thus:

The footmen,
The écuyers,
The pages,
The gentlemen;

those of the greatest quality nearest my Lord, so that my Lord Westmoreland went immediately before him (Lord Ambassador), the Prince at his right hand, and Mons. Bonneuil at his left. Monsieur Sainctot was a little behind him, as was likewise the secretary, with my Lord's credential letters. The hundred Swiss were ranged from the vestibule to the top of the stairs: their drums did not beat. At the bottom of the stairs my Lord was received by the Marquis de Blainville, grand-maistre des cérémonies, who went up with him at the entry into the grand chamber. His excellency was received by the Captain of the Guards-in-waiting, the Duc de Noailles, who went on his right, a little before the princes. The footmen went through the Guard Chamber, and entered the antechamber, where they ranged themselves on both sides. The écuyers and pages went into the second antechamber, and did the like. The gentlemen went into the audience, where they ought to have ranged themselves on both sides, from the balustrade to the door, to make a way for my Lord, but the crowd was so thick that it was impossible. It was with the greatest difficulty that my Lord got to the balustrade. The king himself spoke twice to have them make place, and, when my Lord came, complimented him upon the pains he had taken to get through the crowd. He declared himself very glad to see so many English subjects with his own. The courtiers afterwards called Portland's attention to these facts. Never, said they, had the king been seen to speak to an ambassador first, or in so familiar a manner. Portland appears a little annoyed that they were, or seemed to be, surprised at his not having been embarrassed at seeing the king surrounded by such a multitude of courtiers.

After the few words of civility on the king's part, my Lord, taking the credential letters from his secretary, entered the balustrade alone. The prince stood without the balustrade. There were only with the king the three young princes, his grandsons, and three or four more of the greatest quality. The king stood before his chair. My Lord, after the usual reverences, made his harangue covered, uncovering only when he named the "king, my master," or "your majesty," the king uncover-

ing as often. The harangue, which was in French, ran as follows:—

"SIRE,—It is with equal satisfaction and eagerness that the king my master sends me to your Majesty, to assure you that the Peace can produce no effect on him more agreeable than that of placing him in a position to acquire and cultivate your friendship, and to convince you that he has not been your enemy from choice, but from the necessity of circumstances. However painful these may have been, they have never prevented him from rendering justice to your Majesty's fine qualities and great actions. He orders me to testify to you, that henceforward he will make it his principal care to maintain with you a union which he has so ardently desired, and which Europe regards as absolutely necessary to confirm the tranquillity she is beginning to enjoy.

"This is what your Majesty will see by the letter I have the honour to present."

Then my Lord uncovered, delivered his letters of credence to the king. The king, receiving them, made a sign to my Lord to cover again, which my Lord did, and added concerning himself:—

"As regards myself, Sire, I could not be more sensible than I am of the choice which the king my master has made of me, since he procures me the occasion of employing myself in the consolidation of a union so useful to the good of the two crowns. I very humbly supplicate your Majesty to receive me, and to be persuaded that no one will ever have for you more respect or veneration than myself."

The king answered in very obliging terms. His speech was about the length of my Lord's; the substance was his intention and desire to keep the Peace inviolable, and to live in good friendship and correspondence with the King of England. Then my Lord presented to his Majesty the chief of the English nobility, and retired, making three reverences, one within the balustrade, and two without, the king answering the civility as usual.

The ambassador then paid visits, and made speeches to the Dauphin, and to the princes and princesses of the royal family, the two young Dukes of Anjou and Berri receiving only one harangue between them. The prince departed after the audience of the Dauphin, leaving Portland for the remainder of his visits with the introducers of ambassadors. Some of the princesses received the ambassador in bed, giving his excellency an arm-chair within the balustrade. In his official capacity he kissed the princesses, as well as the ladies who received him in the antechamber.

When he visited princes who lived in the same house, but whose duty it was to see the carriage parts, the ambassador, after one visit, took one turn out of the court, and returned to pay the visit.

With pomp and ceremony he visited and received visits from his fellow-ambassadors; keeping open house not only for themselves, but for his friends and acquaintance in general.

These form the culminating points of Portland's embassy. His resistance on points of etiquette was no longer required, as a royal order was issued for a codification of precedents and regulations on the subject. Two difficulties alone arose, and these were speedily overcome by the talent of the ambassador. The princes claim it as their right to be received by ambassadors at the bottom of the stairs. "This ambassadors avoid as well as they can, pretending in all things to an exact equality with princes, who receive them only at the middle of the stairs. The expedient that my Lord found in this case was, to be in the same apartment when the prince arrived to meet him, as was said, in the outward hall or entry, and conduct him to the apartment above stairs, and receive his visit there. By this means the prince was received by my Lord at the bottom of the stairs, and, indeed, a little more than so, yet my Lord did not come down so far to meet him."

The other was a ministerial difficulty. It was the habit for ambassadors to pay the first visit to the French ministers. Portland, when about to perform his duties in this respect, understood by letters from Mr. Secretary Vernon that Count

Tallard, the French ambassador in London, expected the first visit from the English minister. Mr. Prior was at once sent to Monsieur Pomponne to arrange the point, and to state Portland's refusal to pay the first visit, unless Tallard were instructed to do the same.* The matter was satisfactorily settled.

After this incident, the treatment experienced by the ambassador from the king and royal family was flattering in the extreme. One night the king, on retiring to rest, ordered the candlestick to be given to Portland, a favour seldom accorded to ambassadors. The monarch, on another occasion, while taking medicine, made the ambassador enter within the balustrade of the bed, an honour never known to have been given to any foreigner. On his departure the king presented him with his picture, enamelled and set round with diamonds, with a plan of his house and gardens at Versailles and Marly, while the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans gave him similar drawings of their places at Meudon and St. Cloud.

At length, in the same order as before, the Embassy took their audiences of leave. The king embraced Portland, and subsequently caused a rating to be given to the fiery Grand Prior for having forcibly taken precedence of the ambassador at a supper given by the Dauphin. The introducers were presented with four thousand francs to make into plate. Sainctot alone had the grace to give thanks for the gift. To his Majesty Portland presented, as was his custom, nine fine Neapolitan horses, and received in return a handsome barb.

On the 18th of June Portland finally left Paris, staying three days at Chantilly with the Prince of Condé. He then continued his road by Flanders, having received permission from the king to see all the fortified places, accompanied by engineers with orders to show him the defences thoroughly. The honours that graced his exit surpassed even those that had welcomed his arrival. Everywhere he was received with salutes, feasts, and escorted by larger squadrons than before.

On the 27th the ambassador left Dunkirk, where he had seen Jean Bart, and arrived at Calais.

"On the 28th his excellency went on board his Majesty's yacht the Henrietta, Captain Robinson, commander, and at two afternoon arrived at Dover, the cannons of which place were discharged. His excellency went the same night to Canterbury, where he lodged at Sir George Rook's house.

"The 29th, continued his way to London, arrived at night at Whitehall, and went immediately to Kensington to see his Majesty, who received him with all the marks of his royal favour and bounty, after which he was welcomed home by all the nobility and gentry," &c. &c.

We have thus followed the Embassy of Lord Portland from his journey to his return. We have endeavoured to give a description of those minor matters, which, however trivial in themselves, illustrate the manners of an age. In their time, as we have seen, they were considered fit subjects for discussion in the councils of a great king. In our own day such details engage less attention; but it has seemed to us that their faithful record may be of value, if only to furnish the historian with some elements of a minute precision, —the novelist and the playwright with hues of a correct local colour. But, indeed, it is not for the antiquarian only that such records have interest. To the philosopher also, they are valuable as standards of comparison, whereby he may estimate the civilisation of a past age, and gauge the development of our own.

Recent events give to such a recital a peculiar relevancy. Peace is signed. A special Embassy, brilliantly composed, is about to repair to a luxurious court, there to be the honoured witness of the most impressive ceremony of a reign. That Embassy will behold a society as splendid, a government as despotic, an etiquette as strict as existed under Louis the Fourteenth, when Portland, the Dutchman, represented the success of England, and Prior the poet limited his fancy to a chronicle of court observances.

* Grimblot; St. Simon.

THE DISPUTE WITH AMERICA.

No sooner is the Old World at rest, than the New World breaks out into flames. Internally as well as externally, the affairs of America are troubled. Her tendencies towards foreign war may end in mere verbal vapouring, but her internal dissensions have already embodied themselves in dread matter-of-fact. A civil war rages in the State of Kansas, which has become the battle-field of the Slavery and Anti-Slavery parties; while the excitement is becoming universal, and subscriptions of money and bodies of settlers are pouring in on both sides to maintain the contest. Not even the halls of Congress are safe from the brutalities of the pro-Slavery party; and an outrage has been committed on the person of Mr. Sumner, the great Abolitionist orator in the American Senate, so unprovoked and atrocious, that we believe the veriest coalheaver in this country would have scorned to have perpetrated it. The blows of Brooks's stick on the bare head of Sumner have found an echo of vehement indignation in every township of the free Northern States; the papers are full of "indignation meetings," and speeches in which war to the death with slavery is openly announced as the only remedy for the evil with which they are threatened—namely, the entire prostration of freedom before the ruthless tactics of the Southerners, and the conversion of the Union into a despotism of the slaveholders. "Let me say to you, my fellow-citizens," said the Hon. S. Galloway, of Ohio, at an immense gathering in New York, "if the signs of the times are read correctly by me, there are yet to be other Concords, Lexingtons, and Bunker Hills. [Tremendous applause.] There are to be other battle-fields upon which are to bleach the bones of some of the present generation, falling, and fighting as they fell, for the same great principles which nerved the arms and hearts of our revolutionary fathers. Up and be doing!—put on the whole armour, and go out to the battle! The great question now before the people of this country is not the emancipation of the negro, but the emancipation of the white man. We are bound in the bands of slavery to-day—we are gagged—we are prevented from talking out those sentiments which animated the hearts of the men of 1776. The crisis has come. Here are two antagonistic powers about to come into collision—freedom and slavery. The question is, which shall be received? [Loud cries of "Freedom! freedom!"] Which do you desire to transmit to your descendants? Which shall be the governing principle of our American institutions? ["Freedom! freedom!"] Freedom, you say; then labour and *fight*, if need be, for it."* The South, on its part, is still more

* The following resolutions agreed to at this meeting (held 10th June) show the vehement temper of the public mind.

"Resolved, That we have watched with painful interest the progress of events in Kansas, and that we earnestly entreat the President to interpose his authority for the protection of the Free State settlers from the lawless outrages of the invading Missouri mob and their auxiliaries, recently collected by Major Buford in the southern slave States. [Applause.]

"Resolved, That should the government persist in its refusal to protect the peaceful pioneers of Kansas against their oppressors and plunderers, they will be fully justified in protecting and defending themselves; but we entreat them to forbear to the last possible moment, and only stand on the defence when no choice is left them between resistance and enslavement. [Tremendous cheering.]

"Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress at once to pass a law which will prevent the packing of Grand Juries by United States Marshals bent on indicting innocent citizens for high treason, and on the destruction of private property under pretence of law. [Cheers.]

"Resolved, That we proceed to manifest our sympathy for the suffering freemen of Kansas by furnishing them with material aid [Cheers], and that Samuel B. Bag-

ready for the combat; but as it has as yet the upper hand in Congress, it talks less than the North of sundering the Union. Gold cups, gold-headed canes, and other testimonials, to the disgrace of humanity, are being presented by the Virginians to the ruffian Brooks. The attack on Mr. Sumner, indeed, may be regarded as a typical act—as a symbol of the open rupture to which the Slavery and Anti-Slavery parties have now come, as well as of the fierce lawless tactics which the former are ready to put in force against their antagonists. "Sumner and Kansas" will be watchwords of the Abolitionists, which the future is likely to hold memorable.

Such was the state of feeling in the Union in the second week in June, when the last mail left. The Great Convention of the Democrats at Cincinnati had just terminated in the nomination of Mr. James Buchanan as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, to the defeat of Douglas, Cass, and Pierce—the present President having lost prestige so dreadfully that he was the very first struck off the list! It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Buchanan will be the next President, although, as he is vowed to the support of slavery, the Free-soilers will make a strong effort to defeat him. He is regarded as an astute man, who likes to swim with the tide, but who has certain underlying tendencies which render him "unsafe" in the estimation of the moderate party in the States. This is a character as to whose future line of action it is difficult to speculate. One thing, however, marks the man unpleasantly in the memories of European Governments; for he was the leading man at the Ostend Convention, where the United States representatives in Europe met to consider what should be done in the Cuban question, and in their Manifesto publicly announced their opinion that it was necessary for their interests to get possession of Cuba without delay, and, if necessary, by means of war! This bodes ill for a pacific settlement of the Central American question; but as we do not see that Mr. Buchanan can be more arrogant or anti-British in his policy than his existing predecessor, we do not feel called upon to make any lively expression of concern. We should deeply regret if our difficulties with the United States were in any way to acquire fresh aggravation; but we have always our own good cause and ample strength to fall back upon,—and if it comes to that, we shall know how to maintain our rights, whoever is President of the Union.

The late hour at which we write prevents us entering upon any minute or detailed review of the American Dispute,—and such is not needed. The various statements and counter-statements of the quarrelling Governments have nearly all been made public, and in these our readers will find ample evidence of how much may be written about little. When Governments begin splitting hairs, whether of fact or of law, there is, on one side, if not on both, a want of honesty at bottom. What the public has to regard is the broad facts of the case, and the spirit in which the two governments have been acting towards each other; and if we can widen our view so as to embrace the original deep-seated root of the evil, so much the better. To discern it, as we shall see, is a different thing from curing it—nevertheless it leads in that direction.

The position of the United States is a peculiar one, and Britain's position with respect to them is not less peculiar. First of all, it is to be noted that the circumstances of the American Union have taught its Government arrogance; and, secondly, the relations in which Britain stands to it have hitherto secured for us a monopoly, as it were, of the jealousy and dislike of the United States people. The dominant power of the New World, and with three thousand miles of sea separating it from the great military states of Europe, the Union has found on its own continent no power which unaided can check its aggressions, and as yet no European state but Great Bri-

gles, Theodore McNamee, Thaddeus Hyat, Roe Lockwood, and S. C. Francis, be appointed a committee to receive and apply funds contributed for that purpose."

tain has had either an interest or the power to enter the lists against it. People wonder why the United States and England should be ever quarrelling—but the reason is obvious: the United States have had no one else to fight with. England is the great rival of the Union at sea, and, however pacific in essence that rivalry may be, even *it* has its heartburnings,—she borders with the Union in Canada and Oregon, along its whole northern frontier, —she holds Jamaica and other islands in the south,—and latterly the Union has found her existing as a pre-established rival in Central America. On both sides of her, accordingly, the Union finds England. Such being the case, the two rivals are sure to be perpetually quarrelling, unless the policy of *both is* marked by great discretion and forbearance. The policy of neither has been so distinguished, but in recent times the balance of arrogance and irritability is assuredly to be found on the side of the United States.

The lamentable misunderstanding —to use the mildest term—which has now arisen between these two Powers is the most serious that has occurred for many long years. It was surely in an evil hour that the Aberdeen Ministry resolved upon the Foreign Enlistment Act. At first defeated, they at length forced the measure upon Parliament by the threat of resigning; yet in almost every respect the measure proved a failure. "Soldiers are immediately wanted," said the Ministers, "and we can only procure them by carrying enlistment abroad;" whereas the result has been that of the Foreign Legions not a regiment was got ready in time to fire a shot in the war,—while of our despised home-population not less than 30,000 passed from the ranks of the militia into the line and took part in the war, and other 10,000 volunteered for service in the Mediterranean. Of all these foreign contingents, the American was the most paltry and useless—a mutiny at Plymouth being the last feat recorded of them; yet at what a cost have they been procured! It would be far from the truth to lay the main fault of the present quarrel with the United States to the charge of our own Government. A quarrel was watched for by the Cabinet at Washington, and the enlistment question was seized on as an opportune peg whereon to hang the ostensible grounds of complaint. The broad facts of the case lie in a nutshell. The Neutrality Laws of the Union, as explained by its own Government, forbid enlistment for foreign service within its territories, but do not forbid subjects of the Union proceeding abroad to be enlisted. Now, any infringement of the Neutrality Laws by British agents, if these laws can really be said to have been infringed at all, was "constructive" merely—the main allegation relied on by the Cabinet of Washington being the payment of money by British Consuls to persons authorised by them to *intimate* that any one who chose to repair to certain spots on British ground would be received as recruits. This is all. And note the manner in which the Cabinet of Washington deported itself throughout the affair. Without making any complaint either to our Government or ambassador, they set themselves to lie in wait for and search out causes of complaint, and lent a ready ear to knaves who, by their own confession, had sought to entrap British agents into breaches of the Neutrality Laws, with the view of reporting these breaches to the American Government! What followed is familiar to every one. Having got up its proofs—or what in the absence of better it chose to regard as such—the Cabinet of Washington made a vehement complaint against the British Government, and demanded the recall of the British ambassador. To this the British Government replied by regretting that Mr. Pierce and his colleagues should have taken offence at what had been done, and assuring them that the proceedings to which they objected had already been stopped and should not be repeated; but at the same time defending Mr. Crampton, pointing out the discreditable character of the witnesses relied on by the American Govern-

ment,* and arguing against the over-nice construction which that Government put upon the bearing of its Neutrality Laws.

Such is the import of the long correspondence which took place between the two Governments. At length it became evident that the matter could not any longer be kept open; and as peace had been proclaimed in Europe, Mr. Pierce and his colleagues resolved upon a course which might save their own prestige, and sound very bold and warlike, without leading to a war with Great Britain, which they were in no condition to encounter. Accordingly, on 27th May a despatch was written exonerating the British Government of all blame in the enlistment question, but declaring that Mr. Crampton and three British consuls had acted illegally, and were therefore dismissed. The despatch is cleverly worded, but from beginning to end it is visibly nothing better than an elaborate attempt to gain an end by a side-wind, and to carry the point of dismissing the British ambassador without having their ambassador dismissed in return. They profess an earnest desire to "keep the relations between the two governments on the *most* friendly footing," and anxiously announce as an inducement for us not to dismiss Mr. Dallas, that he is empowered to treat in an amicable manner about the affairs of Central America. It is also to be noted, in this elaborate *ruse* of the Pierce Cabinet, that, in order to avoid coming to an issue with the British *Government*, they affect to rest their grounds of complaint against Mr. Crampton and the consuls upon information newly received (and upon which, of course, our Government had pronounced no opinion); and they express their belief,—with what degree of sincerity we shall not say,—that when our Government has read the new evidence, it will be satisfied with the course they have adopted. This is not a creditable spectacle. A Government hunting for a cause of complaint, and with so little success that nine months elapse before they can get up a shadow of a case, so that (by their own confession) they only obtain proof enough in May to justify a step which they imperiously demanded in the autumn preceding! Finally, as if a spirit of "cleverness" were meant to pervade the policy of President Pierce in this matter to the last, the despatch announcing the dismissal of Mr. Crampton was sent off without a word of notification either to Mr. Crampton or the public, and his passports and letters of dismissal were kept back until the steamer had sailed—in order, by delaying his departure, to prevent the British Government having immediate communication with him, and in this manner put another obstacle in the way of the summary dismissal of the American ambassador.

The more we consider the Enlistment quarrel, the more it appears to us that it ought never to have assumed its present proportions, and that it never would have done so but for the unfriendly spirit of the United States Government. Had the position of parties been reversed—had

* In an article on the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, the New York *Evening Post* of 31st May makes the following remarks on the unworthy character of the witnesses relied on by the United States Government:—"On the statements and confessions of Strobel and Hertz, it has always seemed to us that our Government laid infinitely too much stress. The fact that these men had been employed by the British Government makes them none the more worthy of belief, and we cannot see by what process of logic Mr. Marcy extracts from that circumstance any proof of their credibility. Mr. Marcy himself may employ in a private job of his own a man who proves to be a rogue, but that is no reason for believing all that he may say to Mr. Marcy's discredit. Both Strobel and Hertz were adventurers, floating loose about the world, ready to give their services where they are best paid, and to turn against their employers if they did not find them sufficiently liberal of their rewards. They found themselves at length in that class of persons who are called ill-used men, and in making what they call their confessions, had an old quarrel to avenge and new friends to make. It seems to us, therefore, that the stories of Strobel and Hertz are in themselves unworthy of credit."

the Enlistment project been an American one put in force in England, we are very sure that our Government would have found means to settle the question without offence, by a timely official warning, or simple remonstrance,—if indeed they had taken exception to the proceedings at all,—which is doubtful. And in what circumstances, and with what antecedents, let us ask, do the United States thus "strain at a gnat" in this matter? Do they come into court with clean hands? Far from it. Need we speak of the Lopez expeditions which a few years ago sailed to attack Cuba, then at peace with the Union? Need we tell how, two years ago, Walker with a band of fillibusters, sailed from San Francisco, under the eyes of the authorities, to invade the Mexican province of Sonora; and how, foiled *in Mexico*, that adventurer again set out openly from the same port to carry his arms into Nicaragua. Nay, more, during the war between the United States and Mexico, was not recruiting for the American Government openly carried on in our Canadian provinces! Lieutenant Colonel Cummins (of Canada) testifies to this effect in a letter to the *Times*:—"During the Mexican war the United States openly enlisted men for their service both in Upper and Lower Canada; they had agents both at Niagara and in the eastern townships. Surely this is a sufficient precedent, and justifies the action of the English Government about which so much noise has been made." Finally, with what decency can the American Government strain the verbal stringency of its neutrality laws against us, and resent so wrathfully our unintentional infringement of them, when ships are actually sailing, in open defiance of those laws, from Orleans and other ports of the Union, with arms and recruits for the army of Walker in Nicaragua?

As to the conduct of our own Government, we do not see that it is open to very grave objection. The case is not quite closed, and it is still rather premature to pronounce a judgment which aims at being correct down to the minutest detail. Nevertheless it seems to us manifest that, as far as the conduct of the British Government is concerned, there ought to have been no quarrel at all. In ordinary circumstances there would have been none. And if the American Government chose to stand upon extraordinary punctilio in the Enlistment question, and was resolved to strain the law and accept the testimony of discreditable witnesses, in order to obtain a cause of quarrel with the British Government, it ought at least to have given notice of the unusual course which it intended to adopt. Not having done so, the Cabinet of Washington need not wonder if we object to the exceptional spirit by which its policy in this matter has been regulated. Grant that there was ground for remonstrance, what need was there for more? There was not the slightest desire on the part of either the British Government or its consuls to infringe the laws of the United States—such a desire, in fact, would have been as objectionable as preposterous; and therefore it must have been plain to any candid person that any infraction of these laws, on our part, must have proceeded from inadvertency or mistake. And the subsequent conduct of our Government was in accordance with this; for all the arrangements connected with the Enlistment project were immediately stopped, with an official expression of regret that the Cabinet of Washington should have seen reason to complain. With any ordinary government this would have ended the matter; but President Pierce was too delighted to have a pretext for exhibiting a bullying spirit towards the "old country:" and so he did all in his power to magnify the matter,—and now, after nine months' blowing into his wind-bag, he conceives that he has imparted to it sufficient amplitude of appearance to justify him in dismissing our ambassador. The Palmerston Cabinet has not in return dismissed Mr. Dallas; and in acting thus, we believe, they have done well, by choosing the lesser of the two evils presented to them. Until we know the reasons they assign for taking this course, however, and their meditated line of action through the delicate complexities of the future,

it is impossible to arrive at a satisfactory verdict on their policy. But this much we must say; it will not do for them to repudiate Mr. Crampton now, after so long supporting him. We observe that certain journals in this country—some of which are in the habit of taking their cue from the Government—have begun to abuse Mr. Crampton, and to assert that he is quite an unfit person to represent our country abroad. Such assertions would in any circumstances stand in need of ample corroboration, especially as Mr. Crampton has been the choice of four Foreign secretaries in succession, and has been eulogised by some of the best statesmen of the Union; and we moreover find, after all that has passed, the New York correspondent of the *Times* writing home (June 3) that "*personally* Mr. Crampton will be much regretted." Be the facts as they may, this much at least is plain, that in so long supporting Mr. Crampton in opposition to the complaint of the Cabinet of Washington, the Palmerston Ministry have identified their cause with his. We cannot believe that they will stoop to so mean a course as to sacrifice him now, as a means of lessening the difficulties of their position; but if they attempt this course, the country's honour, as well as the interest of the State service, require that the attempt be frustrated. If Mr. Crampton deserved to be recalled, they should have recalled him last autumn;—not having done so, they cannot offer him as a scapegoat now. We repeat, however, we do not anticipate that the Palmerston Cabinet will take such a course. Throughout this affair they have been "more sinned against than sinning," and are more likely to abide by the simple facts of the case than to have recourse to subterfuge and prevarication. As to the main question, the duty of Parliament and the Country is plain. Whatever may have been the indiscretions of our Government, they were trivial, and have been apologised for; and it remains for us to support the honour of the country against the quarrelsome spirit which President Pierce has infused into the diplomacy of the American Government.

Where there is a resolute desire to quarrel on one side, it is seldom possible for the other side to avoid the embroilment,—as is shown in the old fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, as well as in the more recent and authentic case of the Czar and the Sultan. Fortunately England is neither the Sultan nor the Lamb, and can resist fleecing very effectively. And this furnishes the best security for there being no war. Brother Jonathan is naturally overbearing, and likes to see his Government bullying other powers; but he will not forgive the Government if it allow its bullying tactics to involve the Union in war—at least, with any power that is its match. A profitless expenditure of the national money, and a fearful curtailment of the national commerce, which would be the mildest consequences of a war with England at present, would be resented by the American community as an unpardonable charge against any administration. Even in the war of 1812, when England was simultaneously engaged with Napoleon in Europe, the effects of our hostility were so grievously felt in the States of the Union, that several of the Northern States openly took steps towards breaking off from the Union rather than continue the war.* Assuredly the consequences of our hostility would be still more disastrous now. Not only are we

* The following is the striking and instructive narrative of the effects of that war upon the internal condition of the Union, as given in Alison's History:—"The discontents of the Northern States had now risen to such a height, as seriously threatened the dissolution of the Union. The two states of Massachusetts and New Hampshire continued to refuse to send their contingents to the army; and the governor of the former state thus addressed the State Legislature in the beginning of the year:—'If our conduct to both belligerents had been really impartial, all the calamities of war might have been avoided. We had assumed the character of a neutral nation; but had we not violated the duties imposed by that character? Had not every subject of complaint against one belligerent been amply displayed, and those against the other palliated or concealed? When France and England

free from all other war, but we have a war-fleet such as we never before possessed, munitions of war in abundance, and an army trained in the field, and in the very highest degree of efficiency. It is the last wish of the British heart to go to war with the United States, but we will not submit to dishonour to humour the miserable policy of Mr. Pierce's Cabinet; and if war be forced upon us assuredly the United States will be the first to regret it. It is not idle boast to say that in two months from the declaration of war every port of the Union would be blockaded by our immense fleet—our gunboats would ascend the St. Lawrence and carry the war into the American Lakes,—while Walker and his filibusters, who are already reported to be in wretched plight, would very *summarily* be ejected from Central America, and our position in that region fortified by more direct intervention than we should otherwise have found necessary.

It has been remarked of the consular system of ancient Rome, that the brief term of office acted as a stimulus to the consuls to do something remarkable in order to secure their re-election. The same remark may be made of the Presidential Office in the United States, with sundry differences to the disadvantage of the modern institution. The President of the United States is sometimes very far from being the most popular, much less the most distinguished man in the Union. He is sometimes chosen as a mere neutral *tertium quid*,—as a person so little known or distinguished, and therefore having given so little objection to the great parties in the State, that a majority of votes can be united in his favour. This was notoriously the case with Mr. Pierce, who was so little known, that descriptions of his personal appearance were published by the New York and other journals for the information of their readers! Once into the President's chair, however, Mr. Pierce resolved to let the world hear of him. The people of the States are unanimous in hating Spain, as a power now somewhat decrepit, yet maintaining its hold upon certain possessions in the Gulf of Mexico which the people of the Union have an excessive desire to appropriate. To bully Spain, accordingly, was the first project of the Pierce Cabinet. M. Soulé, a hot-headed supporter of slavery and annexation, was chosen as ambassador to Madrid, and the Black Warrior affair was made a handle of complaint against the Spanish Government. But the upshot was failure; and after getting up some sharp duelling work, and doing a vast amount of blustering at Madrid, M. Soulé had to withdraw from the Spanish soil, with the additional mortification of being refused permission by the French Government to pass through its territories. This failure recoiled upon the Pierce Cabinet, and made them only the more anxious to regain prestige by some new but more successful display of high-handed policy. The rivalry between the Union and England, in regard to Central America, suggested

were engaged in an arduous struggle, and we interfered and assaulted one of them, will any man doubt our intention to assist the other?' At a subsequent period of the same year, the State of Massachusetts took still more decisive measures. Openly asserting their inherent right to frame a new constitution, they resolved to 'appoint delegates to confer with delegates from New England on the subject of their grievances and common concerns, and to take measures, if they think proper, for procuring a convention of delegates from all the United States to revise the constitution.' These propositions were the more alarming, that the general discontent was much increased by the vast augmentation of the taxes, which were progressively swelled to the end of the year, and had already risen to the most alarming amount. The indirect taxes were advanced fifty per cent., the tax on auctions was doubled, and many new imports were added, expected to produce eleven or twelve millions of dollars, or about two million five hundred thousand pounds. And with all these aids, so low had the credit and resources of the treasury fallen, that the government could not negotiate a loan, and were driven to the necessity of issuing treasury-notes to a large amount, which were to bear interest like English Exchequer bills, and supply the want of a circulating medium in the States."—Chap. xci. § 72.

our country as a fitting object, in the popular estimation, for as much blustering as could be prudently indulged in; and, moreover, the fact of England being engaged in a European war, rendered it, perhaps, probable in their eyes, that, rather than brave a rupture with America also, we might make important concessions of our rights in the Western hemisphere. The sudden and unlooked-for termination of the war in Europe threw the Pierce Cabinet somewhat out in its calculations; and the very speed with which they have sought to close the affair, is an indication of this. There was clearly nothing more to be made out of the dispute, and to have continued it longer, would only have aggravated it; but at the same time, after their nine months' blustering, they could not overtly recede from their position,—so they took the middle course of relinquishing their complaints against the British Government, and, while dismissing our ambassador on "personal" grounds, accompanied the dismissal with an elaboration of friendly words, which would be very mollifying, if we could attribute it to any higher motive than the private interests of the Pierce Cabinet. The blustering and the soothing are offsprings of the same policy.

We do not fully identify the people of the United States with the present policy of their Government, and we have little doubt that the results of it will be such as still further to damage the popularity of the Pierce Cabinet,—for the Americans, while ever inciting their Presidents to overbearing acts, have no sympathy with them when they fail, or land the Union in political embarrassments. Nevertheless it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that a spirit of dislike to this country is general among the people of the States. And, however strange the circumstance may at first seem, it is in reality susceptible of easy explanation. We have already indicated the cause. It is to be found in the simple fact that Great Britain is the only power with which the interests of the United States have brought them into conflict. Mr. Disraeli says truly that at the bottom of the Enlistment quarrel lies the Central American question; but the rivalry existed before the Central American question arose, and, if other influences do not come into play, will continue after that question also is settled. Great Britain, unlike the other European powers, has vast interests at stake in the New World, and in her magnificent fleet she has means such as no other power possesses of transporting her military strength across the broad basin of the Atlantic. Accordingly she is the only great State with which the American Union has yet come in contact, and hence the widespread dislike with which she is regarded in the latter country. It has been remarked as extraordinary that there is always an American party in this country, but never a British one in America. Our readers will now perceive how this happens. The British people, like their Continental neighbours, have been at war in turn with almost every state in the world, and by long experience have learned to bear rivalry with equanimity. While standing up for our own interests, we are not surprised that other States should as stoutly maintain theirs. Hence we will engage to say that, even during the heat of the late war, there was not more personal antipathy felt in this country towards the Russians than has prevailed of late years towards ourselves among the people of the United States. The United States do not yet know their place in the world. In their own hemisphere they have encountered nothing more redoubtable than roaming savages and petty half-breed States falling to pieces of their own accord. Hence the Union has learnt to be arrogant in its policy, and, intoxicated with its really marvellous progress, has come to imagine that it has the world at its foot. The progress of events is destined to explode this delusion. The United States have never yet felt the pressure of Europe —hitherto Continental Europe might have been non-existent so far as regards acting as a check upon the policy of the Union; but this state of things will not continue. We need not go over the ground which we discussed at considerable length last month, to show that Europe and America are gradually being brought into closer connexion—that the

Powers of the Old World will come to take a livelier interest in the affairs of the New,—and that in this way the United States will receive a lesson as to their true position in the community of nations, and will come to discover that the British alliance is the best one to cultivate, after all. As the world grows older, the Powers of Europe will appear more and more in Central America; and if a war between England and the United States were now breaking out, the latter Power would probably be mortified to find at its close, that the European Powers had established something more solid than mere protectorates in the countries of the Isthmus. If England be forced to go to war with the Union, she need not go alone. She does not require assistance to maintain her dignity and *rights*, but she would not want *alliances* were she to seek them on the Continent of Europe. The overbearing spirit of American diplomacy has become intolerable to many of the European States; and France and the Western Powers especially recognise in its policy towards the weak States of Central America, a perfect parallel to the recent aggressions of Russia upon Turkey, which Europe found necessary to resist by means of a general coalition. A similar European coalition will in due time, if its arrogant policy be not discontinued, be formed against the American Union. Any war about the affairs of Central America must greatly accelerate the progress of events in this direction; and, for the sake of averting any such contest, by teaching the Americans moderation, we beg them to look ahead and consider into what difficulties their present policy is likely to lead them.

Passing by the Enlistment question—which, though now looming large, is a mere symptom of a deeper-seated complaint—an effort to get up a cause of quarrel, with the view of gratifying a pre-existing enmity—let us consider the grand source of the offence which the United States give to other Powers (namely, its arrogant policy), as manifested in the Central American question. There is no use making many words about the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That treaty was designed to meet a special end—namely to prevent Great Britain and the Union coming to loggerheads by asserting counter-pretensions to certain parts of the then projected line of transit across the Isthmus. The treaty bound both the contracting parties to make no settlements in "Central America"—which term was then used to signify the provinces immediately adjoining to the Isthmus, and did not apply to British Honduras at all. The Americans had no settlements in that part of America to abandon, and, during the negotiation of the treaty, they made no demand for the abandonment by us of our settlements. And so the treaty was concluded, and both parties felicitated themselves on having done good service to the cause of commerce and humanity, by thus agreeing to guarantee (so far as they were concerned) the reign of peace in perpetuity in the important transit-region between the two oceans. But with the accession of Mr. Pierce, the Presidential policy became unusually rampant, and nothing would satisfy the new Government but to open up the Central American question with the view of applying to it, "pure and simple," the Monroe doctrine; or rather, we should say, the so-called "Monroe doctrine," for Mr. Monroe's views did not go so far by one-half as those of which he has now become the reputed father.* "America for the Americans!" cries brother Jonathan—meaning, however, by Americans nobody but himself. Britain has possessions in North-America as large as the whole territories of the Union—so has Russia; Spain, France, Denmark, Holland, have possessions in the Gulf of Mexico and South America, and Portugal has never lost the allegiance of Brazil. But, putting these things out of sight, and trampling contemptuously on Mexico and other feebler States, it is demanded that the New World shall be set aside as the spe-

* Mr. Monroe's statement of policy was first made in his Message to Congress, December 2, 1823, and contained the express qualification and restriction that "*with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere.*"

cial spoil and heritage of the United States! We need not dwell on the preposterous character of the demand. As long, indeed, as it remains a mere maxim, a theory, a "notion," the British nation cares not a straw about it. We are much too sensible and matter-of-fact a people to quarrel about empty words or political moonshine. But if the United States are resolved to carry out their theory, and to do so *at our expense*, that is a very different matter. Notwithstanding all their rancour towards us, and their belief that England is ever on the watch to thwart their progress, we feel persuaded that the British nation has no desire to impede the southward extension of the Union,—nay, even if that extension took place by means which we did not wholly approve, still we would not necessarily feel called upon to interfere. What we object to is the attack which the United States are directing against our own possessions in Central America,—with the design, avowedly, of trying to eject us whenever they can muster courage and strength enough for the attempt. Let them cease from this arrogant and indefensible line of policy, and the question is at once settled.

But mark what must spring from the assertion of the overbearing "Monroe doctrine." Britain is not the only Power menaced by these pretensions of the United States to exclusive right over the territories of the New World. All the other European Powers who have possessions in that hemisphere are similarly menaced. Repeated lawless attacks upon Cuba have made Spain sufficiently alive to the fact; while the sagacious ruler of France not only perceives it, and resents the indignity which the arrogant policy of the Union offers to other States, but we have no doubt is quite ready to enact a remedy, and repeat in the West that process of righting the balance which has just been applied to Russia in the East. We have no desire to see England taking part in a Coalition for such a purpose, and she never will do so unless the United States Government lose its senses and drive her into it. The friendly alliance of the United States is one which we prize above measure. In this country there is little or none of that angry jealousy towards the States which prevails in the States towards us; and were a war to take place between the two countries, it would be universally regarded by the British as a national calamity. It would be regretted not merely from commercial motives, but as a wound to our generous feelings, and to every native predilection of the British heart. In the United States, on the other hand, while commercially the war would be even more regretted than with us,—as a question of national feeling, we are sorry to think that it would be regarded with positive satisfaction. If war entailed on them no burdens and dangers, the United States people would go to war with us at once; whereas even were we certain of winning all the successes, and getting all the expenses of the war repaid, the British people would still seek, as far as possible, to avoid the conflict. Such is the different temper of the two nations. United by the closest ties of blood, we yet find one of them eager to fight the other, if it can but do so cheaply and successfully; whereas no considerations but those of self-defence will prevail on the other to fight at all. Once the United States emerge from their state of isolation, and enter fairly into the lists of the world, they will better reciprocate our kindly feelings. Hitherto, as we have said, they have existed apart from the general community of nations; and finding England as their only rival in their own sphere, they have come to regard her with embittered enmity. It did not matter that England—for instance, in the Canadian and Oregon boundary-questions—was most moderate and yielding. If *she had not been there*, the Union would have got still more—immeasurably more. It is the old story of Haman and Mordecai: "All these things profit me nothing," says the Union, "as long as England sits with me in the same continent!" There can be but one cure for this kind of enmity, and that is the progress of events, the gradual *rapprochement* of the Old and New Worlds, the appearance of other European powers in strength in the Gulf of Mexico, and, as a conse-

quence of bickerings and negotiations with them, the enlightenment of the United States as to their true position and affinities in regard to us and other nations of the world. That time will come, and with it must come a change of sentiments towards England on the part of a large portion of the now United, but perhaps then sundered, States of America. There is no logic like the logic of events; and a hostile pressure from some other Power, or coalition of Powers, upon the American Union will be the first thing that will make it revise its opinions, and begin to draw closer to the side of England. All union between States is the result of external pressure. Brothers may quarrel as long as they have none to fight with but themselves, but when each begins to have alien enemies of his own, they soon draw together. As soon as the United States become thus circumstanced, they will cease from their Anglophobia,—but never effectually till then. Meanwhile, we trust that, for their own sakes as well as ours, if they will not learn from us the spirit of friendship, they will at least not force us from our attitude of forbearance.

It is just possible that one of the motives which the Pierce cabinet has for seeking a quarrel at present with Great Britain is the idea that a foreign war would act as a counter-irritant to the internal inflammation which now afflicts the Union,—that a war with England would retard or suppress the civil war that is imminent on the Slavery question. If so, the Cabinet of Washington seriously miscalculates. A war with England would at once bring the Slavery-rupture to a head. For any war between the two countries will be occasioned, not by the quibbles and fripperies of the Enlistment question, but on the more substantial one of Central America. Certainly a practical solution of the Central American dispute would, in case of war, be the one to which both parties would direct their efforts. But the southward expansion of the Union, the capture of Cuba, and all such projects, tell primarily in favour of the Slave-power, to which it would give an accession of new votes in Congress. And in the present state of excitement on the Slavery question, is it probable that the Free-soil States of the North would undergo the heavy burdens of war for the purpose of adding to the power of their rivals, whose tyranny (they complain) is already too strong? Nothing, it seems to us, would so effectually promote a rupture of the Union as the occurrence of a war with England; for in that case, we conjecture, the Northern States, instead of going to war with Canada, would more likely enter into bonds of amity with the British provinces, and seek to obtain in return a community of right in the St. Lawrence,—a nobler outlet by far for the States of the North-west than the Mississippi, the river of Slavery.

While choosing to quarrel with us on the Enlistment question, the Pierce Cabinet, despite the statements at first current on the subject, show no inclination to abate a jot of their pretensions in the Central American dispute. They refuse to submit to arbitration the meaning of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—insisting that, whatever England or any other Power may think, their interpretation is, must, and shall be regarded as the true one, and that England has no right whatever to any settlement or protectorate in that part of the world. What they propose to submit to arbitration is, the question whether or not British Honduras is within the limits of Central America; and this they propose to refer to a select committee of geographical *savans!* A manœuvre half-humbug and half-trick. For, in the first place, the question is not what geographers may define as Central America, but what was meant by that term in the treaty. What did the framers of the treaty, as shown by their letters and statements, mean by that term? If there is to be arbitration on this point, that, and that only, is the question to be decided. And if there be any force in testimony at all, it must be decided in our favour. For Mr. Clayton, the American negotiator of the treaty, has himself declared that the term "Central America" has always been considered by the United States as merely expressing the five Central American states—Guatemala, Span-

ish Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica; and that it would be as reasonable to contend that California was in Central America, as that the settlement of Belize was in that region. But, secondly, we must observe, as to the *mala fides* of the Pierce Cabinet in this matter, that suppose the geographers reply that Belize and the Bay Islands are not within Central America, the answer will decide nothing; for the American Government will thereupon fall back upon its own interpretation of the treaty, and maintain that whether or not the Bay Islands are within Central America does not matter, for they adhere to the Monroe doctrine, and deny the right of England to have any settlement in any part of that region! What is the use of arguing with such men? If our Government were to break off all negotiation on the subject, would they have any right to complain?

Last month, in our earnest desire to bind together in friendly relations the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race, we said that if the United States were to meet us frankly, and with no *arrière pensée* on this Central American affair, it would be worth our while to make concessions, even were it our whole rights on the mainland (though *never* the Bay Islands!) But such concessions are not now to be thought of. The recent conduct of the United States Government has made such a step impossible. They have chosen to fasten a quarrel upon us,—they have magnified a trifle, and put aside our apologies and explanations, in order that they might insult us. We have not chosen to resent that insult,—but it will influence our future policy. Unkindly and ignobly the Americans have sought a quarrel with us about a trifle, and rather than fight them about a trifle, we have accepted the dismissal of our ambassador. At the cost of an insult that makes our blood tingle, we have closed the trumpery Enlistment quarrel. But not a hair's-breadth of concession more! If the braggart statesmen of the Union imagine that our succumbing in the Enlistment question is a symptom that we shall yield also, if they but press us sufficiently, in the Central American dispute, they will meet a terrible undeceiving. We have been insulted, and we know it; and woe betide brother Jonathan if his hand even seem again to approach our collar! We stood much contumely from Russia before we would accept the combat,—and shame be on us if we would not stand an equal amount of provocation before going to war with our brethren in America. But that is past,—and any further trespassing on our rights or dignity must be done at their peril. In any case, the best preventive of war is to be prepared for it. The better prepared we are, the more peaceful-minded will be our American brethren. Therefore we would say to our government, Do not be in such a haste to reduce your armaments; you may need them sooner than you imagine. The United States, hopeless of France and Spain, still look to Russia for countenance and aid; and Russia has already been asking the Courts of Berlin and Vienna how they would regard the matter if she were to conclude an *offensive and defensive* alliance with the United States. We deplore such a war of fools—so fratricidal a strife as a contest between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers. But we have already done our part to avoid it,—and, painful as the alternative is, there must be no more concession. Time will explode the Monroe doctrine like an empty bubble. We have no objections to the territorial ascendency of the Anglo-Americans on the Isthmus,—but it cannot be an exclusive one. They must learn to respect the rights of England there,—and, we suspect, to bear that other Powers too should have a say in the management of a region which will soon be one of the world's great highways.

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Notice to Editors and Caution to the Public.

Will our Editorial friends caution their readers against a man, pretending to be a *deaf mute*, and forging our name to printed subscription bills, got up by himself, expressly to cheat the Public? *We have no deaf mute in our employ.* We have heard from this man's victims chiefly in the Western States, but he will doubtless go wherever he can be most successful in his villany. We therefore wish to check and expose him at all points simultaneously, and hence this request from Editors with whom we exchange. It is not for our benefit, but for that of the Public, that we ask the favor, for we learn that this scamp is doing a large business with other Publications, as well as our own. He has, in one instance, given the name of "Brunswick," but all the receipts we have seen are boldly signed "Leonard Scott & Co.," without even an assumed name as Agent. Please pass him around.

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P.S.—One of his victims, writing from Illinois, describes him as "short, thick set, black hair, sallow complexion, German cast of countenance, wore spectacles with steel rims, limped considerably, and was well dressed." His deafness, &c., is probably feigned.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXC. AUGUST, 1856. Vol. LXXX.

MACAULAY.

Few people have less right than ourselves to throw stones at our neighbours who may chance to entertain strong political opinions. Our own views upon these subjects are sufficiently well known. Let us thank Heaven, whatever may be the uncertainties of modern times, no one can entertain any doubt as to the principles of Maga. *Our* trumpet has never given forth an uncertain sound; and from our golden age, with its Ambrosial Nights, unto this ordinary to-day, which has only political articles, and knows not the inspiration either of Christopher or his Shepherd, our worst enemy cannot accuse us of indifference in the affairs of the State. Far be it from us to detract from the glory of political writers. Politics perhaps, of all other pursuits, has the greater certainty of attracting minds of superior power and superior training. A great poet, a great philosopher, a great man of science, is, in most cases, the one man of his time; but in the political world—let us speak without partiality, forgetting for once both jobs and the discoverer of the same—every age of English history has found a little circle of the best men of their generation. Her Majesty's Ministers and Her Majesty's Opposition, even when there happens to be no single man of genius amongst them, are still invariably good representatives of the highest intelligence of their time: so far from objecting to political writing, do we not give the sanction of our pages, the warmth of our applause, to the same? But to be a politician of high celebrity—to hold a special retainer for a special party, and to have an undenied and undeniable bias—are not, in our opinion, first requisites, or even desirable qualifications for a historian.

And we love Art. That picturesque and vivid apprehension which represents the past to us, in its full glow of life and sunshine, bright, strange, and *novel* in its far antiquity, but as human and as busy as we, is, as we hold it, a very high endowment. Picture-making, one way or another, is about the most universally attractive of human accomplishments; and the man who, with no better instrument than a pen, can make suns shine, and winds blow—can build old houses out of their ruins, populate old streets out of the graves that are forgotten—make horses prance and soldiers charge, and colours wave before our very eyes, is a wonderful magician, and has in his possession a power scarcely to be exaggerated. But Art has its disadvantages like every other accomplishment belonging to man. The clear, cool light which falls alike upon everything, though it answers

very well for common uses, does not answer for a picture; and an admirable gift in "composition," and the ablest mystery of *chiaroscuro*, though they may be the making of an Academician, are not, to our thinking, any more than politics, first necessaries for the man who aspires to become the biographer of a nation. A painter may be pardoned who arranges his group of historical personages with a clearer eye for light and shadow than for bare reality, and fact which is not always picturesque; but the same license is certainly not to be granted to the historian who aspires to decide the character of our fathers, and to guide the judgment of our children.

No history, we suppose, ever written or published, pretending to be a history, and not a romance or a poem has ever reached or approached the extent of popularity attained by Mr. Macaulay. A book which has been read by almost every person in the three kingdoms pretending to intelligence, canvassed by almost every periodical which ever touches upon literature, and discussed in every circle where books are loved or known—must be something of different mettle from those histories which we have all read under pressure of conscience as a duty or a necessity. Without the possession of great and remarkable qualities, the ear of the public, let the superior classes abuse it ever so heartily, never is or can be gained to such an extent as this. It used to be told, with wonder and admiration, that Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses*, the most popular work of the most popular man in Scotland, kept pace in its sale with one of the best novels of our greatest novelist. That was marvellous enough; but Mr. Macaulay's expensive volumes have, we understand, outnumbered the first monthly issue of the new story of the popular favourite, which scarcely any one is too poor to buy. That is a still more remarkable circumstance—for there is neither the overmastering fervour of religious feeling, nor the warmth of party spirit to give fictitious interest to the volumes of Mr. Macaulay. The Whigs, who occupy so large a space in his History, are now only to be found in a few noble houses, where the name is hereditary, and in a few provincial towns, where the old politicians hold by their old factions, unmoved by the general motion of the world. Pure Whiggism is perhaps scarcely strong enough to keep a periodical afloat, or force a pamphlet into a second edition. It is not so feeble an influence as this which constrains all the world, the gay and the anxious, the learned and the unlearned, to devour the chronicles of the least agreeable period of English history more eagerly than ever a novel was devoured. And if it is not the prejudice of party, it is still less the irresistible and universally acknowledged force of Truth which carries this book to its unrivalled eminence. Everybody reads — everybody admires — but nobody believes in Mr. Macaulay. This, which is perhaps the most brilliant of all histories, seems about the least reliable of any. We have not encountered a single courageous individual among the multitude of its admirers, bold enough to vouch for it; yet no one reads less eagerly because it is difficult to find any one who has genuine faith in what he reads. This is a remarkable fact enough among the many remarkable facts which are characteristic of this generation. We British people, who were wont to take a much greater cognisance of the thing said than of the manner of saying it, having greatly changed our practice in recent times. We give up style in poetry, the true and natural medium of melodious words, to worship style in prose. We are content to be heartily cuffed right and left, to receive with meekness torrents of ill names, to hear our common opinions ridiculed, and our common tastes despised; and so long as our castigator does it with a grace, or does it with force and quaintness as attractive as grace, not a word, except of admiration, says the long-suffering world. We read Mr. Ruskin, though his arrogance offends us at every page, and we do not agree with one out of a hundred of his opinions; we read him with applause, wonder, and enthusiasm, painfully finding out as a reason for the same that he

"makes people think," whereas the truth is, he does not make people think, but only makes beautiful sentences, admirable pictures, pen-and-ink sketches not to be surpassed. On exactly the same principle we deal with Mr. Macaulay. True, he utters a deliverance on the most inadequate grounds, accepts unworthy testimony, falls into serious errors, and makes no attempt to correct the same. True also that there is a general gloss of romance upon the surface of his work, and he gains no genuine belief from any one; but what of that? No one else has ever written history in a style so clear and luminous; no one before him has ever disclosed to us so brilliant and animated a panorama, so lifelike a presentation of the past. We sit at our ease in the elegant theatre, and the *pictures* unfold before us, group by group. We see the conspirators whispering apart; the vexed king musing in his closet; the statesmen, with jealous eyes upon each other, moving about the unhappy pawns and knights upon their magnificent chessboard; sometimes a woman or a child goes singing or weeping over the busy scene; sometimes the business pauses for a funeral procession or a public festival—sometimes a sudden gleam lights low upon some rural nook of country, where the peasants greet the unhappy Monmouth, or the smuggler receives the Prince in disguise. But wherever the scene may be, it is always full of animation, always picturesque, never troublesome to the mind of the spectator. The exhibitor has prescience afar of the incipient yawn—and before it has time to begin, lo! the bell rings—the picture moves—the music changes—from the squabbles of the English Commons we are off by a leap to the grand wars of the *Grand Monarque*, and from the paltry treason of the Jacobite plots to the lofty courage of Londonderry, or the forlorn heroism of here and there an ideal Cavalier. Hitherto, to most eyes, the time of the Revolution has been a time of principles, abstract and unattractive. Mr. Macaulay has but to lay his finger upon it, and we find it crowded and picturesque with men.

But not such men as those of Elizabeth, or as those of the Commonwealth—the historian here has no such privilege. The dullest writer in existence can scarcely withdraw the lustre from the name of a hero, or make a man of genius an uninteresting lay figure. Pages which have no attraction otherwise, warm and glow when we but see upon them such names as Raleigh and Essex, Bacon and Burleigh, Shakespeare and Spencer, and the dullest words around it fire with the name of Cromwell, the inspiration of an age. The slowest imagination kindles in the atmosphere of magnificence, that great burst of English affluence and abundance which distinguishes the first; and a deeper interest still, loves and animosities almost personal, keep the later period near and vivid, to us all. Out of the very names of either time we can make romances for ourselves.

But who cares for Sunderland or Caermarthen, for Nottingham or Shrewsbury?—whose heart burns within him even at thought of William of Orange, or John of Marlborough, though the one was a great king, and the other a great conqueror? The time was the turning-point of modern history, but the men were the least interesting, the least notable, of all who have ever conducted the affairs of this nation. If we grant that William was a hero, we are obliged to add that he was of the coldest and least demonstrative of hero-kind—a man who drowns all enthusiasm in his intense Dutchness, as in one of the canals of his beloved land; and Marlborough, though one of the greatest of conquerors, and by no means so black, we believe, as he is painted, did certainly lack that crowning touch of human sentiment—that half poetic, half chivalrous element, without which a great soldier never reaches to the heart of the spectators of his power. As for all the rest, though they worked for our welfare, wittingly and unwittingly, there is scarcely one among them who is more to us than a mere actor in a historic scene. Without a single poet to glorify its exploits—with no romance to keep it fresh in our memory—with an interest almost entirely abstract, and no personal grace to mark the time—a historian

with an eye to the picturesque could not well have chosen a harder ground of experiment. Yet on this ground, dull, sombre, and unattractive, with these men, selfish, scheming, and unscrupulous, Mr. Macaulay has wrought the greatest literary triumph of his time.

No thanks to his heroes—no thanks to his politics—all honour and praise to the vast powers of a Great Writer—an influence which we all acknowledge and do respectful homage to! *We* do not all agree with Mr. Macaulay—so far as we are aware, indeed, no one entirely agrees with the accomplished historian—we repeat that we have not met with a single individual among his many admirers bold enough to stand up for him and do battle for his veracity. Various private individuals, we are convinced, are belied, and many national acts and national opinions misinterpreted, in these seductive volumes. Yet, let us not refuse to do full justice to a pictorial power unparalleled—a representation of life more vivid and more impressive, perhaps, than anything of the same nature in our language. We are free to doubt whether Mr. Macalay has produced *the* History, or even a History which men may venture to depend upon; but there cannot well be two opinions on the subject that he has produced the most popular Book of this time.

It is seldom that a historical writer comes into the field with so great a previous reputation, and one of a nature so likely to raise high expectations. Before a page of the History was written, the brilliant papers on Warren Hastings and Frederick the Great had raised a prophetical fervour of popular admiration; and all the youth among us, not too philosophical for that stirring and martial strain of verse, had "charged for the golden lilies," and celebrated the hour when "brave Horatius kept the bridge." The thrill and ardour of such verse, the lifelike and dramatic brilliancy of such historic sketches, were beyond all cavil and question. We do not remember to have heard of any very original views propounded by Mr. Macaulay, or of any work absolutely creative bearing his name. He is not a poet, in spite of the evidence of these ballads; and neither by philosophy nor intuition has he access into that hidden heart of all things, where the grand joys and sorrows lie. But no man living, at least in our language, has made so sudden and great an illumination in the dull and hazy twilight of the past. It is not a sunshine in the shady place, but it is a light brilliant and clear and steady, throwing blacker shadows and fiercer reflections than the light of common day, yet securing beyond the reach of oblivion the scenes which it reveals. The effect is always admirable in an artistic point of view—and so long as we keep to one scene, the effect is perfect. But it would be strange, with all the wonderful advantages of this power of picture-making, if there was not some attendant drawback. The nature of a picture is to present one time, one moment, with a more vivid and striking reality than any words can do; but to represent a moving current of human life, which is never still for a moment—a sky which clears with an instantaneous burst, and darkens to a thundery midnight in the twinkling of an eye—a man who is now in the light and now in the shadow, generous, ignoble, wretched, exultant, with a perpetual inconsistency which is only human, and neither epical nor artistic, is too much for a picture; consequently Mr. Macaulay's sunbreaks are too bright, his shadows lie too heavily, his atmosphere is not sufficiently rapid in its variations. Perhaps it is from this reason that he is accused of dealing unjustly with so many individual actors in his great drama. The public is unreasonable. Pouring as it does through so many exhibition-rooms, the public is perfectly aware of the necessities of art; it knows, if it would but take time to think, that somebody must be in shadow, that the great lights of the picture must have something at once to intensify and to relieve them, and that some figures must turn their backs upon it, and some look dimly out of the background for the "composition's" sake. Yet knowing all this, the public, most unreasonable of task-masters, crazy for pictorial representations, clamours at the same time

for universal justice—out upon the grumbler! we are half disposed, reflecting upon all his difficulties, to declare at once that it is not the artist's fault.

There are great excuses for him at all events; and with his principal characters, we are bound to confess Mr. Macaulay does a great deal in the way of varying his lights and shadows, acknowledging the episodes of honesty in the man whom he dislikes, and the episodes of meanness in his favourites. But with his secondary characters, his Fox, his Penn, his Dartmouth, the historian takes no such pains. If he finds them in the shadow when his lantern first gleams upon them, he takes special care to leave them there, and, we admit, seems to find a somewhat malicious pleasure in darkening the further shades of the portrait, in defiance of all critics and all proofs. There seems even a certain boyish gleam of mischief, in the persistence with which Mr. Macaulay sets down William Penn, and steadily ignores the disclaimer of his champion. We have no doubt this is a very improper way of dealing with the reputation of the famous Quaker—and doubtless the accomplished historian himself would give us small thanks for our opinion—yet we cannot resist a certain consciousness of fun in this encounter—in the somewhat clamorous championship of Penn's biographer, and the sublime disdain of Mr. Macaulay, who, taking no notice of the defence, only gives a punch the more, by way of self-justification, to the hatless head of the man of peace.

Whether an artist, on purely artistic principles, is at liberty thus to use the names and reputations of real persons is quite a different matter; and for our own part, we are free to declare that it would be extremely poor satisfaction to ourselves had our own grandfather come in for a share of this historical painting-out, to know that just at that point Mr. Macaulay needed a foil for some of his strong lights, and made it accordingly in the person of our respected ancestor. But we exonerate the historian altogether from malicious motives. It is entirely for the sake of art, most courteous reader; if it is *your* grandfather, let us pray your patience. It is from no prepossession against you or yours,—no unkindly prejudice towards the worthy old gentleman slumbering with perfect composure, careless of all that can be said of him, in your family vault and picture-gallery. The skilful blot upon your scutcheon is a mere exigence of the studio. Mr. Macaulay wanted a bit of shadow, and produced it—all for love and not a bit in malice—with the calmest feeling of indifference towards all your grandfathers, and the tenderest regard, as an interested reader, for you.

But with all Mr. Macaulay's artistic powers, great as they are, we are by no means impressed with his power of realising and presenting individual character. It very often happens with him as with a novelist, who finds it easier to describe his heroes than to exhibit them in action. The short but elaborate personal account and description, always striking, effective, and epigrammatic, with which our historian introduces all his more remarkable characters to the reader, very often has the effect of confusing more than it enlightens us,—for the real actions of the said personages, as they make their appearance one by one, are often very little in harmony with the dramatic epitome of character with which the story begins. Human character, after all, we are afraid, is not to be rounded into periods, and it is the rarest thing in the world to find a man with just that happy poise of faculties which suffices to point the polished balance of an antithesis. These bits of writing by themselves look like admirable historic sketches; but when the man comes after this description of him — sometimes bad, sometimes good, often indifferent, in no pomp of characteristic completeness, but with most unequal human footsteps, we are no longer able to receive, as a genuine portrait, the brilliant sketch of Mr. Macaulay. Epigrams, poetry, sparkling, and effective as they are, are much too perfect to be human,—and to describe men by means of these dazzling toys of rhetoric, is to lose sight of that grand human quality of incompleteness, which is, in fact, the greatest distinction of our race. We

acknowledge the peculiar temptation of historical writers, and of writers of that microcosmal history which is called biography, to improve and complete the halting actions and imperfect lives of their subjects; but the very attempt throws over the narrative an air of doubtfulness. We are sceptical by instinct of the truth of a portrait which can be drawn by an antithesis,—the chance seems too fortunate to be real. And when we hear an unhappy individual described thus, our faith wavers: "He was orthodox in belief, correct in morals, insinuating in address, a hypocrite, a mischief-maker, and a coward." It may be all true—possibly the description is *bonâ fide* and unimpeachable, but it does not look like it—such an epitome of mind and manners is a great deal too complete to recommend itself to any man's experience. This is a sin against art.

There is perhaps no man in existence who can paint a crowd better, and few who can do it so well as our historian. The throng, the hum, the breaks and openings—the press in the midst, and the groups on the outskirts, are perfect and not to be amended; but supposing ourselves to be quite unacquainted with them beforehand, we should find it very hard work to make out and identify, with a few exceptions, the individuals who figure foremost in the pages of Mr. Macaulay. There is for instance Marlborough, for whom this writer seems to entertain a most hearty and unequivocal dislike. He is described in the author's most telling and trenchant style, with an admirable balance of periods, and something which looks extremely like personal bitterness. He, "who in the bloom of youth loved lucre more than wine or women, and at the height of greatness loved lucre more than power or fame." He, "who was not less distinguished by avarice and baseness than by capacity and valour," and whose life "will appear a prodigy of turpitude," ought, one would suppose, to leave a very visible impression upon the story which so distinguishes him. But we confess, though we trace his name, page after page, through these volumes, we are, at the end of them, as ignorant of Marlborough as if no such person had ever lived or fought upon this crowded scene — we hear of him, but we do not see him. Mr. Macaulay is so good as to describe the great conqueror and "do for him;" but we never attain to a real glimpse of the man, nor are able to form for ourselves, a personal estimate of his qualities. And Mary, who seems to move the heart of the historian to a positive tenderness—can any one gather any definite idea of *her*, from the pages of her panegyrist? Our general impression is, from all he says, that she was rather good, a little foolish, and smiled. For our own part, glancing by chance into Mr. Burton's *History of Scotland*, where, clever though the book is, there is no such graphic power as that of Mr. Macaulay, we were suddenly impressed with a clearer and more distinct identification of William's queen, than we could gain from all the praises of her professed champion. And we acknowledge ourselves entirely confused among his crowd of statesmen, and filled with perplexity to know and to remember which is which. So long as we keep in our mind's eye the oratorical preface which introduces each to the public, we do tolerably well; but when the crowd closes, and the interest grows — when there are stormy debates in the House of Commons, troubles among the peers, conferences in the Jerusalem Chamber between the belligerent houses, plots and rumors of plots — wars, and defeats, and victories — we find it entirely impossible to preserve the thread of identity. If some enterprising publisher would collect these historical sketches, these summaries and graphic descriptions of character, which occur throughout the book, whenever a new name appears upon the roll, and print them as a key and handbook for the readers of Mr. Macaulay, we should acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted. We commend our suggestion to the consideration of Messrs. Longman—besides all other advantages, there could not possibly be compiled a more brilliant or attractive little book.

These objections to the most famous work of the day, we take

entirely on the ground of art—which, we respectfully submit, is the real and primary standing-point from which to regard the performance of Mr. Macaulay. From beginning to end it is a grand moving picture, a dramatic representation glowing and gorgeous. Mr. Charles Kean's most perfect *mise en scène* is not so dazzling nor so lifelike as the combinations of our historian; and we crave liberty to judge him first on the ground which he most evidently and distinctly occupies. We repeat our conviction that he is unrivalled as a painter of crowds—that his grouping is admirable, his composition superb. When he fails it is because this same crowd, picturesque and brilliant, hurries him away into its thronged and bewildering splendour; because he does not take time to distinguish the prominent individuals who give character and inspiration to it—and because he sometimes forgets that those terse and sparkling sayings which may be true of an assemblage of men—the throng which, in its conjoint character, surrenders for the moment all individual identity — are not applicable to the one person who may lead and control the same. These are faults of execution; there is one grand error besides which lies deeper and is more universally pervasive—*it is* that Mr. Macaulay is no poet; he never comes at the heart. It is to "society" present that he expounds and presents the record of "society" past. These splendid groups — these dramatic combinations — this brilliant surface and front of things, is his true element. He knows his ground when it is parliaments and counsels, statesmen and princes with whom he has to deal; but when he comes into a primitive condition of life, our artist, though he carries it bravely, cannot choose but show a little bewilderment. Between the highest polish of his time, and the extreme savagery which forms so effective a contrast with it, Mr. Macaulay scarcely touches upon any middle ground; and the human heart and common nature, which connect all classes, that touch which makes the whole world kin, is not within the power of this accomplished master of words and colours. The Mendip miners on the borders of the marsh, fighting with their steady, voiceless English bravery for poor wavering Monmouth, appear for an instant, and only for an instant, brightening through the miserable phantasmagoria of that poor attempt of weak ambition; and one feels instinctively that the remorseless statesmanship of the Master of Stair, though he may not feel it quite proper to approve of it, gains more of the historian's sympathy than the outraged homes and murdered cottagers of that poor clachan of Glencoe. The sufferers are poor creatures enough, claiming but a small amount of intellectual interest; but the policy — the passionless cruel wisdom which Mr. Macaulay has once well described in his sketch of Machiavel, interests, in his own despite, a writer who is more learned in the crafts of state than in the pangs of nature. Primitive emotions, strong and undemonstrative — the broad basis of national life far down out of the reach of courts and council chambers, are things beyond the handling of this historian. He escapes with an evident relief to the parliamentary commotions with which he is familiar, and is well pleased to forget in those admirable summaries of the debates of Lords and Commons, which fill so large a place in his last volumes, the less manageable movements of the nation. His pen is a polished stylus, which loves the records of Senate and tribunal of state; but those dazzling pictures want the perfecting touch of genius, they have nothing to do with the heart. They are high art, but not the highest; they want those human vignettes, those snatches of simple illustration which give truth and intensity to the broader picture, without diminishing by a hair's-breadth the interest of the drama. This subliming touch of poetic power is wanting to Mr. Macaulay; wherefore his pictures, so perfect in execution, so fine in conception, do not, though possibly unequalled in their combination of powers, reach to the highest rank of art.

We propose now, having given so much space to the artistic perfec-

tion of Mr. Macaulay's very fascinating books, a brief glance at the scene, the period, and the personages whom he has chosen to deal with. Afterwards, we will take a little pains to look into the temper and justice of the historian in his treatment of these same personages —into the charges he has brought against them, and the defences set up in their behalf — defences which our historian himself, so far as we are aware, has not taken any notice of.

To have false names, and dates of the time of Queen Anne poured into his ears, and to be struck dumb, and unable to refute them, was the purgatorial torment invented by the lively wit of Sydney Smith for his friend and fellow-reviewer; — from whence we may infer that Mr. Macaulay's period, *par excellence*, has not yet begun to reveal to us its record of wit and statesmanship. The time he has chosen, the beginning of our modern era of history, is one of unsurpassed importance in our national annals. 1688, to be a revolution, was not at all a splendid affair. It altogether lacked the fire and the storm, the glory and the terror, of that former most radical of revolutions which preceded it only by two generations; yet, against all likelihood, its results have been far more beneficial, and its rule more lasting than any heroical overturn of an empire. Perhaps it is but another proof of the wisdom of those children of this world who are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Yet it is striking enough to contrast the old world virtue and rugged nobleness of the days of Cromwell — the fervour of religious feeling which for once seemed to have seized upon a whole people — and the high and visionary ideal in pursuit of which the leaders of the Great Rebellion pursued their unwavering way, at all risks to themselves and to others—with the ignoble public mind, the meanness, the treachery, and the endless compromises, which distinguish the days of William. Nothing came of that grand national tragedy: a judge arose and judged Israel: Oliver reigned and Oliver died;—and when this one glorious Optimist was gone, the tide dashed over his kingdom, and swept it into the direst degradation which ever has befallen England. Then came the Constitutional Revolution — bloodless, parliamentary, and unheroical, without a single man connected with it who held the sway of genius over the minds or imaginations of the people. *Its* distinguishing features were plots and squabbles, treachery upon treachery—with little which could be called absolute right in the whole matter, and only the one prop of practicability to maintain the changing and uncertain counsels of the time. But the small age which clung to the practical has carried the day over the great age which aimed at the ideal. It is not very pleasant to think upon—yet it is true.

The interval between these two revolutions seems a period of transition inevitable to every history, whether of a family or an empire; the time when the old things are passing away, when the new which is to succeed them is not developed, and when, desperately clinging to the ancient rule, we make insane efforts to preserve it, propping up the falling fabric with a hundred half-conscious fallacies. Whatever may be the fluctuations of superficial politics, the bulk of a nation, if it be not raised to some great outburst of national fury, is always conservative; and it takes more than one generation to modify old ideas, and loose old prejudices enough to admit of any great change. What Mr. Macaulay calls the limited monarchy of the middle ages, had worn itself out by the time of Charles I.; but the monarchy, however limited, was nevertheless the sway of an individual over a nation—a direct personal relationship between the people and the king. The great event of that unfortunate prince's history — the event which startled the whole empire into horror and consternation, and which converted the common loyalty of his followers into a passion and a sentiment — had, after the boldest and fiercest fashion, identified the monarch as a person bearing all the responsibility, and risking all the penalties of a chief magistrate. Then came Cromwell's most personal and

individual reign; and then, in a frenzy of popular delight and rejoicing, the king returned to enjoy "his own again." The struggle commenced with the Restoration. These high contracting parties, England and Charles Stuart, stood fronting each other. Never was nation more willing to be ruled. Would he reign over her? The question was a most momentous one. But the second Charles had no mind to trouble himself so far; he was content that any one, even the French Louis, hereditary rival and enemy as he was, should reign instead of him, and the country gradually, sorrowfully, wonderingly found it out. Then succeeded James, who wanted to reign; and *he* managed the great empire as a London vestryman might manage a parish, with an odious and meddling tyranny, which, but for the vast power which made a tragedy of the farce would have been ridiculous and contemptible. They were lamentable failures for kings, these two legitimate and hereditary princes; their father had been a failure, and the cure in his case was fatal and sharp when iron-handed Oliver took his crown. But that grand usurpation was after all only an expedient, and one not to be desired nor repeated—a temporary expedient, which left the nation in a rather worse position than before. Now what was to be done?

What was done was not decided by any formal theory — people are seldom very logical in their proceedings when they are about a very great event; but it seems then to have dawned upon the mind of the country that what she wanted was no longer a person, but a thing—a steadfast and firm institution, standing strong in the midst of all popular convulsions, and not a man to be worshipped or beheaded as his fortune was. It is in this character that William of Orange appears, a calm, abstract, self-engaged figure, among the uncertain crowds which press about the throne, and we are aware at once of the different atmosphere, the changed world which centres in this taciturn Dutchman, who establishes no personal relations with the country which he comes to save. There is little love on either side, and not much profession of it. The era of personal and passionate loyalty, the time of that fervid sentiment of devotion which makes many a page of history glow like a tale of romance, is over for ever. We do not deny a certain heroism and kingliness to the character of William, but it was not as a hero that he came to England. In the whole history of his progress here, we recognise not an individual but an impersonation—never a great man applying himself hurriedly, at the call of time and Providence, to his natural vocation. He comes before us with a certain quiet solemnity, an office and not a person. It is the Constitutional Sovereign, the king of parliaments and ministers, the institution of monarchy. The old time of romance, with all its splendid chances, merges into the steadfast and sober day which now surrounds us. The magnificent lottery of court favour, the prizes of power and dominion almost regal, which once lay open to the grasp of Strafford's gloomy genius, or the gay gifts of Buckingham, no longer glittered on the tree of state to tempt the daring foot of ambition. The time of personal sovereignty went out and came to a conclusion, and into its place marched a grave official figure, the emblem of all authority, the absolute possessor of none.

And how to make reasonable law and rule, parliamentary decisions and public opinion, take the place of the individual ruler, who was no longer a practicable instrument of sovereignty, was the problem of the age. When he comes to record the processes by which this was accomplished, the beginnings of our present system of government, Mr. Macaulay plants his foot upon his native heath, and rejoices in the congenial occupation. It is not often that we meet with such a narrative of debate, so perfect an abridgment and epitome of discussions, which doubtless contained plenty of irrelevant matter, and an abundant ballast of dulness, as is the nature of debates; and there are elements of the picturesque in the perpetual controversy, and more stir and motion in the scene than is usual to a mere battle of words. Uncertainty if it be one of the least comfortable of all conditions of mind,

has a strong dramatic tendency; and it flatters our superior knowledge, as well as attracts our interest, to see our puzzled forefathers laying their heads together in perplexed consideration over matters which long ago have worked themselves as clear as noonday. The gradual, deliberate and doubtful process — the slowly-restored equilibrium of the good ship, which rather seems to right itself than to have its balance restored by any skill of its commanders—the darkling progress of those human councils, so far-seeing and yet so short-sighted, spending sessions of elaborate deliberation upon measures which come to nothing, and hurrying unwittingly through enactments of unsuspected greatness, is no less admirably well exhibited than it is in itself interesting and instructive. But the course is so peculiar, so individual, so *English*, that it is worth while to pause and see how Mr. Macaulay exhibits its scene.

Perhaps no other country in all the records of history has ever presented so advantageous a trial-ground for all the great problems of government and society as this realm of England. Guarded from foreign interference by natural barriers, wealthy enough in its native riches, and considerable enough in its insular domain to give dignity and weight to all its proceedings, and of so strong a practical temper as to suffer nothing, right or wrong, to stand in the way of its daily course of life, perhaps no nation in the world ever had an equal chance of coming gradually and safely to a national climax of safety, comfort, and independence. England is no optimist; it is not the fervour of great principles, nor a grand abstract rule of right, which has carried her over all her periodical convulsions. A favourite leader may win a general interest for his opinions and make them popular, but an opinion by itself has never carried weight enough to move this nation. One thing she has been resolute upon through all her history—and that is, to suffer nothing, prince nor principle, tyrant nor speculatist, to come in the way of her ordinary and everyday career. An inspired Muse or a virgin enthusiast, is no fit impersonation of England. She is a respectable matron, busy and painstaking, not easily disturbed from her "huswifskep," and able to tolerate a great many lesser evils; and it is only when you meddle with the making of her daily bread, and the management of her immediate household, that she fires to a climax, and betakes herself, at last, to her weapons of offence. An argument which carries weight with her, must be pointed with something tangible; and so long as common affairs go on undisturbed, so long as men remain unrestricted in their ordinary life and business, mere truth and justice, for themselves, will never make a revolution in practical England. That there are very striking and memorable individual exceptions to this general rule—and even that the passion of personal loyalty has never exhibited itself more nobly than in England, does not touch our argument; for devotion to a man or a family is very different from that devotion to a *principle* which we hold to be inconsistent with the English character. This national temper has been, as it proves, more advantageous for the establishment of reasonable and thorough freedom, and of enlightened and liberal institutions, than the most generous and lofty optimism. When it is the use and wont of a people to judge every measure by its practicability—to demand first whether the thing can be done—to weigh its origin and theoretical principles much less than its result and powers of action, reformers become wary and legislators careful. The highest praise which we think of giving to any enactment in the present day is, that it works well; and if it works well, the greatest fallacy at its root, the most obvious theoretical weakness in its construction, does not touch the question. This practical, obvious, working-day view of all matters—this broad national selfishness, which, by dint of being so broad and so universal, is ennobled out of all individual censure, though it is not the highest or the most generous individual temperament, seems beyond question the wisest for a nation, and has secured an innumerable succes-

sion of actual and workable benefits for England.

The statesmen of the Revolution were doubtless well enough aware, if not in theory, at least in practice, of the national temper, but their knowledge of it was doubtful and hesitating. The sober rule of order and the constitution had begun, but the machinery of the old regime was still the only machinery in actual order for working. Parliament had been assembled, almost for the first time, with full powers and with legitimate authority; but Parliament was still a chaos—an army unofficered and without discipline, and occupying a position new and strange to its experience. It was now no longer a public committee with a precarious power of veto over the measures of a king, but had become of itself the seat of sovereignty, transferring its veto to the head of the state; and the Lords and the Commons, unaccustomed to their sway, were uneasy and afraid of their own power, even while they exercised it without scruple, most bold when they were most arbitrary. In almost every other country such a period as this would have been the very triumph of theories, full of sweeping schemes and Utopian proposals, dreams of impossible government. But no attempt at overturn or renovation distinguished the Revolution. The age passed along warily, groping its steps like a man in the dark, manaced by the old ghosts, and with the old pitfalls at its feet. Plot after plot amused and frightened the popular mind. The nation had removed a vast obstruction out of its way, and had a conviction of safety at its heart; yet, with that great realisation of uncertainty which comes in times of great events and changes, knew not what an hour or a day might bring forth. And how the balance returned by slow and imperceptible degrees—how the parliamentary mob consolidated and settled down into the wholesome divisions of party—how the two houses, by dint of much wrangling and various contests, came to a prudent understanding of each other, and how there grew out of the unorganised mass of statesmen and servants of the Crown, that great constitutional instrument of power, a Ministry, is admirably set forth by Mr. Macaulay. For our own part, recognising as we do his great artistic power and able delineation of scenes more picturesque, we feel that it is here he does most real service to history. It is not a romantic theme, nor capable of very attractive handling, and it is only under the touch of an artist so accomplished that such a subject could glow into life as it does. And we do not see how Mr. Macaulay can be justly charged with partiality in this record. It is not much to the credit of either party, but it is fair to both, and the Whig politician does not spare his official forefathers, does not hesitate to record sundry very shabby pieces of Whiggism, nor to find the honestest of contemporary statesmen in the ranks of his hereditary opponents. In his own native element of parliamentary warfare, where a little partisanship might have been excusable, our historian is at his fairest—perhaps because there is little in the character of the actors, and much in the progress of events, to move a thoughtful observer; perhaps because Mr. Macaulay, with the instinctive knowledge of a great artist, saw at a glance that an assemblage of five hundred gentlemen, even in lace ruffles and bag wigs, would by no means make a picture, and, delivered from that primary necessity, found less occasion than usual for the high lights, the deep shadows, and striking points of contrast which he puts in requisition for more pictorial scenes.

The actors in the national drama, if actors they can be called, who stand so small beside the events which surround them, command little of our respect and less of our admiration. The best portrait in the book, the most sustained and individual, is certainly that of William of Orange, whose singular spectator position, and occasional interferences — interferences always, in home affairs, possessing a certain blank, passive, unexplanatory dignity, is rendered with great power; and we see the silent Prince opening his heart to no man, looking on at the squabbles of his ministers, sometimes with disgust, sometimes with contempt, almost al-

ways without comment, cognisant of their treacheries and attempts to delude him, yet moving among them with royal reticence, undeceived and unbetrayed, more distinctly than we see any other person in these crowded volumes. That he was very amiable to the fortunate Bentinck seems of extremely small moment to his character, nor can we profess to see with Mr. Macaulay the great and tender affection for Mary on which the historian insists so much. But fortunately it is not as a friend, nor as a husband, nor even on the general ground of amiability, that William has to be judged. He appears in these volumes as he was in reality, a powerful and silent spectator, seated behind the scenes; raised above the busy lawmakers who were setting the modern world in motion, a keen observer of their aim and actions; expressing his own will rather by the veto intrusted to him, than by any open manifesto; leaving the native statesmen to manage a people which they understood better than he did, and only placing the cold obstruction of his passive resistence in the way of measures entirely obnoxious to him. It is scarcely possible to suppose a more provoking or less agreeable manner of thwarting a legislative body than by the cold statement, "the King will consider the matter"—which cast into indefinite postponement an act upon which, after debate and labor, *they* had decided. One can suppose how these English gentlemen must have chafed at the chill veto of the silent Dutchman; yet nothing could be in more perfect accordance with the character of William. Important as these demonstrations of his will were, there is something almost whimsically characteristic in them, and we are tempted to regard them less as points in the history, than as elucidations of the man.

William was a notable conqueror, a military commander of eminence, a famous diplomatist, a man occupied with untiring activity in all the great questions of his time. But his active and personal enterprises were all out of England. Here he was but the impersonation of supreme authority, the great spectator and overlooker of all the machinery of government. And Mr. Macaulay, greatly though he admires him, is not always, to our thinking, wise in his treatment of William; as, for instance, when he offers the singular excuse for his hero in respect to the murder of the poor Macdonalds, that he was too much occupied with greater matters, to attend to justice and mercy in the distant corners of his own kingdom. "Of all documents," says the historian, "a document relating to a small tribe of mountaineers, living in a wilderness not set down in any map, was least likely to interest a sovereign whose mind was full of schemes on which the fate of Europe might depend." And he adds in a note, "The truth is, the king understood continental politics thoroughly, and gave his whole mind to them. To English business he attended less, and to Scotch least of all." If we were to reduce this into a practical form, and say that William of Orange was an admirable ruler in his own native continental country, but proved a bad King of England, and a worse King of Scotland, would Mr. Macaulay agree with us? And yet the words are almost synonymous. William, no donbt, did not care a straw for the poor mountaineers in the wastes of the West Highlands, and possibly enough approved the prudence of Stair's cold-blooded and horrible wisdom. Let the question stand upon its own merits. The extirpation of a race, though a frightful stroke of policy, might be assented to by a ruler who had very great interests to take care of, and who saw no other remedy for vast and incurable evils. But to excuse a man for suffering a great sin in his own house, because he was attending meanwhile to the affairs of other people, is surely the most judicious of defences. That William of Orange entertained, or could entertain any vindictive feeling of dislike towards the Macdonalds of Glencoe, no one in his senses is likely to believe; but to say that this monarch was so careless of his own dominions as to know nothing about events which have proved great enough to leave a lasting stain upon his memory, is not a plea which does him credit. The general facts of Wil-

liam's government, and his evident desire to let things manage themselves, every man bearing his own responsibility, seems to us a better explanation, and a less unworthy excuse.

Of the other royal personages who figure in these volumes, we are at a loss, as we have before said, to make anything whatever of Mary, though Mr. Macaulay kisses her hands, and avows himself her knight. That unseemly satisfaction of hers, in coming to her father's forsaken house, which all her contemporaries comment upon, was assumed in deference to the counsel of William, says her apologist. Yet William seems the last person in the world to give any such advice. Anne is a good sketch, and recognisable; but Mr. Macaulay's James is certainly not the James of Pepys and Evelyn, the wrong-headed Duke of York, whom nobody loved much, yet whom a good many people respected. Misery and downfall are apt instruments enough to craze a man's brain, and confuse his faculties, and Mr. Macaulay has seldom any sympathy with the fallen; yet this unfortunate and foolish king does not surely, after all, deserve all the vituperation of the historian. According to Mr. Macaulay's own showing, there were occasional gleams of better feeling in that most miserable campaign in Ireland, which might have driven to frenzy a wiser man. But our author has an unfortunate tendency of associating an ignoble mind with fallen fortunes. Very few, indeed, of the many who come to the scaffold in this book, come without a degree of meanness which it is painful to see. Mr. Macaulay entirely reverses the historical failing of M. Larmatine, who finds a hero in every man as soon as that man is under doom. Our historian entertains no such excess of pity; a hard sentence awakens no relentings in the breast of Mr. Macaulay; he holds his lamp to the victim's face without any compunction, whether it is in the dungeons of the Tower, or in the eleemosynary state of St. Germains; and does not expend a word of compassion upon the circumstances of the ruined king, circumstances which could not fail to grow gradually more miserable, and which formed, indeed, one of the most pitiable conditions in which man could be placed. Clinging to great titles which no longer meant anything, and ceremonies which were worse than vanity; ruining, year by year, the truest and most faithful of his followers; denouncing offenders whom he had no power to punish, and bestowing rewards which were of less value than the playthings of a child; living upon miserable recollections and frantic hopes;—who could wonder at the vagaries of an embittered mind and wearied spirit? and who would not try, now in these days, when the poorest John Smith in the kingdom is a more potent spell for a name than James Stuart, to let a charitable veil fall over that sad St. Germains, the most pitiful representation in the world of slow ruin and inevitable decay? Mr. Macaulay might have been quite true to history, and yet have spared this unhappy house some ill names.

But we are grieved to say, Mr. Macaulay shows somewhat of an inclination for calling names, which is by no means a dignified amusement, nor worthy of him. He never has occasion to mention Marlborough, for example, without a little torrent of epithets by no means called for at the moment, nor at all applying to the individual act which he records; and we humbly submit, that to fall upon the Duchess Sarah, that capital scold and splendid vixen, whenever he encounters her, to call her an "abandoned liar" and a "wretched crone," is far from being good taste, not to say that it is extremely uncivil, and a direct invasion of the privileges of womankind. This noble couple are among Mr. Macaulay's pet aversions; but we may have occasion to return to the historian's spiteful and brilliant sketch of the great conqueror, and need not enter upon the question here. Throughout the History, however, wherever the writer has made up his mind to an unfavourable view of any character, he meets it at every turn with a fresh outburst of ill names and uncomfortable adjectives; so that, even when, to our own thinking, this unfortunate individual behaves himself very creditably, we are never permitted to

forget what a bad fellow he is. Very few, indeed, are the personages of this History, to whom Mr. Macaulay suffers himself to be complimentary; and it is only when we change the scene from London to Edinburgh, or from Edinburgh to Ireland, that we find a momentary softening, by means of that charm of distance which lends enchantment to the view, of the general and universal culpability of all the public people surrounding us. The English statesmen look as black as so many Satans, till we see the Scotch ones; and the Scotch ones are the perfection of evil, till we suddenly stumble through the darkness into Ireland, and see the native fools and madmen there, with the diabolical Frenchman in the midst of them. Such an exhibition of varying wickedness is painful to look upon; and it is hard to conceive how serviceable measures and much real good to society could come through hands so polluted. So far as we remember, Mr. Macaulay only permits one man among William's immediate advisers to be thoroughly honest—and that is Nottingham, who was by no means foremost in influence. The rest fall into comparative ranks of villany—some bigger and some smaller traitors—and among them all not one man above suspicion.

Among the most characteristic of these individual sketches is Shrewsbury whose identity the historian seems to have caught by a happy inspiration. This sensitive and delicate spirit, not strong enough to resist temptation, yet suffering daily tortures from a conscience which was not half so heavily burdened as the conscience of every one of the callous individuals round him—and entirely overwhelmed by the honour and trust which he was conscious he did not deserve, is a figure for romance; and we beg to commend to the attention of dramatical and fiction-making people, Mr. Macaulay's sketch of this interesting person, flying to his lonely country house to escape the friendship of a king, to whom, for a moment, he had proved unfaithful. This is a personal portrait, touching and full of interest; a point of human life and human emotion, in the wilderness of political excitements, which is grateful and refreshing to the tired reader. For readers will tire even of Mr. Macaulay; especially when the historian leaves events for debates, and the world for the House of Commons—a temptation, in his case, most natural, and easy to be understood.

Measures of active government, and principles of general integrity, find full justice at the hands of Mr. Macaulay; but neither elsewhere nor in these volumes does he prove himself a man acquainted with those grander convictions and emotions which sometimes indeed produce that strange passion called fanaticism, yet oftener bring out the brightest heroism in human nature. We cannot receive this accomplished writer as any authority in matters of religion. He is very competent to discuss the Comprehension Bill, or the economics of a richly endowed church, but seems to know nothing beyond the vague and vulgar general opinion of that state of mind which recognises religion as the one great concern, national and individual, and places everything else in subordination to this. We will take another opportunity to discuss Mr. Macaulay's deliverance upon Scotland, and defer to that time all that we have to say upon the matter; but we suspect a mere observer of human nature, without any strong religious partiality, must be struck by the evident lack of something in that hurried picture of a nation, which seems by the historian's showing to consist only of depraved statesmen, mad Cameronians, preachers destitute of common sense, grammar and humanity, and savage Highlanders beyond the reach of civilisation. The great inspiration of the country then, and in several subsequent generations—the fountain-head, as it has proved, of temporal prosperity as great as has been achieved by any nation, is something which this writer cannot enter into. He is puzzled to understand a people which secures the safety of its faith before everything else, and concerns itself with doctrines and church discipline, in an unanimous and earnest anxiety, as the matters most important to its national well-being. This, we humbly presume to conclude, is not in Mr. Macau-

lay's way; but phenomena so striking demanded surely a more philosophical and candid observation. And the conclusion to which he comes in respect to the religious vacillations of England in the generations previous to his History, is not particularly honourable to the nation defended. Mr. Macaulay's explanation of the many turns and changes of the popular faith in the days of the Tudors, is very clearly given in one of his historical essays—where he maintains that the people of England held "the fundamental doctrines of Christianity," without caring much for the distinctions of Protestant and Catholic—and quotes Shakespeare and the elder dramatists to prove his opinion. But we do not doubt that the vicar of Bray himself held the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Is he to be received as a traditional representative of sober and moderate faith?

We have scarcely space to touch upon the extremely picturesque and lifelike sketch of Ireland, in this time of extreme distress and humiliation to that unhappy country. Brave Derry, besieged and militant, might, we fancy, have stood out from these animated pages in still higher and brighter relief, had Mr. Macaulay pleased; but we are grateful to see it painted so well. The siege of Derry, by an unfortunate chance, has been made into a good-boy-and-girl story, and circulated by the thousand, as these good little novels have the astonishing fortune to be; and it is a comfort to see an episode of real and extraordinary heroism restored out of this abyss into its true position—a noble incident in the history of a nation. The wild crowd of Celtic chiefs and vassals, the polished and bloodless Frenchman in the midst of them—the heroic figure of Sarsfield, the Irish Bayard, throwing a single ray of the old light of chivalry over the scene—makes this, as a picture, one of Mr. Macaulay's most successful efforts. Nothing could be said or told of that unfortunate land, which did not involve a sad amount of misery; but the atmosphere is wide and wild, and harmonious with the actors; and there is a just account of the relations between the natural-born inhabitants, and the harsh, yet heroic, dominant race.

Having a somewhat stronger personal interest in the matter, we prefer to settle accounts with Mr. Macaulay, in respect to Scotland, on another occasion, and also to consider a little more in detail the fate of those unfortunate individuals whom it has pleased the historian to set up in his pillory for the warning of mankind. We do not pretend, in so hasty a survey, to have done anything like justice to the most attractive work of the age; but we do not feel that we can conclude what we have said more fitly than in Mr. Macaulay's own words, long ago written, and sounding now like a prophecy of his own fame. "A history of England, written throughout in this manner, would be the most fascinating book in the language. It would be more in request at the circulating libraries than the last novel." What our historian thus said of Mackintosh, his illustrious friend and predecessor, has come true to the letter of himself; for there is no last novel so hard to be obtained at the circulating libraries as Macaulay. And despite of much with which we differ, and much on which we cannot rely, we are heartily rejoiced to think that a story so brilliant, lifelike, and vivid, a chronicle so dignified and able, should mirror forth to the public of England the beginning of the modern era of national history—the groundwork and foundation of the liberties and blessings of our own time.

THE SKETCHER PAPERS.

If we were called upon to decide what is the last product of human refinement, we should probably answer, "A true taste for the beautiful in landscape." Although this taste, in the present state of the world, belongs only to a favoured few, yet the minds in which it is capable of being produced by cultivation are certainly much more numerous than is usually supposed. Our language admits of no general head under which the fine arts may be classed, so as to include poetry, commonly so called; yet poetry might be used in a secondary sense as a general term to include Painting, Sculpture, Music, and beautiful composition in words; and thus it would correspond to the matter of that part of education which was called Music (meaning the domain of the Muses) by the ancient Greeks. In this view, landscape-painting is the last and most refined, if not the highest, development of Poetry. Mere imitation cannot constitute Painting any more than the mere stringing together of descriptive words, in rhyme or out of rhyme, can constitute Poetry. But Maga long ago observed, with playful irony, "every man, woman, or child is by nature a poet, except those who write verses;" and thus we may say, that every man, woman, and child is a musician, except those who are born deaf and dumb. So much cannot be said of the taste for fine arts, properly so called. The usual mistake is, to suppose that all persons capable of imitating natural objects are by nature painters or sculptors, as they are by nature poets and musicians. The difference lies in the amount of cultivation necessary to draw out the pictorial and plastic instincts. When poetry was in that full bloom which it attained nearly in the earliest times, the fine arts had advanced no farther than that imitation which, though a necessary phase of their being, is no more like the reality of them than the unsightly chrysalis is like the beautiful butterfly. But even in the golden days of Greece, when Painting and Sculpture had advanced far beyond imitation, and produced works breathing perfect and immortal poetry—although artists had attained to an appreciation of the divinity of the human form which they have never since surpassed, their chisels and pencils fell short of representing that divinity of external nature which we know from their writings to have thoroughly pervaded their souls. It was late in the Middle Ages that the first steps were made in this direction, and not till after the glorification of humanity had culminated in Raffaelle, in the addition of spiritual to sensuous beauty. It is even now a strongly debated question whether the old Italian masters not only understood landscape-painting in its poetical sense, but brought the art to a perfection which could only be illustrated, and not surpassed; or whether they worked under a partially blind instinct in the production of the beautiful, and were unable to give any clear account of the image in their souls, and consequently obliged to leave to later hands the consummation of the art. It is strongly disputed, as we all well know, whether the moderns have or have not improved upon the old masters; and some even venture to divine that the art is still in its cradle, and that the elucidations of the theory of landscape-painting, so rife at the present day, denote the possibility of still further advances in the practical part of the art. Of those writers who adopt some modification of the last view, if not its entireness, and place the moderns on a higher pedestal than the ancients, the name of Mr. Ruskin naturally occurs as the most obvious. On the other hand, the memory of the old masters is still dear to another large class of artists and expositors of art,

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The Sketcher. By the Rev. John Eagles, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London.

amongst whom we may quote the distinguished name of the author of the Sketcher papers. Without committing ourselves unreservedly to the view of either of these parties, both represented by eminence, we may be excused if our present business lies rather with those opinions which the Sketcher so ably illustrated, professing, at the same time, our conviction that the whole controversy is valuable to the cause of art, and that the able discussion of either view, whatever its amount of truth, is not to be despised, as throwing a general light on the subject, and enabling minds of ordinary intelligence to gain a quicker grasp of its difficulties. Any person wishing to read on the subject of art will find assistance in Mr. Ruskin's published works; yet these, with all their merits, are characterised by a one-sidedness and a dogmatism, which we do not suppose even their author would deny, but perhaps rather glory in the admission, such qualities being prerogatives of one who, by his own assumption, and on the strength of his having produced, at long intervals, four ponderous green volumes, is supreme judge, and without appeal, in the court of the Fine Arts.

Long before Mr. Ruskin was free from the dominion of tutors and governors—we were going to say, before he was born or thought of—the attention of the public was called to the subject of Art by the admirable papers which are now given to the world in a single octavo volume. The author of them was one of our most valued contributors, who did good service for this Magazine for a quarter of a century, and of whose contributions on the subject of Art these Papers only form, as it were, the introductory chapter. They were written, as notified in the preface, in 1833 and the two following years. They are distinguished, as far as we can see, by the statement of no startling paradoxes, such as those often brought forward in more modern publications as a means of arresting attention, of much the same character as the alarming announcements, backed by notes of admiration, of advertising tailors. Yet there is a great charm of novelty in them, and when they appeared, they commanded the universal appreciation that they doubtlessly deserved; and that novelty is of a kind that well justifies a republication, even if it were only for the sake of reperusal in a collective form. It is the novelty which consists not so much in putting forward the unknown and the generally denied and disallowed, as in expressing that which is known with peculiar beauty, developing common sentiments, and appealing to the latent taste of all educated minds, and expanding into full blown luxuriance the budding thoughts of all imaginative hearts. These papers, almost more than any others we know, have the quality of transporting the reader out of the fictitious atmosphere of civilisation, and the cramping air of the world of task-work, into the region of nature and freedom, and poetry and fairy land. Collected, they form a book to be the companion of summer rambles, to be read in the garden-bower, or at the river-side, or in the depth of a shady wood, when the mind is at leisure, rather than to be taken down from library shelves, in the company of books of reference, and attacked as a laborious study. Yet delightful as they are in matter and manner, they do not disdain to supply a rich abundance of practical precepts. Yet the main object which the Sketcher had in view seems to have been to enforce his persuasion of the dignity of art, and his conviction that it is his duty to enforce this dignity by every argument in his power. If Mr. Ruskin has chosen to devote much of his time and talent to the exposition of art, even though he is the advocate of a theory which may be considered in many quarters positively heretical; it must be confessed by his admirers that the Sketcher, at an earlier period, led the way to the same goal, though by a divergent path, and we have no hesitation in saying that his book ought to be in the hands of all those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the theory and practice of landscape-painting, for he had the advantage of founding his theories on a life of enthusiastic practical experience. The reason that a

true insight has been generally wanting into the dignity of the art of landscape-painting is, that many landscape-painters have been but more or less correct copyists from nature, and that nevertheless they have found a public to appreciate and buy their pictures, who have thus confirmed them in their self-esteem, and fixed the position in society of the whole artistic brotherhood, far below the standard which might be assumed to belong to the few genuine members of the fraternity. Granted once for all that a man is truly a poet in painting and we cannot easily discover any pursuit more noble, refined, and elevating.

How rare is the true poetry of art, we may learn from our public Exhibitions. Most of the landscapes are nothing but portraits of scenery, such as would be done infinitely better, except so far as colour is concerned, by the photographic process, and most of these are either ignoble in their subjects, or ignobly treated. It is the same with all other subjects. The portraits of persons (though some are poems—Grant's portraits, for instance, who knows how to flatter, not by enhancing the lineaments but the soul of the resemblance) are generally demonstrative of faces stamped with stupidity and conceit, evidently painted for the purpose of being shown, and yet with nothing to show, utterly characterless; city-knights in fancy dresses, young ladies interlacing their arms, and sentimentally named "the sisters," pretty enough at first sight, but of a soulless red-and-white prettiness that is exceedingly tiresome, because soulless; nor is the artist to be excused in these cases by the necessity of painting any subject that paid him, because the fault is not in the subject, but in the treatment, the sin of omission consisting in not enduing the portrait with a speaking, living character; in not enabling it to tell any story at all, good, bad, or indifferent. So also with grave and historical pictures; a man ought to be fined for painting on subjects which distress the feelings, as distresses, for instance, legally so called, and other unpleasant incidents of human society, illustrating the meanness, rapacity, and tyranny of man; but the common fault is not so much this as the choice of a subject really good, but inadequately executed, if we can call that execution at all, where the story is not told, but a canvass is simply covered with coloured lines and figures, which mean nothing but mechanical ingenuity. It seems to us that there is all the difference between real and unreal pictures, pictures which are poems, and pictures which are not, as between death and life; to some the artist has succeeded in imparting the promethean spark; to others, and these, alas! the vast majority, he has not, and they remain to the end mere dead lumber, only distinguished from other dead bodies by the fact that they never have had any life, and therefore do not offend by putrefaction.

Much stress has been laid on the differences of high and low art; but we should be inclined to think these differences very immaterial as compared with those between positive and negative art, as we might call the two classes. Certainly, to paint saints and angels is a higher walk of art than to paint donkeys or Dutch boors, however well done; but it is difficult to say where we ought to draw the line; for no subject poetically treated can be said to belong to low art, which, in our view, would be nearly synonymous with no art at all; and if a subject does not admit of poetical treatment, it ought to be excluded altogether. If we consider how we should class Rosa Bonheur's famous picture, "The Horse Fair at Paris," we should be exceedingly puzzled by being obliged to refer to any ordinary standard. The poetry of the picture consists in this, that the souls of the horses (for horses, no doubt, have a kind of souls) live and breathe, and prance and caper and snort, on the canvass, and not the souls of men in horses, as some painters have painted, and thus ruined the poetry, because the truth.

The dignity and moral eminence of the painter's profession has lost in this, that whereas the public are generally tolerably good judges of what is and is not poetry, and only

tolerate that one or two of the best should live by poetry, supposing them to possess no other means, they are scarcely sufficiently educated to know what is and what is not painting, and thus a large class of people are enabled to get their bread, and call themselves artists, who have not the slightest pretension to the name, but are mere imitators in colours. All pictures ought to be peremptorily destroyed which are not likewise poems, as a sacrifice to the offended Muse. It is through the fact of so many artists who would make consummate workmen in any mechanical line, mistaking their vocation, and thus lowering the general character of art, that a notion is current amongst practical and often seriously-minded persons, that painting is a kind of elegant waste of time to engage in, which, as a pursuit, except for the sake of getting one's bread, would be almost culpable; in fact, such persons probably look upon painting as a kind of worsted-work or embroidery, only less feminine, because more dirty in the nature of its materials. From this consideration, we must suppose the fact to have arisen, that the *Sketcher* begins with an apologetic chapter; one whose drift is to place the art of painting in general, and that of landscape painting in particular, on its proper pedestal in public estimation. In the present uncertain light which is thrown on the theory of landscape-painting, we can scarcely too highly value such an introduction. Artists, to whatever school they belong, are perhaps only beginning to acknowledge the vitality and spirituality of external nature. That it was fully recognised by the exquisite imagination of the Greeks is shown by their personification and deification of rivers, mountains, fountains, trees, and the sea. The first they embodied in reclining gods pouring out streams from urns; the next, in Oreads, Naiads, Dryads, and Nereids. These creatures of imagination were expressions of the living beauty that the ancient poetic mind felt to be inherent in these natural objects. But the medieval painter, in the pursuit of the supernatural, seems to have in a measure overlooked the life and spirit of the natural. His trees (even those of Raffaelle) are stiff and conventional, and closely resemble the trees of shavings which are made as toys for children; his clouds are solid and woolly; his water does not run or flow, but resembles a kind of chaotic avalanche in its fall. Atmosphere to him is non-existent, and aerial perspective is thrown to the dogs. But the modern landscape-painter attempts to transfer to his canvass that vitality of nature which the old Greek felt in his heart. And the vivid representation of nature, embodying, to a certain extent, the mind of the Creator, is as much a part of his religion as that deification of fountains and forests was part of the religion of the old Greeks. Each tree is an individual as well as each man or woman. To draw its anatomy wrong, to make disproportion between the bulk of the leaves and of the bole, is as great a solecism as to draw a human figure with too large a head for the body. And we are not afraid to assert that some of our modern artists, and not always those of most extended fame, have given a character, personality, and individuality to trees, which has never been attained by the ancients. We may cite as examples the beautiful birch-trees so livingly drawn by Mr. Thomas Danby of Capel Cürig, especially two of them, which he calls "the sisters" among these ladies of the woods, and which have furnished him with many studies. We may cite, as another example, the Sketcher himself, when he thought fit to rid himself of the trammels of the old masters, and gave himself up to the *entrainement* of Nature. No man ever more thoroughly and devoutly believed that he in the religion of landscape-painting, — a religion quite distinct from, and yet connected with, that natural theology which found so lucid an exponent in Paley. And on this ground he justified his enthusiastic and lifelong pursuit of the art as a serious occupation. Some of the Sketcher's personal friends have been bold enough to differ from his own estimate of his productions. He

evidently himself laid most stress on his finished pictures, which were in many cases not much more than a reproduction of the forms of Gaspar Poussin, Claude Lorraine, and Salvator Rosa; while they, on the contrary, were inclined to prefer his sketches from nature, in which his genius forgot its diffidence in the enthusiasm of the time, and sometimes, to their thinking, left his three old schoolmasters far in the rear. For Gasper he had an especial reverence; he could see few faults in him; and as Turner is reported to have said of Mr. Ruskin, that he found a multitude of things in his pictures of which he was unconscious himself, so we cannot help thinking that the Sketcher ascribes to Gaspar thoughts and qualities which were but the reflex of his own mind, looking at him through the sun-coloured windows of an ardent affection. We will give an example or two hereafter, which may give force to this surmise. But first we may excerpt a passage, which all ought to read who are in doubt as to whether they really are or are not artists.

"In sketching from nature, think it not enough that your eyes see what is before them. The mind's eye must also look out from that watch-tower, the sensorium, to command the wanderings of the other two, and to select and reject; hence may taste be termed *δεύτερον ὄμμα*, the new eye, new sense, new perception. Poetry of nature, what is it? All nature is poetry, is full of it, yet may you not have the power to extract an atom. Question yourself well on this point, and if it be so, you are not of the art divine. When you sketch from nature, if you find, on examining your portfolio, you have brought back nothing but unmeaning views, and that it is a remembrancer of localities, as your almanac is of dates, there is so little dignity in your employment, it will not be amiss if you quit it. So if you paint and do no more work after such sketches, you are only fit to ornament snuff-boxes and to beautify an album. If you can see no poetry in nature beyond what is on the retina of your eye, you want the mind's eye to constitute the painter; you must be a poet, or discard the idea of the pursuit; you must have a convertible power, and have enjoyed visions of fairy-land; and you must people your pastoral, or your romantic, or your poetical, with beings that are not on the poor's books; you must remove, as it were, the curse from the earth and from man, for whose sake it was under it, separate the free bounties from slavish toil and labour, and from all idea of the dire punishment and necessity of 'eating our bread by the sweat of our brows.' Give your scenes the charm of the *dolce far niente;* let the verdure be fit for the gentle feet of Astræa, still blessing humanity with her intercourse. . . . Always remember that repose is the beauty of landscape. The scene should be a poetical shelter from the world, and if in anything partaking of it, it should be only so much so as would show it to be a part and parcel of the 'debatable land' that lies between fairy-land and the cold waking world. As it is to be a shelter, remember rest, and let not the glorious sun himself act the impertinent intruder, and stare you ever in the face like a Polyphemus, stationed in mid heaven, hid with a cerulian curtain, all but his eye."

Gasper Poussin may fairly be considered as the father of landscape-painting; but it is quite another question whether he was enabled to bring the art to its perfection. Herodotus was the father of history; but not in so complete a sense as Homer was of poetry. Poetry, like printing, appeared at once in its mature perfection; History did not, nor, as far as we can see, did landscape-painting; nor was it likely to do so if our assumption be true that it is the last product of a long education of refinement. Yet it appears to us that the Sketcher, in his love for this master, attributes to him not only the paternity, but the educational finishing. Claude, in his estimation, stands below Gaspar.

"In this (viz. knowledge of composition), he and all other artists that ever existed must yield the palm to Gaspar Poussin! Gasper is indeed the only truly pastoral painter. Whatever his pencil touches has an air of freedom: there is all the unrestrained beauty of nature. His foliage lies, or waves, as Anacreon would have his mistress's locks, 'as they will,' giving them life in volition. And who ever better understood the placid stream, the deep dam, or mountain river, in its life and motion, from the first gushing, through all its course and rests? So his figures are all disengaged and free—are beings of leisure. They are of robust growth, natu-

ral vigour of limb and understanding, of a race sprung from the very woods and rocks, untamed, and untamable, to slave toil. . . . Even the peculiarity of undress is entirely appropriate. It makes them of the pastoral age, and such as never can belong to any other. Like their fraternal trees, they are not ashamed to show their rind. They live in no dressed paradise; all that is of the formal cast, as belonging to another beauty, that poetical painter rejects. All his pictures are therefore a just whole. . . . Accessibility is a striking character in all his compositions. There is not a height or depth unapproachable," &c.

We gather from the praises of the Sketcher, that the landscapes of Gaspar Poussin are of a tolerably uniform aspect, such as they appear in fact; and that this master, perhaps from taste and will, but probably from the poverty inseparable from a newly-awakened invention, placed to his composition certain boundaries, which few would suppose so wide as the real boundaries of the poetry of art. If we take, for instance, the dogma of accessibility, we are ready to acquiesce in its adaptability to an Epicurean Paradise; and Virgil certainly paints no hills in his Elysium which the blest would require an *alpenstock* to ascend; but to us it appears that greater sublimity is attained by inaccessibility, by showing that there are tracts of land hunted over by the winds, and raced over by the storms, which the Creator has forbidden to the foot of man, as if to show him that even the earth has not completely passed under his dominion. And man is not degraded by the representation of heights which he cannot ascend; only shown his proper niche in nature. Nor can we conceive any necessary unhappiness connected with the horizon being shut up by an inaccessible mountain, unless all the beings of painting are to be supposed smitten with the Mont-Blanc ascending mania, which seems to characterise our Alpine tourists of the nineteenth century.

There is another passage further on in the book where the Sketcher speaks of the same artist as inventing a season for the pastoral style, which is neither spring nor summer, which has all the fullness of the latter, and all the playfulness of the former, so that an ordinary observer would complain that he did not know to what month to attribute his foliage and flowers. With all due respect for this patriarch of landscape, Gaspar Poussin, we may venture to surmise, that in consequence of working out sketches into pictures in the studio instead of the open air, he never attained the faculty of representing exactly the differences of season, and of preserving the peculiar characters of each, which several of our modern painters have attained. Individuality appears to be his great want, whether in his figures, his trees, or his general delineations of scenery. There is nothing gloomy or sad in seasonal changes in themselves, and in immediate reference to man, only when used as not the most exact similitudes of his destiny. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter do not quite represent the infancy, maturity, decline, and dotage of the year. Winter is slumber, not death; spring an awakening, summer a wide-awake state, and autumn a drowsiness; or, spring is the morning, summer the noon, autumn the evening, and winter the night of the year. The death of the individual leaves alone is symbolical of our own; but then we know that for every leaf that perishes another will come out just as good as the last, and as the tree grows, in a more numerous generation. When we die, others will succeed us—better or worse than ourselves—but not the same. Shakespeare and Milton will never exist on earth again, and that is the strongest reason apart from revealed religion, and corroborated by the manifest incompleteness of every great man who dies, to lead us to believe that they exist elsewhere than on earth. Besides these considerations it seems that, as far as artistic beauty is concerned, no more promising result is likely to be attained from taking the characteristics of different seasons and mixing them together, than would be attained by the sculptor who attempted to form the ideal of female beauty by taking a pretty foot from one model, and a handsome nose from another, without consideration of consistency. Each season has its peculiar poetry; and, indeed, an unvarying season is so

contrary to manifest utility, to the possibility of the production of fruits in their time, that even imagination must reject it as hyperbolical. Only from tropical countries could such subjects be consistently drawn as would denote no change of season, and tropical countries are not the pleasantest. Though we thoroughly feel the truth of the Sketcher's remarks as to the moral and spiritual character of Gaspar's trees, their affectionate bendings and gentle influences, we cannot quite see that they are anatomically true, or in fact that they are in the highest sense an expression of the incomparable forms of nature which the Sketcher himself, in his own theories and practice, seems to have apprehended with far greater distinctness. This indeed he shows for himself when he ceases to write of Gaspar, and writes of his own experiences. These experiences are chiefly drawn from the neighbourhood where the Sketcher resided. When writing of what he has seen and painted, it is easy to see that he is perfectly at home in it, and that he floats by his own buoyancy, having discarded the corks of the old masters. He is speaking of the picturesque which is to be found by the eye of the artist in hollow lanes, such as are frequently seen in Devonshire—

"I pass them daily, some extremely beautiful; but to me, they owe all their beauty to the sentiment, the poetical sentiment, they convey. They always set the imagination to work. Simply as colour they would move me, as light and shade they would not be without their effect. As to forms and objects, they too convey something more to the mind than the eye sees, for fancy extracts much from them; and I have often seen such subjects, and in good hands too, spoiled for want of a little examination into the nature and the source of the pleasure arising from them. Here is a deep hollow lane, very rich in colour, simple in the general, but varied in the individual forms of the objects. Here are brown earth-banks, with old roots curiously twisted, shooting out, and again hiding themselves in the deeper holes. Here are various greens, yet all blending into masses; the road, rugged enough, leads down rather steep, and, in consequence, at an edge not much beyond a stone's throw, is lost, and from thence rises up the foliage of trees below, and the silver locks of the young beech shoot up through it. All this part from the edge of the road formed by its descent, is illuminated, but tenderly, by the sun; but the light comes not direct, but through the leafage of other trees higher up on the bank. All else is in shade—not all equally dark, for from the irregular depths and hollows of the banks some parts are very dark—excepting near the foreground at the edge of the road, where the sunbeams, flickering through and coloured by the foliage above, play among loose stones and dead leaves, and slightly running up the opposite bank, just gild a few leaves and a single white half-blown flower of a brier rose. The light is throughout that of a painted cathedral window. I see no sky, unless it be perhaps a few dots of dark grey, that serve to throw out both the form and colour of the transparent leafage overhead. All is still, perfect silence—all motionless, save the slight play of the sunbeams on the stones as mentioned; and see! a weasel, or some such little creature, is running across the road and is gone. The road itself is in perfect accordance with all else. It is broken in ruts indeed; but they seem as if dug deeper, and desperately broken up by Nature's myriads of unseen sappers and miners, to defy the irruption of cart-wheels. You would wonder how you came there, for it seems charmed against intrusion."

Such a description proves that there are two ways of treating the everyday scenery of our highways and byways: one, that of the mere ingenious imitator's, who gives with the heather of the moor the shagginess of donkeys and the slovenliness of gypsies, with the idea of adding the picturesque to the reality; the other, that of the poetical painter, who sees in these scenes hidden glories that common eyes do not see. Amongst the Sketcher's favourite haunts are mentioned the Leigh Woods, near Bristol, and opposite Clifton. He especially delighted in flying from the busy life of the inhabited bank of the Avon to this scene of extraordinary retirement, peace, beauty, and seclusion. The Leigh Woods are well known to most persons resident in the West of England, at least in their characteristic features; to those who do not know them we will endeavour to indicate their character and position. In primeval times, long be-

fore history, the river Avon, which flows about Bath and Bristol, would probably have found its way to the sea somewhere near Clevedon, in Somersetshire, by the vale of Ashton, winding round a great barrier of limestone hills, which prevented a more northerly course. Some convulsion of nature appears to have occurred in times of which alone geology takes cognisance, which split this vast limestone barrier from top to bottom, and made a course for the river Avon to find its way into the Severn sea by a shorter cut, and in a more northerly direction. The gorge of the Avon divides the two counties, Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. On the right bank of the gorge, looking towards the sea, the suburb of Clifton is built, covering the heights with rows and crescents, like fortresses, if we can imagine the windows of the houses the embrasures of guns. It is a place of striking, but far from picturesque appearance, which it might have presented had it been built with more plan, system, and taste, and been divided into a number of independent villa residences, instead of being massed as it is in continuous masonry. Clifton has attempted to find its way across the gorge to the other side, by means of a suspension bridge, which has proved a failure, and, happily for art, has been given up. The opposite side is covered with a very beautiful wood, in parts of which the trees rise to really majestic proportions, and the broken ground of which presents a variety of subjects to the painter, especially in the lateral valleys which descend to the river at right angles, each with its separate character. Such are the Leigh Woods of the Sketcher, a district extremely lovely in its peaceful seclusion, though so near the noise of a commercial city, only wanting running water to make it perfect, but in some measure indemnified by the glimpses of the Avon in strong sunlight, seen like patches of silver through the embroidering foliage. At Lynmouth, in North Devon, he appears to have made himself quite as much at home. Indeed, the great bulk of the matter of the Sketcher Papers is devoted to the illustration of this charming place, or the place is made a repertory of illustrating specimens to the theoretical positions of the Sketcher. Where the high table-land of Exmoor approaches the Bristol Channel, the rivers which run from its watershed being of great power in proportion to their size, and occasionally fed to torrents by rains and melted snows, have in time scooped out for themselves courses which have been enlarged in the process of ages into deep and capacious gorges, breaking the edges of the mountain platform into the grandness of individual hills of as much as a thousand feet in height, and clothed along their whole courses with trees of greater or smaller growth; while the bed of the rivers, or rather river—for they all converge into one main stream—is choked with enormous blocks of rock, the inconvenience of which the stream is obliged to bear when in sound mind, as if in consequence of, and in punishment for, its occasional aberrations of passion. The bed of this river Lyn, with all its fantastic windings round the blocks which dam its course, with its overarching and meeting trees, its various and variegated banks, its multifarious and many-coloured foregrounds, and tender backgrounds of hill, was the Sketcher's own domain, which none ever possessed in so full a measure as he, or illustrated so vividly and truthfully by pencil and by pen. This Lynmouth combines nearly all the attractions of inland and marine beauty. When the mouth of the gorge widens to meet the sea, there are a few exquisite marine pictures, and a little of that sea-business carried on by sailors, fishermen, and boats, which helps the painter so much in his composition. There is much truth in the remarks with which the first paper on Lynmouth is prefaced:

"How very few are the spots of real beauty on the surface of this earth, the greater part of which is waste and wilderness! At least, sketchers find it such; and travellers who go beyond the range of art and civilisation, do not present more flattering accounts. We have, for the most part, notices of interminable and thick forests, swamps, bleak moors, rugged mountains, and impenetrable morasses. There may be, indeed, in all

these, at times, more of the sublime, for the sweeping shadows of departing day, and the moon's uncertain light (*luce sub incertâ lunæ*), invest with grandeur scenes that the scrutinising sun detects at once to be monotonous and minute even in and to their widest extent. But beautiful scenery, luxuriant, refreshing, enticing, and tangable, where you would be content to make your domicile, is but rarely to be met with. Such are retreats, guarded retreats, retiring spots, that escape the eye of the turbulent, the traffic-driven, and the boisterous!"

And Lynmouth is certainly one of such spots, an oasis of beauty in a desert of commonplace. The Sketcher knows Lynmouth well, has searched out every nook and cranny in it, and seen, if he has not painted, every beauty the place presents. If we begin at the mouth of the Lyn, and its junction with the sea, we find him there painting and describing, and peculiarly happy in his description. It is evident how his imagination personifies and endues with supernatural life both the river and the sea:—

"It was now nearly high-water. Immediately before us the tide was coming in with a fine swell over the large masses of stone, that at low-water are ever dark, covered with sea-weed, scattered everywhere about. Not that there was a very great sea here, but the coming in of the tide is everywhere grand, from the huge swell and driving wave, to the rush over the pebbles to your very feet, and the backward play, whirling about the looser stones, as it were tossing them and frying them (for such was their noise) for old Triton's supper, with the white flakes and bubbles of the fat and froth commingled as they retire, to be again whisked forward by the break of the incoming transparent green swell. . . . A few minutes ago you would have been delighted to have stepped down on the stones of the pier, to have watched the tide pouring in; and now it is a foot under water, and the resistance it offers below sends the waves clear and transparent over its top with a rush that would take you off your footing in a moment, and send you into the deep water like a bob or bottle of sea-weed, as a reproof for your impertinent scrutiny. There is something much more noticeable in the waters in this state than in their greater fury.

We have given this passage as an example of the word-painting of the author of the Sketcher. It would be easy to select many such. It is more difficult to give a general idea of the character of such a book than if it was a continuous tale, or a connected treatise on any given subject. Neither of these it professes to be. Although, considered as a whole, one aim and end runs through the book, the assertion of the sketcher's mission and its dignity; yet the subject ramifies in a variety of directions, and includes much pertinent criticism on art, and all cognate pursuits. We must not overlook the poetry, or rather the songs; for the Sketcher Papers are all more or less poetry. These are introduced by means of a supposed interlocutor called Pictor, who composes songs and sings them in the interludes of sketching. The songs refer to the artist's occupation in particular, and in general to the life and doings of all those pastoral and rural people who prefer, as did the Black Douglas, the singing of the bird to the squeaking of the mouse. Of these songs the sentiment is simple, as that of all songs ought to be, and the verbal melody is exquisite. A song requires perfect taste to write it, almost inspiration, because in all cases the idea must be simple, and, like Gaspar's mountains, easily accessible, and yet novel. And we do not think that we are giving small praise when we say that we believe the pages of the Sketcher to contain some genuine songs, such as would live and please in refined society, especially when set to appropriate airs. One of such songs is the following: we select it rather for its convenient brevity, than for its superiority to the rest:—

"Touch not the sweet guitar, Lady,
Under the greenwood tree;
Throw not the spell of thy voice, Lady,
Over the wild and free;
For it telleth how love, in a scene like this,
Were all-sufficient for earthly bliss.

See where the pale rose twines, Lady;
Hear ye the wild-dove coo
Above in the fragrant woods, Lady,
That softest airs do woo?
All here is a charm to aid thy spell;
Lady, I fear to love too well.

In chambers of silk and gold, Lady,
Touch then the sweet guitar,
'Mid crowds and sparkling lights, Lady,
Thyself the brightest star.
Amid things too costly and rare for me,
O, then I can listen, and still be free."

But this writing of songs was a mere by-play and recreation to the sketcher; he seems to have thrown them off only in order to rest his pen, wearied with earnest writing, before he grappled anew with the great argument of the dignity of the landscape-painter's mission. This idea is to this book what the wrath of Achilles is to the *Iliad*—the argument of the whole. And most fully, clearly, and satisfactorily we believe it to have been carried to its conclusion. The book is complete in itself, as far as its end is concerned. Its illustrations are chiefly drawn from the scenery of his own neighbourhood, but beautiful scenery in one region of the same country is in general points not much unlike beautiful scenery in another, though details may differ. The foregrounds would be much the same, and the chief variety would occur in distance. The forms of mountains on the horizon chiefly distinguish one scene from another, or the presence or absence of elevations in distance. Later in life, the author of *The Sketcher* spent a fruitful summer at Bettws-y-Coed, in North Wales, illustrating by his pencil the almost infinite variety of scenery that is to be found there in a small compass. We may regret that notices of this choice region were not included in the plan of the Sketcher, which, it must be always remembered, however new it may appear in its totality—and we do not hesitate to say that it will be quite new to the great majority of readers—is but a republication of papers published years ago, as we before observed. Not that we need apologise for it on this score; it is consistent throughout, and as various and free from repetition in its beauties as the scenery which it would delineate. Nor less remarkable is it for the geniality and tenderness of its social sentiments, than the happiness of its criticisms on matters of taste. So we may fairly say that it is a book to guide the hand, refresh the mind, and warm the heart at the same time. And yet more as a practical guide on matters of art, and as supplying tests by which the aspirant painter may learn whether or not there is the right stuff in him, we can imagine no mere formal manual superior in value. Let us take the following passage, referring to the spots where only sketching is likely to be found which is worth going to seek:—

"There is no studying landscape proper near large cities, though there are effects for every one's daubing. A black windmill throwing its hideous arms into a white cloud bursting out of a dark-grey one, a moor, and a reedy puddle, will thoroughly satisfy the ambition of many, humble enough to abject poverty in subject, presuming enough in effect. They take great pains that their deformities shall stare. Ere it be too late, and they become confirmed in their vulgar vanities, let them take coach an hundred miles or so, and follow the course of some of our sweet rivers. Rivers are always poetical; they move, or glide, or break into fall and rapid, through their courses, as if they were full of life, and were on nature's mysterious erranda. The sunbeams gleam upon them with messages from the heavens. Trees bend to them, and, receiving freshness and fragance, grow in their music; flowers kiss them, love haunts them, silence keeps awake in their caverns and sequestered nooks, and there the nightingale sings to her; the bright and many-coloured bow arches their falls, and the blessed and blessing moon shines on them, and gifts them with magic. Let them be followed from their sources, in mountain or moor, through dell, dingle, ravine, and more open valley, over which the clouds loiter to admire,—'do rest;' and if the mind of the sketcher do not drink poetry through his eye, and convey it to his portfolio, he may be sure neither nature nor art intended him to be painter or sketcher. But if he finds his soul poetic, and imbued with the feelings of the poets he has read, he will call up such ideas as will suit his scenery, enable him to give it a new character, perhaps nowise inconsistent with that it has or indicates, and he will thus study with a purpose."

In another place the sketcher thinks it worth his while to descend to plain matter of fact, and to give some particulars about a medium

which he has found exceedingly serviceable in water-colour painting. Water-colour painting, he remarks, is the peculiar glory of the English school. "Undoubtedly we may claim the invention of painting in water-colours, and pre-eminence in that art beyond comparison." We never could quite understand why this department has been considered inferior to oil-painting. It may have been, till lately, deficient in the power of expressing everything; but so much has been done in the invention and application of colours, especially in the use of body-colours as a substitute for the scratchings and erasures of the old style, and such a sufficiency of expression has been gained, that although a certain richness always attends the use of oil-colours, it would be difficult to decide which style was most perfect in the representation of nature. Surely the water-colour artist has gained the right to call his productions paintings, instead of merely drawings? The sketcher is speaking of the value of a medium mixed with chalk, for giving body both to oil and water colours in sketching:—

"You observe, I have here my chalk mixed up in bottles (I have mixed it up with rice-water, to make it adhere), and thus I am enabled to use it as freely as I would white on the oil palette. Now, here is the deep brown water; I have marked in the stones beneath, and some variety of colour, but the whole will bear a wash of umber; and while that is wet—here we have it—thus, I take a lump of this half-liquid chalk upon my brush, and drive it in lines, imitating the course of the water; before that is quite dry, I shall glaze it over here and there with those yellow and greyish-green tints you see playing about the half-foam—thus,—and work on again, with fresh masses, and in the same manner, on the falls of the water, continually glazing over till I get something of the transparency. . . . . The operation of chalk in oil is quite the reverse of that in water-colours. In the latter it works by its opacity; in the former, by furnishing a transparent medium, or nearly so."

These practical remarks show that the book is not the production of a mere theorist, but of one who made the art the occupation of his hands as well as of his brain.

But it may be said that Mr. Eagles, the author of *The Sketcher*, though he could write on the subject of the arts, never made himself known by his paintings, and yet it is not the less true that his life was devoted to painting. He never painted for the public. Very few of his pictures have ever been exhibited, and those few have been exhibited without ostentation, and with a perfect carelessness as to the opinion of the public concerning them. His sketches, on which we consider his fame as an artist principally to rest, have ever remained in the possession of himself and a few private friends. Thus his most life-like and natural scenes have never been placed before the public eye, and it is not likely that they ever will be. Yet his power of production was enormous, and he seemed so perfectly master of his materials that he would effect, when seemingly playing with them, what others could only effect by laborious attention. He studied to the bottom the subject of media and pigments, and there was scarcely any, in one or the other class, with the comparative merits of which he was not acquainted. Yet profound in the knowledge of art, and knowing every nook and cranny of the secret recesses of woodland, sea-side, and river-side nature, he may perhaps have laid himself open to the charge of a want of catholicity of taste, in the rejection of hosts of subjects which others admired, and thought worthy of recording on canvass. If he erred here—and we doubt if he did—the error arose from his fastidiousness of taste, and anxiety to raise the art to which he was so devotedly attached. Certain it is that he held forth to admiration, and illustrated the greatest beauties of nature; and if he passed over the lesser as no beauties at all, the omission is not very greatly to be regretted. On the whole, the sketcher papers present an unique and original view of art; and even the uninitiated in the mysteries of the brush cannot rise from their perusal without a farther prospect at least into the outer courts of the temple than they have been able to obtain by other means.

THE ATHELINGS; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

PART III.

CHAPTER XVI.

It would be impossible to describe, after that first beginning, the pleasant interest and excitement kept up in this family concerning the fortune of Agnes. All kinds of vague and delightful magnificences floated in the minds of the two girls; guesses of prodigious sums of money and unimaginable honours were constantly hazarded by Marian; and Agnes, though she laughed at, and professed to disbelieve these splendid imaginations, was, beyond all controversy, greatly influenced by them. The house held up its head and began to dream of fame and greatness. Even Mr. Atheling, in a trance of exalted and exulting fancy, went down self-absorbed through the busy moving streets, and scarcely noticed the steady current of the Islingtonian public setting in strong for the City. Even mamma, going about her household business, had something visionary in her eye; she saw a long way beyond to-day's little cares and difficulties—the grand distant lights of the future streaming down on the fair heads of her two girls. It was not possible, at least in the mother's fancy, to separate these two who were so closely united. No one in the house, indeed, could recognise Agnes without Marian, or Marian without Agnes; and this new fortune belonged to both.

And then there followed all those indefinite but glorious adjuncts involved in this beginning of fate—society, friends, a class of people, as those good dreamers supposed, more able to understand and appreciate the simple and modest refinement of these young minds;—all the world was to be moved by this one book—everybody was to render homage—all society to be disturbed with eagerness. Mr. Atheling adjured the family not to raise their expectations too high, yet raised his own to the most magnificent level of unlikely greatness. Mrs. Atheling had generous compunctions of mind as she looked at the ribbons already half faded. Agnes now was in a very different position from her who made the unthrifty purchase of a colour which would not bear the sun. Mamma held a very solemn synod in her own mind, and was half resolved to buy new ones upon her own responsibility. But then there was something shabby in building upon an expectation which as yet was so indefinite. And we are glad to say there was so much sobriety and good sense in the house of the Athelings, despite their glorious anticipations, that the ribbons of Agnes and Marian, though they began to fulfil Mrs. Atheling's prediction, still steadily did their duty, and bade fair to last out their appointed time.

This was a very pleasant time to the whole household. Their position, their comfort, their external circumstances, were in no respect changed, yet everything was brightened and radiant in an overflow of hope. There was neither ill nor sickness nor sorrow to mar the enjoyment; everything at this period was going well with them, to whom many a day and many a year had gone full heavily. They were not aware themselves of their present happiness; they were all looking eagerly forward, bent upon a future which was to be so much superior to to-day, and none dreamed how little delight was to be got out of the realisation in comparison with the delight they all took in the hope. They could afford so well to laugh at all their homely difficulties — to make jokes upon mamma's grave looks as she discovered an extravagant shilling or two in the household accounts—or found out that Susan had been wasteful in the kitchen. It was so odd, so *funny*, to contrast these minute cares with the golden age which was to come.

And then the plans and secret intentions, the wonderful committees which sat in profound retirement; Marian plotting with mamma what Agnes should have when she came into her fortune, and Agnes advising, with the same infallible authority, for the advantage of Marian. The vast and ambitious project of the girls for going into the country—the country or the sea-side some one, they did not care which, of those beautiful unknown beatific regions out of London, which were to them all fairyland and countries of magic. We suppose nobody ever did enjoy the sea breezes as Agnes and Marian Atheling, in their little white bed-chamber, enjoyed the imaginary gale upon the imaginary sands, which they could perceive brightening the cheek of mamma, and tossing about the curls of the twin-babies, at any moment of any night or day. This was to be the grand triumph of the time when Agnes came into her fortune, though even mamma as yet had not heard of the project; but already it was a greater pleasure to the girls than any real visit to any real sea-side in this visible earth ever could be.

And then there began to come, dropping in at all hours from the earliest post in the morning to the last startling delivery at nine o'clock at night, packets of printed papers—the proof-sheets of this astonishing book. You are not to suppose that those proofs needed much correcting—Agnes's manuscript was far too daintily written for that; but every one read them with the utmost care and attention, and Papa made little crosses in pencil on the margin when he came to a doubtful word. Everybody read them, not once only, but sometimes twice, or even three times over—everybody but Charlie, who eat them up with his bread and butter at tea, did not say a word on the subject, and never looked at them again. All Bellevue resounded with the knocks of that incessant postman at Number Ten. Public opinion was divided on the subject. Some people said the Athelings had been extravagant, and were now suffering under a very Egyptian plague, a hailstorm of bills; others, more charitable, had private information that both the Miss Athelings were going to be married, and believed this continual dropping to be a carnival shower of flowers and *bonbons*, the love letters of the affianced bridegrooms; but nobody supposed that the unconscious and innocent postman stood a respectable deputy for the little Beelzebub, to whose sooty hands of natural right should have been committed the custody of those fair and uncorrectable sheets. Sometimes, indeed, this sable emissary made a hasty and half-visible appearance in his own proper person, with one startling knock, as loud, but more solemn than the postman—"That's the Devil!" said Charlie, with unexpected animation, the second time this emphatic sound was heard; and Susan refused point-blank to open the door.

How carefully these sheets were corrected! how punctually they were returned!—with what conscientious care and earnestness the young author attended to all the requirements of printer and publisher! There was something amusing, yet something touching as well, in the sincere and natural humbleness of these simple people. Whatever they said, they could not help thinking that some secret spring of kindness had moved Mr. Burlington; that somehow this unconscious gentleman, most innocent of any such intention, meant to do them all a favour. And moved by the influence of this amiable delusion, Agnes was scrupulously attentive to all the suggestions of the publisher. Mr. Burlington was somewhat amused himself by his new writer's obedience, but doubtful, and did not half understand it; for it is not always easy to comprehend downright and simple sincerity. But the young author went on upon her guileless way, taking no particular thought of her own motives; and on with her every step went all the family, excited and unanimous. To her belonged the special pleasure of being the cause of this happy commotion; but the pleasure and the honour and the delight belonged equally to them all.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

"Here! there's reading for you," said Miss Willsie, throwing upon the family table a little roll of papers. "They tell me there's something of the kind stirring among yourselves. If there's one thing I cannot put up with, it's to see a parcel of young folk setting up to read lessons to the world!"

"Not Agnes," cried Marian eagerly; "only wait till it comes out. I know so well, Miss Willsie, how you will like her book."

"No such thing," said Miss Willsie indignantly. "I would just like to know—twenty years old, and never out of her mother's charge a week at a time—I would just like any person to *tell me* what Agnes Atheling can have to say to the like of me!"

"Indeed nothing at all," said Agnes, blushing and laughing; "but it is different with Mr. Endicott. Now, nobody must speak a word. Here it is."

"*No!* let me away first," cried Miss Willsie in terror. She was rather abrupt in her exits and entrances. This time she disappeared instantaneously, shaking her hand at some imaginary culprit, and had closed the gate behind her with a swing, before Agnes was able to begin the series of "Letters from England" which were to immortalise the name of Mr. Foggo S. Endicott. The New World biographist began with his voyage, and all the "emotions awakened in his breast" by finding himself at sea; and immediately thereafter followed a special chapter, headed, "Killiecrankie Lodge."

"How delightful," wrote the traveller, "So many thousand miles from home, so far away from those who love us, to meet with the sympathy and communion of kindred blood! To this home of the domestic affections I am glad at once to introduce my readers, as a beautiful example of that Old England felicity, which is, I grieve to say, so sadly outbalanced by oppression and tyranny and crime! This beautiful suburban retreat is the home of my respected relatives, Mr. F. and his maiden sister Miss Wilhelmina F. Here they live with old books, old furniture, and old pictures around them, with old plate upon their table, old servants in waiting, and an old cat coiled up in comfort upon their cosy hearth! A graceful air of antiquity pervades everything. The inkstand from which I write belonged to a great-grandfather; the footstool under my feet was worked by an old lady of the days of the lovely Queen Mary: and I cannot define the date of the china in that carved cabinet: all this, which would be out of place in one of the splendid palaces of our busy citizens, is here in perfect harmony with the character of the inmates. It is such a house as naturally belongs to an old country, an old family, and an old and secluded pair.

"My uncle is an epitome of all that is worthy in man. Like most remarkable Scotsman, he takes snuff; and to perceive his penetration and wise sagacity, one has only to look at the noble head which he carries with a hereditary loftiness. His sister is a noble old lady, and entirely devoted to him. In fact, they are all the world to each other; and the confidence with which the brother confides all his cares and sorrows to the faithful bosom of his sister, is a truly touching sight; while Miss Wilhelmina F., on her part, seldom makes an observation without winding up by a reference to 'my brother.' It is a long time since I have found anywhere so fresh and delightful an object of study as the different characteristics of this united pair. It is beautiful to watch the natural traits unfolding themselves. One has almost as much pleasure in the investigation as one has in studying the developments of childhood; and my admirable relatives are as delightfully unconscious of their own distinguishing qualities as even children could be.

"Their house is a beautiful little suburban villa, far from the noise and din of the great city. Here they spend their beautiful old age in hospitality and beneficence; beggars (for there are always beggars in England)

come to the door every morning with patriarchal familiarity, and receive their dole through an opening in the door, like the ancient buttery-hatch; every morning, upon the garden paths crumbs are strewed for the robins and the sparrows, and the birds come hopping fearlessly about the old lady's feet, trusting in her gracious nature. All the borders are filled with wallflowers, the favourite plant of Miss Wilhelmina, and they seemed to me to send up a sweeter fragrance when she watered them with her delicate little engine, or pruned them with her own hand; for everything, animate and inanimate, seems to know that she is good.

"To complete this delightful picture, there is just that shade of solicitude and anxiety wanting to make it perfect. They have a nephew, this excellent couple, over whom they watch with the characteristic jealousy of age watching youth. While my admirable uncle eats his egg at breakfast, he talks of Harry; while aunt Wilhelmina pours out the tea from her magnificent old silver teapot, she makes apologies and excuses for him. They will make him their heir, I do not doubt, for he is a handsome and prepossessing youth; and however this may be to *my* injury, I joyfully waive my claim; for the sight of their tender affection and beautiful solicitude is a greater boon to a student of mankind like myself than all their old hereditary hoards or patrimonial acres; and so I say, Good fortune to Harry, and let all my readers say Amen!"

We are afraid to say how difficult Agnes found it to accomplish this reading in peace; but in spite of Marian's laughter and Mrs. Atheling's indignant interruptions, Agnes herself was slightly impressed by these fine sentiments and pretty sentences. She laid down the paper with an air of extreme perplexity, and could scarcely be tempted to smile. "Perhaps that is how Mr. Endicott sees things," said Agnes; "perhaps he has so fine a mind—perhaps—Now, I am sure, mamma, if you had not known Miss Willsie, you would have thought it very pretty. I know you would."

"Do not speak to me, child," cried Mrs. Atheling energetically. "Pretty! why, he is coming here to-night!"

And Marian clapped her hands. "Mamma will be in the next one!" cried Marian; "and he will find out that Agnes is a great author, and that we are all so anxious about Charlie. Oh, I hope he will send us a copy. What fun it would be to read about papa and his newspaper, and what everybody was doing at home here in Bellevue!"

"It would be very impertinent," said Mrs. Atheling, reddening with anger; "and if anything of the kind should happen, I will never forgive Mr. Foggo. You will take care to speak as little as possible to him, Marian; he is not a safe person. Pretty! Does he think he has a right to come into respectable houses and make his pretty pictures? You must be very much upon your guard, girls. I forbid you to be friendly with such a person as *that!*"

"But perhaps"—said Agnes.

"Perhaps—nonsense," cried mamma indignantly; "he must not come in here, that I am resolved. Go and tell Susan we will sit in the best room to-night."

But Agnes meditated the matter anxiously—perhaps, though she did not say it—perhaps to be a great literary personage, it was necessary to "find good in everything," after the newest fashion, like Mr. Endicott. Agnes was much puzzled, and somewhat discouraged, on her own account. She did not think it possible she could ever come to such a sublime and elevated view of ordinary things; she felt herself a woeful way behind Mr. Endicott, and with a little eagerness looked forward to his visit. Would he justify himself—what would he say?

CHAPTER XVIII.—COMPANY.

The best room was not by any means so bright, so cheerful, or so kindly as the family parlour, with its family disarrangement, and the amateur paper-hanging upon its walls. Before their guests arrived the girls

made an effort to improve its appearance. They pulled the last beautiful bunches of the lilac to fill the little glass vases, and placed candles in the ornamental glass candlesticks upon the mantlepiece. But even a double quantity of light did not bring good cheer to this dull and solemn apartment. Had it been winter, indeed, a fire might have made a difference; but it was early summer—one of those balmy nights so sweet out of doors, which give an additional shade of gloom to dark-complexioned parlours, shutting out the moon and the stars, the night air and the dew. Agnes and Marian, fanciful and visionary, kept the door open themselves, and went wandering about the dark garden, where the summer flowers came slowly, and the last primrose was dying pale and sweet under the poplar tree. They went silently and singly, one after the other, through the garden paths, hearing, without observing, the two different footsteps which came to the front door. If they were thinking, neither of them knew or could tell what she was thinking about, and they returned to the house without a word, only knowing how much more pleasant it was to be out here in the musical and breathing darkness, than to be shut closely within the solemn enclosure of the best room.

But there, by the table where Marian had maliciously laid his papers, was the stately appearance of Mr. Endicott, holding high his abstracted head, while Harry Oswald, anxious, and yet hesitating, lingered at the door, eagerly on the watch for the light step of which he had so immediate a perception when it came. Harry, who indeed had no great inducement to be much in love with himself, forgot himself altogether as his quick ear listened for the foot of Marian. Mr. Endicott, on the contrary, added a loftier shade to his abstraction, by way of attracting and not expressing admiration. Unlucky Harry was in love with Marian; his intellectual cousin only aimed at making Marian in love with *him*.

And she came in, slightly conscious, we admit, that she was the heroine of the night, half aware of the rising rivalry, half-enlightened as to the different character of these two very different people, and of the one motive which brought them here. So a flitting changeable blush went and came upon the face of Marian. Her eyes, full of the sweet darkness and dew of the night, were dazzled by the lights, and would not look steadily at any one; yet a certain gleam of secret mischief and amusement in her face betrayed itself to Harry Oswald, though not at all to the unsuspicious American. She took her seat very sedately at the table, and busied herself with her fancy-work. Mr. Endicott sat opposite, looking at her; and Harry, a moving shadow in the dim room, hovered about, sitting and standing behind her chair.

Besides these young people, Mr. Atheling, Mr. Foggo, and mamma, were in the room, conversing among themselves, and taking very little notice of the other visitors. Mamma was making a little frock, upon which she bestowed unusual pains, as it seemed; for no civility of Mr. Endicott could gain any answer beyond a monosyllable from the virtuous and indignant mistress of the house. He was playing with his own papers as Agnes and Marian came to the table, affectionately turning them over and looking at the heading of the "Letter from England," with a loving eye.

"You are interested in literature, I believe," said Mr. Endicott. Agnes, Marian, and Harry, all of them glancing at him in the same moment, could not tell which he addressed; so there was a confused murmur of reply. "Not in the slightest," cried Harry Oswald, behind Marian's chair. "Oh, but Agnes is!" cried Marian; and Agnes herself, with a conscious blush, acknowledged—"Yes, indeed, very much."

"But not, I suppose, very well acquainted with the American press," said Mr. Endicott. "The bigotry of Europeans is marvellous. We read your leading papers in the States, but I have not met half-a-dozen people in England—actually not six individuals—who were in the frequent habit of seeing the *Mississippi Gazette*."

"We rarely see any newspapers at all," said Agnes, apologetically

"Papa has his paper in the evenings, but except now and then, when there is a review of a book in it ——"

"That is the great want of English contemporary literature," interrupted Mr. Endicott. "You read the review—good! but you feel that something else is wanted than mere politics—that votes and debates do not supply the wants of the age!"

"If the wants of the age were the wants of young ladies," said Harry Oswald, "what would become of my uncle and Mr. Atheling? Leave things in their proper place, Endicott. Agnes and Marian want something different from newspaper literature and leading articles. Don't interfere with the girls."

"These are the slavish and confined ideas of a worn out civilisation," said the man of letters; "in my country we respect the opinions of our women, and give them full scope."

"Respect!—the old humbug!" muttered Harry behind Marian's chair. "Am I disrespectful? I choose to be judged by you."

Marian glanced over her shoulder with saucy kindness. "Dont quarrel," said Marian. No! Poor Harry was so glad of the glance, the smile, and the confidence, that he could have taken Endicott, who was the cause of it, to his very heart.

"The functions of the press, said Mr. Endicott, "are unjustly limited in this country, like most other enlightened influences. In these days we have scarcely time to wait for books. It is not with us as it was in old times, when the soul lay fallow for a century, and then blossomed into its glorious epic, or drama, or song! Our audience must perceive the visible march of mind, hour by hour and day by day. We are no longer concerned about mere physical commotions, elections, or debates, or votes of the Senate. In these days we care little for the man's opinions; what we want is an advantageous medium for studying the man."

As she listened to this, Agnes Atheling held her breath, and suspended her work unawares. It sounded very imposing, indeed—to tell the truth, it sounded something like that magnificent conversation in books over which Marian and she had often marvelled. Then this simple girl believed in everybody; she was rather inclined to suppose of Mr. Endicott that he was a man of very exalted mind.

"I do not quite know," said Agnes humbly, "whether it is right to tell all about great people in the newspapers, or even to put them in books. Do you think it is, Mr. Endicott?"

"I think," said the American, solemnly, "that a public man, and, above all, a literary man, belongs to the world. All the exciting scenes of life come to *us* only that we may describe and analyse them for the advantage of others. A man of genius has no private life. Of what benefit is the keenness of his emotions if he makes no record of them? In my own career," continued the literary gentleman, "I have been sometimes annoyed by foolish objections to the notice I am in the habit of giving of friends who cross my way. Unenlightened people have complained of me, in vulgar phrase, that I 'put them in the newspapers.' How strange a misconception! for you must perceive at once that it was not with any consideration of them, but simply that my readers might see every scene I passed through, and in reality feel themselves travelling with *me!*"

"Oh!" Agnes made a faint and very doubtful exclamation; Harry Oswald turned on his heel, and left the room abruptly; while Marian bent very closely over her work, to conceal that she was laughing. Mr. Endicott thought it was a natural youthful reverence, and gave her all due credit for her ingenious emotions."

"The path of genius necessarily reveals certain obscure individuals," said Mr. Endicott; "they cross its light, and the poet has no choice. I present to my audience the scenes through which I travel. I introduce the passengers on the road. Is it for the sake of these passengers? No. It is that my readers may be enabled, under all circumstances, to form a just realisation of *me*. That is the true vocation of a poet: he ought to be in himself the highest example of everything—joy, delight, suffering, remorse, and ruin—yes, I am bold enough to say,

even crime. No man should be able to suppose that he can hide himself in an indescribable region of emotion where the poet cannot follow. Shall murder be permitted to attain an experience beyond the reach of genius? No! Everything must be possessed by the poet's intuitions, for he himself is the great lesson of the world."

"Charlie," said Harry Oswald behind the door, "come in, and punch this fellow's head."

CHAPTER XIX.

Charlie came in, but not to punch the head of Mr. Endicott. The big boy gloomed upon the dignified American, pushed Harry Oswald aside, and brought his two grammars to the table. "I say, what do you want with me?" said Charlie; he was not at all pleased at having been disturbed.

"Nobody wanted you, Charlie,—no one ever wants you, you disagreeable boy," said Marian: "it was all Harry Oswald's fault; he thought we were too pleasant all by ourselves here."

To which complimentary saying Mr. Endicott answered by a bow. He quite understood what Miss Marian meant! he was much flattered to have gained her sympathy! So Marian pleased both her admirers for once, for Harry Oswald laughed in secret triumph behind her chair.

"And you are still with Mr. Bell, Harry," said Mrs. Atheling, suddenly interposing. "I am very glad you like this place—and what a pleasure it must be to all your sisters! I begin to think you are quite settled now."

"I suppose it was time," said Harry the unlucky, colouring a little, but smiling more as he came out from the shadow of Marion's chair, in compliment to Marian's mother; "yes, we get on very well,—we are not overpowered with our practice; so much the better for me."

"But you ought to be more ambitious,—you ought to try to extend your practice," said Mrs. Atheling, immediately falling into the tone of an adviser, in addressing one to whom everybody gave good advice.

"I might have some comfort in it, if I was a poet," said Harry; "but to kill people simply in the way of business is too much for me. Well, uncle, it is no fault of mine. I never did any honour to my doctorship. I am as well content to throw physic to the dogs as any Macbeth in the world."

"Ay, Harry," said Mr. Foggo; "but I think it is little credit to a man to avow ill inclinations, unless he has the spirit of a man to make head against them. That's my opinion—but I know you give it little weight."

"A curious study!" said Mr. Endicott, reflectively. "I have watched it many times,—the most interesting conflict in the world."

But Harry, who had borne his uncle's reproof with calmness, reddened fiercely at this, and seemed about to resent it. The study of character, though it is so interesting a study, and so much pursued by superior minds, is not, as a general principle, at all liked by the objects of it. Harry Oswald, under the eye of his cousin's curious inspection, had the greatest mind in the world to knock that cousin down.

"And what do you think of our domestic politics, on the other side of the Atlantic?" asked Papa, joining the more general conversation: "a pretty set of fellows manage us in Old England here. I never take up a newspaper but there's a new job in it. If it were only for other countries, they might have a sense of shame!"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Endicott, "considering all things—considering the worn-out circumstances of the old country, your oligarchy and your subserviency, I am rather disposed, on the whole, to be in favour of the government of England. So far as a limited intelligence goes, they really appear to me to go on pretty well."

"Humph!" said Mr. Atheling. He was quite prepared for a dashing republican denunciation, but this cool patronage stunned the humble politician—he did not comprehend it. "However," he continued, reviving

after a little, and rising into triumph, "there is principle among them yet. They cannot tolerate a man who wants the English virtue of keeping his word; no honourable man will keep office with a traitor. Winterbourne's out. There's some hope for the country when one knows that."

"And who is Winterbourne, papa?" asked Agnes, who was near her father.

Mr. Atheling was startled. "Who is Lord Winterbourne, child? why, a disgraced minister—everybody knows!"

"You speak as if you were glad," said Agnes, possessed with a perfectly unreasonable pertinacity: "do you know him, papa,—has he done anything to you?"

"I!" cried Mr. Atheling, "how should I know him? There! thread your needle, and don't ask ridiculous questions. Lord Winterbourne for himself is of no consequence to me."

From which everybody present understood immediately that this unknown personage *was* of consequence to Mr. Atheling—that papa certainly knew him, and that he had "done something" to call for so great an amount of virtuous indignation. Even Mr. Endicott paused in the little account he proposed to give of Viscount Winterbourne's title and acquirements, and his own acquaintance with the Honourable George Rivers, his lordship's only son. A vision of family feuds and mysteries crossed the active mind of the American; he stopped to make a mental note of this interesting circumstance; for Mr. Endicott did not disdain to embellish his "letters" now and then with a fanciful legend, and this was certainly "suggestive" in the highest degree.

"I remember," said Mrs. Atheling, suddenly, "when we were first married, we went to visit an old aunt of Papa's, who lived quite close to Winterbourne Hall. Do you remember old Aunt Bridget, William? We have not heard anything of her for many a day; she lived in an old house, half made of timber, and ruinous with ivy. I remember it very well; I thought it quite pretty when I was a girl."

"Ruinous! you mean beautiful with ivy, mamma," said Marian.

"No, my dear; ivy is a very troublesome thing," said Mrs. Atheling, "and makes a very damp house, I assure you, though it looks pretty. This was just upon the edge of a wood, and on a hill. There was a very fine view from it; all the spires, and domes, and towers looked beautiful with the morning sun upon them. I suppose Aunt Bridget must still be living, William? I wonder why she took offence at us. What a pleasant place that would have been to take the children in summer! It was called the old Wood Lodge, and there was a larger place near which was the Old Wood House, and the nearest house to that, I believe, was the Hall. It was a very pretty place; I remember it so well."

Agnes and Marian exchanged glances; this description was quite enough to set their young imaginations aglow;—perhaps, for the sake of her old recollections, Mamma would like this better than the sea-side.

"Should you like to go again, mamma?" said Agnes, in a half whisper. Mamma smiled, and brightened, and shook her head.

"No, my dear, no; you must not think of such a thing, travelling is so very expensive," said Mrs. Atheling; but the colour warmed and brightened on her cheek with pleasure at the thought.

"And of course there's another family of children," said Papa, in a somewhat sullen under tone. "Aunt Bridget, when she dies, will leave the cottage to one of them. They always wanted it. Yes, to be sure,—to him that hath shall be given, — it is the way of the world."

"William, William! you forget what you say!" cried Mrs. Atheling, in alarm.

"I mean no harm, Mary," said Papa, "and the words bear that meaning as well as another: it is the way of the world."

"Had I known your interest in the family, I might have brought you some information," interposed Mr. Endicott. "I have a letter of introduction to Viscount Winterbourne—and saw a great deal of the Honourable George Rivers when he travelled in the States."

"I have no interest in them—not the slightest," said Mr. Atheling, hast-

ily; and Harry Oswald moved away from where he had been standing to resume his place by Marian, a proceeding which instantly distracted the attention of his cousin and rival. The girls were talking to each other of this new imaginary paradise. Harry Oswald could not explain how it was, but he began immediately with all his skill to make a ridiculous picture of the old house, which was half made of timber, and ruinous with ivy: he could not make out why he listened with such a jealous pang to the very name of this Old Wood Lodge.

CHAPTER XX.—AUNT BRIDGET.

"Very strange!" said Mr. Atheling—he had just laid upon the breakfast-table a letter edged with black, which had startled them all for the moment into anxiety,—"very strange!"

"What is very strange?—who is it, William?" asked Mrs. Atheling, anxiously.

"Do you remember how you spoke of her last night?—only last night—my Aunt Bridget, of whom we have not *heard for* years? I could almost be superstitious about this," said Papa. "Poor old lady, she has gone at last."

Mrs. Atheling read the letter eagerly. "And she spoke of us, then?—she was sorry. Who could have persuaded her against us, William?" said the good mother—"and wished you should attend her funeral. You will go?—surely you must go." But as she spoke, Mrs. Atheling paused and considered—travelling is not so easy a matter, when people have only two hundred a-year.

"It would do her no pleasure now, Mary," said Mr. Atheling, with a momentary sadness. "Poor Aunt Bridget! she was the last of all the old generation; and now it begins to be our turn."

In the mean time, however, it was time for the respectable man of business to be on his way to his office. His wife brushed his hat with gravity, thinking upon his words. The old woman who was gone had left no responsibility behind her; but these children!—how could the father and the mother venture to die, and leave these young ones in the unfriendly world?

Charlie had gone to his office an hour ago—other studies, heavier and more discouraging even than the grammars, lay in the big law-books of Mr. Fogg's office, to be conquered by this big boy. Throughout the day he had all the miscellaneous occupations which generally fall to the lot of the youngest clerk. Charlie said nothing about it to any one, but went in at these ponderous tomes in the morning — they were frightfully tough reading, and he was not given to literature. He shook his great fist at them, his natural enemies, and went in and conquered. These studies were pure pugilism so far as Charlie was concerned; he knocked down his ponderous opponent, mastered him, stowed away all his wisdom in his own prodigious memory, and replaced him on his shelf with triumph. "Now that old fellow's done for," said Charlie, and next morning the young student "went in" at the next.

Agnes and Marian were partly in this secret, as they had been in the previous one; so these young ladies came down stairs at seven o'clock to make breakfast for Charlie. It was nine now, and the long morning began to merge in the ordinary day; but the girls arrested Mamma on the threshold of her daily business to make eager inquiry about the Aunt Bridget, of whom, the only one among all their relatives, they knew little but the name.

"My dears, this is not a time to ask me," said Mrs. Atheling: "there is Susan waiting, and there is the baker and the butterman at the door. Well, then, if you must know, she was just simply an old lady, and your grandpapa's sister; and she was once governess to Miss Rivers, and they gave her the old Lodge when the young lady should have been married. They made her a present of it—at least the old lord did—and she lived there ever after. It had been once in your grandpapa's family. I do not know the rights of the story—you can ask

about it some time from your papa; but Aunt Bridget took quite a dislike to us after we were married—I cannot tell you why; and since the time I went to the Old Wood Lodge to pay her a visit, when I was a bride, I have never heard a kind word from her, poor old lady, till to-day. Now, my dears, let me go; do you see the people waiting? I assure you that is all."

And that was all that could be learned about Aunt Bridget, save a few unimportant particulars gleaned from the long conversation concerning her, which the father and mother, much moralising, fell into that night. These young people had the instinct of curiosity most healthily developed; they listened eagerly to every new particular—heard with emotion that she had once been a beauty, and incontinently wove a string of romances about the name of the aged and humble spinster; and then what a continual centre of fancy and inquiry was that Old Wood Lodge!

A few days passed, and Aunt Bridget began to fade from her temporary prominence in the household firmament. A more immediate interest possessed the mind of the family—the book was coming out! Prelusive little paragraphs in the papers, which these innocent people did not understand to be advertisements, warned the public of a new and original work of fiction by a new author, about to be brought out by Mr. Burlington, and which was expected to make a sensation when it came. Even the known and visible advertisements themselves were read with a startling thrill of interest. *Hope Hazlewood, a History*—everybody concluded it was the most felicitous title in the world.

The book was coming out, and great was the excitement of the household heart. The book came out! —there it lay upon the table in the family parlour, six fair copies in shiny blue cloth, with its name in letters of gold. These Mr. Burlington intended should be sent to influential friends: but the young author had no influential friends; so one copy was sent to Killiecrankie Lodge, to the utter amazement of Miss Willsie, and another was carefully despatched to an old friend in the country, who scarcely knew what literature was; then the family made a solemn pause, and waited. What would everybody say?

Saturday came full of fate. They knew all the names of all those dread and magnificent guides of public opinion, the literary newspapers; and with an awed and trembling heart, the young author waited for their verdict. She was so young, however, and in reality so ignorant of what might be the real issue of this first step into the world, that Agnes had a certain pleasure in her trepidation, and, scarcely knowing what she expected, knew only that it was in the highest degree novel, amusing, and extraordinary that these sublime and lofty people should ever be tempted to notice her at all. It was still only a matter of excitement and curiosity and amusing oddness to them all. If the young adventurer had been a man, this would have been a solemn crisis full of fate: it was even so to a woman, seeking her own independence; but Agnes Atheling was only a girl in the heart of her family, and, looking out with laughing eyes upon her fortune, smiled at fate.

It is Saturday—yes, Saturday afternoon, slowly darkening towards the twilight. Agnes and Marian at the window are eagerly looking out, Mamma glances over their bright heads with unmistakable impatience. Papa is palpably restless in his easy-chair. Here he comes on flying feet, that big messenger of fortune—crossing the whole breadth of Bellevue in two strides, with ever so many papers in his hands. "Oh, I wonder what they will say!" cries Marian, clasping her pretty fingers. Agnes, too breathless to speak, makes neither guess nor answer—and here he comes!

It is half dark, and scarcely possible to read these momentous papers. The young author presses close to the window with the uncut *Athenæum*. There is Papa, half-risen from his chair; there is Mamma, anxiously contemplating her daughter's face; there is Marian, reading over her shoulder; and Charlie stands with his hat on in the shade, holding fast in his hand the other papers. "One at a time!" says Charlie. He knows what they

are, the grim young ogre, but he will not say a word.

And Agnes begins to read aloud—reads a sentence or two, suddenly stops, laughs hurriedly. "Oh, I cannot read that—somebody else take it," cried Agnes, running a rapid eye down the page; her cheeks are tingling, her eyes overflowing, her heart beating so loud that she does not hear her own voice. And now it is Marian who presses close to the window and reads aloud. Well! after all, it is not a very astonishing paragraph; it is extremely condescending, and full of the kindest patronage; recognises many beauties—a great deal of talent; and flatteringly promises the young author that by-and-by she will do very well. The reading is received with delight and disappointment. Mrs. Atheling is not *quite* pleased that the reviewer refuses entire perfection to *Hope Hazelwood*, but by-and-by even the good mother is reconciled. Who could the critic be?—innocent critic, witting nothing of the tumult of kindly and grateful feelings raised towards him in a moment! Mrs. Atheling cannot help setting it down certainly that he must be some unknown friend.

The others come upon a cooled enthusiasm—nobody feels that they have said the first good word. Into the middle of this reading Susan suddenly interposes herself and the candles. What tell-tales these lights are! Papa and Mamma, both of them, looked mighty dazzled and unsteady about the eyes, and Agnes's cheeks are burning crimson-deep, and she scarcely likes to look at any one. She is half ashamed in her innocence—half as much ashamed as if they had been love-letters detected and read aloud.

And then after a while they come to a grave pause, and look at each other. "I suppose, mamma, it is sure to succeed now," says Agnes, very timidly, shading her face with her hand, and glancing up under its cover; and Papa, with his voice somewhat shaken, says solemnly, "Children, Agnes's fortune has come to-night."

For it was so out of the way—so uncommon and unexpected a fortune to their apprehension, that the father and the mother looked on with wonder and amazement, as if at something coming down, without any human interposition, clear out of the hand of Providence, and from the treasures of heaven.

Upon the Monday morning following, Mr. Atheling had another letter. It was a time of great events, and the family audience were interested even about this. Papa looked startled and affected, and read it without saying a word; then it was handed to Mamma: but Mrs. Atheling, more demonstrative, ran over it with a constant stream of comment and exclamation, and at last read the whole epistle aloud. It ran thus:—

"Dear Sir.—Being intrusted by your Aunt, Miss Bridget Atheling, with the custody of her will, drawn up about a month before her death, I have now to communicate to you, with much pleasure, the particulars of the same. The will was read by me, upon the day of the funeral, in presence of the Rev. Lionel Rivers, rector of the parish: Dr. Marsh, Miss Bridget's medical attendant; and Mrs. Hardwicke, her niece. You are of course aware that your aunt's annuity died with her. Her property consisted of a thousand pounds in the Three Per Cents, a small cottage in the village of Winterbourne, three acres of land in the hundred of Badgeley, and the Old Wood Lodge.

"Miss Bridget has bequeathed her personal property, all except the two last items, to Mrs. Susannah Hardwicke, her niece—the Old Wood Lodge and the piece of land she bequeaths to you, William Atheling, being part, as she says, 'of the original property of the family.' She leaves it to you 'as a token that she had now discovered the falseness of the accusations made to her, twenty years ago, against you, and desires you to keep and to hold it, whatever attempts may be made to dislodge you, and whatever it may cost.' A copy of the will, pursuant to her own directions, will be forwarded to you in a few days.

"As an old acquaintance, I gladly congratulate you upon this legacy; but I am obliged to tell you, as a friend, that the property is not of

that value which could have been desired. The land, which is of inferior quality, is let for fifteen shillings an acre, and the house, I am sorry to say, is not in very good condition, is very unlikely to find a tenant, and would cost half as much as it is worth to put it in tolerable repair—besides which, it stands directly in the way of the Hall, and was, as I understand, a gift to Miss Bridget only, with power, on the part of the Winterbourne family, to reclaim after her death. Under these circumstances, I doubt if you will be allowed to retain possession; notwithstanding, I call your attention to the emphatic words of my late respected client, to which you will doubtless give their due weight,—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"Fred. R. Lewis, *Attorney*."

"And what shall we do? If we were only able to keep it, William—such a thing for the children!" cried Mrs. Atheling, scarcely pausing to take breath. "To think that the Old Wood Lodge should be really ours—how strange it is! But, William, who could possibly have made false accusations against *you*?"

"Only one man," said Mr. Atheling, significantly. The girls listened with interest and astonishment. "Only one man."

"No, no, my dear—no, it could not be——," cried his wife: "you must not think so, William—it is quite impossible. Poor Aunt Bridget! and so she found out the truth at last."

"It is easy to talk," said the head of the house, looking over his letter; "very easy to leave a bequest like this, which can bring nothing but difficulty and trouble. How am I 'to keep and to hold it, at whatever cost?' The old lady must have been crazy to think of such a thing: she had much better have given it to my Lord at once without making any noise about it; for what is the use of bringing a quarrel upon me?"

"But, Papa, it is the old family property," said Agnes, eagerly.

"My dear child, you know nothing about it," said Papa. "Do you think I am able to begin a lawsuit on behalf of the old family property? How were we to repair this tumble-down old house, if it had been ours on the securest holding? but to go to law about it, and it ready to crumble over our ears, is rather too much for the credit of the family. No, no; nonsense, children; you must not think of it for a moment; and you, Mary, surely you must see what folly it is."

But Mamma would not see any folly in the matter; her feminine spirit was roused, and her maternal pride. "You may depend upon it, Aunt Bridget had some motive," said Mrs. Atheling, with a little excitement, "and real property, William, would be such a great thing for the children. Money might be lost or spent; but property—land and a house. My dear, you ought to consider how important it is for the children's sake."

Mr. Atheling shook his head. "You are unreasonable," said the family father, who knew very well that he was pretty sure to yield to them, reason or no—"as unreasonable as you can be. Do you suppose I am a landed proprietor, with that old crazy Lodge, and forty-five shillings a-year? Mary, Mary, you ought to know better. We could not repair it, I tell you, and we could not furnish it; and nobody would rent it from us. We should gain nothing but an enemy, and that is no great advantage for the children. I do not remember that Aunt Bridget was ever remarkable for good sense; and it was no such great thing, after all, to transfer her family quarrel to me."

"Oh, papa, the old family property, and the beautiful old house in the country, where we could go and live in the summer!" said Marian. "Agnes is to be rich—Agnes would be sure to want to go somewhere in the country. We could do all the repairs ourselves—and mamma likes the place. Papa, papa, you will never have the heart to let other people have it. I think I can see the place; we could all go down when Agnes comes to her fortune—and the country would be so good for Bell and Beau."

This, perhaps, was the most irresistible of arguments. The eyes of the father and mother fell simul-

taneously upon the twin babies. They were healthy imps as ever did credit to a bright suburban atmosphere—yet somehow both Papa and Mamma fancied that Bell and Beau looked pale to-day.

"It is ten minutes past nine," exclaimed Mr. Atheling, solemnly rising from the table. "I have not been so late for years—see what your nonsense has brought me to. Now, Mary, think it over reasonably, and I will hear all that you have to say to-night."

So Mr. Atheling hastened to his desk to turn over this all-important matter as he walked and as he laboured. The Old Wood Lodge obliterated to the good man's vision the very folios of his daily companionship—old feelings, old incidents, old resentment and pugnacity, awoke again in his kindly but not altogether patient and self-commanded breast. The delight of being able to leave something—a certain patrimonial inheritance—to his son after him, gradually took possession of his mind and fancy; and the pleasant dignity of a house in the country—the happy power of sending off his wife and his children to the sweet air of his native place—won upon him gradually before he was aware. By slow degrees Mr. Atheling brought himself to believe that it would be dishonourable to give up this relic of the family belonginga, and make void the will of the dead. The Old Wood Lodge brightened before him into a very bower for his fair girls. The last poor remnant of his yeoman grandfather's little farm became a hereditary and romantic nucleus, which some other Atheling might yet make into a great estate. "There is Charlie—he will not always be a lawyer's clerk, that boy!" said his father to himself, with involuntary pride; and then he muttered under his breath, "and to give it up to *him!*"

Under this formidable conspiracy of emotions, the excellent Mr. Atheling had no chance: old dislike, pungent and prevailing, though no one knew exactly its object or its cause, and present pride and tenderness still more strong and earnest, moved him beyond his power of resistance. There was no occasion for the attack, scientifically planned, which was to have been made upon him in the evening. If they had been meditating at home all day upon this delightful bit of romance in their own family history, and going over, with joy and enthusiasm, every room and closet in Miss Bridget's old house, Papa had been no less busy at the office. The uncertain tenor of a lawsuit had no longer any place in the good man's memory, and the equivocal advantage of the ruinous old house oppressed him no longer. He began to think, by an amiable and agreeable sophistry, self-delusive, that it was his sacred duty to carry out the wishes of the dead.

CHAPTER XXI.—A LAW STUDENT.

Steadily and laboriously these early summer days trudged on with Charlie, bringing no romantic visions nor dreams of brilliant fortune to tempt the imagination of the big boy. How his future looked to him no one knew. Charlie's aspirations—if he had any—dwelt private and secure within his own capacious breast. He was not dazzled by his sudden heirship of the Old Wood Lodge; he was not much disturbed by the growing fame of his sister; those sweet May mornings did not tempt him to the long ramble through the fields, which Agnes and Marian did their best to persuade him to. Charlie was not insensible to the exhilarating morning breeze, the greensward under foot, and the glory of those great thorn-hedges, white with the blossoms of the May—he was by no means a stoic either, as regarded his own ease and leisure, to which inferior considerations this stout youth attached their due importance; but still it remained absolute with Charlie, his own unfailing answer to all temptations—he had "something else to do!"

And his ordinary day's work was not of a very elevating character; he might have kept to that for years without acquiring much knowledge

of his profession; and though he still was resolute to occupy no sham position, and determined that neither mother nor sisters should make sacrifices for him, Charlie felt no hesitation in making a brief and forcible statement to Mr. Foggo on the subject. Mr. Foggo listened with a pleased and gracious ear. "I'm not going to be a copying-clerk all my life," said Charlie. He was not much over sixteen; he was not remarkably well educated; he was a poor man's son, without connection, patronage, or influence. Notwithstanding, the acute old Scotchman looked at Charlie, lifting up the furrows of his brow, and pressing down his formidable upper-lip. The critical old lawyer smiled, but believed him. There was no possibility of questioning that obstinate big boy.

So Mr. Foggo (acknowledged to be the most influential of chief clerks, and supposed to be a partner in the firm) made interest on behalf of Charlie, that he might have access, before business hours, to the law library of the house. The firm laughed, and gave permission graciously. The firm joked with its manager upon his credulity: a boy of sixteen coming at seven o'clock to voluntary study—and to take in a Scotchman—old Foggo! The firm grew perfectly jolly over this capital joke. Old Foggo smiled too, grimly, knowing better; and Charlie accordingly began his career.

It was not a very dazzling beginning. At seven o'clock the office was being dusted; in winter, at that hour, the fires were not alight, and extremely cross was the respectable matron who had charge of the same. Charlie stumbled over pails and brushes; dusters descended—unintentionally—upon his devoted head; he was pursued into every corner by his indefatigable enemy, and had to fly before her big broom with his big folio in his arms. But few people have pertinacity enough to maintain a perfectly unprofitable and fruitless warfare. Mrs. Laundress, a humble prophetic symbol of that other virago, Fate, gave in to Charlie. He sat triumphant upon his high stool, no longer incommoded by dusters. While the moted sunbeams came dancing in through the dusty office window, throwing stray glances on his thick hair, and on the ponderous page before him, Charlie had a good round with his enemy, and got him down. The big boy plundered the big books with silent satisfaction, arranged his spoil on the secret shelves and pigeon-holes of that big brain of his, all ready and in trim for using; made his own comments on the whole complicated concern, and, with his whole mind bent on what was before him, mastered that, and thought of nothing else. Let nobody suppose he had the delight of a student in these strange and unattractive studies, or regarded with any degree of affectionateness the library of the House. Charlie looked at these volumes standing in dim rows, within their wired case, as Captain Bobadil might have looked at the army whom—one down and another come on—he meant to demolish, man by man. When he came to a knotty point, more hard than usual, the lad felt a stir of lively pleasure: he scorned a contemptible opponent, this stout young fighter, and gloried in a conquest which proved him, by stress and strain of all his healthful faculties, the better man. If they had been easy, Charlie would scarcely have cared for them. Certainly, mere literature, even were it as attractive as *Peter Simple*, could never have tempted him to the office at seven o'clock. Charlie stood by himself, like some primitive and original champion, secretly hammering out the armour which he was to wear in the field, and taking delight in the accomplishment of gyve and breastplate and morion, all proved and tested steel. Through the day he went about all his common businesses as sturdily and steadily as if his best ambition was to be a copying-clerk. If any one spoke of ambition, Charlie said "Stuff!" and no one ever heard a word of his own anticipations; but on he went, his foot ringing clear upon the pavement, his obstinate purpose holding as sure as if it were written on a rock. While all the household stirred and fluttered with the new tide of imaginative life which brightened upon it in all these

gleams of the future, Charlie held stoutly on, pursuing his own straightforward and unattractive path. With his own kind of sympathy he eked out the pleasure of the family, and no one of them ever felt a lack in him; but nothing yet which had happened to the household in the slightest degree disturbed Charlie from his own bold, distinct, undemonstrative, and self-directed way.

CHAPTER XXII.—ANOTHER EVENT.

We will not attempt to describe the excitement, astonishment, and confusion produced in the house of the Athelings by the next communication received from Mr. Burlington. It came at night, so that every one had the benefit, and its object was to announce the astounding and unexampled news of A Second Edition!

The letter dropped from Agnes's amazed fingers; Papa actually let fall his newspaper; and Charlie, disturbed at his grammar, rolled back the heavy waves of his brow, and laughed to himself. As for Mamma and Marian, each of them read the letter carefully over. There was no mistake about it—*Hope Hazlewood* was nearly out of print. True, Mr. Burlington confessed that his first edition had been a small one, but the good taste of the public demanded a second; and the polite publisher begged to have an interview with Miss Atheling, to know whether she would choose to add or revise anything in the successful book.

Upon this there ensued a consultation. Mrs. Atheling was doubtful as to the proprieties of the case; Papa was of opinion that the easiest and simplest plan was, that the girls should call; but Mamma, who was something of a timid nature, and withal a little punctilious, hesitated, and did not quite see which was best. Bellevue, doubtless, was very far out of the way, and the house, though so good a house, was not "like what Mr. Burlington must have been accustomed to." The good mother was a long time making up her mind; but at last decided, with some perturbation, on the suggestion of Mr. Atheling. "Yes, you can put on your muslin dresses; it is quite warm enough for them, and they always look well; and you must see, Marian, that your collars and sleeves are very nice, and your new bonnets. Yes, my dears, as there are two of you, I think you may call."

The morning came; and by this time it was the end of June, almost midsummer weather. Mrs. Atheling herself, with the most anxious care, superintended the dressing of her daughters. They were dressed with the most perfect simplicity; and nobody could have supposed, to see the result, that any such elaborate overlooking had been bestowed upon their toilette. They were dressed well, in so far that their simple habliments made no pretension above the plain pretty inexpensive reality. They were not intensely fashionable, like Mrs. Tavistock's niece, who was a regular Islingtonian "swell" (if that most felicitous of epithets can be applied to anything feminine), and reminded everbody who saw her of work-rooms and dressmakers and plates of the fashions. Agnes and Marian, a hundred times plainer, were just so many times the better dressed. They were not quite skilled in the art of gloves—a difficult branch of costume, grievously embarrassing to those good girls, who had not much above a pair in three months, and were constrained to select thrifty colours; but otherwise Mrs. Atheling herself was content with their appearance as they passed along Bellevue, brightening the sunny quiet road with their light figures and their bright eyes. They had a little awe upon them—that little shade of sweet embarrassment and expectation which gives one of its greatest charms to youth. They were talking over what they were to say, and marvelling how Mr. Burlington would receive them; their young footsteps chiming as lightly as any music to her tender ear—their young voices sweeter than the singing of the birds, their bright looks more pleasant than the sunshine—it is not to be wondered at if

the little street looked somewhat dim and shady to Mrs. Atheling when these two young figures had passed out of it, and the mother stood alone at the window, looking at nothing better than the low brick-walls and closed doors of Laurel House and Green View.

And so they went away through the din and tumult of the great London, with their own bright young universe surrounding them, and their own sweet current of thought and emotion running as pure as if they had been passing through the sweetest fields of Arcadia. They had no eyes for impertinent gazers, if such things were in their way. Twenty stout footmen at their back could not have defended them so completely as did their own innocence and security. We confess they did not even shrink, with a proper sentimental horror, from all the din and all the commotion of this noonday Babylon; they liked their rapid glance at the wonderful shop-windows; they brightened more and more as their course lay along the gayest and most cheerful streets. It was pleasant to look at the maze of carriages, pleasant to see the throngs of people, exhilarating to be drawn along in this bright flood-tide and current of the world. But they grew a little nervous as they approached the house of Mr. Burlington—a little more irregular in their pace, lingering and hastening as timidity or eagerness got the upper hand—and a great deal more silent, being fully occupied with anticipations of, and preparations for, this momentous interview. What should Agnes—what would Mr. Burlington say?

This silence and shyness visibly increased as they came to the very scene and presence of the redoubtable publisher—where Agnes called the small attendant clerk in the outer office "Sir," and deferentially asked for Mr. Burlington. When they had waited there for a few minutes, they were shown into a matted parlour containing a writing-table and a coal-scuttle, and three chairs. Mr. Burlington would be disengaged in a few minutes, the little clerk informed them, as he solemnly displaced two of the chairs, an intimation that they were to sit down. They sat down accordingly, with the most matter-of-course obedience, and held their breath as they listened for the coming steps of Mr. Burlington. But the minutes passed, and Mr. Burlington did not come. They began to look round with extreme interest and curiosity, augmented all the more by their awe. There was nothing in the least interesting in this bare little apartment, but their young imaginations could make a great deal out of nothing. At Mr. Burlington's door stood a carriage, with a grand powdered coachman on the box, and the most superb of flunkies gracefully lounging before the door. No doubt Mr. Burlington was engaged with the owner of all this splendour. Immediately they ran over all the great names they could remember, forgetting for the moment that authors, even of the greatest are not much given, as a general principle, to gilded coaches and flunkies of renown. Who could it be?

When they were in the very height of their guessing, the door suddenly opened. They both rose with a start; but it was only the clerk, who asked them to follow him to the presence of Mr. Burlington. They went noiselessly along the long matted passage after their conductor, who was not much of a Ganymede. At the very end, a door stood open, and there where two fingers half visible between them and a big round-headed window, full of somewhat pale and cloudy sky. These two people turned round, as some faint sound of the footsteps of Ganymede struck aside from the matting. "Oh, what a lovely creature—what a beautiful girl! Now I do hope that is the one!" cried, most audibly, a feminine voice. Marian, knowing by instinct that she was meant, shrank back grievously discomfited. Even Agnes was somewhat dismayed by such a preface to their interview; but Ganymede was a trained creature, and much above the weakness of a smile or a hesitation—*he* pressed on unmoved, and hurried them into the presence and the sanctum of Mr. Burlington. They came into the full light of the big window, shy, timid, and graceful, having very

little self-possession to boast of, their hearts beating, their colour rising —and for the moment it was scarcely possible to distinguish which was the beautiful sister; for Agnes was very near as pretty as Marian, in the glow and agitation of her heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A NEW FRIEND.

The *big* window very nearly filled up the whole room. This little place had once been the inmost heart of a long suite of apartments when this was a fashionable house—now it was an odd little nook of seclusion, with panelled walls, painted of so light a colour as to look almost white in the great overflow of daylight; and what had looked like a pale array of clouds in the window at a little distance, made itself out now to be various blocks and projections of white-washed *wall* pressing very close on every *side*, and leaving only in the upper half-circle a clear bit of real clouds and unmistakable sky. The room had a little table, a very few chairs, and the minutest and most antique of Turkey carpets laid over the matting. The walls were very high; there was not even a familiar coal-scuttle to lessen the solemnity of the publisher's retreat and sanctuary; and Mr. Burlington was not even alone.

And even the inexperienced eyes of Agnes and Marian were not slow to understand that the lady who stood by Mr. Burlington's little table was a genuine fine lady, one of that marvellous and unknown species which flourishes in novels, but never had been visible in such a humble hemisphere as the world of Bellevue. She was young still, but had been younger, and she remained rich in that sweetest of all mere external beauties, the splendid English complexion, that lovely bloom and fairness, which is by no means confined to the flush of youth. She looked beautiful by favour of these natural roses and lilies, but she was not beautiful in reality from any other cause. She was lively, good-natured, and exuberant to an extent which amazed these shy young creatures, brought up under the quiet shadow of propriety, and accustomed to the genteel deportment of Bellevue. They, in their simple girlish dress, in their blushes, diffidence, and hesitation — and she, accustomed to see everything yielding to her pretty caprices, arbitrary, coquettish, irresistible, half a spoiled child, and half a woman of the world — they stood together, in the broad white light of that big window, like people born in different planets. They could scarcely form the slightest conception of each other. Nature itself had made difference enough; but how is it possible to estimate the astonishing difference between Mayfair and Bellevue?

"Pray introduce me, Mr. Burlington; oh pray introduce me!" cried this pretty vision before Mr. Burlington himself had done more than bow to his shy young visitors. "I am delighted to know the author of *Hope Hazlewood!* charmed to be acquainted with Miss Atheling! My dear child, how is it possible, at your age, to know so much of the world?"

"It is my sister," said Marian very shyly, almost under her breath. Marian was much disturbed by this mistake of identity; it had never occurred to her before that any one could possibly be at a loss for the real Miss Atheling. The younger sister was somewhat indignant at so strange a mistake.

"Now that is right! that is poetic justice! that is a proper distribution of gifts!" said the lady, clasping her hands with a pretty gesture of approval. "If you will not introduce me, I shall be compelled to do it myself, Mr. Burlington: Mrs. Edgerley. I am charmed to be the first to make your acquaintance; we were all dying to know the author of *Hope Hazlewood*. What a charming book it is! I say there has been nothing like it since *Ellen Fullarton*, and dear Theodosia herself entirely agrees with me. You are staying in town? Oh I am delighted! You must let me see a great deal of you, you must indeed; and I shall be charmed to

introduce you to Lady Theodosia, whose sweet books every one loves. Pray, Mr. Burlington, have you any very great secrets to say to these young ladies, for I want so much to persuade them to come with me?"

"I will not detain Miss Atheling," said the publisher, with a bow, and the ghost of a smile; "we will bring out the second edition in a week or two: a very pleasant task, I assure you, and one which repays us for our anxiety. Now, how about a preface? I shall be delighted to attend to your wishes."

But Agnes, who had thought so much about him beforehand, had been too much occupied hitherto to do more than glance at Mr. Burlington. She scarcely looked up now, when every one was looking at her, but said, very low and with embarrassment, that she did not think she had any wishes—that she left it entirely to Mr. Burlington—he must know best.

"Then we will have no preface?" said Mr. Burlington—deferentially.

"No," said Agnes, faltering a little, and glancing up to see if he approved; "for indeed I do not think I have anything to say."

"Oh that is what a preface is made for," cried the pretty Mrs. Edgerley. "You dear innocent child, do you never speak except when you have something to say? Delightful! charming! I shall not venture to introduce you to Lady Theodosia; if she but knew, how she would envy me! You must come home with me to luncheon—you positively must; for I am quite sure Mr. Burlington has not another word to say."

The two girls drew back a little, and exchanged glances. "Indeed you are very good, but we must go home," said Agnes, not very well aware what she was saying.

"No, you must come with me—you must positively; I should break my heart," said their new acquaintance, with a pretty affectation of caprice and despotism altogether new to the astonished girls. "Oh, I assure you no one resists me. Your mamma will not have a word to say if you tell her it is Mrs. Edgerley. Good morning, Mr. Burlington; how fortunate I was to call to-day!"

So saying, this lady of magic swept out, rustling through the long matted passages, and carrying her captives, half delighted, half afraid, in her train. They were too shy by far to make a pause and a commotion by resisting; they had nothing of the self-possession of the trained young ladies of society. The natural impulse of doing what they were told was very strong upon them, and before they were half aware, or had time to consider, they were shut into the carriage by the sublime flunky, and drove off into those dazzling and undiscovered regions, as strange to them as Lapland or Siberia, where dwells The World. Agnes was placed by the side of the enchantress; Marian sat shyly opposite, rather more afraid of Mrs. Edgerley's admiring glance than she had ever been before of the gaze of strangers. It seemed like witchcraft and sudden magic—half-an-hour ago sitting in the little waiting-room, looking out upon the fairy chariot, and now rolling along in its perfumy and warm enclosure over the aristocratic stones of St. James's. The girls were bewildered with their marvellous position, and could not make it out, while into their perplexity stole an occasional thought of what mamma would say, and how very anxious she would grow if they did not get soon home.

"Mrs. Edgerley in the meanwhile ran on with a flutter of talk and enthusiasm, pretty gestures, and rapid inquiries, so close and constant that there was little room for answer and none for comment. And then, long before they could be at their ease in the carriage, it drew up, making a magnificent commotion, before a door which opened immediately to admit the mistress of the house. Agnes and Marian followed her humbly as she hastened up-stairs. They were bewildered with the long suite of lofty apartments through which their conductress hurried, scarcely aware, they supposed, that they, not knowing what else to do, followed where she led, till they came at last to a pretty boudoir, furnished, as they both described it unanimously, "like the Arabian Nights!" Here Mrs. Edgerley found some letters, the object, as it seemed, of her search, and

good-naturedly paused, with her correspondence in her hand, to point out to them the Park, which could be seen from the window, and the books upon the tables. Then she left them, looking at each other doubtfully, and half afraid to remain. "Oh, Agnes, what will mamma say?" whispered Marian. All their innocent lives, until this day, they had never made a visit to any one without the permission or sanction of mamma.

"We could not help it," said Agnes. That was very true; so with a relieved conscience, but very shyly, they turned over the pretty picture-books, the pretty nicknacks, all the elegant nothings of Mrs. Edgerley's pretty bower. Good Mrs. Atheling could very seldom be tempted to buy anything that was not useful, and there was scarcely a single article in the whole house at home which was not good for something. This being the case, it is easy to conceive with what perverse youthful delight the girls contemplated the hosts of pretty things around, which were of no use whatever, nor good for anything in the world. It gave them an idea of exuberance, of magnificence, of prodigality, more than the substantial magnitude of the great house or the handsome equipage. Besides, they were alone for the moment, and so much less embarrassed, and the rose-coloured atmosphere charmed them all the more that they were quite unaccustomed to it. Yet they spoke to each other in whispers as they peeped into the sunny Park, all bright and green in the sunshine, and marvelled much what mamma would say, and how they should get home.

When Mrs. Edgerley returned to them, they were stooping over the table together, looking over some of the most splendid of the "illustrated editions" of this age of sumptuous bookmaking. When they saw their patroness they started, and drew a little apart from each other. She came towards them through the great drawing-room, radiant and rustling, and they looked at her with shy admiration. They were by no means sure of their own position, but their new acquaintance certainly was the kindest and most delightful of all sudden friends.

"Do you forgive me for leaving you?" said Mrs. Edgerley, holding out both her pretty hands; "but now we must not wait here any longer, but go to luncheon, where we shall be all by ourselves, quite a snug little party; and now, you dear child, come and tell me everything about it. What was it that first made you think of writing that charming book?"

Mrs. Edgerley had drawn Agnes's arm within her own, a little to the discomposure of the shy young genius, and followed closely by Marian, led them down stairs. Agnes made no answer in her confusion. Then they came to a pretty apartment on the lower floor, with a broad window looking out to the Park. The table was near the window; the pretty scene outside belonged to the little group within, as they placed themselves at the table, and the room itself was green and cool and pleasant, not at all splendid, lined with books, and luxurious with easy-chairs. There was a simple vase upon the table, full of roses, but there was no profusion of prettiness here.

"This is my own study; I bring every one to see it. Is it not a charming little room?" said Mrs. Edgerley (it would have contained both the parlours and the two best bedrooms of No. 10 Bellevue); "but now I am quite dying to hear, really, how did it come into your head to write that delightful book?"

"Indeed I do not know," said Agnes, smiling and blushing. It seemed perfectly natural that the book should have made so mighty a sensation, and yet it was rather embarrassing after all.

"I think because she could not help it," said Marian shyly, her beautiful face lighting up as she spoke with a sweet suffusion of colour. Their hearts were beginning to open to the kindness of their new friend.

"And you are so pleased and so proud of your sister—I am sure you are—it is positively delightful," said Mrs. Edgerley. "Now tell me, were you not quite heartbroken when you finished it—such a delightful interest one feels in one's characters—such an object it is to live for, is it not? The first week after my first work was finished I was *triste* beyond descrip-

tion. I am sure you must have been quite miserable when you were obliged to come to an end."

The sisters glanced at each other rather doubtfully across the table. Everybody else seemed to have feelings so much more elevated than they—for they both remembered with a pang of shame that Agnes had actually been glad and jubilant when this first great work was done.

"And such a sweet heroine—such a charming character," said Mrs. Edgerley. "Ah, I perceive you have taken your sister for your model, and now I shall always feel sure that she is Hope Hazlewood; but at your age I cannot conceive where you got so much knowledge of the world. Do you go out a great deal? Do you see a great many people? But indeed, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Edgerley, with a pretty laugh, "I do believe you have no right to see any one yet. You ought to be in the schoolroom, young creatures like you. Are you both *out*?"

This was an extremely puzzling question, and some answer was necessary this time. The girls again looked at each other, blushing over neck and brow. In their simple honesty they thought themselves bound to make a statement of their true condition—what Miss Willsie would have called "their rank in life."

"We see very few people. In our circumstances people do not speak about coming out," said Agnes, hesitating and doubtful—the young author had no great gift of elegant expression. But in fact Mrs. Edgerley did not care in the slightest degree about their "circumstances." She was a hundred times more indifferent on that subject than any genteel and respectable matron in all Bellevue.

"Oh then, that is so much better," said Mrs. Edgerley, "for I fancy you must have been observing character all your life. It is, after all, the most delightful study; but such an eye for individuality! and so young! I declare I shall be quite afraid to make friends with you."

"Indeed, I do not know at all about character," said Agnes hurriedly, as with her pretty little ringing laugh, Mrs. Edgerley broke off in a pretty affected trepidation; but their patroness shook her hand at her, and turned away in a graceful little terror.

"I am sure she must be the most dreadful critic, and keep you quite in awe of her," said their new friend, turning to Marian. "But now pray tell me your names. I have such an interest in knowing every one's Christian name; there is so much character in them. I do think that is the real advantage of a title. There is dear Lady Theodosia, for instance: suppose her family had been commoners, and she had been called Miss Piper! Frightful! odious! almost enough to make one do some harm to oneself or get married. And now tell me what are your names?"

"My sister is Agnes, and I am Marian," said the younger. Now we are obliged to confess that by this time, though Mrs. Edgerley answered with the sweetest and most affectionate of smiles and a glance of real admiration, she began to feel the novelty wear off, and flagged a little in her sudden enthusiasm. It was clear to her young visitors that she did not at all attend to the answer, despite the interest with which she had asked the question. A shade of weariness, half involuntary, half of will and purpose came over her face. She rushed away immediately upon another subject; asked another question with great concern, and was completely indifferent to the answer. The girls were not used to this phenomenon, and did not understand it; but at last, after hesitating and doubting, and consulting each other by glances, Agnes made a shy movement of departure, and said mamma would be anxious; and they should have to go away.

"The carriage is at the door, I believe," said Mrs. Edgerley, with her sweet smile; "for of course you must let me send you home — positively you must, my love. You are a great author, but you are a young lady, and your sister is much too pretty to walk about alone. Delighted to have seen you both! Oh, I shall write to you very soon; do not fear. Everybody wants to make your acquaintance. I shall be besieged for introductions. You are engaged to me for Thursday next week, remember! I never forgive any one who disappoints

me. Good-by! Adieu! I am charmed to have met you both."

While this valedictory address was being said, the girls were slowly making progress to the door; then they were ushered out solemnly to the carriage which waited for them. They obeyed their fate in their going as they did in their coming. They could not help themselves; and with mingled fright, agitation, and pleasure, were once more shut up by that superbest of flunkies, but drove off at a slow pace, retarded by the intense bewilderment of the magnificent coachman as to the locality of Bellevue.

CHAPTER XXIV.—GOING HOME.

Driving slowly along while the coachman ruminated, Agnes and Marian, in awe and astonishment, looked in each other's faces—then they put up their hands simultaneously to their faces, which were a little heated with the extreme confusion, embarrassment, and wonder of the last two hours—lastly, they both fell into a little outburst of low and somewhat tremulous laughter — laughing in a whisper, if that is possible — and laughing not because they were very merry, but because in their extreme amazement, no other expression of their sentiments occurred to them. Were they two enchanted princesses? and had they been in fairyland?

"Oh Agnes!" exclaimed Marian under her breath, "what will mamma say?"

"I do not think mamma can be angry!" said Agnes, who had gained some courage, "for I am sure we could not help ourselves. What could we do?—but when they see us coming home like this—oh May!"

There was another pause. I wonder very much what she has written. We have never heard of her," said Marian, "and yet I suppose she must be quite a great author. How respectful Mr. Burlington was! I am afraid it will not be good for you, Agnes, that we live so much out of the world—you ought to know people's names at least."

Agnes did not dispute this advantage. "But I don't quite think she can be a great author," said the young genius, looking somewhat puzzled, though I am sure she was very kind—how kind she was, Marian! And do you think she really wants us to go on Thursday? Oh, I wonder what mamma will say!"

As this was the burden of the whole conversation, constantly recurring as every new phase of the question was discussed, the conversation itself was not adapted for formal record. While it proceeded, the magnificent coachman blundered towards the unknown regions of Islington, much marvelling, in his lofty and elevated intelligence, what sort of people his mistress's new acquaintances could be. They reached Bellevue at last by a grevious roundabout. What a sound and commotion they made in this quiet place, where a doctor's brougham was the most fashionable of equipages, and a pair of horses an unknown glory. The dash of that magnificent drawing-up startled the whole neighbourhood, and the population of Laurel House and Buena Vista flew to their bedroom windows when the big footman made that prodigious assault upon the knocker of No. 10. Then came the noise of letting down the steps, and opening the carriage door; then the girls alighted, almost as timid as Susan, who stood scared and terror-stricken within the door; and then Agnes in sudden temerity, but with a degree of respectfulness, offered to the acceptance of the footman a precious golden half-sovereign, intrusted to her by her mother this morning, in case they should want anything. Poor Mrs. Atheling, sitting petrified in her husband's easy chair, did not know how the coin was being disposed of. They came in — the humble door was closed — they stood again in the close little hall, with its pegs and its painted oil-cloth—what a difference!—while the fairy coach and the magical bay-horses, the solemn coachman and the superb flunkey, drove back into the world again with a splendid commotion, which deafened the ears and fluttered the heart of all Bellevue.

"My dears, where have you been? What have you been doing, girls? Was that Mr. Burlington's carriage? Have you seen any one? Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Atheling, while Agnes cried eagerly, "Mamma, you are not to be angry!" and Marian answered, "Oh, mamma! we have been in fairyland!"

And then they sat down upon the old haircloth sofa beside the family table, upon which, its sole ornaments, stood Mrs. Atheling's full work-basket, and some old toys of Bell's and Beau's; and thus, sometimes speaking together, sometimes interrupting each other, with numberless corrections on the part of Marian and supplementary remarks from Agnes, they told their astonishing story. They had leisure now to enjoy all they had seen and heard when they were safe in their own house, and reporting it all to Mamma. They described everything, remembered every thing, went over every word and gesture of Mrs. Edgerley, from her first appearance in Mr. Burlington's room until their parting with her; and Marian faithfully recorded all her compliments to *Hope Hazlewood*, and Agnes her admiration of Marian. It was the prettiest scene in the world to see them both flushed and animated, breaking in, each upon the other's narrative, contradicting each other, after a fashion; remonstrating "Oh Agnes!" explaining, and adding description to description; while the mother sat before them in her easy-chair, sometimes quietly wiping her eyes, sometimes interfering or commanding, "One at a time, my dears," and all the time thinking to herself that the honours that were paid to "girls like these!" were no such wonder after all. And indeed Mrs. Atheling would not be sufficiently amazed at all this grand and wonderful story, She was extremely touched and affected by the kindness of Mrs. Edgerley, and dazzled with the prospect of all the great people who were waiting with so much anxiety to make acquaintance with the author of *Hope Hazlewood*, but she was by no means properly *surprised*.

"My dears, I foresaw how it would be," said Mrs. Atheling with her simple wisdom. "I knew quite well all this must happen, Agnes. I have not read about famous people for nothing, though I never said much about it. To be sure, my dear, I knew people would appreciate you—it is quite natural—it is quite proper, my dear child! I know they will never make you forget what is right, and your duty, let them flatter as they will!"

Mrs. Atheling said this with a little effusion, and with wet eyes. Agnes hung her head, blushed very deeply, grew extremely grave for a moment, but concluded by glancing up suddenly again with a little overflow of laughter. In the midst of all, she could not help recollecting how perfectly ridiculous it was to make all this commotion about *her*. "Me!" said Agnes with a start; "they will find me out directly—they must mamma. You know I cannot talk or do anything; and indeed every body that knew me would laugh to think of people seeing anything in *me!*"

Now this was perfectly true, though the mother and the sister, for the moment, were not quite inclined to sanction it. Agnes was neither brilliant nor remarkable, though she had genius, and was, at twenty and a half, a successful author in her way. As she woke from her first awe and amazement, Agnes began to find out the ludicrous side of her new fame. It was all very well to like the book; there was some reason in that, the young author admitted candidly; but surely those people must expect something very different from the reality, who were about to besiege Mrs. Edgerley for introductions to "*me!*"

However, it was very easy to forget this part of the subject in returning to this dawn of social patronage, and in anticipating the invitation they had received, Mrs. Atheling, too, was somewhat disappointed that they had made so little acquaintance with Mr. Burlington, and could scarcely even describe him, how he looked or what he said. Mr. Burlington had quite gone down in the estimation of the girls. His lady client had entirely eclipsed, overshadowed, and taken the glory out of the publisher. The talk was all of Mrs. Edgerley, her beauty, her kindness, her great house, her approaching party. They began already to be agitated about this, re-

membering with terror the important article of dress, and the simple nature and small variety of their united wardrobe. Before they had been an hour at home, Miss Willsie made an abrupt and sudden visit from Killiecrankie Lodge, to ascertain all about the extraordinary apparition of the carriage, and to find out where the girls had been; and it did not lessen their own excitement to discover the extent of the commotion which they had caused in Bellevue. The only drawback was, that a second telling of the story was not practicable for the instruction and advantage of Papa—for, for the first time in a dozen years, Mr. Atheling, all by himself, and solitary, was away from home.

A VISIT TO SELBORNE.

Who that has read Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*—and who has not read that delightful work?—but must have felt the desire to visit the scenes whose picturesque features, and varied phenomena of animal and vegetable life, have been there described with so much charming truth and elegant simplicity.

This desire, long entertained and strengthened by each successive perusal of White's never-tiring pages, I have lately had gratified, through the hospitality of an esteemed scientific friend, who has become the possessor of the house and grounds at Selborne formerly inhabited by Gilbert White, and made classical by his well-known work.

Amongst the changes that have taken place since the publication of the first edition of *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, 4to., London, 1789—the edition to which reference will be made in the present notice of the place—perhaps the most striking is that which has occurred in the time and mode of travelling from London to that secluded part of the county of Hampshire. In White's Eighteenth Letter, dated July 27, 1768, he incidentally notices the time in which some objects he was desirous of transmitting with speed might be forwarded from Selborne to London. The worthy field-naturalist had collected some specimens for the illustration of a work which his friend and correspondent, Thomas Pennant, the book-naturalist, was at that period preparing on *British Zoology*; and he writes: "This morning, in a basket, I packed a little earthen pot full of wet moss, and in it some sticklebacks, male and female, the females big with spawn; some lamperns; some bullsheads; but I could procure no minnows. This basket will be in Fleet Street by eight this evening; so I hope Mazel (Pennant's artist) will have them fresh and fair to-morrow morning."—P. 52.

One fine day in the summer of 185–, my host of Selborne, another zoological friend, and myself, started from the London and South-Western Railway Station, Waterloo Bridge, at 1 P.M., for Farnham, and although Selborne was at the rare distance of sixteen miles from that—the then nearest—railway station, we arrived in good time for a half-hour's stroll in the old garden before sitting down to a five o'clock dinner.

The house in which Gilbert White lived and died remains as it is depicted in p. ix. of the second 4to. edition of his *History of Selborne*, with the addition of one room to the western end, built in the same style, and strictly in accordance with the rest of the tenement. The garden and grounds have been restored, from the neglected condition in which my friend found them, as nearly as possible to the state in which they were left by the good old natural historian.

The brick-walk which he had laid down to his summer-house, to prevent damp feet, remains to fulfil the same preventive sanitary purpose for his successor. The garden is still bounded by the ha-ha down which the old tortoise took care not to fall, and into which Gilbert White tried, but failed, to introduce a colony of crickets,

although they tarried a while in the deep holes which he bored in the sloping turf. The ancient sun-dial still stands in the middle of the terrace walk at the bottom of the garden, which overlooks "the sheltered district between me and the Hanger," where we saw the house-martins sailing about in the same "placid, easy manner" in which their ancestors were recounted to do when "feasting on those insects which love to haunt a spot secure from ruffling winds."*

The fields into which this spot was divided in the historian's time, are now thrown into a charming little park of about twenty acres; and the eye travels from the smooth garden lawn over the verdant tract, to rest on the fine natural boundary of the sylvan scene formed by the far extended hanging wood called "The Hanger." The covert of this steep declivity still consists exclusively of the beeches, "whose smooth rind or bark, glossy foliage, and graceful pendant boughs," led White to regard them "as the most lovely of all forest trees." The park is adorned with noble specimens of many other kinds of tree, conspicuous amongst which rises the one mentioned by White as "my great spreading oak," round which, one fine evening in August, 1789, "the fern-owl showed off in a very unusual and entertaining manner, by hawking round and round the circumference, keeping mostly close to the grass, but occasionally glancing up amidst the boughs of the tree." Another oak, planted by Gilbert himself, at the eastern end of his terrace walk, is now also a fine flourishing tree.

Within doors, our host introduced us to White's book-case and barometer, his box-compass, his spectacles, and a pair of old-fashioned high-backed chairs, that formed part of the original furniture of the drawing-room. The barometer is the one referred to in Letter Sixty, to the Hon. Daines Barrington (p. 284.)

A day or two before our arrival, Selborne had been visited by a thunder-and-hail storm, the course and duration of which closely accorded with the brief but graphic account of that which occurred on June 5, 1784, given by White in the concluding letter of his *Natural History*. Many windows in the village were broken by the recent storm, and our friend's "garden lights and hand-glasses" have suffered as in good old Gilbert's time. One small farmer in the neighbourhood has had his little crops destroyed; it was curious to observe, as we passed the fields in our evening's ramble, how neatly the green heads of the wheat had been struck off by the hailstones. That poor man will bless the day that brought into White's house at Selborne one who combines with the same charity as his predecessor, more power to effect his benevolent intentions.

Those who, after a busy year spent in the midst of the noisy metropolis, are able to escape for a holiday to some distant village, know well the soothing influence of the contrasted silence which reigns around the bed on which the first night's rest is taken.

To me had been assigned the large bedroom in which Gilbert White breathed his last. My reflections on the happy peaceful career of that good and gifted man were broken only by the distant baying of a village cur, and the occasional light tap of the bat's wing as it flitted past the window. All else was profound repose, into which I, too, soon sank.

The bright summer morning's light, and a struggling ray of sunshine through a fissure of the curtained window, soon completed the return to wakefulness which some early village movement had originated. One has little inclination to indulge in a morning's nap in a strange bed; and to many, no doubt, as to myself, the impulse is irresistible to rise on awaking after the first night passed under a new roof.

Already the clang of the milk-pail sounded from the yard; and as I opened my window to let in the fresh

* *History of Selborne*, p. 272.

and fragrant air, I could hear the sharpening of a scythe in the garden. I soon, therefore, descended into the little oak-panelled library, which my friend has added to the old parlour, and thence, by a window opening upon the lawn, I walked forth to the beautiful scene, bounded by the beechen Hanger which had charmed and interested us the evening before.

The sunlit sky was checkered by a few passing fleecy clouds, and the rich foliage was enlivened by alternate waves of light and shade. The willow-wren (*Sylvia trochilus*), so well distinguished by White in his Sixteenth Letter, was pouring forth its "joyous, easy, laughing note" from an evergreen covert near part of the old garden-wall, in which its nest had been strictly preserved by our excellent zoological host. A fly-catcher, which had also built its incubating cradle in a niche of the trunk of a fine sycamore, was ever and anon darting forth, securing its prey by its oddly tortuous flight, and returning still to the same stand without having touched ground. On the greensward the wagtails, white and grey, were making their short hasty turns, stopping abruptly between to pick up the insect from the close grass; whilst the descendants of the swallows on whose winter torpidity White loved to speculate, were skimming in smooth and gentle curves through the mild and fresh morning air.

Two mowers were at work on the lawn which rises to the left of White's old bricked walk. I was amused by the proceedings of a tame magpie, a pet of one of the men, whom the bird followed, pecking at his trousers, perhaps as a hint for breakfast; and also by the manœuvres of our host's fine tortoise-shell cat, who, without venturing directly to attack the bird, stole about as if making believe to spring. But Maggie, without showing alarm, contrived to give a wide berth to Grimalkin, who thereupon sat upright, and began, as disappointed cats are wont, vehemently to scratch her ear. The next impulse of puss was to spring into a neighbouring tree, and then came Maggie's turn. She followed, flitting to a branch above pussie, who thereupon put herself into position; but the wary bird avoided the charge by hopping to a higher bough, and so led on the cat, in rising circles, to branches that barely bore her weight; and as they shook under her, retreating awkwardly, Mag chattered out a chuckling triumph over her baffled enemy.

My meditations were soon broken by the hearty greetings of my fellow-guest and our kind host. After a few turns to see and comment on the restorations and improvements in the little domain—more restored than altered—we returned to sit down to that English country breakfast, the merits of which Howitt, I think, has recorded *con gusto* in one of his pleasing writings.

Our excursion for the day was then arranged. The pony-carriage took us through the straggling village, and along deep-shaded grassy lanes to Empshot, where we alighted, and pursued the rest of our way on foot to Hawkley-mill; then round by Grulay Farm and Nore Hill home. The little church at Empshot is remarkable for the contrast of its beautiful interior with its plain unpromising outside. Notwithstanding its small dimensions, a double row of low thick Saxon columns support the roof clear of the side walls, between which and the pillars, the narrowest of aisles presents the always pleasing effect of shady cloisters. We passed through Farmer Bennett's well-trimmed garden into the old park behind the church, and along a bosky valley to the picturesque water-mill at Hawkley. The steep and woody hanger at Hawkley is commemorated by White in his Forty-fifth Letter for the great landslip that took place there in the year 1774. Amongst the incidents which he narrates are those that happened to the inhabitants of a cottage implicated in the subsidence of the soil, and which was at the time occupied by an old woman and her son and his wife. "These people in the evening, which was very dark and temptestuous, observed that the brick floors of their kitchens began to heave and part, and that the walls seemed to open and the

roofs to crack; but they all agree that no tremor of the ground indicating an earthquake was ever felt, only that the wind continued to make a most tremendous roaring in the woods and hangers. The miserable inhabitants, not daring to go to bed, remained in the utmost solicitude and confusion, expecting every moment to be buried under the ruins of their shattered edifices. When daylight came they were at leisure to contemplate the devastations of the night: they then found that a deep rift or chasm had opened under their houses and torn them as it were in two, and that one end of a barn had suffered in a similar manner; that a pond near the cottage had undergone a strange reverse, becoming deep at the shallow end, and so *vice versâ;* that many large oaks were moved out of their perpendicular, some thrown down, and some fallen into the heads of neighbouring trees; and that a gate was thrust forward, with its hedge, full six feet, so as to require a new track to be made to it. From the foot of the cliff, the general course of the ground, which is pasture, inclines in a moderate descent for half a mile, and is interspersed with some hillocks, which were rifted in every direction, as well towards the great woody hanger as from it. In the first pasture the deep clefts began, and, running across the lane and under the buildings, made such vast shelves that the road was impassable for some time, and so over to an arable field on the other side, which was strangely torn and disordered. The second pasture-field, being more soft and springy, was protruded forward without many fissures in the turf, which was raised in long ridges resembling graves, lying at right angles to the motion. At the bottom of this enclosure, the soil and turf rose many feet against the bodies of some oaks that obstructed their further course, and terminated this awful commotion. The perpendicular height of the precipice in general is twenty-three yards; the length of the lapse or slip, as seen from the fields below, one hundred and eighty-one: and a partial fall, concealed in the coppice, extends seventy yards more, so that the total length of this fragment that fell was two hundred and fifty-one yards. About fifty acres of land suffered from this violent convulsion; two houses were entirely destroyed; one end of a new barn was left in ruins, the walls being cracked through the very stones that composed them; and a hanging coppice was changed to a naked rock."*

It was beautiful to see, as we contrasted the scene before us with that described by White, how kindly nature, in the lapse of years, had healed over her great wound, and had clothed the once bare cliff with a particoloured garment of lichens, mosses, and shrubs. The gaping fissures in the fields below have been filled up, and the irregular surface more or less levelled by the spade and plough; yet still the main features of the scene testify how accurately the recent catastrophe was described by the gifted historian of his parish. Satisfied with this comparison, we sauntered along the green shady lanes, and through meadows redolent of haymaking or of wild-flowers whose varied hues were lit up by the bright sunshine, until we came upon the high grounds joining the noble chalk promontory of Nore Hill, where the perennial stream called "Wellhead" gushes forth, and winds its way with a cool refreshing murmur towards the vale of Selborne.

Gilbert White describes how this stream makes one branch of the Wey, and meeting the Black Down stream at Hedleigh, and the Alton and Farnham stream at Tilford Bridge, swells into a considerable river, navigable to Godalming, from whence it passes to Guildford, and so into the Thames at Weybridge; and as it rose at *Nore* Hill, so the good man pleased himself with the remark, that it finally passed "at the *Nore* into the German Ocean."†

Continuing our gradual ascent upon the fine chalky sheep-down of Sel-

* Op. cit. p. 248.

† Letter I. p. 3.

borne Hill, notable for its variety of rare British plants, we came to the summit of the steep descent at which it suddenly terminates, and where the beech wood begins that clothes the whole of that abrupt declivity, forming the "Hanger" in the phrase of this country, and constituting so beautiful and characteristic a boundary of our friend's little domain. The view from the summit of the Hanger embraces a wide expanse of the varied sylvan scenery of this fair part of Hampshire, extending as far as the ridges of Hindstead and of Black Down, and having for its foreground the scattered buildings of the village of Selborne, peaceably embosomed amidst gardens and woods.

The unpretending picturesque abode of Gilbert White lies near the foot of the Hanger, and beyond it are seen the Plestor, and the church with its fine old grey square tower, and its venerable neighbour the sombre yew-tree. The only blot in the scene, is due to the only innovation which has visited the village since White's days.

The parsonage-house was rebuilt a few years since, by the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, for the present incumbent; but instead of being in the congenial style of its predecessor, as it is depicted in the view of the village given in the quarto edition of White's "Selborne," and which was in harmony alike with the scene around and the spirit of the Gospel which the pastor it sheltered had to preach to the poor, the present edifice is a great staring white-washed mansion, the blue roof and ugly chimneys of which overtop the adjacent tower of the little church, and seem to lord it over the whole scene.

In the engraving of the village above alluded to, which commands a view of the face of the Hanger, a broad oblique pathway is shown at one end of the beech wood, and a narrower zigzag path at the opposite end for the convenience of surmounting the steep declivity. The latter was made by Gilbert White himself, who, in an unpublished letter in the possession of our host, alludes to the operation, and to the difference of opinion amongst his neighbours as to its superiority over the oblique path or "bostol" (bois taillé); and in narrating the obstacles to be overcome in carrying out this small local reform, he playfully classifies said neighbours into "bostolians" and "zigzagians."

We descended, of course, by the zigzag, and by an easy and scarcely noticeable slope gained the meadows at the foot of the Hanger, wending our way through them to White's old summer-house, and so by the garden home.

The popular science of Geology, which has sprung up since the time of Gilbert White, suggested, during our morning's ride and ramble, many remarks and interpretations of the evidences of the structure of the earth, which the historian of Selborne notices in his introductory letters under the vernacular names which the different soils then bore, and by which for the most part they are still distinguished by the farming people.

Selborne and its vicinity occupy the bounds where one great geological formation passes into, or is replaced by, another; and the bold features of its scenery depend chiefly on this transition, which usually imparts a picturesque character to the surface of the earth, wherever such surface happens to be the locality of such a change of structure.

The mass of the several hills which are seen gradually rising on one side, and abruptly terminated by steep declivities on the opposite side, consists of the lowest beds of the chalk; this is the formation of the Selborne Hill, the gentle swell of which, as it declines towards Newton, presents the usual characteristic smoothly-rounded outline of the chalk-down. The steep cliff, clothed with the beechen Hanger, presents to the inmates of White's house, and to the village of Selborne, a view of the termination of the chalk formation in that direction. It rests on an upper member of the greensand series, called the white malm, "a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which, when turned up to the frost and rain, moulders to

pieces, and becomes manure to itself."* The next stratum which comes into view in crossing the parish of Selborne from west to east is the gault — "a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for plough, yet kindly for hops."† As the parish still inclines towards Wolmer Forest at the junction of the clays and sand, the soil becomes a wet sandy loam, "remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads." The latter character it still maintains, as we found to our cost on a subsequent perambulation of the parish after a long-continued heavy fall of rain. Beyond the sandy loam, the soil, writes Gilbert, "becomes a hungry lean sand, till it mingles with the forest, and will produce little without the assistance of lime and turnips."‡ These latter formations, so clearly distinguished and graphically characterised by White, are members of the lower greensand series; and a better demonstration of the distinction between the upper and lower greensands could hardly be met with than in the walk from Selborne to Wolmer.

On quitting the parish of Selborne, at Harting Comb, we come upon the weald clay, which is here seen to be equally clearly defined from the gault.

The organic fossils which White notices, and of one of the most remarkable of which he was at the pains and expense of publishing an engraving in his first quarto edition, under the name of *Mytilus crista galli*, are chiefly from the greensand formation. The fossil in question — *Ostrea carinata* of Lamarck — although ploughed up in the chalky fields near the side of the down, is characteristic of the "upper greensand," which is the principal formation at and near Selborne, and forms the chalk-like "white malm" of the fields in question. A surgeon at Alton has a fine collection of the fossils of the neighbourhood of Selborne, amongst which were some magnificent specimens of ammonite (*A. biplicatus*, *A. rostratus*, *A. splendens*,) doubtless including the same species as the *Cornua ammonis* mentioned by White.§ The worthy collector called at Selborne, having heard of our visit there, to request that we would inspect his curiosities, and we found them all to be characteristic fossils of the cretaceous series.

The rain began to fall in the night, and continued the next morning, when we walked across the Plestor, and attended divine service in the little parish church of Selborne. The simple and devout village congregation joined in the responses as one family, and also very heartily in the singing of the psalms to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ, a donation of the late Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Cobbold.

The skies cleared before the service was ended, and, as we passed out of the low portal of the church into the shade of the venerable yew-tree, our first impulse was to the spot hallowed by the remains of the historian of his native village. A slight heave of the grassy soil on the north side of the chancel, the fifth grave-mound from its wall, with a low moss-grown stone at the head, and a lower one at the foot, indicates the spot where rest the bones of Gilbert White.

On stooping to a close inspection of the headstone, one could discern

G. W.
June 26,
1793.

The monumental slab, originally attached to the outside of the chancel wall nearest the grave, has been removed for its better preservation to the inside of the church, where it is affixed to the south wall. It is a square tablet of white marble, surrounded by black with a slightly

* Op. cit. p. 3.
† Ibid., p. 4.
‡ Ibid.
§ Ed. cit. pp. 7, 8.

ornamented margin, and a label below bearing the arms of the family. The inscription is as follows:—

"In the fifth Grave from this wall are interred the Remains of
THE REV. GILBERT WHITE, M.A.,
Fifty years Fellow of Oriel College in Oxford,
and Historian of this his native Parish.
He was the eldest son of JOHN WHITE, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law,
and ANNE, his wife, only child of
THOMAS HOLT, Rector of Streatham, in Surrey;
which said JOHN WHITE was the only son of GILBERT WHITE,
formerly Vicar of this Parish.
He was kind and beneficent to his Relations,
Benevolent to the Poor,
and deservedly respected by all his Friends and Neighbours.
He was born July 18, 1720, O.S.,
and died June 20, 1793.
Nec bono quicquam mali evenire, potest
nec vivo, nec mortuo."

Most readers of White's delightful volume are apt to imagine that he was the pastor of the parish whose simple annals and natural history he recorded; but he had no regular cure of souls. He enjoyed his moderate independency, pure tastes, and learned leisure, on his own copyhold estate, and only occasionally assisted the contemporary incumbents of Selborne and neighbouring parishes.

The Gilbertus White, whose virtues as Vicar of Selborne are commemorated in choice Latinity, engraven on a large monumental slab of black marble, affixed to the north wall of the chancel, was the historian's grandfather, as is expressed in the mortuary memorial of the immortal Gilbert, for which that of the ancestral vicar is liable to be and has been mistaken.

A stranger thus guided to the right monument would still need some further explanation, for he might naturally conclude, from the first line of its inscription, that Gilbert White had been interred within the church, and would puzzle himself to determine the spot by the indication which that line seems to afford. The estimable author, however, in his fifth letter "On the Antiquities of Selborne," in which he describes the venerable yew-tree, expressly remarks, "As to the use of these trees, possibly the more respectable parishioners were buried under their shade, before the improper custom was introduced of burying within the body of the church, where the living are to assemble;"* and not only did he thus record his opinion of that unsanitary practice, to which the Legislature has since put an end, but he determined to contribute an example of foregoing the privilege in his own person, and also towards the abatement of a minor evil in the mortuary customs of Selborne. It would seem that a strong prejudice prevailed at that time amongst the good people of the parish against being buried in any part of the churchyard save its southern side, which, at the date of White's Fourth Letter, 1788, had accordingly "become such a mass of mortality that no person could be there interred without disturbing or displacing the bones of his ancestors." He remarks, that "at the east end are a few graves, yet none till very lately at the north side."† White accordingly left directions that his own should be added to the instances of two or three families of the best repute "who had begun to bury in that quarter;‡ and since his humble grave-stone was reared in the north side of the graveyard, the prejudice has been worn out."

After dinner, the fine weather being re-established, a walk was

* Op. cit. p. 326. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid., p. 322.

proposed down the Lythe, as far as the site of the old Priory, now indicated by the Grange, a substantial modern farmhouse, which is still the manor-house of the convent possessions in the hundred of Selborne.

Our route lay through the Plestor and past the old church. The rich rays of the declining sun bathed in golden light the low belfry-tower, and brightened the new shoots that relieved the sombre foliage of the old yew. A little stream winds towards the ancient piscinæ of the good fathers along a rich-wooded deep valley or glen, every turn of which gave us new combinations of noble specimens of English timber in their richest foliage. The clouds had become broken into those light feathered rows which deepen, by contrast, the exquisitely clear azure of a summer's sky after rain, and which now reflected gradually richer tints as they declined towards the west.

A fine old switch-tailed grey mare and her pretty foal came well into the foreground of our landscape, in the wooded walk along which we traversed the eastern side of the glen, and we were amused by the combative spirit of the young animal. No sooner had it got sight of our host's fat spaniel, than, turning from its dam, the foal advanced, with head depressed, as if threatening to butt or bite, then wheeling round, and presenting a more threatening rear. The prudent old dog stopped to gaze at its strange enemy; its tail ceased the wonted wag, and drooped, as it waddled back to the side of its master: whereupon the young victor, with a caracole and fling-out of its hind-legs as we advanced, cantered off with its dam.

The old original Grange or storehouse for the fruits of the lands of the Priory had given place to the modern farmhouse in White's time; but the great wheat-barn of the Grange remains, and still displays recognisable remnants of the monastic architecture. In it the actual representatives of the old prior and monks—viz., the President and Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford—still hold their annual court-leet and court-baron. After a review of this remnant of the olden times, we clambered to the top of the hillock or tumulus in the King's Field called Kites Hill, a wilderness of bramble and wild bushes, which, although it stands in the midst of rich arable land, is still presented, year by year, in the court, as "not ploughed." Gilbert White conjectures that, as the Prior, besides *thurset* and *pillory*, had also *furcas*, a power of life and death, this eminence might have been reserved as the place of execution for delinquents. "And there is the more reason to suppose so," he writes, "since a spot just by is called *Gally* (Gallows) Hill."

But one of our party remarked, when our host quoted the foregoing passage, that if the execution took place on the Gallows Hill, the body of a notorious criminal might have been exposed on Kites Hill, and have attracted the predatory birds after which it is called.* And the prohibition of the plough might well have originated in an abhorrence of food raised from a soil enriched by the drippings of a murderer's carcass.

Our return home was shortened by the discussion of many topics suggested by the ancient history of the fertile valley through which we wended back; but we were arrested in passing a large oak, which seemed alive with the hum of countless fern-chaffers (*Amphimalla solstitialis*, Latr.), by the singular jarring noise of the rare and remarkable bird to which White refers in many letters, under the name of fern-owl, or goat-sucker. This bird, the *Caprimulgus europeus* of Linnæus, was particularly interesting to me: it was the first time I had seen it alive, and in its natural sphere of action. Its powers of wing, as manifested by its rapid evolutions in pursuit of its insect prey, are very great. We called to mind the many observations which White has recorded of it, and of the accuracy of which we had now the opportunity of judging. "There is no bird," writes the historian of Selborne, "I believe, whose manners I have studied more than those of the *Caprimulgus*,

* The name of the old place of execution and exposure at Paris and other parts of France, "Montfaucon," has originated probably from the same circumstance.

as it is a wonderful and curious creature." "Now listen?" said our host, "and you may hear a sound coincident with the fern-owl's chatter, which White also has noted;" and, sure enough, in a few minutes the "boom" of the Portsmouth evening gun broke the stillness of the Sabbath evening.

Our visit occurring in the early part of July, we set off on the following morning to look for young teal in Wolmer pond. This fine sheet of water bears, as White remarks, the aspect of a lake; it fills an area of about sixty-six acres. We were not long in discerning with our small ornithological spy-glasses fleets of young wild-ducks and teal gliding in and out of the sheltering reeds. In White's Fifteenth Letter, dated July 8, 1773, he records that "some young men went *down* lately to a pond on the verge of Wolmer Forest to hunt flappers or young wild-ducks, many of which they caught, and among the rest some very minute yet well-fledged wild-fowls alive, which, upon examination, I found to be teals. I did not know till then that teals ever bred in the south of England, and was much pleased with the discovery." Indeed, the good old man adds, "This I look upon as a great stroke in natural history." Wolmer, Hogmer and Cranmer, the three considerable sheets of water within the limits of the old Royal chase, tell significantly enough, by their names, of the wolves, the wild boars and cranes that, in the "good old times" of Norman rule, were associated with the red-deer and roe, in the wastes into which the Saxon homesteads had been converted. The period during which a man's life sank in the scale against a wild boar's, had passed when General Howe turned out his German wild boars and sows into the Royal forest; for White records that "the country rose upon them and destroyed them." Agriculture has again resumed her peaceful and useful sway; the uncultivated parts of Wolmer Forest are now comparatively few and far between. Even those localities, as, *e. g.*, the vicinity of Bean's Pond in Oakhanger, where, in White's day, the bogs produced many curious plants, now cease to reward the researches of the botanist; the soil in which alone the coveted wild plants would thrive, has been, by modern agriculture, "improved off the face of the earth." The pond has been drained, and cattle graze in its bed. The covert which was "frequented by foxes, and sometimes by pheasants," has disappeared.

Returning from this—the last—interesting excursion which our leisure would permit us to enjoy in this delightful locality, our accomplished and kind host celebrated our departure by a salute fired from a swivel gun at the "Alcove" on the Hanger, we being previously stationed at the "Hermitage," as the *centrum phonicum*, or just distance for the repercussions of sound. The echoes, rushing along the Lythe and Comb Wood, were truly grand. As White describes, in reference to this favourite amusement of visitors in his time, they "not only filled the Lythe with the roar, as if all the beeches were tearing up by the roots; but, turning to the left, they pervaded the vale above Comb Wood pond; and after a pause, seemed to take up the crash again, and to extend round Hartley-hangers, and to die away at last among the coppices and coverts of Ward-le-ham. It has been remarked before, that this district is an *Anathoth*, a place of responses or echoes, and therefore proper for such experiments. We may further add, that the pause in echoes, when they cease, and yet are taken up again, like the pauses in music, surprise the hearers, and have a fine effect on the imagination." *

Shade of honest Gilbert, farewell! Thy pure spirit pervades all the sylvan scene amidst which thy mortal days were peacefully and beneficently passed. In the present possessor of thy earthly abode thou hast a worthy successor, whose virtues and talents have justly raised him to the Presidency of that Society called after the immortal Swede, which has numbered from its origin, the best botanists and zoologists of our country, and the truest appreciators of that direct and keen insight into living nature which was the characteristic of GILBERT WHITE. 'ENNΩ.

* Op. cit. p. 285.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

A FEW warm sunny days in April, flying swiftly over our heads, like swallows twittering of the coming summer, stirred in my breast irrepressible longings to quit the moil and turmoil of London for the bright and breezy coast. As I hurried through the noisy crowded streets, or sauntered through the comparatively quiet lanes of the environs, and looked at the summerlike sky above, I began to understand the migration of birds, and to feel something of what they must feel when certain dim but imperious influences of atmosphere and temperature urge them to quit their present homes, and traverse many a weary league of foam in search of a resting-place awaiting them somewhere with a warmer smile. I too was impatient to take wing. Of course, I had potent reasons to enlighten the dim instinct. Was I not a "rational being," and quite above acting purely upon "blind instinct"? It is true that constantly I asked myself—

> "Why, though ill at ease,
> Within this region I subsist,
> Whose spirits fall within the mist,
> And languish for the purple seas?"

That was the very word. I *languished* for the sea with a sort of zoological calenture. But I had many "reasons," and two were sufficient. The two which I avowed as the determining motives for quitting London just when "everybody" comes up to it, were Ill health and Ignorance; or, to speak more politely of my own motives, let me say—the desire to get well and the desire to become directly acquainted with marine animals of simple organization.

Frequent were the debates, many the references to "Bradshaw," many-counselled the voices of friends, till finally Ilfracombe was fixed on, rather, it must be confessed, in the teeth of every one's advice. "Devonshire is so relaxing," was the unanimous warning. But I was *not* profoundly convinced that a relaxing climate was the worst possible for me, and I *was* profoundly convinced that Ilfracombe was rich in zoological treasures; consequently boxes were packed and labelled for Exeter without further discussion. As I know nothing more supremely uninteresting than the talk of an invalid about his health, you need dread no further allusions to this subject from me. I shall not pause in a narrative to feel my pulse. No table of hygienic regulations shall be quoted; no falterings, no headaches—nothing but mind and muscle!

The sea was an old playfellow. Our friendship dates from very early days; and on the shores of Brittany, Jersey, Southampton, Plymouth—not to mention flying visits to various watering-places—that friendship had been continually heightening. Like most boys who live near the sea, I had visions of being a sailor. To be a tar—what bliss! Indeed, as a preparatory training to that high aim, I well remember, at eight years old, declining to wear gloves, and secretly chewing bits of cigar-leaf, in guise of a quid, as a sign of naval qualifications. The tobacco was horrible, but manliness feels no nausea, and I "stood" to my quid with the same unflinchingness as I intended to stand to my guns. To rehearse the intensely nautical character of my language at that period, and my fatal accuracy in all technical names, is beyond my power. Enough that whatever else I may have learned of the sea, I learned but little of its inhabitants. Starfishes and jellyfishes, indeed, could not fail of obtruding themselves on notice. Crabs are hunted by all amiable boys; and an occasional cuttlefish was picked up for the sake of its bone. But in respect of its inhabitants, the sea was a perfectly new acquaintance to make. All I knew was derived from books, and repeated visits to the Aquarium at the Zoological Gardens. It is curious, as illustrating the effect of cultivation even on the perceptions, that although I must have *seen* thousands of anemones in tide-pools and among the rocks, I do not remember

to have *observed* one until scientific interest in them had been awakened.

In stating thus frankly my own ignorance, for the reassurance of any reader who, being on an equal level, may not be discouraged from attempting a serious study of sea-side marvels, if he knows how to set to work, I ought to add, that studies of Comparative Anatomy had for many years prepared me for the study of marine animals; so that I came to the coast prepared, hungry for knowledge, and ready with general ideas to throw light on particular facts. It is not necessary for the student of Natural History that he should come thus prepared; and in this paper I will endeavour to make clear to him all that he will find necessary, assuming that he starts from zero; but if the fascinating study of Natural History is to receive its deepest significance and highest enjoyment, it must be on a background of severe science. You may hunt for animals, keep them in glass tanks and vases, watch their habits, and make pets of them, but with the Scalpel and the Microscope these pleasures are converted into august studies, carrying the mind into those arcana where the early Beginnings are revealed—where Life, reduced to its simplest expression, seems invested with even deeper and more thrilling mystery.

This, then, is Ilfracombe! The reader is perfectly familiar with the sort of perfume which arises from comparisons; therefore let Ilfracombe be compared with no other spot.

"None but itself can be its parallel."

Make a landscape of it by framing and excluding it from all the rest of England; is it not enchanting? At first I knew not how much of the delight with which its beauty thrilled me might not be owing to the mere effect of comparison and novelty. After the metropolis, any broadening blue of sea, any bold headland or straggling reef, naturally excites us—and novelty is in itself an integer in all travelling enjoyment. But familiarity only served to deepen my sense of the beauty of Ilfracombe; the very last look was taken with a reluctance springing from unsatiated desire; and on reaching Tenby, also a charming spot, the overpowering sense of disappointment assured me that Ilfracombe *was* the enchantress she had seemed. I will not describe Ilfracombe, and for two reasons: 1st, it would occupy all the space at my disposal; and, 2d, which perhaps is as good a reason as the other, I have no descriptive power. Had I the power, the picture would be tempting, for the charms of the place are manifold. The country all round is billowy with hills, which rarely seem to descend into valleys. The paradox may move your scepticism; you may bring excellent reasons, physical, geological, and geographical, to prove that wherever there are hills there must be valleys. Nevertheless, the abstract force of *what must be* vanishes before the concrete force of *what is;* and at Ilfracombe you will find hills abounding, hills rising upon hills, but not always making valleys. What the French picturesquely call the *mouvement du terrain*, which suggests hills in motion like the waves, is here seen on every side; and these waving slopes are in springtime pale with primroses, or flaming with furze. If you get sight of a bit of earth to vary the verdure, it is of that rich red-brown marl which warms the whole landscape. If you climb one of those hills, the chances are that you come upon a rugged precipice sheer over the sea, unless a green slope leads gently down to it. These breezy hills, and the soft secluded valleys (there *are* valleys), and the matchless lanes which intersect the land with beauty, afford endless walks of varied delight. The consumption of shoe-leather — not to mention tissue — is immense. The lanes of Devonshire are celebrated; but what Shakespeare's works are to the criticisms which celebrate them, these lanes are to their reputation. Were I to enter one of them, and begin describing it, we should never get down to the shore, whither I see your impatient footsteps tend. To the shore, then! and as we pass, we can take a glimpse at the town.

Handsome the town of Ilfracombe is not; nor, although picturesquely placed, has it a very picturesque appearance, except under certain lights, and from certain points. The colour

of the houses is pale dingy grey; the lines are all rectangular and mean. Overtopping the whole town in ugliness and pretension, no less than in altitude, are two terraces, which make two factory-like lines of building on the slope of the green hill. You see at a glance that the flounces and shaved poodles live there. Yet, as I said, there were lights under which the town looked well; but what will not light transform into beauty? One evening, after a shower, I was called away from the microscope to look at the town under the light of the setting sun, some peculiar arrangement of the clouds, with a vivid rainbow, having thrown a delicious evening tinge, quite Italian, over the houses piled on the sides of the hill, and merged the ugliness of their forms in exquisite floods of colour. In this light Ilfracombe looked handsome. It looked resplendent, like a stupid man in the splendour of a noble deed.

If unblessed with the fatal (but agreeable) gift of beauty, the little town of Ilfracombe, as a compensation, is uncursed with appearances of pretension. Except on those two unfortunate terraces, it gives itself no airs of fashion, no demure hypocrisies of respectability. It has no magnificent hotels; it has no popular preacher. It makes nobody miserable. *Simplex munditiis;* a plain face, but clean and honest, sirs! I was continually reminded of some small German town, and the simple honesty and obligingness of the people helped the resemblance. As we enter from the Braunton road, there is a white-washed inn, now untenanted, of the most primitive structure, and bearing the words

BRAUNTON INN,

painted in tall brown letters, all along the frontage, which I never passed without some vague reminiscence of Germany rising up, so exactly does this turn of the road repeat many turns of road I have come upon in my wanderings. An avenue of mountain-ash, with their bright red clusters brilliant against the hot blue sky, or rows of plum-trees with their purple fruit, pleasing the eye and refreshing the palate during the dusty walk, would have made the illusion complete.

Let us pass this inn, and turn up the steep hill, on the summit of which stands the handsome church; we then descend the slope which leads to the Baths. On the other side of the hedge upon our left rise the soft uplands, and a little behind them the majestic Seven Tors, which with their shaggy heads towards the sea, and their soft swelling slopes of green towards the land, remind us of some mighty animal which has reared itself on its fore-paws to gaze at the yet mightier ocean. From these uplands you perpetually hear the cry, day and night, of the landrail — just like the creaking of a wicker-basket—so that you begin to wonder when that unmusical bird takes its repose. On your right hand, the clear Wilder stream babbles incessantly to the wild-flowers nodding over its ripples. Accompanied by this music we reach the Baths, and come upon a tunnel, dark, indeed, but with a gleam of light at the end—so we enter. How cool, not to say cold! The eye is getting familiar with the darkness when we emerge, and oh! what a *thrill* runs along the sentient paths to our souls as the blue of the sea bursts upon us. We lean upon a parapet of rock, and see the waves running up the rugged face of the cliffs and falling back in spray. An inarticulate gasp does duty for the highest eloquence. It is enough to drink in with our eyes the scene before us; more than an incoherent exclamation would be out of place. Another tunnel invites us; through it we pass, and come upon a wooden bridge overarching an ugly-looking spot bearing the name of Tracy's Cave, which has of course its devout legend to tell, if you are willing to listen. Let the legend be what it may, the place is grim, and at first we tread cautiously as we pass over the bridge of logs; but soon familiarity reconciles us to this as it does to small-pox and the income-tax. Before reaching this we have come upon another opening, leaned upon another parapet, and had another gaze at the sunset gleaming over the sea. We now step on the wild and rugged shore.

And what a shore! Precipitous

walls and battlements of rock rise on each side, making a bay; before us, sharply cut fragments of dark rock start out of the water for some distance. Every yard of ground here is a picture. The whole coast-line is twisted and waved about into a series of bays and creeks, each having a character of its own; and whether you stand on the Tors, and look along the coast—or on the shore, and look up at the rocks, it is always some new aspect, something charming for the eye to rest upon. The rock is *grauwacke* or clay-slate, with occasional streaks of quartz, and the stratification is very various. Look at that reef round and along which the stealthy tide is crawling; see how the back of it is ridged with sharp sudden lines cutting against the sky —and cutting you when you stumble on them; or look at that sombre precipice over which the gull is floating broad-winged, uttering its piteous cry, or startling you with its strange mocking laugh. Follow it a little further and the eye rests on a purple-tinted wall of rock, from the sides of which jut ledges covered with vegetation. The soil here is so generous, that Nature seems to be bursting into life through every crevice and on ever inch.

There is, however, one serious drawback at Ilfracombe — the complete absence of sands. I scorn to allude to the accompanying deficiencies of starfishes, lugworms, &c., found on sandy shores; but the want of a beach whereon to loll or stroll—and in the quiet hours of moonlight to wander nourishing one's middle age, sublime with the fairy tales of science and the long results of time—was really a drawback. However, sands are poor hunting-grounds; let us take consolation in that, and enjoy the positive excellencies of this place.

The evening of my arrival was spent in reconnoitring the coast and its promises. What a flutter agitated me as I bent over the many rock-pools, clear as crystal, and sometimes enclosing perfect landscapes in miniature with their algæ! It seemed as if I should have nothing to do but stoop and fill my jars with treasures; for I had read in numerous books descriptions from which the inference was, that nothing could be easier than collecting "marine store." "You stroll along the beach and pick up so-and-so," is the pleasant phrase of these writers, wishing, we must suppose, to make science appear easy. Now the truth should be told. It was quickly forced on my conviction that, although after a gale you may go down to the shore and find many things, dead, which you will carry home with interest—for "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody molluscs"—yet hunting among the rocks is not easy nor always safe, nor certain to be successful. You must make up your mind to lacerated hands, even if you escape bruises, to utter soakings, to unusual gymnastics in wriggling yourself into impossible places. You can only do this at certain tides. And, after all, you may return empty-handed, unless you are very modest in your desires. I did, indeed, behold a stout gentleman, who had been reading Mr. Gosse, severely deluding himself into the idea that he was "collecting," because he was gasping among boulders with a pickle bottle in one hand and a walking-stick in the other; but I am not firmly persuaded that he carried home much worth his trouble.

Let me mention the proper equipment for a day's hunting, and you will see that the pickle-jar and walking-stick theory is primitive, but somewhat too simple. It is necessary to take with you from London, or any other large town, in or near which you may live, a geologist's hammer (let it be of reasonable size), and a *cold* chisel, the longer the better; to these add an oyster-knife, a paper-knife, a landing-net, and, if your intentions are serious, a small crowbar. Let us now go to market for a basket. It must be tolerably large, and flat-bottomed. Having made that small investment, we turn into the chemist's and buy up all the wide-mouthed phials he will sell us—those used for quinine are the best; but as he probably will only have two or three to sell, we must take what we can get. The short squat bottles, with wooden caps, now sold for tooth-powder, are very convenient. We lay hands on half-a-dozen of these, and having laid in three or four earthenware jars

(not to be too abstract in our diction, they are jam-pots), we return home to construct our collecting basket, which is done in this primitive fashion: A loop of string serves to keep a large jam-pot at one end of the basket, at the other end another loop sustains a large phial; at one side a loop is made for hammer and chisel; opposite are two more phials. Mr. Gosse, in his *Aquarium*, I think, describes the basket he uses; but as you must order this to be made for you, my plan is sufficiently serviceable, and costs no trouble. The Rev. George Tugwell—so well and so honourably known to all the anemones of Devonshire—has invented a charming kind of basket for those who can wait to have one made.* The basket ready, we are now equipped. No; there is still one little implement. A piece of brass wire, the end twisted into a ring of two or three inches diameter, to which is fastened a canvass bag, makes a convenient little net to be used in pools too small to admit the landing-net.

The brief note in my journal which records the results of my first visit always amuses me when it catches my eye. "On the rocks. Found some Actiniæ and Serpulæ." The idea of *finding* serpulæ will make even the amateur smile as he remembers how difficult it is to avoid these swarming annelids, whose shells, sharp as lancets, cut the hands in fifty different places before many stones are turned; but to my inexperienced eye there were only the empty shells of these serpulæ to be found, until I came upon some in the water with their little fans expanded, and these were pounced on with great eagerness. The actiniæ spoken of is the common Smooth Anemone—not even the strawberry variety—(if you will face a long name, it is *Mesembryanthemum*—and this, which I bagged with great glee, I soon learned to pass by with no more regard than if it had been sea-weed. So much of our enjoyment depends on the difficulty of obtaining it, that these actiniæ, which I still hold to be exquisitely beautiful, and far more intrinsically beautiful than very many of the rare species, to obtain which one nearly dislocates one's limbs, wriggling through crevices, or runs a risk of "catching one's death" by standing in a pool dripped on from a thousand orifices above—these actiniæ, I say, are left untouched because they are abundant, and do not demand the chisel. Perverse, ungrateful human nature!—What should we not think of daylight, or of woman's patient love, if it were not given with such generous abundance? Ask the prisoner, or the man who has scarcely known the mother's ceaseless tenderness, the wife's surpassing love! The coquette knows this by instinct, and she draws adventurous seekers after her. What a coquette is the Daisy (*Actinia bellis*), who displays her cinq-spotted bosom, beautiful as Imogen's, in the crystal pool. You are on your knees at once; but no sooner is your hand stretched towards her, than at the first touch she disappears in a hole. Nothing but chiselling out the piece of rock will secure her; and after all, your labour is the price paid for the capture, and the captive is priced accordingly; if as much labour had been given to the smooth anemone she would have seemed as lovely in your eyes.

There is something sad in the fugitive keenness of pleasure. I shall never feel again the delight of getting my first actinia. No rare species can give that peculiar thrill. There is a bloom on the cheek which the first kiss carries away, and which never again meets the same lips. No partridge is worth the first which falls by your gun; no second salmon is ever landed with the same pride as the first. Even printer's ink has a perfume when your "first proofs" arrive. Who will revive within me *that* flutter which deprived me of all coolness and presence of mind, as first I saw the long grey serpent-like tentacles of *Anthea cereus* waving to and fro in a clear pool? Who will restore the enthusiasm of that moment when my eye first rested on a clump of *Clavelinæ* almost as translucent as the water in which they stood? And wherefore three weeks

* He has described it in his forthcoming *Manual of Sea Anemones.*

afterwards, could I not be induced to stop and pick up either of these, unless of very magnificent pretensions? If nature were not more inexhaustible than man's curiosity, we should come to the end of our hunting pleasures in a few years. As it is, our lifetime is too brief.

If these *first* thrills can never come back to us, there is ample compensation in the new vistas which open with increasing knowledge; the first kiss may be peculiar in its charm, but as the years roll on, we learn to love more and more the cheek on which we first found little but that charm. Knowledge widens and changes its horizon; and as we travel we pass under newer skies lighted by serener stars. In direct contact with Nature we not only learn reverence by having our own insignificance forced on us, but we learn more and more to appreciate the Infinity on all sides; so that we cannot give ourselves up to one small segment of the circle, no matter how small, without speedily discerning that life piled on life would not suffice to travel over this small segment of a segment. And yet the very immensity of the world of Life is a source of encouragement. Compared with what is accessible to us, the knowledge even of the wisest, is as that of a child; but if, instead of comparing what *is* with what is *to be known*, we compare our knowledge with our previous ignorance, the rapidity of progress becomes the keenest motive for endeavour. A few months at the coast, under proper conditions, will make us acquainted with all, or almost all, the principal forms of life; and where so much is still to be observed, each may hope to contribute something new to the general stock, and thus all be benefited.

A very few days of resolute study sufficed to substitute definite ideas for that haze which necessarily overhangs mere book knowledge, and repeated failures helped to educate both eye and mind in the art of finding animals, and of identifying them. At first, not only did I frequently mistake sea-weeds for polypes, but instead of filling jars and phials with ease, as anticipation had prefigured, I often came home with very meagre results—and this in a place abounding in treasures. The truth is, one has to learn many little details about the animals—where to look for them, how to *see* them when there, and how to secure them when seen—before one's basket returns home well stocked. Luck is something, of course: if there is only one bunch of sea-grapes (eggs of the cuttlefish) thrown on shore, only one person can bag it. But it is the knowingest hunters that are the luckiest. They know how to profit by good fortune. You may perhaps be interested if I sketch a day's hunting, and into it condense most of the details, the knowledge of which may abridge your own labours, and increase your success on taking to the sport.

It is spring-tide. Little or nothing can be done during neap-tides, because it is among the rocks near extreme low-water that the prizes are found. The common smooth anemone, indeed, may be had not far from high-water-mark in many places; and *Anthea cereus* may also be found at some distance from low-water; but for the superb *Crassicornis*, or the lovelier "Gems" and "Trogs" (*gemmaceæ* and *troglodytes*)—for polypes and rarer molluscs, we must not be far from low-water-mark. The morning is brilliant. A light breeze carries the large clouds over the lazy blue, tempering the heat of the sun; and our spirits are high, as we clatter through the tunnels on to the shore. There are three of us; and as we pass that young lady seated on a ridge, sketching Hangman's Head, she eyes us askance, and although politeness keeps in the secret of her own bosom the translation of that look, I know how it would run in the vernacular: "Well! how people *can* make themselves such guys!". And she who says this is, I pledge you my word, a guy of the first water. I know one when I see one, though I can't describe female costume. Her complexion was dubious, not to say spotty; and from it stood a nose not aquiline—to tell the truth, it was a turn up,—and probably some subtle sense of harmony made her turn up

very much the sides of her stone-coloured felt hat, which, with its floating ribbons and feather, may be said, in painter's phrase, to have "carried off" the nose. I also remember the three deep flounces of her Manchester muslin, and a general appearance of flying ribbons and miscellanies. If I allude to the personal appearance of this future mother of good but not handsome citizens, it is because her criticism of us forced us to consider from *what* pedestal of elegance we were regarded. Not that I insinuate any idea of our *not* having looked somewhat queer. Our costume was but indifferently adapted to the drawing-room, and would have obtained small suffrage on the Boulevard des Italiens, the Prater, or Pall-Mall. You shall judge. We are a lady and two men. The lady, except that she carries a landing-net, and has taken the precaution of putting on the things which "won't spoil," has nothing out of the ordinary in her costume. We are thus arrayed: a wide-awake hat; an old coat, with manifold pockets in unexpected places, over which T. has slung a leathern case, containing his hammer, chisel, oyster-knife, and paper-knife; trousers warranted not to spoil; *over* the trousers are drawn huge worsted stockings, over which again are drawn huge leathern boots. T.'s are riding-boots, and reach his hip: mine are fisherman's boots, and come a few inches over the knee. The soles of both are well nailed, which is of material service in preventing our slipping so much on the rocks. Now these boots, with the worsted stocking peeping above, are not, it is true, eminently æsthetic. I will not recommend them as objects for the artist; but if you consider the imperfect success which will attend any hesitation as to walking in water and through it,—or if you reflect on the very mitigated pleasure of feeling the water trickle into your boots, you will at once recognize the merit of such boots as I have just described, covered with liquid india-rubber, and well greased. Never mind the inelegance: handsome is as handsome does.

In this costume we wooed the mermaids. T. brought his crowbar, to turn over the heavy stones which could not otherwise be moved, but which are worth moving, because it is under such that rarities will be hidden. It is nearly half-past eleven, and the tide will have quite run out in half-an-hour or more. We ought to have been here a little sooner, but there is still nearly two hours opportunity before us—so, to work! Over these jagged rocks we spring, stride, scramble, and crawl. Whew! there was an escape! This fucus is so slippery and treacherous: had it not been for the well-nailed soles, I should have perhaps tumbled into that gully,—and as the height is six or seven feet, the fall could not have been soft. The mere suggestion has made me a little nervous, and I begin to doubt whether these cockney legs were meant for such progression, and whether the right man is here in the right place,—when the shout from T. of "Here's a *crass!*" banishes all reflections, and in a flurry of scrambling I clamber to the spot.

"Where? Let me see it."

"In that pool."

"I see nothing."

"That is because I disturbed him. He has drawn in his tentacles, and covered himself with a coating of stones, mud, and mucus; but take off your coat, tuck up your sleeve, and you will feel him at the bottom. Got him?"

"I feel nothing but a fleshy lump of something, with small stones on it."

"That's the gentleman!"

"He seems very small."

"Now, he's shut up; but if you had seen him expanded—the size of a sugar-basin—superb white tentacles round a scarlet-purple disc!"

"Well, hand me the chisel."

"There! Don't place it too near him; give him room—an inch all round. Not too hard! Never mind the toughness of the rock—clay-slate isn't made of butter; but with patience and steady blows——What! you've rapped your knuckles instead of the chisel? Well, it does fall out so sometimes. While you are hammering, I'll try elsewhere."

Accordingly he leaves me stretched on a sloping ledge, leaning into a pool of about a foot deep, where I have to bang away at my chisel, not

in the least seeing the effect of my blows, for the crumbling of the rock has made the water the colour of a London gutter. From time to time I pull my chisel out, and feel with my hand to ascertain progress. At last a piece of the rock comes away, and I bring up the *crassicornis*—a very ill-favoured gentleman, to judge by his present aspect; but I throw him into the jar of sea-water, in full reliance on what he will be to-night or to-morrow. He has cost me twenty minutes hard labour; but he was worth it. If you are anxious to know why all this pains was taken to chisel away the rock, you may learn a curious fact—namely, that anemones, like Achilles, are invulnerable, except in one spot. They will bear an extraordinary amount of cutting and tearing if you keep their base unlacerated. Not only have I cut off portions of them for microscopic examination, as you would cut buds off a tree, but, while I write this, there are several of the exquisite little *auroras* and *venustas* which have been cut or torn in half by the splitting of the stones on which they rested, and each half is as vigorous as if nothing had interfered with its integrity. In the course of some weeks no one will be able to trace in them that they have been wounded. The Abbé Dicquemare relates how he cut an actinia in two, transversely; the upper portion at once expanded its tentacles, and began feeding; in about two months tentacles began to grow from the cut extremity of the other portion, and thus he got two perfect actiniæ in place of one. And yet these animals, so indifferent to wounds, rarely survive a slight laceration of their base. At least the *crassicornis*, or coriaceous anemone, does not. I have not experimented in this way on the other kinds, and will limit my statement to the *crassicornis*. This is the reason why a chisel is necessary; for the "crass" clings to the rock with a vigour which defies finger-nails—unlike the *anthea* or the *mesembryanthemum*, which yield to a very light fingering.

I have got my prize, but have so disturbed the water that it is useless to remain longer by this pool. There are plenty more. I poke and peer into them without result, till at last a huge wall of stone rears itself in my path; and I suspect the other side is rent with fissures, rugged with ledges of promise. It is so. I squeeze into one of these fissures, where various coloured sponges, compound ascidians, serpulæ, and algæ, with drops of water pendent from their tips, are just discernible through the darkness. In vain I strain my eyes, now familiar with obscurity; nothing tempts me. The sponges and the *red noses* squirt water at me incessantly, the algæ drip, drip, drip; sporadic crabs bundle away in all directions; but nothing solicits my desires. You want to know why I poke into that dark hole? Because Experience—the best of schoolmasters, were not the fees so heavy!—has taught, that the two conditions most favourable to those marine animals we are in quest of are Darkness and Depth of water. They are all impatient of the light, and prefer darkness even to many fathoms. When I say *they*, I mean molluscs, crustaceæ, annelids, and zoophytes. Jellyfish seek the light, and float at the top of the sunny sea; but we shall find none of them to-day, so that fissures, caves, and the under side of boulders, must be our fields. It is well for the young hunter to bear in mind this requisite of darkness. Let him turn over all stones, peer into all fissures, push aside the overhanging fucus, or long waving oar-weed, and see if the pools beneath do not contain what he seeks. And when I say *look*, he must not understand thereby a careless casual glance, but a long deliberate scrutiny. He must allow the eye to rest long enough on the spot to lose the perplexity occasioned by a hundred different details, and must let "the demure travel of his regard" pass calmly over it. Sometimes the pool is so dark and still, that it is not until your nose-tip is cold against the surface that you know there is water. We have just climbed up a ledge, and looked down into such a pool. Our footing is somewhat insecure, but we cling savagely, and call down few blessings on the heads of the countless *balanæ* which stud the rock, and tear our hands. There,

now, we have settled into a position in which we can work. Look at that daisy, with its lovely tiger-tentacles: it has just swallowed a small fish, and is now, while digesting, opening its arms for more. And there, on the green broad leaves of the Ulva, crawl two Sea Hares. What queer creatures! One would fancy them slugs which had been troubled with absurd caprices of metamorphosis, and having first thought of passing from the form of slugs to that of hares, changed their weak minds, and resolved on being camels; but no sooner was the hump complete, than they bethought them that, after all, the highest thing in life was to be a slug—and so as slugs they finished their development. We carefully place these in a small jar by themselves, and quickly add thereto a broad white ribbon of tiniest beads, which is coiled up against the under side of the ledge, and which we see with joy to be the spawn of the Doris—another sea slug, if a name so ugly as that can properly be applied to a creature so attractive. Really this pool is enchanting! How gracefully the polypes wave from its sides, like fairy fir-trees in the summer air. The longer we look, the more beauties and wonders we discover. There I have just detected an ascidian, standing up like an amphora of crystal, containing strange wine of yellow and scarlet; and crawling about the root of that oar-weed, I see various annelids of great beauty; so we must have the root—the more so that it bears some botryllus clustering round it. You want to know what is that jelly-like globule no bigger than a pea? I can't answer; but probably an ovum of some kind. At any rate, the rule is to carry home whatever one does not know, and identify there, if possible; so pop your globule into a phial. Having made this haul, we may now begin to hammer away for the daisy. There, he is all safe in the jar, and we get down from our ledge much richer than we got up. It was a good find that pool, was it not? We have been upwards of an hour peering about, without finding anything except a crassicornis; and lo! we come upon a little pool not two feet in length, which yields us enough to occupy a month of careful study.

The tide is fast flowing in, and our jars are still half empty. We must waste no time in talk. Here, give me the landing-net; I see a fish worth having. Bravo! he is in the glass jar, and looking at us with strange human look, not in the least abashed by our admiration. Did you ever see anything more exquisite? It is a ribbon-fish, but not the *Gymnetrus Banksii*. It cannot be more than two inches and a half long, and a fifth of an inch high; and note how the caudal fin, instead of being a climax to the tail, as in other fishes, forms a delicate ridge running all down the back. What a delicate Quaker brown the colour is, and how the transparency of the tissues allows us to see the pulsating heart! I hope we shall be able to keep it alive; it will be the cynosure of our collection. [Alas! it only lived two days. Reader, may I call on you for a tear?]

Meanwhile T., who has been ferreting everywhere, is now crouching in a pool, and presently calls to us to come and see the *Terebella*. In three rapid strides we are there, crouch down, look where he points, and see—nothing.

"Impossible! Don't you see long waving threads, like minute worms?"

"Yes, I see threads, but that's all."

"That is the terebella. His body is snug in the mud, and he pokes his long arms out in this way for some purpose or other, to me unknown."

"Perhaps for respiration?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's *safe*. Whenever zoologists don't know the function of an appendage, they are pretty sure to say it's connected with respiration: every unknown spot is an eye, every appendage a gill, or subsidiary to gills! However, the terebella has already been credited with branchial tufts, in the shape of smaller and redder little worms beneath the tentacles; so never mind about function—get the animal, which I have never seen out of books."

"He is hidden in the mud, we must dig out the mud."

Whereupon the adroit T., tucking up his sleeve, plunges his hand into the mass of sand and shells, and strews the handful on a boulder, where we soon find the ugly worm twisting itself into irritated convolutions, as if highly disapproving of this treatment. We pop him into a phial with some sand, and he soon makes himself happy there. During this capture, quick female eyes have discerned, and nimble fingers have delicately secured, one of the loveliest of sea-charmers—an *Eolis*, of about three-quarters of an inch in length, with transparent body, tapering into the most graceful of tails (we must call it a tail, although anatomists call it a foot), and with rows of pink papillæ on its back, forming the most elegant of ornaments. The tide may now drive us in as fast as it will, we shall go home rich.

Wearied with hammering, clambering, and stooping in this blazing sunlight of a summer noon, we seat ourselves on a convenient boulder for half an hour's repose. T., whose legs are lolling in a shallow pool, brings out a pocket pistol of sherry and a bag of biscuits. To this "repast we do ample justice" (as detestable writers with unerring unanimity always say when they want to describe any eating and drinking), and then the blue lazy curl of a mild havanna rises into the warm air, making contentment more content. The waves are crawling over the boulders, and rushing up the gullies with a soothing sound; a few white sails dot the blue breadth before us; and out there, on the strip of sand in the creek, a row of lazy gulls, motionless as stones, and looking like them, seem as if they too were resting for their hunt. A sense of pleasant weariness gives its dreamy calmness to the scene. We are silent, or wander into idlest chat, as if we had fairly reached that land

"Wherein it seemed always afternoon."

It was enough that our glance should fall upon the stealthy sea, and follow wave after wave as each grew out of the swell and ran along, a curling line of foam, to plunge upon the shore. We wanted nothing more. There is a peculiar charm about the sea; it is always the same, yet never monotonous. Mr. Gosse has well observed, that you soon get tired of looking at the loveliest field, but never of the rolling waves. The secret, perhaps, is that the field does not *seem* alive; the sea is life-abounding. Profoundly mysterious as the field is, with its countless forms of life, the aspect does not irresistibly and at once coerce the mind to think of subjects so mysterious and so awful as the aspect of the sea does—it carries with it no ineradicable associations of terror and awe, such as are borne in every murmur of old ocean, and thus is neither so terrible nor so suggestive. As we look from the cliffs, every wave has its history; every swell keeps up suspense;—will it break now, or will it melt into that larger wave? And then the log which floats so aimlessly on its back, and now is carried under again, like a drowning wretch,—is it the fragment of some ship which has struck miles and miles away, far from all help and all pity, unseen except of Heaven, and no messenger of its agony to earth except this log, which floats so buoyantly on the tide? We may weave some such tragic story, as we idly watch the fluctuating advance of the dark log; but whatever we weave, the story will not be wholly tragic, for the beauty and serenity of the scene are sure to assert their influences. O mighty and unfathomable sea! O terrible familiar! O grand and mysterious passion! In thy gentleness thou art terrible when sleep smiles on thy scarcely quiet-heaving breast; in thy wrath and thunder thou art beautiful! By the light of rising or of setting suns, in grey dawn or garish day, in twilight or in sullen storms of darkness, ever and everywhere beautiful; the poets have sung of thee, the painters have painted thee; but neither the song of the poet, nor the cunning of the painter's hand, has more than caught faint reflexes of thy incommunicable grandeur, and loveliness inexhaustible!

During this digression our cigars have come to an end, and the tide has almost cut off our retreat. We clutch up our baskets, and with be-

lated strides hasten over ridges out of harm's way. Our return home brings us on to the Capstone Parade, where our appearance must of course stimulate quizzing. If that young lady with the sketch-book, who saw us going out, made private reflections on the imperfect elegance of our costume, I leave you to judge of the impression we produce on the mind of that haughty "swell" with a telescope and a mustache of recent growth! He has come to Ilfracombe with apparently no other object than that of setting his mind seriously to these things: he will array himself in a straw-hat with a pink ribbon, a coloured shirt, a shooting-jacket never meant to shoot in, and thus arrayed he will show himself and his telescope. The telescope is indispensable. He will never use it, but he borrows from it a nautical air, which is quite the right thing, you know. I wish I were just enough acquainted with that young gentleman to bow to him —I would do it in sight of the whole Parade. As we pass along, the staring excited by our incongruous appearance of dirt, damp, and utensils, suggests ludicrous reflections on the way we all judge of each other, and reflections on the utterly foolish disposal of time which the majority of sea-side visitors make. History proves that we English are a magnificent race; but I appeal to every one whether the concrete Englishman he meets abroad, or at the sea-side, in the least represents his idea of that magnificent race? I'm afraid we are disagreeable to the backbone. At the coast we are dismal as well as disagreeable. What an air of weariness hangs over almost everybody! After the "visitors" have had their first walk on the beach, their first two or three hours' "sail," from which they return looking very green, and after they have seen the sunset once, they relapse into utter novel-reading. Not only do they here read more novels than at home, but they are content to read the novels no one reads at home. Look at that young gentleman who has brought two volumes with him to the Parade. He finds the place so dull that he must read even when in the open air; yet when at home he has not the reputation of a severe student; he is not known to read at his meals, or burn the midnight oil; he is rather a stupid young gentleman, if the truth be told, and eyes us and our jars with measureless contempt, wondering "what the doose we can do, you know, with that sort of thing, you know." Then, again, I should not call that lady who scrutinises us gloomily through the blue veil of a cavernous bonnet; nor that severe and "rather intellectual-looking" lady with crimp curls, whom we presume to be a schoolmistress; nor that grim gentleman, who, we are sure, is a Methodist with an imperfect liver; nor those three sisters in their teens, "sent" to the coast with their governess,—not one of these should I call successful at the sea-side. Indeed, I meet with very few successes. The children, of course, are excluded. Master Tommy, in gorgeous hat and feathers, may "worrit" his maid by the persistence he displays in "getting hisself wet;" but the young rascal has got a spade, and means to enjoy himself, and does what he means. Another perfectly happy person amid all this weariness is yon elderly gentleman, with large stomach, white waistcoat, and a general sense of "well to do," who has escaped from care for a few days; who enjoyed his dinner at the hotel yesterday, though the port was fruity; enjoyed his breakfast this morning; and now, having read the paper, is sniffing the breezes for an appetite, and is aglow with the pleasant sensation compounded of present vigour and boyish associations. He is too old for the circulating library; has outlived straw-hats and coloured shirts; and is supremely indifferent about telescopes. He is happy. He gives a genial glance of interest to everything. He stops us, and politely inquires about the contents of our baskets, listening to the brief details with "dear me! bless me! well, how very singular!" and even thinks he should like to go out collecting himself, if he were younger.

If the promenaders are not supremely interesting, the scene itself is worth a visit. The Capstone

Parade, a walk cut round the Capstone at great expense, offers many pictures. We are at the farther end, nearest the quay, and look back upon old Hillsborough jutting out far into the water, while behind him looms the giant Hangman, grim as his name, and beyond that the purple line of another headland. Between us and Hillsborough stands Lantern Hill, a picturesque mass of green and grey, surmounted by an old bit of building which was once a convent, and which looks as if it were the habitation of some huge mollusc that had secreted its shell from the material of the rock. Mr. Gosse, with a proclivity to Exeter Hall reflections sadly dissonant in the writings of a naturalist, cannot help reminding his readers that now a Lighthouse replaces the former centre of "papal darkness." I confess that the thought of the Pope never came into my head, but the thought of the mollusc did; and indeed the houses all about naturally recalled the curious shells and habitats with which our hunting made us familiar. In these mountainous districts, where houses and clusters of houses look so tiny in comparison with the huge limbs of Mother Earth, one is apt to think of man as a parasitic animal living on a grander creature—an epizoon nestling in the skin of this planetary organism, which rolls through space, as a ciliated ovum rolls through a drop of water. In flat districts a town looks imposing; even a single house raises its head with haughtiness. There is nothing around to rival it in height, and we may fondly imagine earth our pedestal. But our thoughts are otherwise when we see the house lost on the broad side of a noble hill; and still more when, from a little distance, we see a number of houses clustered on the side, clinging to it like so many barnacles clinging to a rock; we then begin to think of our family resemblance to all other building, burrowing, house-appropriating animals. In vain does our pride rebel at the thought of consanguinity with a mollusc; the difference between Brown, with the house he built, and Buccinum, with the shell he secreted, lies in the number of steps or phenomena interposed between the fact of individual existence, and the completion of the building. Brown is aghast at the suggestion, and says he hates metaphysics. This much he will perhaps admit, namely, that whatever other advantages our habitations may have over those of insects and molluscs, it is clear they have not the advantage in architectural beauty subservient to utility. Consider man from a distance—look at him as a shell-fish—and it must be confessed that his habitation is surprisingly ugly. Only after a great many intermediate "steps or phenomena" does he contrive to secrete here and there a Palace or a Parthenon which enchants the eye.

While thus moralising we have reached our lodgings, and another work begins. Our treasures must be displayed, and, where needful, identified. The animals are to be kept alive, their wants attended to, and their habits watched, that we may form some idea of their theory of life, before we dissect them to learn something of their structure. Jars and phials are emptied into soup-plates of sea-water, previous to a general distribution into pans and vases. A glass tank is very elegant, but expensive. It is ornamented in a quite other style from that of wax flowers, gorgons in old china, or dark specimens of the Bad Masters, which by many are supposed to enliven apartments; but if you intend to keep animals for study, I think a glass tank on many accounts less desirable than several glass vases, which are inexpensive and portable. I had no tank, and of course never thought of transporting one to Devonshire. Up to this time my aquarium had been constituted by finger-glasses, tumblers, and glass sugar-basins; these sufficed for the produce of fresh-water ponds; but now, on the eve of cultivating the more imposing acquaintance of marine inhabitants, I adopted a friend's advice, and laid in a store of glass jars of formidable dimensions—jars such as confectioners use to contain sponge-cakes, almonds, &c. These made an additional hamper to my luggage, and the "glass with care," increased my anxiety not a little. I

cannot entmerate the extra sixpences it cost me to impress on porters and railway guards the inherent frangibility of glass. I made myself a torment to all officials by the impressive emphasis of my anxiety. And, after all, the jars were almost worthless. Experience flatly and peremptorily decided against them, as too deep and unwieldy. I quickly discarded all but the smallest, and bought half-a-dozen glass jars of nearly a foot high, which have proved very serviceable. When an animal dies, and the mortality is great, it is easier to discover and remove the corpse, and change the water from a small jar than from a tank; moreover, in jars you can keep your animals separate; and animals are not more amiable to each other than men; the strong devour the weak without any religious scruples. To the jars I added shallow earthenware pans, for actiniæ, and some animals which the actiniæ would not molest.

Our day's produce fairly sorted, the work of identification begins. It is not enough to know we have got a polype, an eolis, or an annelid before us; we also desire to know what species of each; and this is sometimes the work of long and troublesome investigation, because even if the species is not one yet hitherto undescribed, you may have great difficulty in identifying it by descriptions. This tries the patience, but it exercises the faculties, and greatly sharpens your knowledge by forcing attention upon details. And here a word respecting the books you ought to put in your box. For reading, properly so called, the naturalist has no time while at the coast; but certain books will be constantly referred to. *All* the books on Natural History, or Comparative Anatomy, you can beg, borrow, and *don't* steal, will be found of use; but if your portmanteau refuses the burden of many volumes, it is well you should know what will be most serviceable. First, then, as indispensable, there must be an "Animal Kingdom"—if not Cuvier's, then Vogt's "Zoologische Briefe," or Rymer Jones's "Outlines," or Mr. Dallas's recently published volume, "The Natural History of the Animal Kingdom," very compact. Next you must have Mr. Gosse's little "Manual of Marine Zoology"—meant expressly for identification; and you ought to add the very cheap and compendious "Manual of the Mollusca," by Mr. Woodward, published among Weale's series of Rudimentary Treatises. If you can lay hands on Johnston's "British Zoophytes," Forbes's "Naked-Eyed Medusæ," and "British Starfishes," and Alder and Hancock's "Nudibranchiate Mollusca," you will be set up. I say nothing of works on Histology or Comparative Anatomy, because, if your studies lie in these directions, you will already have possessed yourself of what is necessary.

And now, when all is done, the microscope is taken out, and severer studies begin. The hours spent thus fled like minutes, and left behind them traces as of years, so crowded were they with facts new and strange, or if not absolutely new, yet new in their definiteness, and in the thoughts they suggested. The typical forms *took possession* of me. They were ever present in my waking thoughts; they filled my dreams with fantastic images; they came in troops as I lay awake during meditative morning hours; they teased me as I turned restlessly from side to side at night; they made all things converge towards them. If I tried a little relaxation of literature, whatever was read became the starting-point for the wandering fancy, or more obtrusive memory; a phrase like "throbbing heart" would detach my thoughts from the subject of the book, and hurry them away to the stage of the microscope, where the heart of some embryo was pulsating. I could not even look intently, but the chance was that some play of light would transform itself into the image of a molluso or a polype. THE THINGS I HAVE SEEN IN TAPIOCA PUDDING . . . !

This intense absorption in one study was wrong, and I tried to vary my employments; but intellectual passions are not obedient to abstract convictions; they will exert their jealous exclusiveness. "No array of terms can tell how much I was at ease" on matters agitating the ma-

jority of my countrymen. I utterly declined to look at the *Times*. What cared I about Palmer and his trial? or about the impending quarrel with America? About as much as the stockbroker towards the close of 'Change or the Opposition member during the vote of confidence, would care for your attempt to interest him in the "extraordinary little organ discovered this morning in the tail of a tadpole—quite unsuspected by anatomists, I assure you."

I admit this was exclusive—say narrow, if you will. I had really interest in little but what the scalpel and microscope would disclose. Everything was new to me, so that every step was delightful. When I discovered what had long been known to others, the pleasure of discovery was something essentially different from that of mere learning; and when I was fortunate enough to discover what had *not* been known before, the delight in novelty was heightened by the triumph (surely not a guilty one!) of *amour propre*. Three months of such study were worth years of lectures and readings—although the lectures and readings were necessary preparations for the full benefit of such study. But thoughts of "benefit" are afterthoughts;—the real incentive to work is passionate fondness for the work itself; and I know nothing in the shape of intellectual activity which I would exchange for a long day with the microscope. This feeling is beautifully indicated by M. Quatrefages, in that page of his *Souvenirs d'un Naturaliste*, where he describes his residence on the little archipelago of Chaussey, where none lived besides himself and a few fishermen. At night, when the songs and the disputes of the fishermen gradually lapsed into silence, and nothing could be heard but the murmur of the sea, he sat down at his square deal table, covered with the produce of his day's hunt. There he sat, before a microscope which opened to him the world of the infinitely minute, his pencil sketching the novel forms, his pen hastily tracing the result of his observations. And thus the night advanced, till, with fingers so benumbed that he could no longer hold the scalpel, he crept into his bed as the fishermen were leaving theirs. The passage is too long to quote, but the reader can seek it in the charming book itself, the work of a naturalist—which means an enthusiast.

One word more, and I cease. Johnson said that he who would acquire a pure English style must give his days and nights to Addison. I have some doubts whether the prescription is likely to be followed, or, if followed, likely to effect its purpose; but its language may be borrowed to suit my turn. He who would learn the exquisite delights Nature has for those who ardently pursue her, and would acquire a deep sense of reverence and piety in presence of the great and unfathomable mysteries which encompass Life, must give his days to laborious searchings on the rocks, his nights to patient labour with the microscope.

TICKLER AMONG THE THIEVES!

[*Concluded.**]

EXTRACT FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, WITH A PREFATORY NOTICE.

APOLOGIES FOR DELAY.

March! April! May! June! July!—Yes, Tickler, I acknowledge that it is too bad, indeed. On the first of each of the aforesaid months, the sagacious little creature, who knew that the new Maga made its appearance on those days with clock-work regularity, frisked about the room with the utmost glee for some time; but as soon as he had heard the usual question—"Do Tickler's Adventures appear this month?" answered "No—I don't know what papa can be about,"—all his vivacity disappeared, and he hid himself under the sofa, where he would lie as if asleep, but in reality vexed and melancholy. On one of these recurring disappointments I happened to be at home, and was so touched by the dog's manifest chagrin, that I resolved to lay aside, for an evening or two, my *Essence of Everything*, that was to work such a revolution in public opinion concerning its patient and gifted author, and prepare my notes of Tickler's disclosures for appearance in Maga. Here they are then, quite correct, for I read them all over to him without his having altered a word; but to be candid, he did show a little pique on finding that I had not retained sundry moral reflections of his, with which he had thought proper, thinking them very fine, to encumber the thread of his story. But I thought it savoured of presumption for a dog to lecture mankind; and besides, I once dropped a hint to him of this nature, viz., that if story-tellers and historians will be content with supplying premises, their readers will draw the proper inferences, or I would not give a dog's hair for their brains.

TICKLER IN THE INTERMEDIATE STATE!

"Tell it me quite in your own way, Tickler," said I, as soon as I had set down the poker, after arranging the fire. On this he sate up in my wife's easy chair, with a modest air; and after clearing his throat, and giving a half-suppressed cough, like that of a nervous public speaker, he thus began:—

"When Jiggins and I went out that morning I felt in capital spirits, it was so fine and bright, and he seemed disposed to let me do as I pleased. Let me run whichever way I might, if I suddenly stopped to look after him, I found he was not looking after me. Nothing could be nicer than this, and I thought I would look after myself, as I always believed I could. I was full of fun; witness how I chased a kitten from area to area, till it jumped on the back of a fat cook that was stooping to get coals out of the cellar, and who gave a shriek that made me scamper down the street faster than I ever did before. I almost ran against Jiggins, who did not seem to notice me, being so busy talking to a woman who must have been his wife, they looked at each other and talked so angrily. At that moment I caught sight of one of the nicest little dogs I had ever seen. She ran up to me, and then ran off, and I followed her down a sort of mews, where two rough-looking men were standing. One of them whistled to the pretty little dog, who stopped; so did I; the two men came up, and one of them called me by my name, so I felt quite comfortable while he patted my back and tickled my ears. But while he did this, a thing happened so sudden and awful! Oh, sir, the other man had a small dirty carpet-

* See No. CCCCLXXXIV. (February).

bag: he stooped down close to me; opened the bag; the other popped me head foremost into it, and I recollect nothing more for some time. I have often since reflected, was not this, as the poet says, 'here to-day, gone to-morrow?' Who could have thought it when I left home? Popped into a bag in a twinkling; taken in, and done for—"

"Poor dear little Tickler!" I patted him fondly on his head, "you were indeed in a bad way."

"My first thought," he continued tremulously, "was, that I had suddenly got into the Intermediate State."

"What do you mean by that, Tickler? I'm not sure that it's not a highly improper remark for a dog to make."

"All I mean, sir, is, that it seemed neither one thing nor another, but all between, and very unpleasant—" he proceeded with a meek air, and paused, doubtless observing me gazing thoughtfully at the fire, on which I said good-naturedly, "Oh, go on, go on, Tickler; there's no knowing, after all!"

"From the motion, I judged that I was being carried along very fast. It was dark as pitch; I felt stifled; I tried to jump up and to bark, but could not. Then I snapped desperately on all sides, as if I could bite a hole in the bag big enough to get out of, or let somebody see and hear me barking through, but it was of no use; it seemed to be shaken violently by the wretch that was carrying it, and I lay at the bottom in despair, considering that I was about to die—to go into another state of existence."

"What do you mean again, you singular little dog?" I interposed sharply.

"Sausage-meat, sir! and sawdust put into my skin, to be stuffed, that it might look, in death, like motionless life. I've heard such things spoken of at home, sir, when you were all laughing, but I lay trembling under the sofa!" At this I suddenly made a noise as though my nose were splitting. I suppose Tickler was piqued at this, for he stopped, turned his back on me, and pretended to be scratching his ear.

"Don't be so touchy, Tickler," said I, smiling; "but proceed. You are saying nothing wrong; but don't use such uncommonly fine language. You have no idea how masterly is simplicity, Tickler, in conveying anything interesting or important." He looked into the fire rather pettishly, I fancied; but I tickled his ear, and patted his head, and he proceeded.

THE TWO THIEVES, AT HOME.

"Well, sir, I was saying, I lay at the bottom of the bag helpless and horrified, trembling, silent, almost gasping for breath, and wondering what was to be the end of all this, if indeed it was to have any end, except that of ending me. But at length it seemed that we had got to some place or other, for after a pause I felt being carried up-stairs. My heart began to beat so fast that it seemed going to stop my breath. Presently the bag was set on the ground; then the top of it was opened, the bag itself lifted bottom uppermost; and, more dead than alive, out I tumbled on the floor in broad daylight, which for a while quite blinded me. I soon saw, however, that it was the dirtiest little room I ever was in, and without any carpet. There was no sofa, nor table, nor sideboard, and no fire. As I crouched on the floor, trembling all over—'Now, my little chap,' said one of the two men I had seen in the street, stooping down, 'let's see what sort of a morning's job we've done; but first, let's off with this here bit of collar o' yours; it an't of no more use to you, my kiddy!' With this he drew it over my head so roughly that it hurt me, and I could not help barking, on which he slapped me over my head till my eyes flashed fire.

"'This an't silver, Jem, is it?' said he to the other.

"'Not a bit on it, Bill—it an't worth twopence now; but let's see what's writ on it. Ah, that's the right place. 'Spose the gent's respectable enough, and will stand a trifle to get his dog back agin.'

"'He's a tidy-looking little feller, an't he? 'Werry well combed and washed, that's clear, and has a 'ansome look—'"

"—Come, come, Tickler! Did he really say so?" I interposed laughingly.

"'On the outside,' he continued, with a sigh; 'but let's look in his mouth!' He put me between his legs, opened my mouth, and looked into it. 'Why, blow'd if the little feller an't a twelve-year-older, or thereabouts! Look at his teeth—'

"'I don't know as his teeth argues so much; it's the sort o' thing gentlefolks gives their pet dogs to eat and drink, as rots away their teeth—'

"'Not a bit on't; he's twelve year old if he's a day, but werry lively and nimble, as all them here kind of animals is, and werry 'ardy. And he's a true breed, and no mistake: roof of his mouth's as black as my boot; and look at t'other end of him—his tail's all right!' With this he held me up by my tail; he did not hurt me, but made me feel queer; and if I durst, I would have snapped at him.

"'Ra-ally, he don't look a twelve-year-old; and if we is obligated for to sell him, and a lady buys him—it's between three and four year old he is, I don't think, an't it? She'll never think of looking inside a dog's mouth—'

"'Just about the age, Jem. How old was that other we got off?'

"'Oh—that mustard chap? Vy, he hadn't had the distemper, so we said he was five year old.'

"Then the two gentlemen laughed heartily.

"'Dare say them as has lost this here little old feller is werry sorry by this time, and 'll adwertise in the reg'lar way—'

"'If they don't, we knows where to go to, if as how we don't do better with him, and they are liberal. If they've any good natur', and an't too clever, they'll not stick at a fiver, at any rate. P'raps he's lived all his life with them.'" Here Tickler's voice faltered.

"'Vell, I don't know, Bill; these is werry hard times for gents as well as us—what with this here war, and hincome-tax, and wittles so werry dear. Cuss the tax! and bust the war, and them as got us into it! I do b'lieve people's gone to war just on purpose to clap this here tax on, and perwent honest callings going on as usual! It's the same with all our dogs just now. Somehow or other, no one buys 'em back, for all we've taken to adwertising?' When he said 'all our dogs,' I felt turning inside out! but it was nothing to what came next," continued Tickler, faintly.

"'Well, Jem, I an't for going to let the brutes eat their heads off in this here way, if we can't get rid on 'em one way, we must another—'"

"Go and get a drop of water, Tickler," said I, kindly, patting him on his back, but after a shuddering sigh or two, he recovered himself.

"I heard nothing more, sir, and felt as if I were going into a hundred sleeps at once, which I suppose have a good deal of death in them—"

"Death *is* a long sleep, indeed, my poor Tickler!" said I, sighing. "You're a very original dog,—but go on."

"When I came to myself (if you will forgive the expression, sir, but I once heard it used by an Irish gentleman that dined with you), I did not know where I had been to, nor where I was; but I heard heavy steps going down stairs. I opened first one eye, and then the other, and saw nobody out of either, so I got up, and stood cold and trembling; in fact, I fell down directly, and lay shivering on the floor for some minutes. But at length I got up again, finding myself all alone. The room was so small that you could not have swung our Tom round in it, without knocking his poor head against every side; and it was so dirty and close-smelling that I felt sick. There was, as I noticed at first, no carpet to cover the filthy boards; there was only one cupboard, with two or three cracked jugs, a tobacco pipe, and a short thick stick with something round and heavy-looking at the top. It seemed to me much too short to walk with—"

"It was never made for *that* purpose, Tickler," said I, shaking my head gloomily. "I am afraid you must have got among a horrid set!" He, also, shook his head, and proceeded.

"You will see by-and-by, sir! There was only one window, and almost every pane was cracked or broken, and filled with brown paper or rags, and it looked only on tops of houses and chimney-pots; in fact it was stuck in a slanting roof; and while I was looking through it, wondering what part of the town I had got to, and standing on a stool under the window, I got an awful fright; for the biggest, dirtiest monster of a black cat stole slowly along the gutter, within three feet of my very nose, and on seeing me, just above him, curved up his back, and glared at me hideously, which gave me such a start that I fell off the stool to the floor."

TICKLER SEES A FEARFUL RAT FIGHT!

"In scrambling on to my legs again, I knocked away a pewter pot, and then beheld a scene before which my very tongue seemed to be sinking down my throat with terror and disgust. In a rusty thick wire cage were two huge rats. Oh, the frightful, the loathsome creatures! They seemed the very images of voracity, cruelty, and hate—"

"Not so bad, Tickler—in fact, very well described—eugh! I think I see them—but Tickler, my dear dog, haven't you a little forgotten your own original nature? Were not you made to kill such hideous creatures?"

"Oh, sir, I kill them? And with so many teeth gone, and at my time of life? Besides, if that was my nature at first, it isn't so any longer, because I have been brought up so differently. Why, sir, if they could have got at me, they would have eaten out my two eyes in a minute."

"But I suppose they seemed greatly frightened at you when they saw you, Tickler? Didn't they try to get away?"

"Quite the contrary, sir! I walked back towards the opposite corner, my legs trembling under me, I acknowledge, with fright, lest they should be able to get out at me."

"How very curious! What a complete change of nature, to be sure!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"When was I changed, sir?" asked Tickler, with an air of meek interest, "and why was it?"

"Well, never mind?" said I, "go on, and tell me everything you saw. I have a horrid sort of feeling against rats, myself. Proceed, Tickler."

"When I saw them make no attempt to get at me, and there appeared no opening to the cage, I recovered my self-possession enough to watch them. For some time they both stood glaring at me, showing all their teeth; but as they did not see me move a muscle, they took their eyes off me for a moment, and looked at one another, and then at a little piece of candle-end which lay just outside the cage, only a quarter of an inch from the bars. The rat nearest it put out his paw to scratch it in, when the other suddenly flew at him like a tiger, and, while two sparks of fire seemed to flash from his eyes, fixed his frightful teeth in the other's throat. They were nearly of a size; and now began the most awful scene that I suppose ever was witnessed upon the face of the earth. I tried to shut my eyes, but could not; then I thought of jumping on the stool again, and bolting through the window, not caring how I cut myself, or whether I fell down into the street and was dashed to pieces; but I had lost the power of motion! My eyes were glued to the rats, and my feet to the floor, and my back was pressed as hard against the door as if I were trying with all my might to burst it open, and escape from such a scene of carnage and horror. My nose seemed red hot!"

"You are eloquent, my dog. Go on! I get quite riveted!" said I; and Tickler proceeded, with increased vivacity and energy of manner. The expression of his eye was marvellous.

"The rat that was attacked was, if anything, less than his opponent, and did not seem quite so plump. He gave a horrid squeak, and, with a convulsive start, flung the other from his throat quite to the opposite end of the cage, from which he

returned in a moment, and again flew at his adversary, who, in his turn, succeeded in fixing his teeth in the other's throat—and how the other's mouth opened and shut! How his teeth snapped against each other, as he made frantic efforts to fix them in the cheek of his rival! But it seemed useless; his enemy's teeth were closed like a vice, and his fore-paws seemed as if they were pushed into the very flesh of the other. At length, blood began to trickle in little drops from the big one's throat, while his eyes seemed like two intense points of light kindled by a blow-pipe——"

"Why, Tickler" (I could not help interposing, notwithstanding my excitement), "where upon earth did you pick up that comparison?" But Tickler was too much absorbed to answer the question.

"I own that, of the two, I wished better to the rat which had been first attacked so savagely, for merely putting his paw out to get a bit of food, of which he appeared more in want than the other. And he seemed able to hold his own; for in vain did his big opponent snap, and snap, and nearly twist his neck off in trying desperately to set his teeth in his enemy. In vain he rose up, almost on his hind-legs, lifting the other up with him, when both fell down heavily, and rolled over and over one another. At length the jaws of both began to wear a crimson colour, that sickened me to look at—it proceeded entirely from the one in whose throat the other's fangs were fixed so immovably—and that other's eyes were closed, as if with the effort of retaining his deadly grasp; his feet seemed also rigid, as if his whole body was in a spasm. He lay on, and beside, the other, motionless, immovable, fixed to him like Fate. Five times did the other, with a prodigious effort, rise up on his hind-legs, lifting the other, and falling heavily down; twenty times, at least, did he roll himself, and his accursed antagonist, over and over to every corner of the cage. All was in vain. At length both lay quiet for some time, and I began to think the frightful contest was over: but no—with a sudden convulsive effort the big one once more sprung up with the other, and twisting his own head at the same moment, with a mighty effort, away from his unrelenting and immovable enemy, again fell down, lying uppermost on him. His own deadly wrench had done its work—without making the other in the slightest degree relax his hold. I concluded that an artery had been torn open, on or near which the other's teeth had been fixed; the life-blood spirted out, then large red drops began to trickle down; the jaws began to open and shut, very differently from before; no more effort was made to rise from the ground; the legs began to twitch, and then quiver, more and more feebly; and by-and-by it was clear that the death-struggle was over. The whole body remained motionless for, I should think, half an hour. Then the other suddenly relaxed his hold, and fell on the floor beside his vanquished and lifeless foe, by whom he lay for about a minute, when, to my horror, he began to devour . . . . I closed my eyes, and seemed sinking into the stream of cold oblivion and death. I suppose, sir, I fainted. I forgot everything for a while; and when at length I became sensible, I gazed, exhausted and terror-stricken, at the scene of this terrific encounter, and beheld one of the late combatants stretched on his back, lifeless, and the victorious monster lying beside him, sated, exhausted, within an inch of the other's disfigured head! He seemed sleeping comfortably! The hideous cannibal! Who ever heard of Rat eating Rat?—"

"True, Tickler!—any more than dog eating dog,—so at least it is said among certain bipeds. And yet, tremble while I tell you, Tickler, that Man has literally eaten Man!—deliberately killed him, on purpose to eat him,—as perhaps is being done at this moment in some distant region of the globe." I shall never forget the expression of the dog's face when I told him this: he stared at me glassily for some moments, his mouth opening the while; he seemed on the verge of falling on his side in a swoon, when, like many a lady, he suddenly thought better of it, jumped down,

went to his water-basin, and drank eagerly; he then jumped up on the chair licking his lips, quite refreshed; and so was I, for I had availed myself of the opportunity of drinking a cup of tea, which had gone quite cold—I had forgotten it, in the excitement of listening to Tickler. Having wiped his wet cheeks on his paws, and yawned, but not with sleepiness or weariesomeness, he resumed his curious narrative.

"I hope I am not tiring you, sir," he began modestly.

"Don't fish for compliments, little doggy," said I, unspeakably amused, and patting him kindly on the head. "You know by my looks and attention how much I am interested in your story—in fact, I am quite Tickled——"

Tickler actually laughed aloud at this punning use of his name, which, nevertheless, had been quite unintentional.

TICKLER'S DISTINGUISHED COMPANION IN CAPTIVITY.

"I suppose I must have fallen asleep after this, tired and terrified; for when I looked round me, it was far on in the afternoon, but no one could have been into the room, because I had never moved a hair's-breadth from the spot from which I had witnessed the fearful rat-fight, and my back continued pressed against the door. I felt faint because I had not had my breakfast before I left home in the morning with Jiggins, and as for thirst, I was consumed with it. I looked round the room, but saw nothing to eat or drink. I got up, and smelled about everywhere, but all in vain. There was a dirty jug on the floor in the corner, which smelt of beer, but it was quite empty. There were one or two musty old bones at the further end of the floor, but they seemed to have been gnawed and gnawed away by dog after dog, and nothing was left for my teeth to catch hold of. I really did not know what to do; I felt quite sick with emptiness; but as for thirst, I would have given a hundred fresh chicken-bones just to put my tongue for a moment into a little fresh cold water! I was in such an agony with hunger and thirst, that I had forgotten all about the rats; but as I was smelling round the room once more in search of something to eat, I found myself standing, my four paws glued, as it were, to the ground with fright, exactly opposite the fearful cage! The rat was sitting upright in the farther corner, his little glittering eyes fixed on me, and all his cruel teeth exposed, white as snow. How had the monster been occupied, do you suppose, sir, while I had been asleep? One of the vanquished rat's legs was missing, and nothing was left of the head but a bit of the skull! . . . While shuddering at the spectacle, I heard the sound of footsteps approaching, and then a key was thrust in the door, and in walked the two men who had brought me into that den of horrors.

"'Let's see how this little chap is,' said one of them. I thought they spoke of me, and I trembled all over; but I was mistaken. Jem set down the carpet-bag in which I had travelled; and turning it upside-down, just as they had done with me, out fell a little King Charles' spaniel, with big bright eyes, such a little nose, and ears that trailed on the ground. Her hair was quite silky; and I must acknowledge she was a most genteel-looking little thing; in fact, there are people that call dogs of this sort Little Beauties. She stood stupified, and looked up into the men's faces with silent apprehensiveness.

"'Blow'd if I didn't believe I was cort *this* time, Bill, anyhow,' said Jem, taking off his cap and scratching his head. 'I was on the look-out at the corner of the square,' replied Bill, 'if as how any one had come up.'

"'What a jolly lucky thing that 'ere row was in t'other end of the square! And I quite liked that jolly big soldier that the lady's-maid was a-talking to, and who made her forget this little chap, as I had had my eye on ever since she'd come out.'

"'Just as you prigged him, I see'd a lady throw up a window in the

square, and call out—"Plice! Plice!" but you was off, and so was I! What a jolly dodge!—but let's see whose it is.' With this he pushed her long ears aside, and took off her collar.

"'Blessed if this an't real silver this time, anyhow, Jem,' said Bill.

"'It looks like it; and let's see what's writ on it.'

"Then they both looked, and read,

"'FAN—99 Grosvenor Square.'

"Then they looked into her mouth, and at her breast—

"'Black—black and tan—and quite young—teeth quite pretty.'

"'She's a ten-pounder, if ever one walked on four legs,' said the other, quite excited.

"'P'raps it's some lord's young lady's dog, from the tip-top square she comes from.'

"'Won't that ere gal cotch it when she gets home without this here dog? I quite grieved for her when I prigged un—she looked so werry perty; but these is werry hard times, indeed, and one must live; so (thinks I) as I've got a dog, she's got a Guardsman for a sweetheart, so it's all right—wasn't it?'

"'In coorse—but now you see there'll be a hadwer*tise*ment in the papers to-morrow morning for both these here animals, Fan and Tickler. Hollo! Tickler! Tickler! come here!' and he whistled to me! I dared not disobey him; so, with my tail clinging close to me, and my whole body crouching on the ground, I crawled up to him reluctantly and timidly. He seized me by my neck, looked at me for a moment, and then dropped me on the ground.

"'Good enough of his kind—pity he's so old, though. Wonder if he's any go in him! Let's show him the rats.' I shivered from head to foot."

THE THIEVES' COLLOQUY ON THE RAT-FIGHT.

"Jem went to the cage, and was just going to take it up, when he called out—'Hollo! Bill! Bill! My eyes! Here's a go! If these two warmint here han't been a-fightin,' and one on 'em's eaten t'other's head and leg off, and looks all the greedier for it!!' Bill came up and gazed with lively astonishment. 'What a jolly fight it must have been, Jem! Don't you vish you'd been here? I'd ha' given a bob or two to see it.'

"'Vich I would have done too! Vich would you have bet on, Bill?'

"'I'd have bet on the dead un—he was so much bigger than t'other.'

"'Ah, but t'other's a tough little warmint, I warrint you! Don't you remember how he stuck to Bob's little terrier's nose, and we was obligated to throttle him, half, afore he would leave go?'

"'Jem, what do you think? 'Cos you see, couldn't we kick up a bit of a rat-fight? I knows a young swell as would come down 'ansome for some new sport like that; an' if I tell him I *see'd* this here fight, with my own eyes, go on for half-an-hour, I don't think!' here he laughed, and winked at Bill—'an' first one wins and then the other, and had each got hold of t'other's jaw, and wouldn't let go for ten minutes, but spun round like two tee-totums;—and then each let go, and went away, only to fly at one another from opposite ends of the cage, all the more furious, like——'

"'You quite warms my heart, my kiddy. It must have been a rare bit o' sport, an' I almost b'lieve I was there too.' Here they both grinned and winked. 'And didn't we both see the mill—I don't think—and didn't one of us win a five shilling piece, eh? That, in coorse, will set the young swell's back up; so I'll be off to-morrow to the drains, and have a jolly rat-hunt.'

"'But an't you forgettin' the Turk? An't he already backed to kill his thirty warmint in fifteen minutes!'

"'That's a prime little chap, Turk. I do b'lieve he's killed his fifty score o' rats—all in no time. Hollo, let's see what fight's in the little chap. Here, Tickler! Tickler!——' They whistled to me, who was lying half-dead in the further corner of the room, listening with horror to the two ruffians.

"'Tickler! Tickler! Come here, you warmint!' And they whistled again, and slapped their knees; but I

would not go, simply because I could not; and I was so sure that I could not get on my legs, that I did not try: on which Jem came up to me, and, cursing me, seized me by the neck, and threw me, more dead than alive, against the rat's cage, first opening the door, and then tilting the cage so as to make the monsters, dead and living, drop towards it. . . . A great noise came into my ears, sparks seemed to flash out of my eyes, and I have a faint recollection of being kicked in my side, and then flung across the room, and I suppose I lay half-stunned with the violence and the fright, for a long time.

POND FAN OF GROSVENOR SQUARE.

"The first thing I can recollect after this, was heaving a long deep sigh, and feeling sore in my side. When I opened my eyes, it was nearly dark; and what do you think, sir, was the first thing I saw? It was that dear little Fan, lying close to me, and licking my ear and mouth in the most affectionate way in the world! It was the first kind thing that had been done to me since I was stolen——" Here his voice faltered, he dropped his head, and if a tear did not fall from his eyes, it must have been my mistake in thinking so, for my own had become a little misty with emotion.

"Dear Tickler!—poor Tickler!" quoth I, tenderly.

"She was the gentlest creature I ever came near," he presently continued, "and I found that she had been licking my side where the man had kicked me, and which was very sore. We were quite alone. Even the horrid rat and its cage were gone; and I suppose it was about eight or nine o'clock. As soon as Fan thought that I was quite awake, she jumped up and went (the dear little thing!) to a dish of clean water that had been left for us. She did this, not because she wanted to drink herself, for she had had as much as she wished, but to draw my attention to it. Hearing her lap a little, and seeing her then look at me, I got up, and could not help drinking so much water that I began to fear that I should burst. But however that might have been, I felt quite another dog; and then naturally began to think that it would be better to eat something, if it was to be got. I saw Fan smelling at something with a look of disgust; so I went up, and did not wonder at her. There were two disgusting hunches of horse's flesh!! Neither of us could eat a bit—the very look and smell seemed to make us both ill."

"You were a couple of little epicurean puppies, Tickler," I could not help exclaiming; "and I really must say ——" I was going to have read him a homily on daintiness, and the intrinsic excellence of horse's flesh, according to many, when it suddenly occurred to me that if we ourselves had turned the poor dog into an epicure, by giving him of our own food for so many years, it might possibly not lie in my mouth to rebuke him; so I begged him, with a little extra dignity, to proceed.

"Well, sir," continued Tickler, modestly, "perhaps it was wrong, but what is one to do, when one cannot do a thing? Neither I nor Fan could bear the smell of the stuff they had set down for us, so we returned into our corner. As for her, it might not be so much wondered at, for she was a dog of very high quality indeed."

"How do you know that, Tickler?"

"Why, sir, she informed me the same evening that they could trace her pedigree for ages! Though we were hungry and in low spirits, we could not sleep, and so I asked her to tell me something about her history."

"But did not she ask you to tell her yours first? And did you? I am particularly curious to hear what account you would give of us, Tickler, who are not only not of high rank, but none at all. So I suppose you sung very small, on our behalf."

"Oh no, sir; I told Fan that I had always been as happy as the day was long, and that you were very kind to me, and let me eat and drink as much as I pleased, and sit up with you every night while you were doing something or other that

was quite prodigious, I understood, and would be famous when you were, alas! dead and forgotten." I must own, that, in spite of the disagreeable assumption with which it was connected, this delicate allusion to my great work, *The Essence of Everything, from the Beginning*, was particularly grateful to me, and gave me a still higher notion of the dog's sagacity; and I almost fancy he knew it, for he gave me a very peculiar look out of the north-east corner of his eye, and there flickered about the corners of his mouth the semblance of a suppressed smile. The little rogue! And I resolved to devote a portion of my *Magnum Opus* to a certain section (till then overlooked) of *Everything from the Beginning*, to wit, The First Dog; with an attempt to show that even as their language is uniform, so their descent is from a single pair, exhibiting substantial identity, with formal variety; which I conceive to be the essence of dogs, from the beginning, as it is in a certain parallel case, which constitutes the very essence of the Essence itself.

"Well, Tickler, now let me hear what Fan told you of her history," said I, after I had trimmed the lamp and stirred the fire.

LADY JULIA AND LORD CHARLES—A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF PARADISE.

"Fan sighed, sir, and, speaking in the prettiest way in the world, said, 'I have never known anything but happiness, as long as I can recollect—but I am only, I am told, two years old. My young mistress's name is Lady Julia, which is the only name I know her by; but her father is a great duke, with fine places in different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. She goes with him and the duchess and her sisters to one place after another every year, and I go with her; and oh, how delightful is the travelling! I always sit in her lap when she is in the carriage, or if she walks, I walk with her; but I can recollect, when I was very young, she carried me about in her arms, which were smooth as down and white as lilies. She is the most beautiful girl that ever was in the world, and so fond of me! And she used to say,' said Fan, her long glossy ears covering her eyes, which were fixed on the ground, 'that I was a little beauty. Ah, how well I recollect, one lovely morning in September, not long ago, she and I went out for a walk alone, and I ran in and out among the flowers, and she ran after me, and after a pretty race caught me, and took me up in her arms, and said, 'You tiresome little thing, you little think what I want you for!' And after carrying me to a beautiful slope in the park, she sate down, and took out a lovely silver collar (the one these two wretches have robbed me of), with three sweet little bells, and put it on my neck, and said—'There, Fan!' and she clasped me in her arms, and I was almost hid in her long dishevelled hair, which she said was occasioned by running after me—'I'm sure you look quite charming——' 'So does somebody else,' said a high-bred young gentleman, called Lord Charles, who was stopping at the castle, and popped upon her unawares! He had said nothing wrong or unkind, and yet she gave a great start, and blushed deeply, and I felt her heart beat faster and faster, for she held me close to her side, and her arm began to tremble. She patted me on the head, while she said in a confused way, 'Don't talk nonsense,' and he sate down beside her! She seemed to move a little away from him, but it was all make-believe. 'What a beautiful landscape!' said he, who also seemed a little fluttered.

"'Very,' quoth the Lady Julia. 'Fan, be quiet.' Now I had lain as still as a mouse, looking earnestly at him. I had no idea of barking at him, for I had seen him several times talking earnestly with the duchess, and once or twice I heard her with my young mistress, who could only colour, while stately mamma smiled and patted her on the cheek, and said, 'He's the handsomest fellow, Julia, that ever wore epaulets.'

"'I dare say he is,' replied Lady Julia, not daring to look mamma in the face; so I was quite pleased to see and judge for myself,' said Fan, 'and what mamma said was quite true.

"'Fan! Fan! Come to me,' said the gentleman.

"'Oh you may take her,' quoth Lady Julia; 'she's just got her collar on for the first time.' So he took her in his arms, and said softly—'Fan, Fan, ah, how I envy you!'

"'Why,' she asked suddenly, and her large blue eyes looked full on him for an instant.

"'Because you are so fond of her.'

"'Pho! nonsense, it's time to go back to the Castle. I'm going to ride with papa.'

"'Oh no, you are not. He told me he was going to be in the library till luncheon; he himself directed me on my way here,' added Lord Charles, confusedly.

"'I—I—no—well—it certainly *is* a very fine prospect here,' she stammered, hastily arranging her hair, and gathering it in the prettiest way possible under a small straw-hat.

"'Let us walk down to the water—there are the loveliest lilies there,' said she, getting up—on which he took her hand in his, and whispered gently, 'No, I think *this* is the loveliest spot in creation at this moment.'

"She said nothing, and only faintly tried to remove her hand from his, while her face had grown as white as the white roses that clustered beside her.

"Here I got so sleepy," said Tickler, "that, do what I could, I could not keep my eyes open; and good manners forcing me not to yawn, if I could help it, made me feel all the sleepier; and if Fan said anything more, I did not hear it."

"You provoking little creature, Tickler," said I, who had been listening earnestly, "do you really mean to say that you could not keep awake at the very crisis of that budding flower of womanhood's destiny?" He hung down his head in silence. "Well—at any rate, go on!—What is the next thing you recollect?"

TICKLER HAS THE NIGHTMARE.

"I had the most horrid dream that ever was dreamed by a dog, sir; or rather it was a nightmare! and it was all about the Rat. It flew at me, and began, in spite of all I could do, to eat off my nose; I knocked my head about in every direction, and rolled over and over, and tried to bite the wretch; it would not let go, but kept nibbling on, and my mouth would not open! At length I gave such a loud bark as awoke both myself and Fan, who also had been fast asleep. We were all alone, and we lay close together to keep one another warm, for it was very cold; while the moon was shining brightly into the dirty little room, and the cats kept up a lamentable howling and yelling on the roofs of the surrounding houses. I wonder why cats were made! I could not help thinking of home, and my comfortable bed up-stairs, under your bed, and how you would miss poor Tickler. Fan, too, lay silent and sighing; in fact, we were two as wretched dogs as ever were seen."

HOW FAN GOT STOLEN.

"But didn't Fan tell you how she came to be stolen?"

"Oh yes, sir—she said that 'the Duchess and Lady Julia, indeed all the family, had gone to some Archery meeting, a little distance from town, and Lady Julia's maid, who was as sweet a girl as may be seen in a week's walk, had been crying all the morning, for her only brother, who was a private in Lord Charles' regiment, was going, with him, in a few days' time to the war: and it was to meet him, and not as these wretches said her sweetheart, and bid him farewell, perhaps for the last time she might be able, that the poor girl had gone out. She had no idea of taking me with her; but as I had been left alone all the afternoon I had wandered about the house not knowing what to do with myself: so seeing her go out, I ran out after her, and she did not see me till she had got a little way, when says she to me, "Oh, you naughty, naughty little dog,—what business have you here? I wonder what my

lady would say if she saw you—" but at that moment her brother came up to her, and she began to cry, poor soul, and said something about his being sure to be killed, and about its breaking their mother's heart if he were. That would of course be very sad, no doubt, but what happened to *me?* Before you could wink your eyes twice, I was popped into a bag, and here I am; and all from running out without leave!—I lay all of a heap at the bottom in the dark, and nearly stifled—and had no time to think of my beautiful mistress, or the trouble her poor maid might get into!' I tried to comfort Fan as well as I could, but I wanted comfort myself, and also something to eat; so I went once more to the place where the horse-flesh lay, and it seemed worse than ever. Fan merely watched me, and shook her head as I returned to lie down beside her.

GIN, GAMBLING, BLOOD, AND JEM.

"I suppose it must have been two or three hours after this—while we were both sitting, in the moonlight, our faces turned towards the door, and close to it, and we had been whining for a long time with grief and hunger—that we heard some one coming up-stairs, and presently a fumbling in the keyhole of the door for several minutes. At length it burst open, and one of the thieves (Jem) staggered in, quite drunk. We had just time to get, terrified, out of his way, when he rushed almost head foremost against the opposite wall, and fell down all of a heap. Presently he got up with difficulty, and tottered to the door, which he shut and locked, and then fell down again; but almost immediately after sate up, with his back against the wall, hiccupping, and calling to us to come to him; but he looked into another part of the room, as if we were there. Then he sunk down on the floor, and in a few minutes' time began to snore and snort heavily, so as to frighten Fan and me. We had never seen anything of the sort before, and cowered in the corner for at least an hour, while he lay asleep, and then he rose. The moon was still shining brightly, but we were in the dark part of the room, so we saw him plainly, and a horrid object he was. One eye was swollen as big as an egg, his lips were cut, as if he had had a heavy blow, and his shirt and clothes were quite red! We trembled all over while he got up, and opened a little door in the wall, which we had not seen before, and took out a black bottle and a glass, and poured into it, with a shaking hand, something like water, and drank a glassful, twice; and when he had put it back, he shut the door again, and said to himself, 'Where are these cu—cussed dogs?' Then he looked round and saw us, and said, 'Oh—there!—Lie still, you brutes!' and so we did, sir, you may be sure! At length, hungry and frightened as we were, I suppose we fell asleep."

——I recollect nothing more, so I imagine that Tickler's distinguished auditor had also fallen asleep; for when I opened my eyes, he was in the same condition himself, with his nose tucked under his hind-legs, looking very snug, and the lamp nearly, and the fire, quite gone out. So I lit my chamber candlestick; collected and arranged the widely-scattered fragments of *Everything;* and, followed closely by Tickler, went up to bed.

THE FIRST DOG!

All the next day, though I had many engagements—principally in the British Museum, picking up infinitesimal contributions to my *Everything*—Tickler's strange adventures kept flitting about my thoughts, operating like so many little disturbing forces; but in one respect they did me good service, for they put me in mind of *The First Dog;* and after giving no end of trouble to the bald-headed old keeper of the old MSS., I succeeded in discovering one which Time had completely and literally done Brown, being at least four hundred and fifty years old, and written (the fruit of his whole life's invaluable industry) by a Spanish Friar,

towards solving the grand problem (first) whether the First Dog was a Shepherd's Dog; and (secondly) which was first created—the Sheep or the Dog)? Resolving, however, to devote two months, at a future time, to digging in this rich mine of philosophical and profitable conjecture, and predetermining to distribute the products into seven heads of dissertation, at each one of which should stand a letter of the word T-I-C-K-L-E-R in honour of my dear little Autobiographer, I pursued my other researches till the accustomed hour: and was not sorry to find on my return home, that Tickler and I should be left to spend the evening together, as the family were gone out gaiety-hunting. As soon as I had finished my usual large solitary cup of tea, I poured out a saucerful of the same cheering-and-not-inebriating beverage for the dog, who is very fond of it, and has taken it every night for several years. When he had finished, and the table was cleared, I wheeled my wife's chair to the accustomed place, whistled Tickler up into it, and he looked quite happy. His eyes sparkled with vivacity; and indeed he had had a considerable share of creature comforts, in the shape of pheasants' bones, for dinner, and his tea was even stronger than usual.

"Go on with your story, my little dog, at once, and you must finish it to-night—for *Everything* is at a stand-still till you have done." He actually smiled at the allusion! And after reminding him, at his request, of the point of his history which I last remembered, he proceeded with much spirit.

A HUNGRY LITTLE EMISSARY.

"The next morning (it must have been about ten o'clock), we heard the noise of knuckles knocking at the door, very gently, for about half an hour, and at length they awoke Jem out of a deep sleep: and after saying, 'Who there?' angrily, a little voice, like a child's, said timidly, 'It's me—little Billy.' On this Jem got up and opened the door, and a boy about eight years old stood there, looking frightened out of his wits!

"'Come along here, you young thief,' said the man, pulling the boy in, and shutting the door. "What have you come here for, eh? Look'ee here, my lad!' and going to the cupboard, he took down the thick stick I had seen lying there—about two feet long, with some lead at the end—and shook it savagely in the boy's face.

"'Oh, don't! don't! I an't dun you no harm, Jem,' said he, looking a little picture of terror. 'Oh, I an't a-going to hurt you; but d'ye see this here lifer? Sure as this here thing's ever done jobs before, it shall do one more on your father's nob, if I swing for it, if he don't give me that 'ere half-suvreign he robbed me of last night.'

"'Oh, don't, don't!' cried the boy, and opening his left hand, held it towards Jem with something wrapped in brown paper—'here it is—mother's took it out of father's pocket while he was asleep, for he was heavy in drink when I came away. She says I'm to tell you it's as much as her life's worth, when he gets up; and I know she, and me, and little sister (here he began to cry bitterly), hasn't had but a morsel between us since yesterday morning, and he's took all her washing-money away that she was going to buy victuals with!'

"'That an't no look-out of mine,' said he surlily, as he unfolded the half-sovereign, chucked it up, and then put it into his pocket—'but,' and he swore a dreadful oath, 'if he comes and makes a row about this here little yellow-boy — why he mayn't make many more,' and he shook the thick stick close to the boy's shrinking face. Then he reached the bottle down from the cupboard, and put it to his mouth, and drank some; and said, handing it to the boy, 'Take a drop, my lad.'

"Oh, the miscreant, Tickler!" I could not help exclaiming. He proceeded:—

"He drank a little, and then coughed, and his eyes seemed to get quite red!

"'Take this here bottle home to your mother—there is a quartern or two in it yet, and tell her she may have it.'

"'She's gone out to clean up a house, and—' here the boy began to cry again—'and she didn't have any breakfast before she went, neither, but she said she'd try to send me and sister a roll of bread apiece, if the people would give her part of her earnings before night.'

"'Oh, did she? then she don't want this;' and he put the bottle back again, and the short thick stick beside it. 'And hark'ee, little un, them here two dogs as your father and me prigged yesterday won't eat a bit of what I've gived them—cuss them! They's qualities' dogs, and used to live like Christians; and if we're to get anything by them, we mustn't let 'em starve; so you take out them three browns, and buy two-penn'orth of biscuit, and a penn'orth o' milk in this jug—and there's another brown for you to get something to eat for yourself.' With this the boy went away, and ran down stairs very fast. Then Jem went to the door and called out, 'Moll!—old woman! where are you? You fetch me some water directly, to wash in; I've caught a nasty cut or two last night, and wants to clean up a bit, afore I go out.' Very soon an old woman came into the room with a basin only as big as two tea cups, and a little water, and a bit of rag which she called a towel. He told her that Bill and he had a fight about a rat that they had been betting on, and he had won half-a-sovereign, which Bill snatched up, and said belonged to him, as *he* had won it, and put it in his pocket, which led to a fight, and he could have had Bill's life out of him if his wife hadn't been sharp enough to get the little yellow-boy out of his pocket when he was asleep, and send it to him just now! When he had finished washing, he sent the old woman for his breakfast (a pint of beer, some bread and cheese, and an onion) from The Skittles public-house, not far off; and soon you might have seen all three of us at breakfast: for though both Fan and I, as you may suppose, hated the wretch, when the biscuits and the milk were set down near us, we both eat and drank all there was very quickly. In fact, sir, I own my three little biscuits were gone at two snaps, and I should have drunk all the milk, only I thought of dear Fan, who was waiting for her share, and I was quite pleased to leave her a little, for she was really such a modest and high-bred creature. Jem drank all his beer at a draught, but did not care much for his bread and cheese, though he ate every bit of the onion; so he threw us a little bread, and put the rest in the cupboard.

JEM AND BILL RECONCILED.

"Some time after this, the little boy returned to say that his father wanted to be friends again with Jem, and he might keep the half-sovereign; that they knew too many things against one another to keep on quarrelling; and Bill wanted Jem to go to the Jemmy Tap about noon, near Bill's house, shake hands over some drink, and make all right. Jem said he would do so, and the boy went away, looking, I thought, very hard at the bread and cheese in the cupboard, which was close to the place where he had been standing. Then Jem called Fan to him, saying, 'Come here, you beauty—let's have another look at you, inside and out;' and so he had—for he opened her mouth, and looked all over it, and at her teeth: and spread out her glossy ears on his knees, and then let her go again, muttering, 'reg'lar ten-pounder, and no mistake; she's a beauty, and will soon be wanted again.' You should have seen, sir, the disdainful look of dear little Fan, so like a dog of quality, as she walked away towards me! She completely turned up her nose, and her large eyes looked beautifully proud," quoth Tickler, with excitement. "Then," continued Tickler, "Jem called me to him, and opening my mouth, looked at the roof of it; then at my teeth, shook his head, and said, 'A twelve-year-old at least; but still him, as put us up to prigging him, said the folk was most uncommon fond on him, and would be sartain to come down werry 'andsome, if we'd only be patient, which we will, in reason.' Then he shoved me away from him so rudely, that when I lay down by Fan, she gave me the

sweetest look you ever saw, saying, as plain as eyes ever spoke, in dog or man, 'Never mind, Tickler, you're a gentleman, every inch of you.' And so I am, and I can't help it, for I was born in that way.

SCANNING ADVERTISEMENTS.

"We were left alone till the afternoon, when Bill and Jem came again, in very good spirits, accompanied by a respectable middle-aged man. 'Them's the little chaps,' said Jem, while we were busy eating some pretty fair odds and ends which he had dropped down to us out of his handkerchief, having got them from a cook-shop for us, as he said.

"'Is either on 'em in the newspapers this morning?' asked Bill: on which the respectable man took out a piece of paper, on which he had copied out an advertisement about each of us. 'Here's that about the Skye chap,' said he. 'Pepper-and-salt Skye terrier, answering to the name of Tickler. One sovereign reward.' 'One sovereign reward!' echoed both the men—'how werry mean—they can't care much about the dog.'

"'Yes, and worse than this—"no further reward will be offered."'

"'Gammon! gammon! They'se been to the p'lece—it's their dodge, that there is; but it won't do, not a bit of it. The more they sees the dog an't there, and no signs on him, the softer they gets arter him, and offers more money.'

"'But what's said about Fan?' cried Jem.

"'Much better than t'other.' Then he read from his paper, while Fan and I listened eagerly. "Dog lost, near Grosvenor Square, a small King Charles', black and tan, answering to the name of Fan. Had a collar on with that name, and the owner's residence. Five guineas reward for the recovery of the dog will be paid on application to Chalkandwater, Milkman, 6 Castle Street." 'That's werry promising, an't it?' said Bill; 'and as for five guineas, there an't a word of truth in it. It means—ten, in coorse, only we wait a bit.' 'Well, my men, I must te'l you," said the stranger, dropping his voice, 'they've not let the grass grow under their feet—they've been with us already—last night.' 'Has they, railly? And whose dog is it?' 'It belongs to a young lady, a daughter of a duke.' 'Then, in coorse, they come down a much higher figure than five.'

"'Not a bit of it. It was the coachman came—a very crafty chap indeed; and he said they thought they'd offered too much already, as the dog hadn't had the distemper.' (Here Fan whispered to me, trembling, that this was not true—that she *had* had the distemper, and had nearly died of it a year before.)

"'In coorse you wan't to be diddled that way?'

"'Why, how could I say one thing or another? I wasn't to know anything about the dog, or who'd got him, you know,' said the stranger, smiling. 'Then the coachman said they didn't much care for the dog, as her mother had just had several more pups, and the young lady had already been promised the prettiest of the lot.'

"'Ah, but *that* looks nasty a bit, don't it, Jem?' asked Bill, rather anxiously.

—"'And besides that, he said the reward already offered was all to come out of the wages of the lady's-maid that lost him, and she was in a terrible taking about it.'

"'Don't b'lieve a word of it! I don't really—do you, Bill?' said Jem, in a sneering way. (Fan told me that it was all a shameful fib about her mother, for she was dead; and that Lady Julia was very fond of her, because of the person that had given Fan to her, and that she had taught Fan several tricks;—and as for the reward coming out of Lady Julia's maid's wages, Fan said indignantly that such things were not done in the duke's family, and Lady Julia was very good to her maid, and would not hear of such a thing. Fan got so excited while she whispered to me, that she said she should speak to the men—but I told her it was as much as her life was worth!)

"'Well, and what would you advise us to do in this here business

'cos money is money, and partic'lar just now, and we don't want to be unreasonable; but still——'

"'Why, if I was you, I should jump at the five guineas; it's a good day's work, surely.'

A PROFOUND DODGE.

"'Bill, just you come out o'door for a minute—I want a word with you. Beg pardon, but you'll excuse us just for a minute or so,' said Jem.

"'Oh, by all means, my man—by all means,' replied the stranger, looking a little serious; and when the men had closed the door after them, he stepped up and leaned his ear against it: but if he wanted to hear what was said, I suspect, from his manner, that he did not succeed.

"'We an't going to take the five guineas,' said Bill, when they returned. 'The dog's worth ten pounds, and that's what you've been offered for it, provided its taken back by to-night—and no mistake!'

"'Ah, ha, Billy!—that's uncommonly good!' said the stranger, laughing, but he had gone very red. 'A joke's a joke, my man, but this is a lie, I can tell you.'

"'Gammon!' said Jem; 'we knows it's true—for a pal of our'n see'd the coachman at the stables long after you did, and he said he had been to you, and offered you £10 if as how the lady could have the dog back by to-night. That's a fact—an't it, Bill?'

"'Take my davy of it; we've just seen the chap—he an't a million o' miles off,' said Bill boldly.

"'He's a false man, and you are false men too,' said the stranger, angrily.

"'Would you like to see the chap?' asked Bill—'cos he's a big one, and can take care of himself—and this here's the way we did it. We know'd where the dog come from, 'cos we've often watched him go out in the carriage for drives with the young lady, and she's a duke's daughter; and besides, the number of the house is on the collar; so ever arter *that ere time*, you know,' continued Bill, putting his finger to his nose, 'when you and we had a fall out before, you know—we thought we'd just look arter our own a bit, don't you see?'

"'Let me see the man,' said the stranger, but not very resolutely.

"'In coorse we will,' said Jem, jumping up and half opening the door, in a hurry; on which the stranger laughed, but turned pale, and said, 'You two fellows are so suspicious—*I* don't want to see the man—it's quite enough to have you two to do business with.'

"'Well, but why don't you do business with us in an honest way?' asked Jem, closing the door sullenly and reluctantly.

"'My good fellows, I have!—It's true, I have been offered a ten-pound note, but I don't believe it's meant—the man was drunk.'

"'Well, he were quite the contrary when he see'd Tom down below,' said Jem sneeringly—'and I'll tell you, mister, what the thing is, if you don't know it: we don't b'lieve you mean honourably to us, and where there an't no honour, there's no business to be done—are there, Bill?'

"'No there an't—and when we means to do the correct thing, why shouldn't we be honestly done by ourselves?'

"'We wants eight pounds out of the ten, and the two you may keep, and werry 'ansome allowance it is.—We as prigg'd the dog ort surely to have double as much as you who runs no danger, but only stands behind your own counter, just as if you was a 'spectable tradesman.'

"'And so I am, you thief, and no one can say I an't.'

"'Oh yes, there is as can say it,' quoth Jem, turning white with rage; 'and a sail over the Briny an't half so bad for poor chaps like we, as can't make an honest living here, and hates this here country, as it would be for a comfortable cove, like some one we knows on, that has a 'spectable looking shop, and gets more warm and well-to-do every week.'

"'Well, I didn't come here to be abused in this way,' said the stranger, buttoning up his coat, and looking a little agitated; 'and since this man Tom, or whatever you call him, has the offer, let him try and

get you the ten pounds direct; I shall tell my friend that *I* can't do business, as my friends are not reasonable.'

"'That cock won't fight; and look'ee here, Mr. Tobacconist.' With this, Bill suddenly snatched up poor Fan, lying trembling, and half dead with fear, and grasped her by the neck till her bright eyes seemed starting out, and I could do nothing to help her. 'If you don't down with £8 like a honest man, this 'ere dog an't worth eight farthings, in a minute or two's time.'

"'Drop the dog! drop the dog!' cried out the stranger, rushing up to Bill.

"'No—it an't dead yet,' quoth Bill fiercely, holding it away from him, and with the other hand pushing off the stranger.

"'Don't kill the poor brute, Bill,' said Jem earnestly. 'It an't done no harm, and if it's killed it does all three on us harm.' Bill reluctantly dropped the dog, and poor Fan lay gasping on the floor, while Jem patted it on the head, and waved his cap over it, to give it air.

"'This is all nonsense, my men, and won't do—it really won't,' said the stranger; 'but we must have a talk about this another day. But don't forget that we are very closely connected in business, and each could injure the other.'

"'Yes, if ever we're better friends,' said Jem, nodding his head mysteriously, "I may be able to tell you something, and put you on your guard whom you trust, and especially agin men as can wear plain clothes, and walk about as if they took no notice of nobody.'

"'I don't care for all that, my lads—I've been pretty careful.'

"'Oh yes, you do! Oh no, you haven't, indeed,' quoth Jem, who had got poor Fan on his lap, and was stroking her good-naturedly — and then whispered something which made the stranger look very serious.

"'Well—this ugly little row mustn't come again, and we must all be cautious, and stick to one another.'

"'And do the correct thing. Why not at once? Down with the dust, Master—and show us we're all honourable men once more.'

"'I have only two sovereigns with me,' said the stranger, 'and will give you one apiece to bind the bargain; and as there's a heaven above us, the other six shall be yours by eleven o'clock to-night, at the old place.'

"'Honour, now?' inquired Jem and Bill, tendering their hands, which the stranger grasped cordially.

"'Honour bright!' he answered. 'And now, my men, as you said, we must be cautious, and keep matters snug. I don't like your having sent this fellow, Tom, as you call him—it's dangerous.'

"'Oh,' muttered both Jem and Bill, looking rather cunningly and confusedly at each other. 'Well—a—a—hem! There an't no fear of *him!* There an't no such chap—only we thought——'

"'There an't!' echoed the stranger, with a sudden start, and turning very red. He looked furious at his two friends for a moment; then exclaimed, after holding his breath—'Whew!'—and added, but angrily, 'Still I shan't go from my word.'

"'*Can't!*—you've given your honour!' interrupted Jem and Bill, with a confident air.

"'But it's getting late. You have the dog at the old place at nine o'clock exactly, and I'll see to the rest. By the way—the collar—you must throw me *that* in—it's real silver.'

"'Been in the pot this six hours.

"'Oh! well—never mind! good morning'— and with this the respectable tobacconist took his departure; and as he shut the door, Jem put his thumb to his nose, and stretched out his finger towards Bill, who did the same thing towards Jem.

A TOUCH OF MYSTERY.

"Then they had a good deal of serious conversation, in a low tone, about the gentleman who had just left them. They spoke by-and-by in a lower tone, and looked earnestly at each other; when Jem jumped up suddenly, his face went very pale, and, stepping to the cup-

board, he hastily took out the short thick stick with something heavy at the end of it, at which he looked anxiously for a moment — and then exclaimed, in a whisper— 'Bless'd if there an't, Bill!—' and dipping it in a little water, he rubbed it carefully, and then wiped it on his jacket. 'All right now, Bill —but I think it had better be put *there*.' And thrusting it up the chimney, he brought his hand away.

"'I an't heard of anything in the papers yet, Bill—have you?'—looking apprehensively at his companion.

"'No—but I an't been in the way,' replied Bill; and each was silent for a few moments.

"'What a jolly lucky thing that fight betwixt us two was, last night —it explains all, don't it?'

"'Oh—about the bl——'

"'Sh!—eh!—yes, that's what I mean! and we was seen fighting, by at least three people ——.' His companion nodded; both sighed as if with anxiety; and Jem, stepping to the closet, poured out a glass of gin apiece, which each tossed off, smacked his lips, and then they turned towards us, who shrunk from them with a shiver of death.

"'Come! Fan's disposed of quick enough, anyhow! Here, you little beauty,' quoth Bill; 'wish we'd such luck as you've brought us, every day in the year!'

"'And as for the Terrier,' said Jem, 'if it wan't for the white about his mouth, he's a good enough looking Skye, and many people has a particular fancy that way. But we must look to them as has lost him; for all they've said, they'll double the reward.'

GOING TO THE CELLAR!

"'Well, we'll wait awhile; but to-night he goes to the cellar.'

"Yes, he's best there. My lad shall come for him, with a string, about nightfall, and I'll give him a bit of dust just to dab over his mouth, and take out the whiteness, for fear, you know.'

"'*He goes to the cellar!*' Those words seemed to wither my very soul within me!"

Tickler paused here, overcome with his emotions, and jumping down, ran to his basin and refreshed himself with a drop of water.

"When we were left alone once more," he presently resumed, "we both felt sad, and sighed and shed tears; for we knew that, being suddenly made companions in sorrow and anxiety, this was our last interview, and whatever might become of poor Tickler, Fan would soon be restored to her lovely mistress, and the scenes of luxury and splendour in which she moved. Fan felt the difference in our positions, and did everything in her power to console me; but while she tried to make me at ease about the cellar, she seemed to me like some one endeavouring to prepare a criminal for death! Going to the cellar! Why to a cellar? The more kindly she talked, the closer I crept to her, and whined, for I felt sinking deeper and deeper into despair. Suppose no more than one sovereign was offered for me! And so what was said in the Advertisement would be true! How long should I be kept? What would they do with me?

FAN'S DEPARTURE.

"Time wore on; and (as I should judge) about seven o'clock we heard steps coming up stairs, and a key turned in the door, which was presently opened, and a rough-looking man, and a tidy country-looking young woman, with a kind of market-basket on her arm, entered the room. I felt certain they had come for Fan; and so it was. There was just light enough to see without a candle.

"'Fan! Fan! Fan! come here, my little duck!' said the young woman; on which Fan kissed me, whispered, in a loving way, 'Farewell, dear Tickler!' and went towards the woman with, I could not help perceiving, a good deal of willingness. She was immediately put into the basket, without making any noise or resistance, and then both man and woman went to the door.

"'Little Billy's to fetch t'other, and take it to the cellar, about nine o'clock,' said the man; and in another moment both had left the room; the door was closed and locked. I was horribly disgusted with life and everything around me; and I threw myself on my back desperately, and wished for death, for a long time, till, in spite of myself, I began to think less and less about anything; I could see nothing, nor hear anything, so I supposed I fell asleep.

TICKLER'S DELIGHTFUL DREAM.

"Presently, sir, I found myself in this very room, just about this hour of the night; the large crimson curtains were drawn; the fire burned brightly, and the shaded lamp shed a soft light over all the papers and books that lay on the table; you were sitting in that chair, looking so absently, every now and then, into the fire, with your pen in your hand, and then so kindly at me; and you said softly, 'Tickler! Tickler!'—when the door opened without any noise, and a beautiful girl entered, with long loose golden hair, and a small round straw-hat perched prettily, but saucily, on the top, with bright blue ribbons hanging down on each side, and under her left arm was—Fan! You, sir, did not seem to see them, so I supposed it was only a dreaming dog's fancy—but she sate down in a chair close beside you, sir, and looked at you intently—"

"Bless my soul, Tickler! at me!" I interrupted, with astonishment; "you must be mistaken. I don't know a person answering that description in all my acquaintance."

"Then she looked still more fondly at me——"

"You are a sweet little conceited old puppy, Tickler!——"

——"And says, 'Fan! Fan! there's dear Tickler! You meet once more! Bring in supper,' said she, in a charming way, turning round and looking at the door; when two immense footmen, in white coats and scarlet breeches, and powdered hair——"

"Bless us, Tickler!" quoth I, "they would have starved me too!——"

——"One carrying a little silver plate of partridges' bones, and the other of woodcocks', and they were set down on two little napkins,—and then, just as Fan and I were going to begin—oh, horrid sight! two rats came, one to each plate, and eat every bit up themselves; while first the beautiful lady faded away, then Fan, then you and your books and papers, then the two silver dishes melted out of sight; but the two rats with their hideous eyes, remained looking at me, and coming closer and closer, while I could not move from my chair; then I heard a loud knocking at the door, and a key turning about in the lock, and a boy came in, calling out, 'Tickler! come here!'

TICKLER'S MARCH INTO NEW QUARTERS.

"I had awoke, and the messenger had come for me; so it was about nine o'clock. Yes, sir, my hour had arrived at last, and though it was to conduct me to the cellar, whatever scene of horror and suffering that might be, I was only too glad to get out of the nasty little room in which I had been so long imprisoned, and where I had seen and heard so much that was disgusting and dreadful. The boy lit a candle-end that stood in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle on the window, and then, seeing me, said, in a civil coaxing way, 'Tickler! Tickler!' (I knew this was meant for me), 'come here! good dog! good dog!' I went up to him quietly, and he played with me for a few minutes, and then took a small parcel out of his pocket, and rubbed something all round my mouth, which, I suppose, was intended to hide my grey hairs. Then he took a thin cord out of his coat-pocket, with a running noose, which he put round my neck—blew out the candle—led me out of the room—locked the door—and down stairs we went into the sweet open air. O, how

nice it was! it seemed like drink! Every breath I drew seemed to make me better and fresher! I ran along with the boy quite willingly, and the faster I ran, the more, I thought, he seemed pleased. I had no notion what part of the town we passed through, but it seemed as if we were going towards the outskirts, and through low neighbourhoods. At length we reached a short narrow street, and a few doors up, on the left-hand side, was a bird-fancier's shop, which they were shutting up. There we stopped, and the boy led me in. We went through the shop into a small room, where a little old man sate smoking by the fire, his hair very white, and short and stiff as pig's bristles.

JEM AND HIS DAD.

"'Ay, that's the dog!' said a man sitting opposite to him smoking, with a green shade over his eye, and a pair of large black whiskers. I knew the voice and trembled; for though he was dressed quite differently, and had no whiskers at all when I saw him before, this was no other than Jem! My face fell directly I heard him speak.

"'Come here, you warmint!' said he, taking his pipe out of his mouth. Of course I went up to him directly, and he showed the old man my teeth. 'Old, an't he? Just as I told you!'

"'He's hardly worth the bother of keeping him,' said the old man. 'One sovereign! But they may offer more; and we may get a chance of selling him to some one as likes the breed. So come along, little chap.'

"'How many does this make, Daddy?' inquired Jem, replenishing his pipe.

"'He's the fifteenth, my lad—and it takes a deal to keep and mind 'em, that I can tell you—and somehow, people don't seem to be so hot after getting their dogs back as they was.'

"'Nay, nay, Daddy, that an't quite so, surely; look at that 'ere lord's dog, this very day—sure-ly!'

"'Ay,' said the old man, who had risen to take me out, but on hearing this remark returned and resumed his seat and pipe: 'you served that scamp right, Jem—it were a clever thing, neatly done,' said he, tapping Jem's knee; 'I've long thought he wasn't going on well. Depend on't, he's cleared a good deal by us that we've never know'd of.'

"'Ay, ay, wait a while; I'll serve him out, Daddy, one of these days. I've got a gallows fright in my head for the cunning cove, if as how I gets over this here little matter,' he added, dropping his voice and looking very mysteriously at the old man, who smoked on in silence. 'It were a bad job, Jem,' said he at length, in a low tone; 'but I suppose it could't be helped.'

"'It's no good talking on't, Daddy; it makes me quite sick.'

"'Well, when I've taken this little chap down below'—now it was my turn to be alarmed, and I shivered from head to foot as the old man rose—'we'll have a sup of rum and be comfortable.'

"'Billy, Billy,' suddenly called out Jem, jumping up, and turning of a deadly whiteness. He was answered by the boy that had brought me, and who was in the shop cleaning bird-cages, rushing in—'an't that something a-cryin' out in the street, lad?'

"'Yes, it's something about a ——'

"'Never mind that, my boy; there's a penny—run out and buy one—quick, that's a good un!' said Jem, and his hand shook so much that the boy stared, and said, 'You an't well, Jem, are you?'

"'You be off, boy,' said he angrily, 'and never mind me,' said Jem, sitting down, wiping his forehead, and stretching out his ear to listen; and that was the last I ever saw of Jem! The old man had heard what his son said, and seemed a good deal flustered. He hurried down a narrow flight of steps with me, till we came opposite a door, with a large whip hanging on a peg. He took a key out of his pocket, and unlocked the door.

THE DOG'S PANDEMONIUM.

"This was—the Cellar. All I recollect is being suddenly jerked in, and then I forgot everything. Whether I had been in a long fit, or gone asleep, I cannot tell; but the moment after I had opened my eyes, I tried to jump up and run away, when I found that I was tied to a hook in the wall, and with the jerk I fell flat on my back. Just above me was a lantern, burning, and by its dull light I saw that I was in a long low cellar, and all round its sides were dogs, each tied to a hook as I was! As soon as I had presence of mind enough to do so, I counted fourteen besides myself! There were three Skye terriers—two mustard and one pepper-and-salt, like myself—two Italian greyhounds, four King Charles, and five Blenheim, spaniels! We could come very close to one another, but could not touch, lest, I suppose, we should fall to quarrelling; and over each hook was chalked a figure—1, 2, 3, and so forth—mine being 12, which I looked on afterwards as very curious, it being so near my own age. And what do you think these figures meant? Why, the old man kept a book, in which all these numbers stood, and under which he wrote down every advertisement that he had copied out of the newspapers relating to the dog fastened under it."

"The methodical old scamp!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, he made quite a business of it. By this means he was often able to find out the place where the dog had come from, as well as his name; and when he had been kept long enough, and no higher reward was offered than that first named, the old gentleman could either send him to his owner by a trusty messenger, who of course had found him wandering about, and taken charge of him till he could find to whom he belonged, or sell him to any one who might take a fancy to him. Some of the dogs had been there three or four times; nay, one of the Skyes told me she had been, I think, seven times. She certainly was very beautiful, and an Act of Parliament was passed, as I understood, to prevent her being stolen any more; but for all that she was stolen again, and was at that moment lying on a comfortable little rug next but one to me. She belonged to a lady of quality, one of whose footmen betted a good deal on horse-racing, and knew Jem, Bill, and the old Daddy, and often wanted money. The old lady was so angry at her dog being stolen so often, that she had more than once determined to prevent it any more, by breaking up her town establishment, and living altogether in the country, so fond was she of her dog. And, to be sure, the very next day she was sent for home again."

"You must have made a pretty noise, Tickler, so many of you together."

"Oh, no, sir," he replied with a shudder; "if any of us began to bark, some one almost immediately began to crack the great whip that hung at the back of the door. It had a terrible sound; and if the noise did not stop, or if other dogs began to bark, the door was opened, and the old man came in and cracked the whip all round, and sometimes hit the most silent and sorrowful dog, growling, 'Lie still, ye brutes!'"

"How did you see in the daytime, my poor dog?"

"Very badly, sir, out of the only grating there was at one end of the cellar, which opened into a back-yard, but was nearly two yards lower down than it. Near each of us was a small tin can fastened into the ground, which was always well supplied with water, and but for which we must have died. Our victuals were brought to us twice a-day, and was, for some of us, meal, in milk, and for others the same horrid stuff which dear little Fan and I turned up our noses at when we were in Jem's room; but, most wonderful to relate, though it is quite true, I got soon to like it! for they gave me nothing else, and very little of even that, and it came so seldom. If any new dog did not eat his food when it was brought him, it lay by

him till he did; and it never lay there long, for more than once. Nay, about meal-time we all lay whining and waiting for the door to open, with our noses turned towards it, and our eyes fixed wistfully on it! Every night, no matter what sort of weather, half of us were taken out for a walk—"

"For a walk, Tickler? Then why did you not try to escape from your misery?"

"Why, sir," he replied modestly, "how could we? We were all tied to a rope long enough to hold six, at about a yard from each other, a dog on each side, and we were led by the old gentleman—"

"Well, but what said the police to such a queer procession?"

"We never saw one, sir; or if we did, he turned off in another direction. But stay, sir; I ask pardon," said Tickler, recollecting himself—"once we met one, close to our home, as we were returning from a walk in an open field not far off, and he said to the old gentleman, 'How many are there? And how well behaved they are!' And we were well behaved; for he carried the whip with him."

"Did he ever hit you with the whip, Tickler?"

"Yes, sir, one night, although it was another dog that barked, and not I; but the old gentleman was never particular; he only struck in the direction of the bark."

DAD AND HIS DOGS.

"What sort of tempered man was the old gentleman?"

"Pretty well, sir, when he was not drunk, which happened now and then—I mean, sir, it was only now and then that he was not drunk; and he was particularly good tempered when his dogs went off well."

"When his dogs went off well, Tickler?"

"Yes, sir—if a dog was, if I may say it, sir, here to-day, and gone again to-morrow—if he was brought back again quickly—say in a day or two: and if he soon returned, the old gentleman used to pat the dog on his head, and say, in a delightful kind of way, 'Good dog! good dog!' Then the other dogs would whine, and jump towards him, and try to attract his notice; but if they had been there a good while it was no use, for he would only growl, 'Down, you brutes! you're eating your heads off!'"

"Did you ever try to gain his favour, Tickler?"

"Well, sir," he replied, looking very pitifully at me, "I own I did, for I wanted to hear a kind word or two again, if it was only to remind me of you all here." He stopped for a moment or two, and looked straight at the fire. "But it was of no use. One day, however, after I had been there nearly a fortnight, he came into the cellar, and brought with him a stool, which he sat down opposite me, and said, 'Good dog, Tickler! good dog!—good dog!' and patted my head, and scratched me about the ears. Then he put on his spectacles, and took a bottle out of his pocket, and shook it a good deal. Then he pulled out of another pocket a brush, and dipping it into the bottle, while he held me gently by the throat, he rubbed me carefully all round my mouth. I tasted it once, but it was horridly bitter—"

"Yes; that was, no doubt, to prevent your licking it off, Tickler!"

"Well, I should not wonder! How likely! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Tickler, looking at me, with evident admiration of my sagacity. "Then the old gentleman eyed me very benevolently, and said, 'Good little dog! he looks at least six years younger! That 'ere bit of a dye is worth a suvvregn more for you, if not two!'"

"I wish I could meet with that old scoundrel, Tickler! What happened next? For by that time we had given up all hope of ever seeing you again; and we advertised only twice; and on each occasion said I should give only one sovereign, and nothing more—"

"Yes, sir, I heard them say so, and I was mortified, till I began to think how old I was, and that you might be getting tired of me, and want a younger one—"

"Tickler! Tickler!" I exclaimed, kindly, and took some pains to explain to him the reasons by which I had been influenced, and he was, or appeared to be, satisfied.

"About half an hour afterwards he came down again, and looked at my mouth carefully, and felt it. 'That will do, Mr. Tickler,' said he; 'and now for a trot in the daytime, and good-luck go with you.' Then he loosed the rope from my neck, and made me follow him up-stairs—all the other dogs whining mournfully as I passed them. Well they might, poor things, for the cellar was horridly close, though the old man tried his best, I do believe, to keep it clean.

THEY TRY TO SELL TICKLER!

"Well, when I got into the back room, there was a decent country-looking young man waiting for me, and he seemed quite pleased with my appearance. He was to take me out, and try to sell me; and after a good deal of talk, it was agreed that we should go towards Hyde Park, where they had several times done very good jobs indeed. The young man was not to call me by my name, and not to part with me for less than three pounds; and if it was a lady that bought me, he would tell her I was just three years old; and if a gentleman, that I was five or eight years old, according as he seemed to be acquainted with dogs! I assure you, sir, my blood boiled at being sent out on such a scandalous errand; and I would have done my best to defeat it, by licking off the dye, but it was so dreadfully bitter.

"While we walked through the vulgar parts of the town, no one took the least notice of me; but it was very different—it was indeed, sir," he said earnestly, observing me smiling significantly at him, "when we got into the fashionable parts. I several times heard people say—'There's a beautiful Skye,' 'That's one of the old breed,' and so forth."

"And so you are, my dear Tickler! Your grandmother Tory was the admiration of all the country, and your mother was worthy of her!"

"Well, sir, I thank you; but I am certain I am telling you only the truth. At length, just as we were near the Serpentine (and I should have mentioned, sir, that the old gentleman told my companion that it was as much as I was worth, to allow me to drink, lest I should wash off the dye—so I knew it was useless to try to drink any water, and did not), we met a richly dressed elderly lady, who seemed so much pleased with me that my companion said, taking off his hat, 'Beg pardon, my lady—want to buy a dog?' She stopped and looked at me, and asked, 'What kind of Skye is it, my man?'

"'A Hirish Skye, my lady.'

"'A Hirish Skye, my man? Nonsense—you mean an Isle of Skye, I suppose?'

"'Yes, my lady, it's all one;' and he went on to tell such a pack of lies about me, and how I came into his possession! He was the most fluent liar I ever heard of. He said my name was Beauty! and gently jerked the string by which he held me, to make me appear to answer to the name? And he said that I had belonged to a great lady in Scotland, just dead, and who had left me to her maid, who was his sister, and who had given me to him, to try to find a good lady of quality for my mistress!!! I hung down my head when I heard all these gross falsehoods, and could have bitten him till he roared again. But while he was talking, I happened to lift my head up as a carriage passed me; it was an open one. On the seat, and next to me, was one of the most beautiful girls upon earth; and who should be on her lap, with her paws resting on the side of the carriage, and looking towards us, but sweet little Fan! This seemed to me a most wonderful occurrence! She saw me, and began to bark loudly—on which the young lady turned towards us—oh, such a face! and so did an enormous footman sitting behind. I, too, barked, and tried to run towards the carriage, but it drove off, and very glad my companion seemed to be, for he, perhaps, thought I too belonged to the splendid carriage! The wicked fellow that was with me told the lady that I was just turned three years old, and was a very sweet

temper, and killed rats and mice like winking! But about this time a young gentleman came up to her, and she said, 'Charles, here's a beautiful Skye, isn't it? He wants three pounds for it.' On which he asked the man how he had come by me? And he told the gentleman the same fibs he had told the lady. But when he said I was only three years old, the gentleman stooped down, opened my mouth, and looking at my teeth, said, laughing, 'Why, you scamp, he's ten or eleven years old, if he is a week. Come away ma'am,' and they left us. He offered me to a good many people, but some thought the price too high, and others whispered that I might have been stolen; and several looked in my mouth, and said I was of the true breed, but very old: so about seven o'clock, much tired, and greatly disgusted, I was taken back to the cellar, and placed in my old quarters, when the first thing I did was, to drain every drop of water that was in my can: soon after which my supper was brought, and after hastily eating it, I fell asleep."

TALK AMONG THE DOGS.

"I suppose you had a good deal of conversation with the other dogs, Tickler?"

"Yes, sir—a good deal, and some of them were very intelligent and well bred."

"Were any of them communicative? Did they tell you their history, or adventures?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I should like to hear."

"Why no, sir; the real truth is that so many of them talked to me, and told me what had happened, and where they belonged to, that it got all mixed into one in my mind, and I could never recollect what was said by any particular dog. But I knew some of them had been stolen as I was, others had been enticed away by other dogs, some by nice food, and others had run away of themselves, and then been caught up, and brought to the old gentleman's.

"I was taken out seven or eight times to different parts of the town, but never near our own neighbourhood, in this way, but for some reason or other no one would buy me; and I began to get very tired with these long walks, for I did not feel so strong as before. Also, I used to sleep a great deal more in my cellar than at first, and I felt less and less pleasure in talking to the other dogs: but I recollect one of them saying he belonged to a lady at whose house he had once seen you at dinner, and that he had heard you mention me with great respect."

"Respect is hardly the word, Tickler—I daresay I spoke kindly of you; but who was the lady?"

"I cannot recollect, sir," said he, sighing; "it is all confusion; in fact, I used often to fall asleep while they were talking to me.

TICKLER'S RETURN.

"At length, one Saturday evening, the old gentleman came down into the cellar, and brought me up into the room behind the shop, and told Billy to wash the dye off my mouth (he had put it on every day that I went out), and soon afterwards the man came in that had so often tried to sell me.

"'Well—think of this here brute's being kept here a whole month, eating his head off, and giving us so much trouble to get rid on him, all for one poor suvrein!'

"'I told you, from what I'd heard, the people meant it, old feller—it was all my eye about the £5—I knowed it was.'

"'Well—the sooner he's off the better—a suvrein isn't to be sneezed at on a Saturday night, in these here 'ard times—but in coorse, *you'll* let Briggs take the dog to the gent's house—they don't know him, and you'll stand a few doors off.'

"'He's promised to do the job for half-a-crown, and the chance of anything else he can get from the people there—so now I'm off.'

"This was, I am confident, the happiest moment that I had ever known up to that time; I felt new

life in me, indeed, sir, every step I went. The man called at two or three public-houses with me, to drink with his friends. At length another man came, and took me into a little room, where I recollect there were two cats, and also two youths. I was so overcome with joy, that I could hardly move towards them; and when they called me by my name, I felt quite confused. I saw one of them give a sovereign and a five-shilling piece to the man, while the other took me up under his arm, and carried me nearly all the way home. I felt weak and hungry, for I had had nothing to eat all day; and when I first got into this room again, that I had thought of and dreamed about so often, I believed, for a good while, that I was only dreaming once more, especially when I heard you all calling me by my name, so kindly and gently, and when you gave me those charming chicken-bones. O how nice they were! And the carpet so smooth and everything so nice and fresh,—but who was Snap?* Is he to stay here? I suppose that well-picked mutton-chop bone under the sofa was his."

"Never fear, dear Tickler; your rival has marching orders. To-morrow he goes."† Tickler's eyes glistened with pleasure.

"Well, sir, home is home, for man and dog, and I hope to spend the rest of my days under your protection."

"Ay, my dear dog, and you shall always have Lynx's eyes upon you for the future: and Jiggins is discharged—whether it was his fault or his misfortune."

Poor Tickler had spoken his last, and resumed his nature—indicated by his springing out of his chair and barking with great vigour, as he always did when he heard the sound of mice scrambling in the wainscot—because long experience had taught him that that everlasting mouse was invisible, and inaccessible. Then he suddenly bethought himself of his long-neglected supper, to which he directed his attention with the utmost energy. Having drunk plentifully of water, and rubbed his mouth well on the carpet, he jumped again on my wife's easy-chair, a dog, and nothing more, but a very sagacious and affectionate one; and turning himself round five or six times, as if desirous of circumventing himself,—though for what precise purpose is to me a mystery, unless it were to settle himself into a perfectly comfortable position,—by-and-by he was asleep.

FINE CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

But many things that he had said made a deep impression on me, indicating, as they did, the existence of so many scenes and characters more than one comes into contact with. And, moreover, I began to reflect on the strangeness of a dog's being invested with human attributes, for a time, without forgetting his own; a point, then, however, at which my thoughts began to get into a splendid confusion. I tried to imagine a dog's nature, in like manner, superinduced upon, not absorbed into, mine. I dare say my thoughts were wonderfully sublime and profound, for with all my efforts and (*inter nos*) a modest inclination to believe myself capable of anything, even I could not understand them. In that confounded condition I choose to leave them, a lustrous mass of—nothing. And if any reader choose to say fine things, with a confident air, about *Instinct* and *Reason*, I answer finally, Pho! Pshaw! But surely that will furnish something for *The Essence of Everything*.

Heigh, ho!—(I yawn, then I wind up my watch.) Ah, Tickler, what a difference between a man and a dog!

Tickler. Bow—wow—wow!—Bow—wow!

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* See the February number, pp. 204, 208.

† And he did so. The outer door was opened; he went out, and never returned.

AYTOUN'S BOTHWELL.

It is well known to all intelligent persons in these realms that Maga edits herself. Floods of splendid talent, of middling ability, and, we are sorry to add, of lamentable nonsense, pour incessantly towards 45 George Street, Edinburgh, where the tributary currents unite and disappear behind the shrine of the divinity, like the rill that murmured by the oracle of Dodona. By some singular and inscrutable refining process, never perhaps to be revealed to humanity, all muddy particles and gross impurities are separated in that great unseen, unerring alembic; and with the first of each month comes forth the limpid, sparkling, and inspiriting result, which has for so many years unfailingly excited the world's admiration and applause.

This miracle, though of regular monthly recurrence, is so little understood by the blind multitude, that, notwithstanding frequent disclaimers, a vast number of the public, and of would-be contributors, persist in ascribing to Professor Aytoun* the editorship of the fresh, fragrant, blooming, and perennial Magazine. This mistake, however honourable to the Professor in its origin, is extremely troublesome to him in its results. The expense he is put to for the postage of the dreary weary packets of those unprincipled idiots who neglect to prepay their offences against grammar, sense, and propriety, would alone be a severe tax on any moderate income, and forms of itself a serious and extremely appreciable drawback on the ill-concealed but very pardonable exultation which the glorious imputation excites in the Professor. It is in vain that he endeavours to evade an infliction, compared with which the income-tax is a mild and beneficent dispensation. At one time he laboured under the delusion that he could tell a contribution by the handwriting or external appearance; but, after declining to receive, at different times, several sheets of impassioned admiration from a woman of rank, an important brief from a rich client, and the title-deeds of an estate, which a discriminating old lady, whose last moments had been cheered by the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, had bequeathed to him, in token of her gratitude, with many others of less consequence, he wisely gave up the attempt, and now opens these frequent and liberal communications with feelings only partially appeased by thrusting the papers into the fire, deeper than did ever poker sound, the instant he discovers their nature.

This is bad enough; but another villanous nuisance is the constant receipt of abuse, complaint, and remonstrance, from those unhappy persons whose literary misdeeds have exposed them to the just punishment with which Maga occasionally regrets to find herself compelled to visit aggravated offences. Tom Noddy requests to be informed what Professor Aytoun means by permitting reflections on his (Tom's) respected grandfather's celebrated work to be published—a work which, he begs leave to tell the Professor, in all calmness and courtesy, will be read and admired long after the Ballads of Bon Gaultier and the "Burial March of Dundee" have been smothered beneath the kindred rubbish of ages. Mr. Mormon, whose style is compounded of Monk Lewis and Eugene Sue, sneeringly conveys his regret at the antiquated, and he had hoped, exploded prejudices, which appear to have prompted the remarks of Maga on his lucubrations. Rosa Matilda (who stands in the relation of soul's wife to the aforesaid Mr. Mormon, he being previously married in the flesh),

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Bothwell: a Poem. In Six Parts. By W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c.

* Our pleasant contributor here alludes to a prevailing popular delusion that Professor Aytoun is Editor of the Magazine.

A much esteemed contributor he has long been—and long may he be so—but he is not, and never was in any degree, Editor.—*Ed. B. M.*

in satirical italics, expressed her surprise that the *chivalrous* and *high-souled* author of the *Scottish Lays* should have sanctioned such a review of the poems of a *lady*, who, in an age of *cant* and *conventionality*, has ventured to think for herself—that being her way of expressing her undisguised tendencies to Socialism. All the Radicals, and most of the Whigs, detest and fear him as a dangerous and unappeasable foe; but we dare say the Professor is not much the worse for that. Several cabinets of late would have given a year's office to see him quietly disposed of. Belligerent French barons and English earls have invited him to expiate in personal combat the injuries they imagine themselves to have suffered at his hands, by articles remarking on them in connection with the late war. To be sure, matters are not always so bad; for instance, the other day a pair of magnificent Turkish horses were left at his door, with the Commissary-General's compliments—out of gratitude, we presume, for the shelter afforded to that ill-used official by Maga's extended ægis, when all mankind were against him. And indeed the many pleasing tokens of gratitude and good taste which arrive so constantly, that (especially about Christmas) the street rendered classic by his abode is fairly blocked up by hampers of game, barrels of oysters, butts of sherry and claret, cod-fish like small whales, and the like, would render the popular error we allude to matter rather of rejoicing than regret, did not the Professor's perhaps too strict notions of honour lead him invariably to return to the donors these marks of esteem, after paying the carriage.

We should very much like the assertors of the fact of editorship to explain how any human being, however gifted, making no pretence to direct inspiration or supernatural powers, could, at one and the same time, edit such a periodical as the Magazine, and write such a poem as *Bothwell*. Too well does Maga know that, for many months past, her well-beloved son has forsaken her, sitting apart, like some ancient prophet, his head wrapped in his mantle, while before his inner eye have been unfolded the old historic scenes of Dunbar and Holyrood. Too well are his sorrowing friends aware that for months past he has gazed in their faces with the vacant stare of a somnambulist, thinking of them (if indeed he thought of them at all) as persons of the Middle Ages—imagining the broadcloth and muslin of our times to be steel armour and brocade. We do not doubt that, any time since Christmas, he has been as completely projected into the sixteenth century as if some potent spell had rolled back the tide of time, and blotted out all the changes which three hundred years have wrought in the features of Scotland. In fact, the poem is itself proof positive that such is the fact—and yet, we dare say that, since *Bothwell* has been announced as forthcoming, the tide of contributions to the Magazine has continued to flow in on the rapt poet, and suppositious editor, as copiously as ever. Fools, asses, dolts, thrice besotted!—to suppose that the editing of Maga is so light a matter! Who among foremost men of the time would undertake the double task? Brougham, perhaps, in his younger days, would have tried it, and his failure, though signal, would have been heroic; but except Lord John Russell, we know of no man of the present day who would, in his egregious self-confidence, be ready to provoke public derision by the attempt.

We gather, partly from the dedication, partly from other sources, the origin of the poem of *Bothwell*. Some time ago Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton visited Edinburgh, and accompanied the poet through the gloomy forsaken chambers of the old palace. What wonder that, for the English novelist and Scottish bard, things invisible to ordinary mortals had once more a local habitation! What wonder that the sighing of the wind through the tapestries bore a new meaning—that forms dissolved in dust three centuries ago reappeared and flitted through the deserted halls! And what wonder that Sir Edward, with his brain still filled with those ghostly memories of the enchantress Queen and her court,

should have turned to the poet and said, "Let the world hear the story of Bothwell!"

Many legends, of which fair women are the heroines, have floated down the stream of time, filling the world with pathos and poetry, from the days of Helen of Troy to those of Marie-Antoinette, but none sadder or more romantic than the story of the hapless Queen of Scots. Her first appearance in those turbulent times is like that of one of Dante's angels among the frenzied clamour of a circle of hell. Scarcely arrived at womanhood, yet already a widow, beautiful as the dream of a poet, full of goodness and grace, the orphan heiress of a famous monarchy—nature and fortune united to invest her with enchantment. Like a fawn feeding unconscious of the hunters, she spent a brief period of her life apparently unmolested, yet the centre of a labyrinth of plots. Then her pleasures were curtailed and embittered by the denunciations of Knox. Two evil and fatal influences next darkened her existence—Darnley and Bothwell; the one a foolish and insolent rake, the other a rude gladiator, either of whom would have been well mated from a brothel; yet these were successively the husbands of the peerless Queen whose witchery was felt throughout Christendom, and for whose glance the best knights and nobles and princes in Europe would have encountered death in arms. A helpless witness of the murder of her favourite musician—an outraged and neglected wife—widowed by an assassination—the compulsory wife of the assassin, while the world believed her to be another Clytemnestra—a captive winning the hearts of her jailers—a spectator of the battle where she lost her kingdom—such are the most prominent scenes of her tragic career, till the final shadow of the power and malice of Elizabeth settled over her, from which she emerged only to meet death majestically on the scaffold. Such a life and such a death would have rendered the most masculine and stern of her sex an object of compassion and interest for all time, and, allotted as they were to one pre-eminent for grace, beauty, and gentleness, they form one of the most piteous of the tragedies with which history moves mankind.

"I have not deviated," says the Professor in his preface, "from what I consider to be the historical truth." To this declaration we attach precisely the same value as if an historian were to say, "I have not deviated from what I consider to be the poetical view of the matter." In order fully to relieve the Professor from any anxiety respecting historical truth in his future poems, we hereby authorise him to alter, omit, exaggerate, distort, suppress, garble, or disguise history to any extent that may suit his purpose. If he had made Bothwell turn out to be the Dauphin, Mary's first husband, who was only pretending to be dead, in the style of G. P. R. James—if Mary, after ascending the English throne, had confined Elizabeth for many years in the castle of Dunbar, and, after vainly attempting to convert her to Popery, had cut her head off—or if John Knox, suddenly overcome by Mary's beauty while preaching a sermon against the vanities of the court, had forthwith quitted the pulpit, and insisted on performing a coranto with her, in full canonicals, in the chancel of Holyrood Chapel, we should have considered these aberrations from history merely as masterly devices to draw forth the poetic capabilities of the subject, and should have accorded our full approbation—always provided the poetry were good. And in consideration how excellently the Professor hath versified this theme of Bothwell, we hereby forgive him the poetic crime, to which he pleads guilty, of having adhered strictly to historical truth.

It is evident that, the historical view of Bothwell's character being adopted, there is only one aspect under which the reader could tolerate him, and that is, as undergoing some adequate expiation for his crimes. He who, after murdering the husband of his Queen, could have the hardihood to waylay and abduct her, deserved no common punishment; and the fate he met may almost be considered as sufficient atonement for his heinous villanies. Escaping from Scotland after the affair of Carberry,

he was met in the northern seas by a Danish man-of-war, taken as a pirate, and imprisoned. His real name being discovered, the Regent Murray wished to get him into his power, and the Danish king compromised the matter by subjecting Bothwell to close confinement in the fortress of Malmoe. Ten years of utter solitude, consumed in unavailing efforts to obtain his release, in despair, in remorse, and lastly in madness, closed by an obscure and unregretted death, entitle even Bothwell to a share of sympathy; and at the opening of the poem, such a forcible picture is presented of the soldier and man of action maddening in unregarded and hopeless captivity, that he at once secures for his tale the deep interest due to the victim of a terrible retribution.

"Cold—cold! The wind howls fierce without;
It drives the sleet and snow;
With thundering hurl, the angry sea
Smites on the crags below.
Each wave that leaps against the rock
Makes this old prison reel—
God! cast it down upon my head,
And let me cease to feel!
Cold—cold! The brands are burning out,
The dying embers wane;
The drops fall plashing from the roof
Like slow and sullen rain.
Cold—cold! And yet the villain kerns
Who keep me fettered here,
Are feasting in the hall above,
And holding Christmas cheer.
When the wind pauses for its breath,
I hear their idiot bray,
The laugh, the shout, the stamping feet,
The song and roundelay.
They pass the jest, they quaff the cup,
The Yule-log sparkles brave,
They riot o'er my dungeon vault,
As though it were my grave.
Ay, howl again, thou bitter wind,
Roar louder yet, thou sea!
And drown the gusts of brutal mirth
That mock and madden me!
Ho, ho, the Eagle of the North
Has stooped upon the main!
Scream on, O eagle, in thy flight,
Through blast and hurricane—
And when thou meetest on thy way
The black and plunging bark,
Where those who pilot by the stars
Stand quaking in the dark,
Down with thy pinion on the mast,
Scream louder in the air,
And stifle in the wallowing sea
The shrieks of their despair!
Be my avenger on this night,
When all, save I, am free;
Why should I care for mortal man,
When men care nought for me?
Care not? They loathe me, one and all,
Else why should I be here—
I, starving in a foreign cell,
A Scottish prince and peer?".

In his lonely cell, the tide of thought naturally flows ever back to the stirring scenes of his past eventful life, and, at the very beginning of his retrospect, he establishes a fresh claim to our interest. After a sad and beautiful picture of Mary as he first saw her, "a widow, yet a child," he tells us that the origin of his conduct to his queen was, what alone could excuse it, an overmastering passion, at first perfectly noble and chivalrous.

"I worshipped; and as pure a heart
To her I swear, was mine,
As ever breathed a truthful vow
Before St. Mary's shrine;
I thought of her, as of a star
Within the heavens above,
That such as I might gaze upon,
But never dare to love."

But a new element—that of pity—soon began to mingle with his worship of the bright divinity.

"Too late—too late! Poor Mary stood
Unfriended and alone,
The tenant of a dreary hall—
A melancholy throne.
No more, as in her grandsire's days,
Surrounded by a ring
Of valiant lords and gentle knights,
Who for fair Scotland and her rights
Would die beside their King.
Gone was the star of chivalry
That gleamed so bright and pure
Upon the crests of those who fell
On Flodden's fatal moor.
Gone were the merry times of old—
The masque, and mirth, and glee,
And wearier was the palace then
Than prison needs to be.
Forbidden were the vesper bells,—
They broke the Sabbath calm!
Hushed were the notes of minstrelsy—
They chimed not with the psalm:
'Twas sin to smile, 'twas sin to laugh,
'Twas sin to sport or play,
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.
Was but the sound of laughter heard,
Or tinkling of a lute,
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,
The tread of dancing foot,
Then to a drove of gaping clowns,
Would Knox with unction tell
The vengeance that in days of old
Had fallen on Jezebel!"

Thus defrauded of all pleasure, Mary became the centre of a knot of intrigue drawn round her by her powerful and unscrupulous rival queen, by whose means her first great calamity, the marriage with Darnley, befell her. Then we see her, tearful but uncomplaining, still persisting in loving her unworthy mate, who, with ribaldry and insult, throwing aside a pearl richer than all his tribe, wallows in debauchery with the basest of mankind and womankind. Think of that!—the fairest queen on earth to be so neglected by one whom she had honoured with

her regard and love! By Heaven! far from blaming Bothwell for blowing the miscreant to the moon, we would ourselves have fired the train beneath the Kirk-of-Field with as little remorse as we ever of yore set torch to tar-barrel on the 5th of November!

"The prize,
For whose transcendant charms,
If deeds availed, not idle words,
Through Europe wide, a thousand lords,
Famous and proud, had drawn their swords
And courted death in arms."

Ah, ha, Professor! did you ever read *Parisina*:—

"Then, had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
And made her quarrel all their own"?

Or Edmund Burke, speaking of the French queen: "I thought a thousand swords would have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult"? But such is the language that bursts spontaneously to poetic lips when speaking of the wrongs of fair and noble women.

Bothwell's indignation and pity reach their climax at witnessing the murder of Riccio, when Darnley himself held back the struggling queen from casting herself between the victim and his murderers:—

"He whom Mary's love had raised
To such a high degree,
The lord and husband of her heart,
The father soon to be,
The man who, in the hour of pain,
Should still have kept her side—
How paid he back the matchless debt,
How did he tend his bride?
Why, had he never left her room,
But like the grooms of yore,
To lay him on the rushes down
His lady's nest before,
To guard her all the livelong night,
And slumber scarce till dawn,
When her dear voice, so low and sweet,
Like breathings of a fawn,
Told that the time of rest was o'er,
And then a simple hymn
Arose, as if an angel led
The choir of seraphim—
Would such a service have been more
Than he was bound to give?
Nay, if he dared to make it less,
Deserved the boy to live?"

While still chafing at the recollection of the scene which aroused his fatal desire for vengeance, Bothwell suddenly, by a touch of that softer humanity with which the poet has skilfully imbued his nature, is recalled to the reality of his circumstances:—

"Ah me! and this is Christmas eve;
And here alone I lie,
With nothing save my old wild thoughts
For bitter company!
My own wild thoughts, that will not pass,
Howe'er I bid them go—
My torture, yet the only friends
That visit me below.

Full many a hearth is decked to-night
To hail the blessed morn,
On which, in ages long ago,
The Saviour child was born—
The churches are all wreathed with green,
The altars set with flowers,
And happy lowly hearts wait on
And count the passing hours;
Until the midnight chimes proclaim
The hallowed season come,
When Heaven's broad gates are opened wide,
And Hell's loud roar is dumb.
Then myriad voices in acclaim
The song of homage yield,
That once from angels' lips was heard
By shepherds in the field.
Stilled for a time are angry thoughts,
The hearts of men are mild;
The father with a holier thrill
Bends o'er his slumbering child;
New is the kiss the husband gives
Unto his wedded wife,
For earthly love, when blest by Heaven,
Ends not with earthly life;
And, fountain-like, o'er all the world,
Where Christ's dear name is known,
Leap up the sounds of prayer and praise
Towards the eternal throne.
But I, a slave in bondage here,
Racked—torn by mad despair—
How can I falter forth the words
Of praise, or yet of prayer?
Men drove me from them, as a wolf
From mountain-folds is driven,
And what I could not win on earth
How dare I seek from Heaven;
Ay, howl again, thou winter wind—
Roar louder yet, thou sea!
For nothing else can stun the thoughts
That rise to madden me!"

So ends the first canto, in which the reader, led on by the flow and music of the verse, is taught by the art of the poet to forgive and pity Bothwell, and to thirst for the remainder of his tale. The second opens beautifully, and its exordium introduces the next scene of Bothwell's career, when we see him, as Warden of the Marches, meet and vanquish, in single combat, a valiant Borderer, John Elliot of the Park. In the fight Bothwell is desperately wounded; and while slowly recovering, Mary comes to his castle of Hermitage to thank and comfort the brave Earl who had so done and suffered in her cause. Now risen from his sick-bed, he sees from the casement where he sits catching the fresh breeze, a gallant company riding up the hill; and fresher than the breeze, more cheering than the sunshine, enters the radiant Queen, like the angel at whose coming the pool was of old endowed with healing. No wonder that at such an act of grace, from such a mistress, the passion of Bothwell, hitherto reverential, can be no longer quite concealed; and the crafty plotters who note it, work with him, henceforth, as a main instrument of their designs. Lethington and Murray, who have long contemplated the removal of Darnley, cease not their whispers and temptations till they have pledged him to the deed. Not quite

without relenting, however, for that night, conscience summons in sleep a spectre, who shows him in prophetic vision the shadow of his coming crime. But Bothwell, impelled by love of Mary, and hate of Darnley, pauses not till, in the third canto, the deed is consummated, and he wakes to know that his soul is stained for ever.

"None saw me from the palace part,
None saw me enter it again.
Ah! but I heard a whisper pass,
It thrilled me as I reached the door—
'Welcome to thee, the knight that was,
The felon now for evermore!"

So, like Macbeth, Bothwell has made one foul but necessary step towards his object. Henceforth his forward path is clearer, though behind him lies a horrible shadow. Mary is now free, but neither knows that Bothwell loves her, nor shows other regard for him than is due to a faithful knight. Again the traitors who have determined on Mary's downfall are at hand to second and anticipate his wishes, by urging him to force the Queen to a marriage. In following the devious track of the tale, but for the extreme smoothness, skill, and melody of the versification, a thought might recur that must often have presented itself to the readers of long narratives in verse, that it would be desirable to find some means of carrying on the business of the poem other than by embodying its necessary but prosaic details; and this might be done either by passages of prose, or, as in Byron's *Giaour*, by making the successive poetic scenes so vivid and suggestive that the reader's imagination, undistracted by the creaking of the machinery, would easily connect them. But no poet could have contended more successfully with the difficulty we speak of than Mr. Aytoun has in *Bothwell*.

The dangerous ground of the abduction of Mary is passed by the poet with a light and rapid step. The objects of ambition and love are both attained: created Duke, and publicly wedded to the Queen, he has, outwardly, all he could, in his wildest dreams, have desired; but the prizes turn to dust in his grasp. He has place without power, possession without love. The nobles leave him and conspire against him, and Mary's impatience of the chain which binds her is undisguised. Roused to action by the revolt of the nobles, he assembles his force to meet them; but while he wastes precious moments in vain challenges to the hostile leaders, his followers fall from him without a blow; the Queen, instead of supporting him, receives his enemies as her deliverers, and, only bargaining for his personal immunity, takes her final farewell of him; and with a few retainers he embarks for a foreign shore. With a glimpse of his coming madness the poem ends, and darkness descends on the lurid and murky setting of his stormy career.

Such is the framework of the poem of *Bothwell*. As we have already hinted, we regard the story of a poem merely as the theme which is to afford the poet occasion for the exercise of his powers. That he has availed himself skilfully of the opportunities arising in the course of the narrative, the extracts we have given brilliantly testify; but some of the most charming passages are those of desultory reflection.

"I've heard that with the witches' song,
Though harsh and rude it be,
There blends a wild mysterious strain
Of weirdest harmony,
So that the listener far away
Must needs approach the ring,
Where, on the savage Lapland moors,
The demon chorus sing.

And I believe the devil's voice
Sinks deeper in the ear
Than any whispers sent from heaven,
However soft and clear."

Part the Fifth opens with the following beautiful lines:—

"Ascension morn! I hear the bells
Ring from the village far away;
How solemnly that music tells
The mystic story of the day!
Fainter and fainter come the chimes,
As though they melted into air,
Like voices of the ancient times,
Like whispers of ascending prayer!
So sweet and gentle sound they yet,
That I who never bend the knee,
Can listen on and half forget
That heaven's bright door is shut for me.
Yes, universal as the dew,
Which falls alike on field and fen,
Comes the wide summons to the true,
The false, the best, and worst of men.
Ring on, ye bells! Let others throng
Before the blessed rood to pray;
Let them have comfort in the song
That celebrates this holy day.
Ring on for them! I hear you well,
But cannot lift my thoughts on high;
The dreary mists that rise from hell
Come thick between me and the sky!"

Nobody but one so secure as the Professor of the affections of his female readers would have ventured on such a sentiment as this we are about to quote:—

"Men hate, because in act or strife
They cross each other's path;
Short is the space for jealousy,
And fierce the hour of wrath:
But woman's hate runs deeper far,
Though shallower at the spring;
Right seldom is it they forget
The shaft that galled their wing.
A fairer face, a higher place,
More worship, more applause,
Will make a woman loathe her friend
Without a deadlier cause."

Perhaps they are a little vindictive occasionally, on this and the like provocation, though we never presumed to tell them so, preferring, when favoured with an audience, to dwell on their many virtues; and, as we never yet forgot ourself so far as to allow a woman to believe that any other could possibly be prettier than herself, we have not enjoyed much opportunity of witnessing the display of the particular weakness the Professor alludes to. However, he shortly afterwards makes the *amende honorable*, as follows:—

"God gave to woman gentler sense,
And sweeter temper than to man;
And she will bear like penitence,
A load that makes the other ban."

We could have wished that the poet had not compared Mary either to a lily or a rose, whereas she undergoes both comparisons. Why cannot modern bards find some fresh flowers to exemplify the beauties of the fair ones they describe—a dahlia, for instance, or a polyanthus? One of the most charming women we ever saw strongly reminded us of a hollyhock—she weighed about sixteen stone; and being of a florid taste in dress, generally attired herself in crimson, with a bright blue bonnet. But to return.

There are some excellent fresh musical bits of description scattered about the poem, and here is one:—

"The sun is bright, the day is warm,
The breeze is blowing free—
Come, I will rouse me from my lair,
And look upon the sea:
'Tis clear and blue, with here and there
A little fleck of foam;
And yonder glides a stately ship,
Bound on her voyage home.
The fishers, on the scanty sward,
Spread out their nets to dry,
And whistle o'er their lazy task
In happy vacancy.
Swift by the window skims the tern,
On light and glancing wing,
And every sound that rises up
Gives token of the spring.
Fair is the sight, yet strange to me;
No memories I recall,
While gazing on the headland cliffs,
And waves that leap and fall;
No visions of my boyish days
Or manhood's sterner prime
Arise from yonder watery waste,
To cheer me for a time."

Here is another of a different stamp:—

"Men say that in those northern seas,
Far out from human view,
There lies a huge and whirling pit,
As deep as though the globe were split,
To let the waters through;
All round and round for many a mile
Spreads the strong tide's resistless coil;
And if a ship should chance to pass
Within the Maelstrom's sweep,
Nor helm nor sail will then avail
To drive her through the deep.
Headlong she rolls on racing waves,
Still narrowing in her round,
Still drawn towards the awful brim
Of that abyss profound.
Then one sharp whirl, one giant surge,
A lurch, a plunge, a yell—
And down for ever goes the ship
Into the raging hell!"

Landscape, as the Professor knows, sometimes catches its hue from the tone of the spectator's mind—and here is an instance:

"I know not why: but o'er my soul,
That eve the self-same bodement stole

That thrilled me with a sad presage
When last I gazed on Hermitage.
The troopers in procession wound,
Along the slant and broken ground,
Beneath old Arthur's lion-hill.
The Queen went onward with her train;
I rode not by her palfrey's rein,
But lingered at the tiny rill
That flows from Anton's fane.
Red was the sky; but Holyrood
In dusk and sullen grandeur stood.
It seemed as though the setting sun
Refused to lend it light,
So cheerless was its look, and dun,
While all above was bright.
Black in the glare rose spire and vane,
No lustre streamed from window-pane;
But, as I stood, the Abbey bell
Tolled out, with such a dismal knell
As smites with awe the shuddering crowd,
When a king's folded in his shroud—
Methought it said, Farewell!"

For the readers of the poem the scenery of Edinburgh, the fairest city in Britain, will possess a fresh charm. Still as of yore the Castle stands on its ancient dark grey rock, precipitous as the Tarpeian. Still amid the wooded vales around rises the old keep of Craigmillar—the Canongate through which Bothwell bent his steps on the night of Darnley's murder exists almost unchanged, and in it still stands the house of Knox. Holyrood, with its secret and fatal stair, its "flea-bitten tapestries," its polished floors and ancient furniture, would be found scarcely altered if revisited, as no doubt it frequently is, by some spectral courtier of the time of Mary; and the traffickers in blood still, for the small sum of one shilling, point out the stains of Riccio's gore.

But the master-touches are not all lavished on still-life, and there is great knowledge of man apparent in the poem. Take an instance: Bothwell has employed a base accomplice in preparing the means of Darnley's death:—

"Let no man seek to gain his end
By felon means! I never felt
So like a slave, as when he passed,
And touched the key beneath his belt!
For in his glance I read the thought—
'Lord Bothwell! ever from this hour,
Though you be great, and I am nought,
Your life and fame are in my power!'
Ah! shame that I should now recall
The meaner feelings of that time,
The splinters and the accidents
That flash from every deed of crime!"

One quotation more. Bothwell, having waylaid his Queen and carried her off, frames a tale to deceive her, as he remembers with bitter remorse:

"O wretch, to fashion such a lie!
O slave, to ruin one so fair!
O false to faith and chivalry!
O villain, well may I despair!
Why live I longer, since I know
That prayer and penitence are vain;
Since hope is dead for me below,
And hell can give no ghastlier pain?

Beneath the flags that, day by day,
Return dull echoes to my tread,
A grave is hollowed in the clay;
It waits the coming of the dead:
A grave apart, a grave unknown,
A grave of solitude and shame,
Whereon shall lie no sculptured stone
With legend of a warrior's name.
O would it yawn to take me in,
And bind me, soul and body, down!
O could it hide me and my sin,
When the last trumpet-blast is blown!
O might one guilty form remain
Unsummoned to that awful crowd,
When all the chiefs of Bothwell's strain
Shall rise from sepulchre and shroud!
How could I meet their stony stare—
How could I see my father's face—
I, the one tainted felon there,
The foul Iscariot of my race?"

We trust that the reader has now a fair idea of the structure and tone of the poem. That the versification is flowing and melodious, we need not say. All the world knows that the harp of Thomas of Ercildoune has descended through a long line of illustrious bards to William of Aytoun, and that this latter troubadour has sung of many a deed of Scottish chivalry in accents "as musical as is Apollo's lute." We shall not easily forget how we once sat on the shores of the thrice classic Bosphorus, and read to two fair and intellectual women the "Burial March of Dundee." Tears, the true poet's tribute, attended the recital, and that most eloquent compliment, a space of silence, followed. Those who have read the Scottish Lays will need no recommendation from us to peruse Bothwell: and those who read this paper, comprising, we presume, the entire civilised world, will know no rest till they have mastered the entire work, of which we have given detached specimens: and all will agree with us in the wish that this favourite child of Maga may often direct his great gifts to the embalming of the legends of Scotland.

INDIA UNDER LORD DALHOUSIE.

On a cold bleak day in the month of February, 1885, we remember meeting young Lord Ramsay (now Dalhousie) riding on his bay horse up the wide Canongate of Edinburgh. It was his first appearance in public life. His lordship had just completed his majority, and, in compliance with the wishes of the Conservative party, had come forward to contest the metropolis of Scotland with Abercromby and Campbell. He was already in the whirl of the election-contest; and although "plain John"—as the present Lord-Chief-Justice then affected to style himself—with true Whiggish servility to mob-passions, profusely taunted his young Tory rival as if it were a crime against "Reform" to be the heir of thirty generations, and to count back one's pedigree for seven centuries, the people on this occasion thought differently, and cheered his lordship as he rode up the grey time-honoured street. They remembered that the youth's sires had fought along with Wallace and the Bruce,—that he represented one of the very oldest of Scottish families,—that

> "Ere Campbells yet were lords of Lorn,
> Ere yet Buccleuch was lifting kine,
> Were Ramseys in Dalwolsie born"—

and the true instincts of the Scottish heart triumphed for a moment over

the rancour of party as they gave the young lord a cheer for himself and his race. Despite his then unpopular political creed, he was personally popular,—and naturally so; for he exhibited in a remarkable manner those qualities of spirit and manliness which the masses respect and admire even in their antagonists. The fever of party-politics then ran high in Edinburgh as elsewhere; and the Whig candidates were not over-delicate or scrupulous in their efforts to depreciate and annoy the young rival who dared to meet them in a burgh so peculiarly their own. But throughout that election-contest Lord Ramsay gave token of the high courage, energy, and manliness of policy which he has lived to develop on a grander stage. He shrank from no part of his canvass,—he held meetings with the electors in the rudest and most Radical wards of the city,—he stated his political views with the frankest honesty and directness, and had a plain answer for everybody,—while his speeches were marked by a vigour, terseness, and self-reliance, especially rare in one so young. In that election-contest, as he himself said, his "political cradle was roughly rocked," but he learned from it lessons of value to him in that future career of distinction to which he seems even then to have looked forward with confidence. At the banquet given to him by the Conservative party, he took leave of them in the following words, which subsequent events have made memorable: "I return to my own pursuits with the sensation common to every man who feels that he has not to reproach himself that he has buried his talent in the earth; that, so far as in him lay, he has done his duty to his country, his fellows, and himself; and that, having cast his bread upon the waters, he has only to await in patient confidence the day when it shall again be found."

Two-and-twenty years roll away, and we again find Lord Dalhousie making a farewell address. It is about the same season of the year as before, but everything else is changed. A burning sun is blazing, though it is but the 5th of March. Edinburgh, with its heights and valleys, crowned with Greek and Gothic edifices, has disappeared; and around are visible the slender minarets and bizarre cupolas of the East, shooting high into the noonday air above a vast low-lying city, peopled with dusky myriads, and with a sea-like river moving majestically past. It is a strange hybrid scene,—a blending of the East and West. Ships of European and Asiatic structure ply side by side on the broad river,—stately European edifices fringe its banks,—the streets are brilliant with the military uniforms of the West and the domestic pageantry of the East,—while the "red, white, and blue" folds of the Union-Jack show that Japhet is dwelling in the tents of Shem, and that British power is the ruling genius of the place. We have got quite to the other side of the globe, and have exchanged the bleak winter of Scotland for the tropical heats of an Indian summer at Calcutta. Lord Dalhousie has finished his eight years' rule of India, and the inhabitants and authorities of Calcutta have repaired to the Government House to present him with an address. His lordship is as changed as the scene that surrounds him. Instead of the active firm-knit youth of 1834, we find him, though still in the prime of life, faint and weak with work and suffering, and it is visibly with an effort that he stands up to receive the deputation, and to read his reply. He tells them that he "receives the sentiments of the inhabitants of the city of Calcutta with the deepest feelings of gratification and pride: of pride, that an administration which has been prolonged through more than eight years, should command at its close so general a tribute of approbation and applause; of gratification, that the inhabitants of the capital of the Indian empire should have framed their judgment of me in terms so honourable to my name, and should have pronounced it in tones of such manifest cordiality." "The approving voice of his countrymen," continues the worn-out statesman, "the deliberate, concurrent, and hearty commendation of those among whom he has long lived and acted, is the reward which sustains the heart of a public man, which affords him compensation for

long years of exile, and makes him amends for the toils and cares, the injustice and ill-will, which form the burden that must be borne by every man who serves the State." The memorialists have made kindly allusion to the future that might be in store for him, and to the honours and high career awaiting him at home; but he replies with a despondency that marks how heavy the sacrifice he had long been making at the shrine of duty and a noble ambition: "I do not seek," he said, "to fathom that future. My only ambition long has been to accomplish the task which lay before me here, and to bring it to a close with honour and success. It has been permitted to me to do so. I have played out my part. And while I feel that, in my case, the principal act in the drama of my life is ended, I shall be well content if the curtain should drop now upon my public course. Nearly thirteen years have passed away since first I entered the service of the Crown. Through all those years, with but one short interval, public employment of the heaviest responsibility and labour has been imposed upon me. I am wearied and worn, and have no other thought or wish than to seek the retirement of which I stand in need, and which is all I now am fit for. Mr. Sheriff and Gentlemen, I have now but one more word to add—it is a word which I find it hard to utter—Farewell." His lordship's voice faltered as he pronounced the last word, and his emotion was shared by the select crowd, half British, half Asiatic, who thronged the apartment. Next day the ex-Governor-General took his departure—proceeding to the ghaut or landing-place in an open carriage, through a lane of European and native troops, escorted by the body-guard in their splendid uniforms, and receiving the usual military honours. "A salute of nineteen guns signalised his lordship's departure from Government House, and another was fired on his embarking on board the Feroze. He was attended to the landing-place by a large concourse of gentlemen, who evinced the most lively marks of sympathy and sorrow at his departure. Some were literally unable to do more than bow a farewell; an attempt to give him a parting cheer as his boat pushed off broke down." *

In this manner did Lord Dalhousie bid farewell to India. Europeans and Hindoos alike regretted him. And yet he had in no degree courted popularity. Many acts of kindness are recorded of him, but severity rather than leniency was the character of his rule. He felt the mighty responsibilities of his position, and in his resolve to prove equal to them, he put aside all personal predilections and the solicitations of friends, and gave heed only to the high cold dictates of impartiality and duty. He was at once the head and the hand of all that took place in that vast empire. He not only originated or gave shape to every project, but he watched over its execution. No man shares with him his laurels, for none shared the thorns. "His well-known habit of deciding for himself exempted him from other influence, and in all serious questions the community looked to him alone. In every danger men have been accustomed to ask, not what ought to be done, or what will Government do, but 'What does Lord Dalhousie say?' For eight years he has been really our king, in the old sense of the word." † No Indian Viceroyalty, brilliant as many of them have been, will bear comparison with that of Lord Dalhousie. He has won himself a foremost place, not only among British statesmen, but among the true rulers of mankind in all ages. The bread which he cast on the waters "in patient confidence," has been "found again;" the eyes of his countrymen are fixed on him even in his invalid retirement; and nothing but renewed health and prolonged life are wanting to enable him to prosecute with fresh lustre his public career, and win new laurels in the West—less brilliant, it may be, but still dearer to his heart, because more important to his countrymen, than those which he has already gathered in the sultry climes and among the dusky myriads of the East.

To one who comprehends the mag-

* Indian Correspondence of the *Times*. † Ibid.

nificence of our Indian Empire, it will not seem strange that the high duty of ruling it aright should have fired the ambition and strained the energies of the noble Scotchman to whom for eight years its destinies have been intrusted. An Indian debate no longer, as in the days of Burke, acts like the dinner-bell on the House of Commons; but it must be confessed that, even among our legislators, and still more among the general public, the actual vastness, importance, and peculiarities of our Indian Empire are yet but imperfectly understood. We regard it too much in the light of a simple dependency of the British Crown,—forgetful that its civil and military establishments exceed those of the greatest European Power, and that in amount of population it is equalled by no empire in the world save the monster-fabric of China. In our ordinary atlases it figures to the eye no larger than our own country, or any of the medium-sized kingdoms of the Continent; but in actual fact, it embraces a million and a half of square miles, and is larger than *all Europe*, exclusive of Russia. England, Scotland, and Ireland might all be packed into the limits of the single Bombay presidency; Madras would hold Norway and Denmark; the Punjab and North-west provinces equal Spain; and the Bengal presidency exceeds in size all France. And yet, more than one half of the Indian peninsula, comprising the native States, remains to be accounted for! The lately-acquired territories, annexed by Lord Dalhousie—namely, the Punjab, Pegu, Oude, Nagpore, Berar, &c., have of themselves an area of 118,000 square miles, equalling in extent the United Kingdom. Nor let the common error be indulged, that these vast territories of our Indian empire are thinly peopled, or little better than barbaric wilderness. Taking India as a whole, it is as densely peopled as the most advanced countries in Europe; so that, while in area it equals Europe, *minus* the thinly-peopled wastes of Russia, in population it falls but little short of the same favoured segment of the earth. The North-west Provinces, indeed, with a lesser area than England and Scotland, actually exceed them in population, and are only equalled in proportion of people to territory by the small state of Belgium.* And yet India, say our best authorities, is less populous now than formerly!

Very varied are the units that make up this vast population of India, and yet strange is the social uniformity that has gradually crept over them. In every part there is a great variety of different classes dwelling together, in many points altogether dissimilar; but the same systems, manners, and divisions of the people prevail throughout the country. "Although there are many classes, almost all the classes are found more or less everywhere; and hence the same general features of society exist alike in every part of India, even where there is a considerable difference in personal appearance and language. In effect it has become one country; and though many different races have entered it, and have been by peculiar institutions kept in many respects separate, each has in its own sphere pervaded the country. All have become united in one common civilisation—the same system of Hindoo polity has been overlaid by the same system of Mahommedan government—inhabitants of one part of the country have served, travelled, and done business in all other parts indiscriminately; and so altogether, while the different degrees in which different elements have been mixed, produce exterior differences, the essential characteristics of all are the same."† But it is a marked characteristic of India, that while the population is thus to a certain extent *socially* one, they have no *political* unity whatever. "Not only have the Mahommedans and Hindoos

* England, Scotland, and Wales, with an area of 90,000 square miles, have a population of 21 millions; while the North-west Provinces of India, with an area of only 86,000 square miles, have a population of 24 millions! The rate of population in these North-west Provinces per square mile is 322—in Belgium it is 323. But as the former are eight times larger than the latter, districts could easily be found in the Indian provinces exceeding in density of population the 11,000 square miles of Belgium.

† CAMPBELL'S *Modern India and its Government*, p. 36–37.

no political feeling in common; but no two tribes, classes, or castes of Hindoos pull together in politics. This, which in the first instance is no doubt in a great degree the consequence of political slavery, is now still more the cause of it. Natives of different classes associate much together, have their alliances and enmities in common; but employ one of them in the service of Government, and he has no particle of political sympathy beyond his own subdivision of a class, if even so much. Political nationality there is none. Even in matters of public concernment between the people and the government, there is little public spirit. They have so long lived under an alien and despotic government, that they feel little bound to assist it; so that if, in the pursuit of criminals and such matters, a native is immediately touched himself, he is active enough—but so long as this is not the case, he moves not in the matter, and renders little assistance." *

Northern India, owing to a better climate and immigrations of hardy northern tribes, possesses a finer population than the South, where remnants of inferior aboriginal tribes have mingled with and somewhat deteriorated the Hindoo stock. The Hindostanees, who form the bulk of the population of the country, are in physical appearance, excepting colour, very like Europeans, and evidently belong to the same great division of mankind. The features and cast of countenance are indeed identical, and their general height and size are nearly as great. The Bramins of the north, the Rajpoots, and the Jats, are fine men,—the meaner classes are naturally meaner-looking, but even among the lowest class of all (the unclean outcasts) may be found as fine men as any. The mercantile classes are at once the fairest and most Hindoo-looking—circumstances mainly attributable to their in-door occupations and stricter exclusiveness. Our early popular ideas of the mildness and effeminacy of the Hindoos were derived from the Bengalees, and are by no means characteristic of the general population of India. The Indian race have a fair share of courage and energy. They fight well when properly led, and have less fear of death, and sometimes do more reckless things, than Europeans; but they have less steady pluck, and are easily disheartened by reverses. They are not a cruel or bloody-minded people, and generally do not commit so great atrocities as barbarous and excited Europeans; but when particular individuals or classes (like the Thugs and Dacoits) make blood a profession, they display a coolness and insensitiveness which we could hardly attain. In industrial energy the Hindoos show favourably. They have none of the indolence or apathy of the Celt and Negro; they have the inclination to improve their condition, and the more they have the more they want. In talent they are by no means inferior to Europeans. Their intellects are excellent, and they exhibit a mathematical clearness of head, and talent for figures and exact sciences, which is less general with us. The lower classes show unusual acuteness and aptness to learn. They are to the full as good and intelligent as the same classes with us; indeed, they are much more versed in the affairs of life, plead their causes better, make more intelligent witnesses, and have many virtues. But these good qualities do not exist in a corresponding proportion in the higher classes, who do not bear prosperity well. "The lowest of the people, if fate raise him to be an emperor, makes himself quite at home in his new situation, and shows an aptitude of manner and conduct unknown to Europeans similarly situated; but his son is altogether degenerate." †

Such was the empire, such the people, over which Lord Dalhousie was called to rule. His task was an arduous one, but his position allowed him to put forth his powers to the full. The Governor-Generalship of India is one of the grandest positions in the world. Mediocre men may fill it, as they have often filled thrones, and the machine of government, though moving feebly, has not stopped. But

* Campbell's *Modern India and its Government*, p. 62-63. † Ibid., p. 64

to a man who has the temperament and talents for ruling, the position is almost peerless. The Premiership of England is not to be compared with it,—as little is the Presidentship of the American Union, where power is curbed on all hands by the local legislatures of the States. And to a man who joins administrative tact with masterly genius, like Lord Dalhousie, it is no exaggeration to say, that it is doubtful whether the viceroy of our Indian empire is not as mighty a potentate as the emperor of France or the autocrat of Russia.

The vigour and abilities of the new Governor-General were soon called forth. Arriving at Calcutta in the first days of 1848,* he had hardly been four months in office when he was roused by the revolt of Moolraj into preparation for war. The revolt, spreading from Mooltan northwards, quickly involved the whole States of the Seikh confederacy. A second war in the Punjab was upon us, and the terrible battle of Chillianwallah renewed the bloodshed and anxieties of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. The Governor-General instantly marched for the North-west Provinces, and the vigour of his plans was at length crowned with success by the great artillery victory won by Lord Gough at Goojerat. The army followed up that victory with unsurpassed promptitude and resolution,—the beaten remains of the Seikh force were run down in all directions, and the pursuit did not stop until their Afghan allies were driven ignominiously up the gorges of the Khyber Pass. The Governor-General was not less decisive in his measures. The policy of annexation was adopted, not less wisely than boldly. The once famous kingdom of Runjeet Singh was declared at an end, and the Punjab was proclaimed a province of our Indian empire.

No tract of country so vast and important had been annexed to the British dominions in the East since, at the beginning of the century, the "North-Western Provinces" were first brought under our rule. But much greater difficulties had to be encountered in this new "settlement," and the administrative achievements have been at once much greater and more rapidly accomplished. Of all the governmental experiments made in India, the settlement of the Punjab has been the greatest. Sir Charles Napier did wonders in Scinde. He and Lord Ellenborough (then Governor-General) were both men of no ordinary, and very similar, genius. They both perceived that a merely civil administration, such as prevails within the "Regulation" or old-settled provinces, would never do in a rude region only half-won from war and anarchy. Such a procedure would be like setting Mr. Mechi and a band of "high farmers" into the backwoods of America. Pioneering was wanted first; and the vigorous mind and daring spirit of Napier was admirably fitted for such work. But he and his chief carried their prejudices too far. They despised the civil service, and drew almost wholly upon the army; and the result was that they had to work with inadequate instruments,—with young officers, zealous and able indeed, but totally inexperienced; so that, as Mr. Kaye remarks, the wonder is that the experiment should have been half so successful as it was.

Lord Dalhousie was a man of a different stamp. To energies less demonstrative, but not less real, than those of the illustrious men we have named, he joined a greater amount of practical judgment and intellectual calm. He had no prejudices; and hence he was well fitted to learn the lessons taught by former experiments. Ever since the close of the first Seikh war in 1846, a band of British officers had been installed in the Punjab, to assist the Court of Regency established at Lahore to govern the country for the infant son of Runjeet Singh. At the head of this band was Henry Lawrence, then but a captain of the Bengal Artillery, but who now adds the honours of knighthood to a name which will never be forgotten in the administrative annals of India. Lord Dalhousie at once fixed upon him as his prime agent in the settlement of the Punjab. Along with local knowledge and military energy, Lawrence possessed more

* Lord Dalhousie landed at Calcutta on the 12th January 1848, and left it on the 6th March 1856.

civil experience than most soldiers; for he had been long employed in the Revenue Survey, and as a political officer had attentively watched the systems of government in the Native States. A man of rare energy and ability, sagacious in council, prompt in action, and of so brave a resolution that all difficulties vanished before his unconquerable will,—he happily added to these qualities a benevolent spirit, which ever desired to evoke not the fear but the gratitude of the people. But other elements were needed for the right government of so difficult and unsettled a region as the Punjab; and accordingly Lord Dalhousie resolved to form a Board of Administration, consisting of Lawrence and two others. One of these was his brother, John Lawrence, a first-rate civil officer, who had been in charge of the administration of our first territorial acquisition in the Punjab, the Jallundur Doab,—who understood both the revenue and judicial systems of the country—was familiar with native institutions, and thoroughly versed in all those matters of agricultural detail which are the very life of a rural population. The third of the triumvirate was Mr. Mansell, likewise of the Bengal civil service, one of the ablest financiers of the country,—of a thoughtful and original turn of mind, but more meditative than energetic. Thus Lord Dalhousie combined both the civil and military services in his Board of Administration, and the same system was pursued in the numerous minor appointments. He had a great task to accomplish, and breaking from former precedents—preferring exclusively neither soldiers nor civilians—he combined in his new administrative corps the best men that were available in both services.

The first thing to be done was the pacification of the country. Every peasant had arms, and every chief had a fort. This was inconsistent with a regime of peace. Accordingly, the dismantling of strongholds was vigorously commenced, those only being preserved, which might be required for military or political purposes. The edict prohibiting the possession, sale, or manufacture of arms and munitions of war, from the Sutlej to the Indus, was placarded and proclaimed everywhere,—the orders being further explained to the headman of every large village; and weapons and munitions of war were seized and surrendered in all directions. (The Trans-Indus and Huzara population were exempted from this prohibition, because without arms they would be at the mercy of plundering hordes, who could at any moment pour down from their mountain fastnesses upon the defenceless villages of the plains and valleys.) A still more formidable matter was the disbanding of the Seikh army. A general muster was called of the soldiery, together with all military retainers of the defunct Seikh government and its chiefs. The men were mustered chiefly at Lahore; there they were paid up and disbanded—the most promising of them being taken into the British service,—all those whom we could not admit receiving gratuities and pensions, and the infirm and superannuated being likewise pensioned. All passed off with remarkable quiet and success. "That large bodies of brave men, once so turbulent and formidable as to overawe their Government and wield the destinies of their country, should lay down their arms, receive their arrears, and retire from an exciting profession to till the ground, without in any place creating a disturbance, is indicative of the effect which had been produced by the British power,—of the manly forbearance which characterises the Seikh,—and of the satisfaction at the justice of the Government."* This happy change, though sudden, was lasting. "The early absorption of the Seikh soldiery into the body of society," says a Report written five years afterwards, "will be a theme for future historians. The fiercer spirits have taken employment under their conquerors, and are serving on the Indus in the far West, and on the Irrawaddy in the far East. But the majority have returned to agriculture in their native nangha and

* *First Punjab Report*, p. 32.

nalwa, and anticipate the opening of the new [Baree Doab] canal. The staunch foot-soldier has become the steady cultivator, and the brave officer is now the sturdy village elder."* Such is the pliancy of the Indian character—a character averagely rich and energetic, yet more mouldable perhaps than that of any people in the world. Hence the pre-eminent importance of having men of high abilities and practical genius to guide our Indian Administration,—men who know what to do, and how to do it; for in India, truly, more than elsewhere, "all things are possible" to a ruler of genius.

The feudal system pervaded the Punjab. The fine cavalry of Runjeet Singh was composed entirely of his subordinate feudal chiefs with their military following,—in return for contributing which, the chiefs held *jagheers* or lordships over lands, to the occupancy of which they had no claim, but from which they received yearly revenue. When the Seikh kingdom was at an end, and the Seikh army disbanded, there was, of course, no further use for this feudal system; and as the State now took the payment of the troops into its own hand, it became just and necessary that the jagheers, formerly granted to the chiefs for this purpose, should be resumed by the Government. But the work of resumption required careful investigation and consideration. In many cases a portion of the jagheer belonged to the chief personally, and independently of the portion granted him as payment for his quota of troops. Of these private jagheers the chiefs were left in full possession; and of those to which they had lost claim there was no hasty resumption. Each rent-free tenure was inquired into and reported upon; and not until a thorough investigation had been made, and the justice of the measure clearly ascertained, was any Jagheerdar deprived of his lands. Even then the resumption was generally so ordered as to press with as little severity as possible on the privileged classes, and life-pensions were numerously granted. But still, while the industrial population gained mightily by our innovations, the aristocracy of the Punjab were sufferers by the change. In 1854 we find the effects of the change thus described: "The feudal nobility of Runjeet Singh, the pillars of the state, are tending towards inevitable decay. Their gaudy retinues have disappeared; their city residences are less gay with equipages and visitors; their country seats and villas are comparatively neglected. But the British Government has done all it consistently could to mitigate their reverses, and render their decadence gradual. They receive handsome pensions, or they retain for their lives a moiety of their landed grants. When any of them have been judged to possess hereditary claims, a fair share of their landed fiefs have been guaranteed to them and their posterity in perpetuity. They are treated with considerate respect by the servants of the Government; they swell public processions, and attend at ceremonial durbars. The sons of this nobility and of the gentry generally are seeking Government employ, and acquiring a liberal education."† Such a decline was inevitable: we could not elevate the many without depressing the few.

The Court of Runjeet Singh was a good specimen of Oriental splendour, and entailed a heavy burden upon his British successors in the sovereignty. Not only were there the fair inmates of an unusually well-stocked Harem to provide for, and their attendants of both sexes, but also the office-bearers of the Court, —chamberlains, mace-bearers, soothsayers, physicians, *sarans*, musicians, and men-in-waiting—were all borne on the pension-rolls of the British state. And thus, although every thing like splendour vanished, the multitude which had surrounded, graced, or supported the throne of Runjeet Singh and his successors continued to exist in substantial comfort. So did another, but very different section of the community—the priestly classes. The Seikh shrines and holy places were respected, and liberality was extended to all religious characters, even to mendicant friars and village ascetics. "These people have been allowed by thousands to

* *Second Punjab Report*, p. 218.

† *Ib.* p. 212.

retain their petty landed grants on a life tenure. There is hardly a village mosque, or a rustic temple, or a shaded tomb, of which the service is not supported by a few fields of rent-free cultivation. Those classes, although they will not become extinct, will yet greatly fall below their present numbers when the existing generation shall have passed away. In the mean time they are kept contented, and their indirect influence on the mass of the population is enlisted on the side of the Government."* The Seikh faith and ecclesiastical polity, we are told, is rapidly going where the Seikh political ascendancy has already gone; but we doubt if this be for the better, for the deserters from the gentle creed of Vanuk merely rejoin the ranks of Hindooism, whence they originally came.

The policeman is a necessary accompaniment of peaceful civilisation, albeit he may be armed at times with something more formidable than a wooden truncheon. One of the very first steps, accordingly, taken by the Governor-General after the annexation of the Punjab, was the establishment of an armed police force, foot and horse, alike for the protection of the western frontiers, and for the preservation of internal peace. The village police were likewise appointed; civil and criminal courts were established; and during the first year no less than 8000 convicts were lodged in custody. But there were desperate classes in the community, and the late wars and anarchy had swelled their numbers. The Seikhs had risen to eminence and founded their empire by means of predatory warfare, waged not only by the general confederacy, but more frequently by a few families combining together to make raids and acquire jagheers on their own account. Among such a population gang-robbery (Dacoitee) was looked upon as not dishonourable to those who practised it. The horrible crime of Thuggee had likewise found its way into the country. It was not of native growth, but was imported across the Sutlej from Hindoostan, by a ruffian retainer of one of the Seikh robber-chiefs, about the time when Runjeet Singh was rising into eminence. The first Thug initiated his sons and relatives, and thus the crime ramified and descended from one generation to another, sometimes favoured, sometimes persecuted by provincial governors. Upon the disorganization of the Seikh polity and the wars of 1846 and 1848, Thuggee acquired a further development. It is ascertained, that between the years 1832 and 1852, 1384 murders of this kind were committed; and in the troubled years from 1845 to 1849, the annual average exceeded 100. The last year the crime had any chance of making head was 1852, when the number of murders was 35; next year only one murder of this kind was reported, and now the crime appears to be extinct. It is worthy of note, that in the Punjab this criminal fraternity are not so dangerous as their brethren of central India. "They have none of the subtle sagacity, the insidious perseverance, the religious faith, the dark superstition, the sacred ceremonies, the peculiar dialect, the mysterious bond of union, which so terribly distinguish the Indian Thugs. They are merely an organised body of highwaymen and murderers, rude, ferocious, and desperate."* The members chiefly belonged to the outcast Muzubee or Sweeper caste of the Seikhs, a ferocious and misanthropic class, fortunately not numbering above 5000 for the whole Punjab. This caste have been placed under surveillance,—a thousand of them were also organised into an industrial body, as labourers on the roads; and, bad as they are by nature, with the characteristic pliancy of the Indian race, they have shown themselves not irreclaimable.

The physical features of the Punjab presented many obstacles to the suppression of Thuggee, Dacoitee, and other forms of systematic outrage and crime. And in order to show this, as well as to show the need there was for those public works, especially roads and canals, now executing in the Punjab, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the physical aspect of the country. In superficial area the Punjab resembles a vast triangle, 800 miles in greatest breadth, and 350 in greatest

* *First Punjab Report*, p. 58.

length, with its base resting on the Himalayas, and its apex pointing southwards, and formed at the spot where the Five Rivers mingle their waters, and roll down in one mighty flood to the Indian Ocean. The face of the Punjab, or level region intersected by these five rivers, presents every variety of aspect, from the most luxuriant cultivation to the most sandy deserts and the wildest prairies of grass and brushwood. A traveller passing along the highway which traverses the northern tracts, would imagine the Punjab to be the garden of India; again returning by the road which intersects the central districts, he would suppose it to be a country little better than a wilderness. Here, as generally throughout the East, it is the presence or absence of water that occasions this striking difference. All along the base of the lower Himalayan range, there stretches a strip of country from fifty to eighty miles broad, watered by the mountain rivulets, which in their downward course spread wealth and fruitfulness on either side,—enriching with alluvial deposits their banks, which are fringed with the finest cultivation, and exhibit a luxuriant fertility unsurpassed in Northern India. These level tracts, though unadorned with trees, and unrelieved by any picturesque features, are studded with well-peopled villages, are covered with two waving harvests in the year, and are the home of a sturdy, industrious, and skilful peasantry. Within this zone of perennial verdure, which forms the northern border-land of the Punjab, are situated most of the chief cities, including the sister capitals of Umritsur and Lahore. But the scene changes as we proceed southwards. Along the banks of the five great rivers, indeed, fertility continues, but it is confined to their immediate margins; and in the centre of all the Doabs (as the interfluvial regions are called) nothing meets the eye but interminable wastes, overgrown with grass and brushwood, scantily threaded by sheep-tracks and the footprints of cattle. Here and there a hamlet stands alone in the wilderness, tenanted by a semi-barbarous population, the very aborigines of the land—lawless pastoral tribes, who collect herds of cattle stolen from the agricultural districts. This, in truth, is the great grazing district of Northern India. It yields an inexhaustible supply of grass for all equestrian establishments; and its boundless grazing-grounds sustain a noble breed of cattle, buffaloes, sheep, and goats. Vast herds of camels, too, which sustain the trade of the country, and mainly carry on the traffic with Cabul, are at certain seasons turned loose into these wastes, to browse on the leaves of the densely-growing trees and brushwood; and from the owners of those, and the other kinds of grazing-stock, a grazing-tax is levied by the Government in return for the right of pasturage. These wastes are likewise serviceable as natural deposits of firewood. The Punjab, as we have said, is unfortunately bare of trees—with the bright exception of the province of Mooltan, where the date and palm trees cluster in dense groves, or extend for miles in stately avenues. Timber, accordingly, is almost unprocurable; and even wood for fuel, so indispensable in a coalless country, could not be had but for the masses of brushwood which have overgrown the central wastes of the Doabs. We shall see by and by what measures the ever-vigilant Governor-General took to remedy this want of timber and firewood; but it is obvious that if those wastes, like all other things, had their uses, they at least furnished a most suitable retreat for robbers and other criminals, and threw abundant difficulties in the way of the police.

The armed police force at first raised in the Punjab, for the purposes of frontier defence and internal pacification, amounted to 14,000 men, and it has subsequently increased to about 18,000. To assist the operations of this force, as well as to promote the commerce of the country, roads were cut through the central wastes of the Doabs; and along these roads were stationed police detachments of mounted patrols. Recourse was also had to the employment of professional "trackers"—a measure which was attended with immediate advantages, and led to the detection of crimes otherwise inscrutable. "The acuteness of ex-

ternal sense displayed by these men, themselves denizens of the wilds, approaches almost to an instinct. Although the ground is overgrown with grass, and is from its hardness unsusceptible of impressions from footsteps, yet these human blood-hounds have been known to follow the thief and his stolen cattle for fifty, eighty, and even a hundred miles."* During the first year after annexation, gang-robbery prevailed to an alarming extent, especially about Umritsur. Some of the great roads were scoured at night by bands of armed and mounted highwaymen, and houses of native grandees were sometimes assailed in the open face of day. What a blessed change now! "Most of those daring criminals have suffered the penalty of death or outlawry. Their gangs have been dispersed; they have been captured with courage equal to their own; they have been hunted down with perseverance greater and with horses fleeter than their own. Those who have escaped the gallows have been chased into perpetual exile, among the fastnesses of Bikaneer and Rajasthan, or the wilds of the Great Desert.† At this moment, no part of Upper India is more free from Dacoitee than the Punjab."‡

But roads are of other use than helping to catch thieves. They are the great highways of conquest and commerce. Arms and civilisation alike flow along them, and in their train come the blessings of settled government, the inroad of new ideas, and the development of old but neglected resources. Wherever the Romans went, they made roads—roads of an iron substantiality like their makers, fragments of which have long survived the decay even of imperial Rome herself. It was a noble thought, and nobly executed. How those old magnificent *Vias* went shooting out from the Eternal City, straight as the track of arrows, radiating like civilising rays out to the wide circumference of the Roman power—lines of light spreading farther and farther into the realms of barbarism, growing thinner and thinner, feebler and feebler, till they disappear in the savage night that hung like a thick curtain around the *orbis esteribus notus*, and formed the true frontiers of the sunny empire of Rome! The British race are the Romans of the modern world. True heirs of the old *Domini rerum*, they do not blend with or accommodate themselves to the ideas and fashions of other peoples; they go forth dominating and civilising, yet in their dealings with others, ever tending to a policy not unaptly expressed by the American phrase, "improving off the face of the earth." Other peoples must come into our ways, not we into theirs. Had the French held our place in India, they would have fraternised better than we with the natives, but they would have become Hindoolised. Indian blood would by this time have flowed in half their veins, Indian habits and ideas would have more than half displaced those of Europe. They would have ruled less, and blended more, than the strong stiff-jointed Briton. In that land of caste and invasions they would have formed the uppermost and last-come caste, rather than a distinct race of foreign rulers. Take John Bull with all his faults, it must be allowed that he knows how to rule. He may not be great in theories of government, but he is born for the work, and does it by instinct. Proud yet self-depreciating, he is ever ready to grumble at his own mistakes; but what he can do is already written in enduring characters upon the face of the globe. North America, Australia, India, are the signets of his greatness in that most lordly of qualities, the art of ruling men and founding empires. Yes! critics there are by the hundred, complaints there are by the thousand, of our Indian Government—and in so immensely wide a field we shall not say that all those complaints are groundless—but take that empire all in all, and we will not find the like of it in the world.

This truth will shine out more clearly as we proceed in this survey of our

* *First Punjab Report*, p. 57.

† Lying to the south-east of the Punjab, and separating Scinde from Central India.

‡ *First Punjab Report*, p. 58.

Indian Empire. Meanwhile, continuing our feeble tracings of its outlines, let us note the magnificent highways which, in Roman fashion, the British conquerors of the Punjab have made to run through the wastes and link together the cities of the annexed province. The most important of these is the grand trunk-road from Lahore to Peshawur, along the line of which the army of the Punjab is massed. To this line Lord Dalhousie bestowed especial attention; and so impossible was it to keep pace with his expectations, that in his closing minute we find him, "without imputing blame in any quarter," lamenting that its progress "appears to have been slow."* Road-making in the Punjab, with its mighty rivers and mountain-spurs, is a different thing from the same kind of work in our own land; and no description would give an adequate idea of the difficulties which rock, sand, flood, earthy strata, cliff, and ravine, have presented to the construction of this great trunk-road of North-western India. Suffice it to say, that it is 264 miles in length, and is carried over 108 great stone bridges, and 460 minor bridges and culverts. There are also floating bridges for the Revee, Chenab, Jhelum, and Indus, formed of 325 boats constructed for the purpose, joined together at first with strong ropes, but afterwards with chain-cables from England—forming a double roadway, twenty-six feet in breadth, which may be traversed by the heaviest burdens. To complete this line and carry a highway of military and commercial communication continuously from Calcutta to the Khyber Pass, an iron suspension-bridge, projected under the special orders of the late Governor-General, is about to be thrown across the mighty stream of the Indus near the fort of Attock, by a single span of 750 feet—a noble work, which will be of incalculable importance to the defence of the frontier, as well as to the civil and political strength of the British Government. The total cost of this great Trunk-road will be upwards of half-a-million sterling. Its value, both to the State and to the people has been repeatedly declared, both by the Home authorities and the Government of India. "In a political and military point of view its consequence can hardly be overrated, as binding together all our great northern cantonments, and maintaining communication with Peshawur, our greatest frontier station—the most important place, perhaps, in that portion of Asia. In this respect it is a work not so much for the province of the Punjab as for the empire of India. But for the Punjab also it is of vast benefit, as forming a great highway passing through the upper districts and the chief cities; as commanding the entrance to Huzara, and giving access at several points to Maharaja Golab Singh's territory; as constituting a great artery, from which numerous branches separate off in all directions. And lastly, it is the great outlet and channel for the land commerce and the import and export trade between India, Central Asia, and the West."†

If the great highway which thus traverses the northern districts of the Punjab be primarily designed for military purposes, the second-class line now being constructed right through the central region of the province is primarily commercial in its character and objects. The Punjab, we need hardly remind our readers, is a thoroughfare through which the commerce of Central Asia passes eastwards to the plains of India, and southwards to the seaports of Bombay and Sindh. The merchants who carry on this traffic are a remarkable class. They travel with great caravans and long strings of camels. Having to traverse defiles tenanted by the most savage and ferocious tribes, they go armed to the teeth, and bear about them marks of many a conflict. With amazing perseverance they travel over half the length of Asia, and exchange the products of Tartary, Cabul, and Thibet for the commodities of Europe at the quays and marts of Calcutta. "They bring the furs and wool, the raw silk, the fruits, groceries, drugs, the leather, the chintzes, the horses from the far West, and

* *Minute by the Marquis of Dalhousie, dated 25th February, 1856, reviewing his administration in India*, p. 30.

† *Second Punjab Report*, p. 184.

take in return the British piece-goods, the European hard-ware, the Indian fabric, and the sugar of the Punjab."* Hitherto they have had great natural obstacles to encounter in traversing the region of the Five Rivers. The caravans which travel from Ghuznee to Delhi (formerly the two sister-capitals of the Mahommedan empire), have in all past times been forced to follow a most difficult and circuitous route. For no sooner did they emerge from the passes of the Sulimanee Mountains, and cross the Indus at Dera-Ismael-Khan, than they found themselves face to face with the arid wastes of the *Sindh Sagur*, or sandy "Ocean of the Indus"—(so called from its being flooded by the summer inundations of that great river)—and are forced to turn southwards, skirting its western border to Mooltan—and sometimes still farther south, to Bhawulpore, in which foreign territory they are subjected to vexatious transit-dues; and thereafter, have to toil northwards again to Lahore or Loodiana. The direct route for the caravans, across the Sindh Sagur and two other intervening Doabs, has hitherto been quite impassable, and utterly destitute of halting-grounds and water. But to remedy this, two great lines of road are in progress, both starting from Dera-Ismael-Khan on the Indus—one passing due eastwards through the deserts to Lahore and Umritsur, while the other, running south-eastwards, makes straight for Delhi. Wells, halting-stations, and other accommodation for travellers, have been provided along the commercial lines,—for without them the roads would be useless. And thus the bold traffickers, with their camels and caravans, to and from the depths of Central Asia, will henceforth have at once shorter and better routes; and commerce will glide safely and easily through rough and waterless wastes, once the abode of robbers and desolation.

Such are the main roads constructed in the Punjab by the Anglo-Indian Government—but they are but a small fraction of the whole. The entire operations have been thus summed up: "1349 miles of road have been cleared and constructed; 853 miles are under construction; 2487 miles have been traced; and 5272 miles surveyed—all exclusive of minor cross and branch roads."† This was in 1853, and great lengths of road then under construction have since been completed. But take the statement as it stands, and realise its meaning. It tells us that, before the Punjab had been six years a British province, there were completed in it, or in process of completion, roads of sufficient extent to traverse thrice the length of Great Britain from John o' Groat's to Dover—or, in other words, to form three parallel lines of good road from one end of our island to the other;—while the 8600 miles of road projected, and already traced or surveyed, would suffice to form 120 roads crossing the entire breadth of our island, from the German Ocean to the Atlantic and Irish Channel! Surely these are stupendous undertakings—and all within a single province of our Indian Empire!

But of all the works of public improvement which can be applied to an Indian province, works of irrigation are the happiest in their effects upon the physical condition of the people. The roads for water often transcend in value those for camels and caravans. Water is the prime necessity of Eastern life. In our northern climes water is only too abundant, and we shrink before the ever-recurrent mists and rain-clouds which beset our skies. As a general rule, our farmers dread the rain and implore the sun; and the greatest improvement in our agriculture has been the invention of a system of draining, by which our sluggish soils may be freed from their excessive moisture. The reverse of all this prevails in the East. There, there is ever sun enough, and a cry for rain is the most frequent prayer of the ryots; while the grand desideratum of Indian cultivation is the formation of wells, tanks, and irrigating canals, to drench the soil into exuberant fertility. Give but water, and the veriest waste places of India will bloom like a garden, and the common soil will wave with double or treble

* *Second Punjab Report*, p. 215.

† *First Punjab Report*, p. 132.

harvests in the year. It is no wonder, then, that among the public works by which Lord Dalhousie has reclaimed and developed the resources of the Punjab, we should find an important place assigned to canals and irrigation. "If the Punjab," wrote the Lahore Board (Nov. 29, 1850), "is to be made to pay its expenses; if we can hope to keep up efficient military and civil establishments, while taxing the people less than they have been taxed by previous rulers (and unless we can do so we assuredly cannot expect to win their goodwill); if we wish to feed the thousands of human beings whom the change of rule must necessarily throw out of employment, we cannot more readily do so than by cutting new canals, and improving the beds of the old ones." Lord Dalhousie had, so early as December, 1849, obtained the assent of the Court of Directors to such works, and at a subsequent period we find him thus urging a vigorous prosecution of them: "I have *personally visited* the several districts of the Manjha, as well as the southern portion of the Baree Doab near Mooltan, and the lower portion of the Sindh Saugur Doab, and of the Trans-Indus Province. Everywhere I found evidence of the wonderful effect produced by irrigation, wherever the means could be obtained; everywhere I found lands of vast extent, fertile properties now lying comparatively waste, but wanting only water to convert them into plains of the richest cultivation; and everywhere I found among the people the keenest anxiety to be supplied with that by which alone they could be enabled to turn their labour to good account. It is impossible to exaggerate the political importance of holding out to the people of this Doab an early prospect of the formation of canals throughout its length and breadth; whilst the statements which have recently been, and which now are, submitted to the Court, appear to afford satisfactory proof that the revenue of the new province will fairly warrant this large expenditure, and that the undertaking itself will be richly profitable to the treasury of the State."*

We have not space to describe the native canals which water the thirsty soil of the Derajat, where the skill of our engineers has been directed to remedy the unsuccessful management of the people; or the famous canals of Mooltan, commenced by the Pathan Governors of the district, and afterwards repaired and improved by the great Sawun Mall, whose wise administration entitles him to the praise alike of Christian and Hindoo. But we must say a word concerning the great Baree Doab Canals, which are only second in gigantic proportions to the great Canal of the Ganges.

Hardly had the Punjab been annexed, when the sanction of the Governor-General was given to the construction of a large canal, with numerous branches, to be fed by the waters of the river Ravee, and to be applied to the irrigation of the Manjha (the chief home of the Seikh race), and of the rest of the Baree Doab. We have already described the scene of sterility which overspreads the central parts of all the Doabs; but amidst these scenes of desolation the stranger is astonished to observe that wherever a hamlet or homestead is to be seen, it is sure to be surrounded by patches of good cultivation. Barren as it seems, the soil is rich, and repays irrigation,—even though the wells there must be sunk deep before water is procurable. Still more striking and constantly recurring tokens show that, despite appearances, this region was once not inferior to the most favoured districts. Everywhere in these wastes are to be seen ruined cities, villages, temples, tanks, wells, and water-courses! Times of anarchy and violence, doubtless, had caused these tanks and water-courses to be neglected; and with their decay the land grew barren, and the cities were forsaken. But give but water again, and the olden prosperity will in time revive, and population grow dense in these now solitary places. To achieve this beneficent and wise project in the region lying between the Ravee river on one side, and the Sutlej and its

* *MS. Records*, quoted in Kaye's *History of the Administration of the East India Company*, p. 301-2.

tributary the Beas on the other, was the purpose of the Baree Doab Canal, the execution of which work has been most successfully carried on, and which is reckoned "equal, if not superior, to the finest irrigation canals in Europe." The main line, with its branches, will extend over about 470 miles. Its stream will be at its head 120 feet in breadth, and 5½ feet in depth, diminishing at its lower end to 16 feet in breadth and 2½ in depth. Even during the dry season of the year, the canal-head will roll down a volume of water amounting to not less than 8000 cubic feet in each second; and a slight modification of the main channel, which is provided for, will admit an additional 1000 cubic feet, procurable during nine months of the year. The canal, likewise, is so constructed as to serve the purposes of navigation as well as irrigation; and river-vessels may traverse its whole length, from its lower extremity, not far from Mooltan, up past Umritsur, to the most northern limit of the Punjab, at the foot of the Himalayas.

Wood, and especially forest-timber, is much wanted in the Punjab; and the Governor-General providently resolved to make the construction of this canal subservient also to the growth of forest and timber trees, by forming plantations along its whole course. In accordance with his directions, an extra space of from 300 to 400 feet on either side of the canal and its branches, has thus been set apart for avenues; so that of the 19,000 acres occupied by the line of the canal, 12,000 are devoted to groves. By his directions also, arrangements have been made for the preservation and economising of the tracts of forest which already exist,—for the planting of fuel copses near great cantonments, and of groves around all public buildings, as well as at intervals along the main lines of road. These provident measures, assisted by the prevalence of brushwood in the central plains, and of prolific forests in the hilly regions which overhang the Punjab on the north, are likely in future to secure a sufficient supply of firewood for the inhabitants, as well as excellent beams for architectural purposes.

When the magnitude, variety, and difficulty of the public improvements undertaken in the Punjab are considered—the civil and military buildings, the public works, roads, bridges, and viaducts, the salt-mines, and lastly, the canals,—it is believed that in few parts of India, even those longest under our sway, has so much been done within a short time for the physical improvement of the country. During the first five years, not less than £985,000 (two-thirds of a year's revenue), were disbursed for the material improvement of the province;—of which sum one-half was spent on roads, one quarter on canals, and the remaining quarter chiefly on civil buildings and works for public accommodation, and a fraction to military buildings for the defence of the North-west Frontier. A portion of those public works are in the highest degree remunerative—the irrigation-revenue from the Baree Doab Canal, for example, being likely to repay the whole expenses of this colossal work in ten years hence, after which it will be a clear source of profit to the Government of at least ten lakhs (£100,000) a-year. But at first, such works figure unfavourably in the State balance-sheet; and this circumstance, aided by the confused way in which the revenue-accounts have hitherto been made out, is apt to produce, and in many quarters has actually produced, erroneous impressions of the state of our Indian finances.* Perhaps it would be better that directly remunerative public

* This was observed by Lord Dalhousie, who has taken measures to rectify the defect in future. In his closing minute (Feb. 28, 1856), he says, "It has long been felt by the Supreme Government, that the information which was given as to the condition of the Indian finances, in each year, was cumbrous, obscure, and insufficient. Wherefore it was lately directed, that the Secretary should in future prepare a separate report, pointing the attention of the Government in this country, and at home, to any notable changes in the income from material sources of revenue, and affording such explanation of the cause as is to be given,—noticing when and how any material increase or reduction of expenditure has been made,—and submitting generally an exposition of the prospects of the coming year, founded upon

works should be kept distinct from the ordinary revenue-accounts, and that, as Colonel Cotton proposes, the original outlay on them should be met by means of loans, which would quickly be paid off by the large returns from such works; after which, they might take place in the ordinary revenue-accounts, the cost of their maintenance and annual income figuring on the opposite sides of the ledger. We shall not stay to consider this question now, as our more immediate object is simply the general financial condition of the Punjab. Here the first thing to be noted is, that the people are more lightly taxed than they were prior to the annexation. The rate of the land-tax (the chief source of revenue in India) has been reduced on the average nearly one-fourth; yet the amount drawn by the State is precisely the same as it was in the time of Runjeet Singh. This is owing to the resumption and lapses of numerous jagheers, or private rights to levy land-tax,—which, as we previously explained, were held by feudal chiefs and others, on condition of furnishing military contingents to the State. As the State now maintains its own troops, a large portion of these jagheers were abolished, and the corresponding land-dues transferred from individuals to the State. The total land-tax (State and private combined) under Runjeet Singh amounted to £1,650,000, under the British Government it is only £1,250,000,—the private (or jagheer) portion having fallen from £600,000 to £200,000,—the inhabitants, of course, being gainers to a similar extent; for the Excise remains at its former amount, £200,000. In the first three years after annexation, the surplus revenue accruing to the British Government was no less than £1,660,000, or fully a third of the entire revenue. But during the greater part of these years the rate of the land-tax had not undergone its present reduction, the civil and military establishments of the province were but in germ, (the greater part of the military expenses being chargeable on the general Government), and above all, the great public works were only commencing. It were tedious to enter further into financial details; we shall content ourselves with expressing a conviction that the prospects of the province are very satisfactory. A large portion of the numerous pensions and jagheers are held on life-tenure, so that about thirty lakhs (£300,000) will lapse to the Government in a single generation,—the surveying of the province is drawing to a close, and the extraordinary expenditure on the present public works will likewise soon be at an end. From this great reduction in the extraordinary expenditure, combined with a net revenue of ten lakhs from the Canal, it has been calculated (it appears to us on fair grounds) that "within fifteen years the annexed territory will assuredly be yielding a net profit of fifty lakhs, or half a million sterling per annum." * We do not think, however, nor do we desire, that the gain should assume this very papable form. New works of public improvement will be commenced as the present ones are completed; and the outlay upon these, necessarily preceding by some years any returns from them, and figuring on the debtor-side of the annual accounts, will continue to hide from unreflecting eyes the increasing prosperity of the province. The Government, like a munificent landlord, has begun to lay out a vast amount of capital on the national estate; let it proceed in its work,—for, with ordinary prudence, it cannot fail to reap an abundant return.

Finally, let us glance at the condition of the general population. And here we find that the Punjabees, as is natural, are thriving as well as their country. Not only has the land-tax been lightened, but all classes—the head-men of village-communities, the cultivators, and non-agricultural residents of villages alike—now know what to reckon upon, are protected from arbitrary exactions, and have their rights recorded. The working classes and day-labourers and arti-

an intelligible analysis of the results of the year under review." We shall thus have a statement similar in character to the Budget speeches of our Chancellors of the Exchequer, which will prove alike useful as a guide to Governors-General, and satisfactory to the general public.

* *First Punjab Report*, p. 160.

ans are prospering beyond precedent, owing to the abundant employment furnished by the progress of cantonments and gigantic public works. The mass of the poorer population in cities are likewise better off than they ever were; while the miscellaneous classes, such as servants, are greatly benefiting from the cheapness of provisions. Among the commercial classes prosperity is fluctuating (as it is ever doing more or less in all countries), but is on the increase. The ornamental manufacturers, for instance, whose labours adorned the court and camp of Runjeet Singh, are out of fashion, and suffer accordingly; but the great majority of the commercial classes are sharing in the general prosperity. The trading class, again, who carry on the traffic between India and Central Asia (in value at least half a million sterling), benefited by the new roads, are thriving even beyond expectation. The great banking-firms that have connexions ramifying all over India, and have even correspondents in Europe, are rising still higher, and will soon realise the description of merchant-princes. "In short, while the remnants of a bygone aristocracy are passing from the scene, not with precipitate ruin, but in a gradual and mitigated decline; on the other hand, the hardy yeoman, the strong-handed peasant, the thrifty trader, the enterprising capitalist, are rising up in robust prosperity to be the durable and reliable bulwarks of the Power which protects and befriends them. Among all classes [the reign of anarchy and arbitrary exaction being over] there is a greater regard for vested right, for ancestral property, for established principle. There is also an improved social morality; many barbarous customs are being eradicated; and the position of the female sex is being secured and respected. Among all classes there is a thirst for knowledge and an admiration of practical science."* The Board of Administration are very anxious that Government employment should be shared by natives of the country, and expect that in the course of a few years numbers will become qualified: "in the meantime, by placing young Punjabees in subordinate posts, they hope that a body of men may become trained to the highest positions."† The fluctuation of wealth among the mercantile classes has been accompanied by a corresponding rise and decline of cities. Some, such as Wuzeerabad, Jallundur, Loodiana, Buttala, and even Lahore to some extent, are falling off; while others—such as Umritsur, Peshawur, Ferozepore, and Mooltan—maintain their status, or are rapidly growing in prosperity; and others yet—such as Sealkote, Jhelum, and Rawul-Pindee—are rising up from villages to large towns. The aspect of the streets is less gay and brilliant than before; but the improvements in drainage, in pavements, in the laying out of bazaars, prove to the most ordinary observer that a new era of solid comfort and sanitary cleanliness has commenced.

Such has been the history, and such the condition, of the Punjab under the rule of Lord Dalhousie. We have dwelt upon it with some minuteness, because the Land of the Five Rivers is the largest province annexed in modern times to our Indian empire,—the one which contained the most formidable elements of resistance to the conquerors,—and the one, too, which presented the finest field for the display of statesmanship, whether in the departments of arms or industry.

While superintending the management of this newly-won province, Lord Dalhousie had the cares of a vast empire on his hands; and hardly had he closed the war on the Chenab and Jhelum, and commenced the organization of the Punjab, than a new one became necessary on the distant banks of the Irrawaddy. Certain traders in the port of Rangoon had been subjected to gross outrage by the officers of the King of Ava, in direct violation of treaty. Holding to the wisdom of Lord Wellesley's maxim, that an insult offered to the British flag at the mouth of the Ganges, should be resented as promptly and as fully as an insult offered at the mouth of the Thames, Lord Dalhousie resolved to exact reparation for violations of

* *Second Punjab Report*, p. 215, 216.

† *First Punjab Report*, p. 146.

treaty which had become systematic, and of which British traders now made formal complaint. The policy pursued towards us by the Burmese Court left the Governor-General no alternative. "Of all the Eastern nations with which the Government of India had to do, the Burmese were the most arrogant and overbearing. During the years since the treaty with them had been concluded, they had treated it with disregard, and had been allowed to disregard with impunity. They had been permitted to worry our envoys by petty annoyances from their court; and their insolence had even been tolerated, when at last they vexed our commercial agent at Rangoon into silent departure from their port. Inflated by such indirect concessions as those, the Burmans had assumed again the tone they had used before the war of 1825; and, on more than one occasion, they had threatened recommencement of hostilities against us, and always at the most untoward time. However contemptible the Burman race may seem to critics in Europe," adds the Governor-General, "they have ever been regarded in the East as formidable in the extreme. Only five-and-twenty years before, the news of their march towards Chittagong had raised a panic in the bazaars of Calcutta itself; and even in the late war a rumour of their supposed approach spread consternation in the British districts of Assam and Arracan."* To continue to submit to deliberate wrongs from such a people, would have been a policy bootless and profitless in the end, as well as full of danger; for our Indian Government can never, consistently with its own safety, permit itself to stand for a single day in an attitude of inferiority towards a native power, and least of all towards the Court of Ava. Every effort, indeed, was made to obtain reparation by friendly means—the reparation required being no more than compensation for the actual loss incured; but every effort was vain. Lord Dalhousie, in his closing minute—a document which in terseness and manly simplicity reminds one of the commentaries of Cæsar—thus briefly narrates the matter:—"Our demands were evaded, our officers were insulted. The warnings which we gave were treated with disregard; and the period of grace which we allowed was employed by the Burmese in strengthening their fortifications, and in making every preparation for resistance. Therefore the Government of India despatched a powerful expedition to Pegu; and, within a few weeks, the whole of the coast of Burmah, with all its defences, was in our possession. Even then, the Government of India abstained from further operations for several months, in the hope that, profiting by experience, the King of Ava would yet accede to our just demands. But our forbearance was fruitless. Accordingly, in the end of 1852, the British troops took possession of the kingdom of Pegu; and the territory was *retained*, in order that the Government of India might hold from the Burman state both adequate compensation for past injury, and the best security against future danger."†

Formerly one of the most flourishing kingdoms of Farther India, Pegu had sadly declined from its old greatness ere it came into possession of the British. In times not very ancient, it was the ruling power in the peninsula, and its capital, Rangoon, contained a population of 150,000. But its conquest a century ago by the ruder Burmese race caused everything to retrograde. The population decreased, and marks of decay were plainly visible in the pagodas, and other public places, when our troops appeared on the scene. The province occupies the whole delta of the Irrawaddy and Bassein rivers, and is intersected in all directions by their labyrinthine creeks. The summer inundations of the Irrawaddy do not appear to be so great as those of the Ganges, but the surrounding region is for the most part still in a state of nature; and vast forests of magnificent timber, covering the jungly flats, stretch out far as the eye can reach. The soil, alluvial everywhere, is amazingly fertile; and though large tracts are wet and marshy, and in need of draining and protecting embank-

* *Minute by the Marquis of Dalhousie, reviewing his Administration in India*, p. 2.
† *Ibid*, p. 2.

ments, still the appearance of the greater portion, and especially the settled districts, abundantly testifies that even here the soil is thirsting, and production languishes for want of water. "The same landscape under English summer and English snow is not more different from itself than is a Burmese landscape under the April sun—with all things dead and dry, and with not a leaf in sight—from the same in the month of August, when the richness of vegetation and foliage seems almost to surpass that of the Straits."* Water, artificially supplied, is the thing needed to maintain the rich vegetation during the heats of summer; and we doubt not that Irrigation will soon be introduced into this new province, as it has already been in the Punjab, and with equally successful results. But everything cannot be done at once. Our Indian staff of engineers and surveyors, large and efficient as it is, cannot overtake the settlement and improvement of all our new provinces simultaneously; and probably not until the more pressing requirements of Oude and the Punjab are completed will public works be commenced vigorously and on a large scale in Pegu. Still, already much has been done and is doing. The rivers and endless creeks of Pegu are its best highways, but the construction of others has not been neglected. A highway has been completed from Prome up the banks of the river to our strong frontier-station of Meeaday; and three great lines of road—1st from Rangoon to Prome; 2d from Rangoon, by Pegu, to Tounghoo; 3d from Martaban, by Sitang and Shoeygheen, to Tounghoo—have been surveyed. Lights, buoys, and pilots have been provided for the port of Rangoon; and Rangoon itself resounds with the din of workmen, who are adding to it a "new town," more healthily situated than the older portion. The new streets "are filling up rapidly, look busy and thriving, and already the population is estimated at 35,000: altogether Rangoon in a few years will be one of the pleasantest and most beautiful stations in India."† The new port of Dalhousie—deservedly named in compliment to its illustrious projector—is beginning to rise amidst the forest of mangroves which surround it, and which of old covered the spot, and promises to have a brilliant destiny. It is situated at the mouth of the Bassein river; a lighthouse is projected for the dangerous Alquada reef, lying southward of Cape Negrais; and close within the sheltering island of Negrais lies the new harbour, provision for whose wants is being made with all possible expedition. It was on this island of Negrais that the old British Factory stood, which was destroyed in 1759, and the whole English residents massacred, by Alombra, the Burmese conqueror of Pegu, and founder of the existing dynasty of Ava. But, as it has been well remarked, "'the whirligig of Time has brought its revenges.' The kingdom of Pegu, which the rough hunter conquered, has passed from his house to the hands of that Power whose servants he treacherously slew; and the city that is rising on the site of his crime has borrowed a name from the woody dells of Esk."

Only one public work have we space to speak of connected with Pegu—and that is the great hill-road over the Yomah range, by the Tounghoop Pass, constructed for the purpose of obtaining direct military communication by land between the new province and the Bengal Presidency. It was with great difficulty and labour that a hundred and fifty elephants had forced their way over these mountains and through the forest in 1852, to aid the operations of the army at Prome. "The natural obstacles were very great. The mountains were lofty, the forests dense, and the climate, for a large portion of the year, pestilential. There was little water to be found; and no labour was procurable except that of Burman villagers, disinclined to toil of any kind, and afraid to commit themselves to our service."‡ Nevertheless, such was the energy and

* See "Letters from the Banks of the Irrawaddy," in the Magazine for last *May*, p. 539, in which also will be found a graphic description of the physical aspect of our new province.

† Ibid. p. 537.

‡ *Minute by the Marquis of Dalhousie*, 28th February, 1856, p. 38.

tact of the officers employed, that the undertaking was accomplished with a speed which outran even the liveliest hopes of the Governor-General. The range was surveyed in all directions, and a practicable line found; Burmese labourers were collected, trained to the peculiar work, induced to submit to organisation, and even roused to emulation and effectual industry. And so rapid was the progress of the work, that, despite the shortness of the working-season in the Yomah hills (only five months in the year,) though the road was not fairly commenced until the end of December 1853, in the spring of 1855 the Arracan Battalion, with all its baggage and followers, marched over the road from Prome to the sea. Arrangements have been made for shelter and water along the line but the route is not wholly opened yet for wheeled carriages.

Although the results of our administration in Pegu have neither the brilliancy nor the interest which attach to those accomplished in the Punjab, they have been in all respects satisfactory. "In spite of the peculiar discouragement and heavy difficulties with which our officers have had to contend, complete tranquillity has long since been established; the people, lightly taxed, and well to do, are highly contented with our rule. Order and quiet prevail throughout the districts. Even in Tharrawaddy, which under the Burmese rule was the permanent refuge of rebellion and crime, all outrage has ceased. The rivers, the great highways of the country, watched by an effective police, are traversed in safety by all. Trade is rapidly increasing. A new port (Dalhousie) has been founded for the new European trade which has at once sprung up. And, light as it is, the revenue has already exceeded the amount estimated as its probable measure, for it is expected that twenty-seven lakhs (£270,000) will be collected this year. Population alone is wanting. When that deficiency shall have been supplied, the province of Pegu will equal Bengal in fertility, and will surpass it in every other respect."*

Several other provinces were added to our Indian empire during the administration of Lord Dalhousie. Of these Nagpore, Sattara, and Jhansie lapsed to the British Government in the absence of legal heirs; while, by a treaty concluded in 1853, we acquired also the province of Gerar and other districts from the Nizam, in payment of certain debts, and for the permanent maintenance of our Hyderabad contingent. By this latter acquisition we have secured the finest cotton-growing tracts in India. All these states were annexed peaceably, and without any difficulty. Although the districts ceded by the Nizam were covered with places of defence—the famous fortress of Gawilghur among the rest—and though they were garrisoned by Arabs or Rohillas, yet all were delivered over submissively and at once. Nagpore was transferred to our possession by a simple order. "Not one additional soldier was moved into the province. Our civil administration has been introduced into every district. Such portion of the army as was required has been embodied and disciplined in our pay, while the rest have been pensioned, or discharged with a handsome gratuity. Perfect contentment and quiet prevail. Beyond the palace walls not a murmur has been heard; and in no single instance throughout the districts has the public peace been disturbed."† These four provinces thus acquired, and now annexed, yield together a revenue of £1,100,000,—of which sum half a million sterling accrues from the Hyderabad districts, and £410,000 from Nagpore.

The annexation of Oude, the last of our Indian acquisitions, cannot be so briefly narrated. Although hardly a third of the territorial extent of the Punjab, it nearly equals it alike in population and in revenue. On the north-east it borders with Nepaul, on all other sides it is enclosed by the British territory. Hence our Indian Government has long been in contact with it, observing its affairs, and (sometimes a little too much) upholding its government. The governmental abuses, and prevalence of misrule in Oude, were of long standing. Bishop Heber, when making his famous epis-

* Ibid., p. 6.

† Ibid., p. 7.

copal tour, passed through Oude, and notes that ere entering it his military guard was largely increased, and that he found the peasants more universally armed than those in the adjoining Company's territories. The account which he gives of the system of misrule and extortion which even then prevailed, readily explains the phenomenon. Of the exactions of the Government revenue-collectors he says, "Three or four times more than the sums really due were often extorted by these locusts, who went down and encamped in different parts of the country, and, under various pretences, so devoured and worried the people that they were glad to get rid of them on any terms. Nay, sometimes when one Aûmeen [revenue-collector] had made his bargain with the landowners and tenants, and received the greater part of the payment in advance, a second would make his appearance with more recent powers (having outbid his predecessor), and begin assessing and collecting anew, telling the plundered villagers that they had done wrong to pay before it was due, and that they must look to the first man for repayment of what they had been defrauded of. 'All this was done,' was said to me, 'and the King will neither see it nor hear it.' It was not likely, however, to be done long without resistance. The stronger Zemindars built mud forts,—the poor Ryots planted bamboos and thorny jungle round their villages; every man that had not a sword sold his garment to procure one, and they bade the king's officers keep their distance. The soldiers themselves were so ill-paid that it was difficult to keep them together, —and the king had no option between either altering his system, or governing without taxes, or calling in British aid. That aid [which by existing treaties was due] was demanded; and during the greater part of Lord Hastings' time this wretched country was pillaged under sanction of the British name, and under terror of Sepoy bayonets."* Our Indian Government soon after took measures to lessen this scandal; but the misrule continued, and as the Government was under British protection, we could never wholly free ourselves from responsibility. In 1835, in consequence of the gross mismanagement prevailing, the Governor General (the pacific Lord W. Bentinck) was authorised by the Home authorities to take possession of Oude. He deferred doing so;—but had Oude been annexed twenty years ago, it would have been better alike for the people and for our own credit.

It was not until the 7th February of the present year that the edict of annexation went forth. It was almost the last act of Lord Dalhousie. It is too recent to have yet produced many results, but those produced are eminently satisfactorily. The annexation of the province has been a miracle of quietness. Despite the long prevalent and latterly universal anarchy, and the most disproportionately large army kept up by the king, the transference of power was accomplished peaceably, and as yet without a drop of bloodshed.† Before the edict went forth, the Governor-General had fully matured his plans and preparations. "A complete civil administration had been prepared, and the military force which it was intended to retain had been fully organised, before negotiations were opened with the king. Officers had been named to every appointment; and the best men that could be found available were selected from the civil and military services for the new offices."‡ General Sir James Outram was the man whom Lord Dalhousie selected for the difficult task of annexing and conducting the administration of the new territory; and

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* *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay*, 1824–5. By Bishop Heber. 2d edition. Vol. ii. pp. 82–84.

† *Lord Dalhousie's Minute of 28th February*, p. 7.

‡ The last overland mail brings word that the Rajah of Toolseepore, a turbulent feudatory of Oude, seems disposed to behave to his new masters as he did to his old, and refuses to pay his taxes to the State. A military force is about to be despatched against him, and he will speedily succumb; but if he persists in his present attitude, it will entail that bloodshed which happily has hitherto been avoidable.

he is doing his work with rare ability. The fine soldierly qualities and practical tact of which, when a simple lieutenant in the Bombay Native infantry, he gave evidence thirty years ago in his management of the savage Bheels, have now ripened into administrative powers of a high order; and his rule in Oude promises to secure for him a brilliant name in the annals of our Indian administration. His varied experiences in other of our Indian provinces, and in so many native states, helped him greatly in his new work; and in a few months he has accomplished as much as most other men would have done in as many years.

It was in Lucknow, the capital—a city with 300,000 inhabitants—that the opening and most obvious difficulties of his mission lay. The abolition of an Indian Court always tends to produce great dissatisfaction in the army that is to be superseded and the host of retainers who fall to be dismissed. We have seen how well and successfully these difficulties were overcome in the Punjab,—in Oude they were of a less formidable character, yet in some respects more delicate and troublesome. In Lucknow there was a class of hangers-on of the Court, numbering many thousands—all Mahommedans, and possessing considerable influence over the low Mussulman population of the city. Of this band there was hardly one who had not a direct interest in the continuance of the system of corruption which had so long reigned triumphant in the country. They owed their fortunes (generally free grants of land in the provinces) to corrupt influence with the Crown —arising frequently from the circumstance that a sister, or other near female relative, was or had been a special favourite in the Harem of his majesty Wajid Ali. If we add to this the fact, that the "favourites" of the Harem might be counted by hundreds,—that there was hardly a week in which some addition was not made to this uxorious collection; and moreover, that not only did the one relative of the past or present favourite find himself rewarded from the coffers of the State and by the spoliation of other men, but the most distant of his connections were in a lesser degree rendered independent for life, —it will be seen that these disreputable hangers-on of a dissolute monarch formed a numerous body in the capital. The dissolute habits of this class, indeed, kept the majority of them ever in difficulties; but this only tended to make them more reckless and unruly,—and it was they who mainly kept the city in hot water, and were always ready to raise a religious war-cry against either Christians or Hindoos. The Hindoos formed the bulk of the population of Oude, but the Mahommadans lorded it over them, and while the former had *à priori*, and before experiencing the benefits of our rule, no disinclination to pass under British sway, the latter were inveterately opposed to it. Bishop Heber tells us of a British officer, of frank manners and well versed in the native tongue, who, when riding through the country with an escort of Oude troopers, and freely conversing with them about the frightful misrule that prevailed, asked them if they would not like, then, to be placed under British government? Whereupon the Jemadar joining his hands, replied with great fervency, "Miserable as we are, of all miseries keep us from that!" "Why so?" said the officer; "are not our people far better governed?" "Yes," was the answer, "but the name of Oude and the honour of our nation would be at an end."* The Jemadar was a Mahommedan, and the Bishop adds, "a Hindoo ryot might have answered differently." In truth, there is a vast difference of feeling towards our rule between the Mahommedans and Hindoos of India. "With the single exception of the Seikhs, it is remarkable that the Hindoo races, whether converts to a foreign creed or professors of their ancestral faith, consider themselves as subjects by nature, and born to obedience. They are disposed to regard each successive dynasty with equal favour or equal indifference—whereas the pure Mussulman races, descendants of the Arab conquerors of Asia, retain much of the ferocity, bigotry, and independence of ancient

* *Heber's Journey*, ii. p. 90.

days. They look upon empire as their heritage, and consider themselves as foreigners settled in the land for the purpose of ruling it. They hate every dynasty except their own, and regard the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers."*

So admirable has been General Outram's management that he has contrived to disperse this dissolute and turbulent class of hangers-on in the capital, without recourse to violence, and Lucknow is happily rid of their presence. With the Oude army he has been equally successful. Such was the state of anarchy formerly prevailing in Oude that it needed an army of fifty or sixty thousand men to levy the taxes and maintain the royal prerogative. This was an enormous force for so small a country, and went far to eat up the revenue; but what was worse, the soldiery were ill-trained and of the most lawless character,—every town and village used to swarm with them, and their insolence and oppression to the people were infamous. This overgrown army of ruffians has now been replaced by the little local army of Oude, consisting simply of eight regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and three light field-batteries! Each of these corps is officered by three gentlemen, selected by General Outram from the Company's service; the men were all picked from amongst the best to be found in the disbanded troops of the ex-King; and now that they find themselves under proper discipline and regularly paid, they are said to be as well behaved as any of the Sepoy regiments.

The civil administration of the new province is likewise progressing favourably, and the people are being freed from the immemorial abuses and exactions by which they have been ground down. An equitable scale of land-tax is already fully established throughout the country, and there is hardly a native collector who has not had his accounts overhauled by the British officers. "The great difficulty we have to contend with," says a British officer commanding in a provincial district of Oude, "is to make the people believe that we are honest in our intentions, and that we are ordered to rule, not to plunder them. Hitherto the treatment they have received at the hands of those who governed them was much the same as sheep receive from the butcher who slaughters them. It was but the lean animals that were spared, and they only were saved until they had some flesh on their bones. The moment a man became rich he was considered fit for plunder." Another officer, in the civil service, says:—"The cultivators throughout Oude cannot understand that we collect our revenue, and pay our officials by fixed rules; and that our Government officers have no individual interest whatever in the amount of taxation being large or small. They are constantly offering us bribes of some sort, either directly or indirectly, and seem surprised when told that we are forbidden to receive even the most paltry articles without paying full value for them."† This private testimony from men who have no interest in misrepresenting things, speaks volumes for the happy change accomplished by the introduction of British rule in Oude. Indeed, the introduction of orderly government of any kind could not fail to be a blessing to the people of the province; and, brought in contact with the equal-handed administration of the British, they feel and gratefully acknowledge that they have to deal with men whose aim is justice to all, instead of rapine and plunder, as was the case under their former rulers. The Hindoos generally are delighted with the new order of things; for, under the Mahommedan dynasty of Oude, the treatment to which they were subjected was peculiarly harsh and oppressive. But all this is now changed. So long as a man does not break the law, perfect toleration of creed and action is established, and property and person are alike protected. "Throughout

* *First Punjab Report*, p. 5.

† The extracts from Oude letters quoted in this paragraph are taken from the Indian correspondence of the *Daily News*.

the kingdom," writes a native of the province, "there are now evident signs that mercantile enterprise is commencing a fresh life; and men are no longer afraid that to give signs of wealth will be only to invite the plunder of themselves and families by those who ought to protect them from harm."

With such auspices we cannot but anticipate a prosperous future for Oude. It is a country wonderfully rich in every product which should make a land wealthy. Under the arbitrary exactions of the Mahommedan regime, the vast capabilities of the soil were hidden as much as possible by the cultivators; but such concealment is now being abandoned as alike unnecessary and unprofitable, and the amount of production bids fair to be largely augmented. "I have no hesitation in saying," writes the native Oudian above quoted, "from my own observations in the districts during a recent tour, that more than twice the amount of grain will this year be sown over and above what has been laid down in previous seasons. Of my own lands, I hope in two years from this to have double the measurement under cultivation that I have hitherto had,—for, until now, to do full justice to any estate would have been utter madness." To give ampler scope and outlet for this increased production, as well as to promote the general well-being of the new province, General Outram is everywhere causing surveys to be made, and roads to be planned; so that, ere long, one of the most prolific wheat-countries in the world will be put in communication with the great river-transit, which will float the produce down the Ganges to Calcutta, and also, within another year, to within a few miles of the railway, which by that time will probably have reached Cawnpore from the Presidency.

Here we conclude,—for the scope of our present purpose is attained. Such has been the nature, magnitude, and success of the administrative operations of the Marquis of Dalhousie in the new provinces annexed during his rule to our dominions in the East. He appears to possess the rare faculty of knowing men, and chose his agents well; but the impress of his own mind, the action of his own hand, were discernible everywhere, and himself was "the living soul of all." In a future article we shall widen the field of observation, and pass in review the general policy of our Indian Government, and condition of the empire, in the departments alike of war, industry, and finance. Meanwhile we cannot close this part of our subject without a renewed expression of admiration for the splendid talents of the noble Scotchman under whose administration the triumphs we have been recounting were achieved,—and who, whether as regards his genius for ruling, or the spirit which led him to sacrifice health and risk life itself in the noble ambition to rule aright, has left an example which all ages will admire, but few in any age will be able to imitate.

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Notice to Editors and Caution to the Public.

Will our Editorial friends caution their readers against a man, pretending to be a *deaf mute*, and forging our name to printed subscription bills, got up by himself, expressly to cheat the public? *We have no deaf mute in our employ.* We have heard from this man's victims chiefly in the Western States, but he will doubtless go wherever he can be most successful in his villany. We therefore wish to check and expose him at all points simultaneously, and hence this request from Editors with whom we exchange. It is not for our benefit, but for that of the Public, that we ask the favor, for we learn that this scamp is doing a large business with other Publications, as well as our own. He has, in one instance, given his name as "Brownrigg," but all the receipts we have seen are boldly signed "Leonard Scott & Co.," without even an assumed name as Agent. Please pass him around.

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P.S.—One of his victims, writing from Illinois, describes him as "short, thick set, black hair, sallow complexion, German cast of countenance, wore spectacles with steel rims, limped considerably, and was well dressed." His deafness, &c., is probably feigned.

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THE SCOT ABROAD.

THE MAN OF DIPLOMACY.

This is an afterthought. It was the object of these papers to bring before the reader, in associated groups, that numerous body of our fellow-countrymen who, during the unfortunate severance of Scotland from England, were driven to the Continent as the only arena for their energies and talents; and who there conspicuously showed the high honour, the untiring endurance, and the multifarious abilities which, in a happier age, were destined to strengthen and adorn the great united empire of which it is now the good fortune of Scotland to be a portion. An ambassador does not, as the reader will see at a glance, come strictly within this category, since, although he does his duties abroad, he is not an adventurer seeking that employment and renown which his own country cannot afford him; he is, in reality, doing the work of his own country, and eating the bread of his own Government. And yet when it was found that, apart from their mere official duties, Scotsmen sometimes made themselves men of mark and influence in the foreign countries to which long service had assimilated them, it seemed pedantic to abstain from associating them with others engaged in similar services, and reaping a similar fame, merely because they happened to hold diplomatic commissions. Being thus led, in speaking of the foreign services of Scotsmen, to mention an occasional ambassador, it gradually impressed itself on the mind that there were large and significant characteristics about some men, whom, during the past century, Scotland contributed to the diplomacy of Britain; and that a sketch from this group might not unaptly continue the series of the Scot Abroad, as instances of the remarkable versatility, energy, and adaptation to foreign governments and habits, inherited by our countrymen of a later generation from the very spirit that led those of the earlier and less fortunate age to seek their fortunes in other lands. The skilful and enterprising diplomatist of the eighteenth century was in fact the historical descendant of the wandering scholar or military adventurer of the seventeenth.

Our general notions of an English ambassador are—a portly member of the higher nobility, who can afford to spend a few thousands of his own besides his official salary; who opens the most spacious hotel, presides over the best table, and keeps the finest horses known at the Court to which he is accredited. He acts as guardian to a few well-connected at-

tachés, is munificently hospitable to all well-recommended fellow-countrymen, and keeps up, in every ostensible form, the national dignity. The nobility of England have well supported such a character, nor, as many names taken from the higher degrees of the English peerage can testify, have these children of luxury and grandeur been wanting to themselves and to the nation at the times when doubt and danger have unexpectedly come to interrupt the easy roll of their diplomatic progress.

But we all know that in many instances in our history, the serene isolation from difficulty and danger—the sacredness of the person and the other attributes with which Wicquefurt, Puffendorf, and Grotius surround the ambassador—have been mere fictions; that his position has been avowedly one of doubt, danger, and difficulty, to which he has been sent, not for his wealth, or rank, or personal dignity of demeanour, but for his hardy habits, the coolness of his head, and the steady promptness of his courage. And when such a working ambassador has been sent to bully or restrain some great aggressive power—to help on some feeble state struggling into consequence under British influence—we shall be apt to discover that an adventurous Scot is found to serve the purpose of the minister of the day.

Whether what we had already occasion to say of Sir William Lockhart be or be not remembered by the reader, it will not be deemed superfluous to bestow a few more sentences on one who has, on high authority, been pronounced worthy of a separate biography. Sir William went over in 1656 as ambassador from the republic to the Court of France, and his principal function was to make the influence of Cromwell supreme at the Cabinet of Paris, and crush any efforts to co-operate with the exiled children of Charles I. If we speak of him as one who did his service well, we are not to be held as embarked in any of the great political questions arising out of the Civil Wars. He had served King Charles, and probably would have preferred the service of a King to that of a Protector. But, like Blake, Sir Mathew Hale, Monk, and many others, he saw that if he were to serve his country it must be under that country's government such as he found it. Clarendon tells us that "he was received with great solemnity, and was a man of great address in treaty, and had a marvellous credit and power with the Cardinal Mazarin." His negotiations may be pretty completely traced through the fifth and sixth volumes of Thurloe's State Papers. It was part of the policy of the Cardinal that Cromwell's ambassador should at all events be received with distinguished courtesy on his touching the shore of France. Lockhart describes his landing at Dieppe on the 24th of April, and his reception by the Governor. "He said that he had commands from the Duke of Longueville to receive me with as much respect as possibly he could; that all Englishmen were likewise welcome to this port, but more especially a person coming from his Highness the Lord Protector, qualified with a public character; and that he did very much rejoice it was his good fortune to be the first to have an opportunity to testify to me the readiness of the French nation to express the good correspondence and amity they desire to hold with England. With these and several other the like discourses he did entertain me till we came to my lodging (to which there had been a great difficulty of access, through the multitude of people who flocked out to see me land, with great acclamations in their mouths of welcome, and desires that God might preserve me and mine from all danger, had not the Governor's servants made way for my passage.)" The ovation accompanied him to the foot of the throne, and did not stop there. But Lockhart had gone not to be covered with honours and distinctions, but to do business, and that of a very serious kind. The continued distinctions received by him, especially when they were driven to the length of compelling him in the service of his country to attend balls "on the Lord's day," irritated instead of conciliating him, and he soon suspected that these profuse distinctions and kindnesses were

heaped on him to stifle his utterance. But both from temper and sagacity he was eminently a man not to be trifled with. "Remember he is a courtier and Italian," is the policy toward Mazarin which he impressed on others and practised himself. He allowed the minister no repose. On the 28th of June we find him writing: All my late addresses to his Eminence for audience have brought me no other return but delays and new promises which are paid in no better coin but that of renewed excuses;" and on the 24th July; "It seems the Court here will spend so much time in resolving what to do next that they will lose all opportunity of doing anything, and I am even wearied out with their delays and excuses."

At length he got his opportunity, and employed it to some purpose. Though he finally devoted himself to the promotion of national interests, his first efforts were in favour of a poor and persecuted people;—it was by his bold diplomacy that Britain was enabled to stretch out a helping hand to the Protestants of Piedmont. When he passed from this matter to the more immediate relations of France and England, the French had nothing of a practical nature to propose. No matter;—Lockhart himself had a proposition of a very specific character. The Protector was ready to aid France in her war with Spain for a consideration. A French army under Turenne with an English auxiliary force would take Mardyke and Dunkirk from the Spaniards, and these acquisitions should be given over to the Protector. The Cardinal was staggered by the distinctness and greatness of the demand. Compromising offers were made for a division of the spoil, but the ambassador was obstinate. These two fortified towns were what the Protector especially demanded, and France must let him have them, or look to it. Even after a concession of Lockhart's demand, one difficulty following another intercepted its fulfilment. Turenne, whom Lockhart claimed as the right man for the work, "did absolutely refuse to undertake the siege of Dunkirk," but was brought to reason. To the question who should command the English on the occasion, there was a simple and immediate answer—Lockhart undertook it himself, and he seems to have done so in the conviction that no other person could be trusted to play out any part of the game with the wily Italian. At length, in the words of Clarendon, after "such lively instances with the Cardinal and complaints of their breach of faith, *and some menaces that his master knew where to find a more punctual friend*," an allied army under Turenne and Lockhart besieged Dunkirk. The French appear to have sent at first ten thousand men. Lockhart's force numbered six thousand, and it was remarked that none of them were the countrymen of the commander, who were in use to serve with the French, but all were Englishmen, acting for the time in alliance with their old hereditary foes, "their natural enemies." It is extremely curious, after history's latest chapter, to peruse even the dull official records of a siege, in which Frenchmen and Englishmen fought side by side almost exactly two hundred years ago. It is, for instance, incidentally curious to find in Lockhart's despatches such an appreciation of the prowess of his allies, as they have rarely received from a British pen until the Russian war. In a common attack made by the French and English each on the counterscarp opposite to their own approach, he says that "the French, at their lodging upon their point of the counterscarp, were discovered to our men that were lodged upon the fort Leon—ours was not so; and to give your Lordship a true account of what passed I must say the French made the better lodgement, though that we made stood us dearer than theirs did them; howsoever, I thank God for it, both goes on reasonable well now; for when we came short of them in the night, we made up by working in the day. The seamen, from whom I expected much, did nothing extraordinary; and indeed our people wanted several things that would have contributed to their cheerful going through with their business, for which I could not prevail, though twice or thrice I impor-

tuned M. Turenne about it. I am this day preparing a battery and platform for our mortar pieces," &c. And so it was in 1658 as in 1856; the English soldier is deficient in many things needful to his achievements, but one thing he always has and gives freely, his own blood; and he makes his lodgement as effectually as his better provided ally, though it costs him dearer. Lockhart's own letters convey unmistakable evidence that he was a vigilant purveyor. "If eight hundred or one thousand beds could be sent, it would be a great accommodation to our soldiers, of whom a great many sicken daily." Again, "We have not here one bit of coals; the soldiers cannot be restrained from burning the deal-boards that are in their houses; to send them a few coals will save his Highness treble their price in boards." There is much solicitude about the supply of hay, as to which Lockhart distrusts the French promises. "The Cardinal promised to send me an express from England to-morrow, who shall see the hay shipped, and will bring a list of such provisions as they will need, and bills of exchange upon London to pay for them; but that must not be trusted to, for the Cardinal being ready to depart, he is so pressed with multiplicity of business, as seldom he remembers anything save just in the moment he is spoke to. So that if this express do not come I must beseech your Lordship to take care that the hay be at Mardyke by the first of May, new style, and I must beg the same thing for the recruits." The next demand is for three ministers, who are to have £180 a year each, which he thinks is encouragement enough to any honest man who hath zeal for his Master's service and he is of opinion that "the popish priests who go a-begging to vend their errors will rise up in judgment against our ministers, who cannot be yet persuaded, even upon reasonable terms, to preach the glad tidings of salvation to their poor countrymen, who have some longing after the ordinances of God."

After the fashion of the period, his piety is minutely dovetailed into his practical sagacity. "There is one part," he says, "of the general of ammunition that I must speak particularly to, and that is hand-grenades. I know they have not been much used in our English war, but I can assure your Lordship—and my former opinion is confirmed by my present experience—that nothing can be more essential either as to attack or defence; and if you have not any considerable number of these shells in store two or three thousand can be bought in Holland, till you can provide more at your iron-works. A soldier, with half-a-score grenades in his scrip, looks like a David, before whom a Goliah, though armed, cannot stand." And continuing his detailed criticism on garrison stores, he says all signifies little if there be not sufficient tools and material for temporary fortification; "and I can reckon nothing on this head so material as palisadoes; it's one of the best magazines can be in garrison; and he that hath men and store of them may dispose of every inch of ground under the command of his cannon, and the spirit which must move and inform this confused and great body composed of a great many more individuals than I can at present muster up, must be *money*; which, as Solomon saith, under the protection and blessing of God, will answer all things."

On the 3d of June there was a great battle—Condé, Don John of Austria and the exiled Duke of York heading an attack to relieve the garrison, on the besiegers' army led by Turenne and Lockhart. This brought on a battle, eminent in the French histories as the battle of the Dunes, because it was fought among the long range of sandhills eastward of Dunkirk. It is seldom recognised in history as one of the battles from which England derives honour. Yet the contemporary French accounts—of which Sismondi provides a good abridgment—describe the sanguinary and obstinate nature of the conflict on the fortified ridge of the principal sandhill stormed by the English, who there began the battle, and astonished both their Spanish opponents and their French allies, by the resolute and persevering obstinacy with which they struggled

through the natural difficulties in the ascent of a sandhill, and fought at the summit, when they should have been exhausted with their labours. The allies were victorious; and as the official report says, "the French acknowledge to our nation the honour of this victory." "As to the siege of Dunkirk," says Lord Fauconberg, writing to Thurloe, "by the little discourse I have had with the Duke de Crequi, Chevalier Gramont, and others, I find they infinitely esteem my Lord Lockhart for his courage, care, and enduring the fatigue beyond all men they ever saw."

On the 25th of June, Lockhart writes conclusively, in that godly style which had become official among the Cromwellian generals: "By the goodness of God your servant is now master of Dunkirk—and indeed it is a much better place than I could have imagined—blessed be God for His great mercy; and the Lord continue his protection to his Highness, and His countenance to all his other undertakings." But final success only renewed the diplomatic disputes with the ally, who acted as if the acquisition were common to both nations. Lockhart met this claim in the face, and extracted from the Cardinal an acknowledgment that "His Highness (the Protector) had the only title to all that can be claimed of jurisdiction over the town, as Prince and Sovereign, and that he alone hath right to all the powers, profits, and emoluments, that were due to any of their former princes."

It is picturesquely told, in Kennet's History, how one morning Cromwell sent suddenly to desire the presence of the French ambassador at Whitehall, where he was upbraided with the treachery of his master, in having given secret instructions to Turenne "to keep Dunkirk from the Englishman if he could." The ambassador, with truth, protested his innocence and his ignorance, "upon which," we are told, "Cromwell, pulling a paper out of his pocket, 'Here,' says he, 'is the copy of the Cardinal's order; and I desire you to dispatch immediately an express to let him know that I am not to be imposed upon; and that if he deliver not up the keys of the town of Dunkirk within an hour after it shall be taken, tell him I'll come in person and demand them at the gates of Paris.'"* This is one of the Mephistopheles stories which frightened our great-grandfathers into superstitious fancies about the ubiquity of Old Noll. Whether there is any truth in it or not, it is pretty certain, from the documentary evidence, that Lockhart put the matter right at his own hand.

Indeed, few men have better exemplified the household precept that he who would have a thing done well should do it himself. That there might be no question about the vigilance and sagacity of the besieging general, the Ambassador, as we have seen, took that office on himself. After the place was taken and a governor was required, he took that office also. He wrote to Thurloe a long anxious letter about the proper person to appoint as fort-major, and about the difficulty of finding a deputy-governor who should act for the governor if he fell ill, or had important calls elsewhere; but he seems never to have supposed it an open question, that any one could be governor of the new acquisition but he who had been the means of acquiring it.

Since the fall of Calais, England had possessed no spot of earth on the European continent, and the government of a province, which might possibly be the nucleus of further British acquisitions, was an important matter. Lockhart reported to Secretary Thurloe administrative arrangements to which few in the present day would object. He says he considers himself bound to "reserve to the inhabitants the enjoyment of their property, the liberty of their conscience, and the administration of justice according to their usual laws and customs, in all matters of difference between man and man. This," he continues to say, "is all his Highness is bound to by his treaty with France; which being just in itself, I make it my study that all their privileges of this nature be in-

* *Complete History*, iii. 208.

violably preserved—and, in so doing, give full satisfaction both to the magistrates and inhabitants." A body of "Jesuites, Capauchins, and Recollects," troubled him with difficulties about the oath to reveal all plots against the supremacy of the Protectorate, and its inconsistence with the privileges of the Confessional. But they found themselves in honest hands, and gave little annoyance. In the Governor's practice the soldier and the gentleman got the better of the Puritan. He kept his bargain apparently both in letter and in spirit, and the Romish priests could not be safer, for all temporal purposes, than in the hands of their honest religious enemy.

At the treaty of the Pyrenees, to which Charles II. came as a humble suppliant, Lockhart was received with high distinction as the representative of a great European power. But the times were soon to change, and it was to be seen who should revolve with the wheel and who should remain steadily anchored to their own fixed principles. None came better forth from the revolution of the Restoration than Lockhart. Disregarding self-interest, and those abstract questions about monarchy and republicanism which can be so easily bent to the service of self-interest, he threw himself on the simple code of military fidelity. Dunkirk was the place where Charles desired to meet his friends; and Lockhart, by receiving him there, might have rivalled Monk in his claims on the monarchy. But he answered with brief simplicity that he had been trusted with the fortress by the republic, and he would hold it for the republic; and the joyful band of royalists had to seek a less convenient place of assemblage at Breda. Hume, who says that Lockhart was nowise averse to the king's service, and that he resisted very urgent persuasions, says rather characteristically: "This scruple, though on the present occurrence it approaches towards superstition, it is difficult for us entirely to condemn." There were, according to Clarendon, other overtures which he probably had still less hesitation in rejecting. It would have been extremely convenient to France to have got possession of Mardyke and Dunkirk in the *mêlée* of the Restoration: "certain it is," says Clarendon, "that at the same time that he refused to treat with the King he refused to accept the great offers made to him by the Cardinal, who had a high esteem for him, and offered to make him Marshal of France, with great appointments of pensions and other emoluments, if he would deliver Dunkirk and Mardyke into the hands of France; all which overtures he rejected." And yet, strangely enough, it had been better for the subsequent honour of England if he had acceded to them.

His opinions and his early training inclining him to royalty, he resolved to lead the life of a quiet loyal subject. He began to teach his countrymen the English method of agriculture, but afterwards settled in Huntingdonshire, apparently to be far away from the wretched disputes which were tearing his own country. Proffers were made to him by the revolutionary party; if we may take Burnet's authority, Algernon Sydney himself took pains to secure the cooperation of one whose courage was so valuable, and whose adherence to the cause of the Commonwealth had been so tenacious. All their proffers, however, were quietly but steadily rejected. This honesty had the good fortune, rare in that age, not to go unrewarded. He was employed at the Courts of Brandenburg and Nuremburg at the time when King Charles entered on his celebrated secret alliance with Louis XIV. for the destruction of Holland. It is said that he suspected his mission to be virtually, though not avowedly, subservient to this alliance; and Burnet attributes his broken health, and his death a few years afterwards, to his mortification on this discovery. It is perhaps scarcely consistent with this supposition, that he was soon afterwards sent as King Charles's ambassador to Paris. Again, as in the days of Dunkirk, he showed his high spirit as a public man, and his determination that the honour of England should not suffer in his hands. Two characteristic anecdotes have been

preserved of this mission. According to one, he resolved to put down a practice of the French privateers in seizing English merchant vessels, and obtaining condemnation of them as Dutch vessels sailing under a fraudulent flag. Such a seizure had just been made, and the vessel lay at Dunkirk. Lockhart went to Court for an audience, and demanded her release. But the claim of the British Government was disavowed to the French ambassador at the recommendation of Pepys, the Secretary of the Admiralty, who said merchants were all rogues, and the British Government admitted the prize to be fair. A very black charge stands against the most candid and amusing of diarists, and it is said that he had actually an interest in the French privateer, which was built out of British navy stores purloined by him. It is very unlikely that Lockhart knew anything about such malicious gossip—he knew only that the majesty of England was insulted in his person, and he begged to be recalled if his own Court declined to support him in the position he had taken up. The Court of England did support him, and the vessel was restored. Another story of his last mission to France we must give in the words of Burnet:—

"Lockhart had a French Popish servant who was dying, and sent for the sacrament, upon which it was brought, with the procession ordinary in such cases. Lockhart, hearing of this, ordered his gates to be shut; and upon that many were inflamed, and were running to force his gates; but he ordered all his family to stand to their arms, and if any force was offered to fire. There was a great noise made of this, but no force was offered. He resolved to complain first, and so went to Court and expostulated upon it. He said his house was his master's house, and here a public triumph was attempted on his master's religion, and affronts were offered him; he said, if a priest had brought the sacrament privately he would have connived at it, but he asked reparation for so public an injury. The King of France seemed to be highly displeased at this, calling it the greatest indignity that had ever been done to his God during his reign. Yet the point did not bear arguing; so Lockhart said nothing to that. When Lockhart went from him, Pomponne followed him, sent after him by the king, and told him he would force the king to suffer none of his subjects to serve him. He answered he would order his coachman to drive the quicker to Paris to prevent that, and left Pomponne to guess the meaning. As soon as he came to his house he ordered all his French servants to be immediately paid off and dismissed. The Court of England was forced to justify him in all this matter. A public letter of thanks was written to him upon it; and the Court of France thought fit to digest it; but the French King looked on him ever after with great coldness, if not with aversion." *

He died at his post as English Ambassador to the Court of France, in the year 1675. The only portrait of Lockhart we ever happen to have seen is in Harding's *Biographical Mirror*. Though, like the other engravings in that curious book, a meagre stipple, the attention of a casual inspector is sure to be arrested by the fine forehead, the full expressive eyes, the haughty intellectual lip, and a general air of handsome grandeur, which would remind one of the portraits of Marlborough, were there not more candour and earnestness in the expression.

Lockhart, when he was sent by Charles II. to the Court of France, represented England only; Scotland, though still a separate nation, with separate and even hostile interests, was too poor to have an ambassador of her own. The next diplomatist we shall call up represented the United Kingdom of Great Britain; and it is curious enough that, after the lapse of half a century, during which the power of Louis XIV. had waxed and waned, we find the story of Dunkirk taken up and continued by

* Burnet's *Own Times*, B. III., anno 1676.

a Scottish diplomatist. The lamentable transaction by which the fortress was sold to France is only too well known. The great Vauban soon afterwards expounded his system of fortification, which, by inexhaustible flanking works, was to render any swamp impregnable, if sufficient money and skill were expended on it. Colbert, whom we have found boasting of his Scottish descent, resolved to employ the great resources of France in raising a fortress at every extremity of the scattered empire of Louis. Besides the states it had absorbed in central Europe, it had a footing in Hindostan; and in the New World it bid fair for pre-eminence. Quebec, and the other Canadian forts, with the vast deserted ruins still visible in Nova Scotia, are remnants of the great works which, by fortifying the extremity of her frontier, seemed to be the steps by which France was gradually marching to the dominion of the world. If the distant extremities were protected by works so costly, those opposite to the State which rivalled France and domineered over the sea, were of course still more elaborately fortified. The works at Dunkirk became the wonder of the day; and topographical writers luxuriate in the description of the ten bastions—the half-moons—the great circumvallation of sand-mounds, and the ship canal, uniting to form the Sebastopol of a hundred and fifty years ago. It was built to command the Channel, by affording an impregnable refuge to the fleets and the privateers of France. It was the natural resource of a nation unable to cope with us on sea, but strong on shore, to have places of refuge for her ships—a policy indeed so sound, that in the late war it saved for Russia all that she preserved of her marine force. The fortifications of Dunkirk were an object of strong alarm to Britain. At the treaty of Utrecht, while many more conspicuous advantages were abandoned by Britain, the destruction of these works was demanded and conceded. But it was believed that the French were again warily re-constructing them, and Lord Stair was sent to Paris to insist that the works should be stopped. Old age had crept on the Grand Monarch, accompanied by many humiliations, but this seemed the worst of all, that he should be controlled in the operation of ordinary public works, as if he were a sharp tenant on a building lease, who desired to overreach his landlord. Yet too many incidents in his brilliant history show that his observance of treaties was only to be relied on when he did not dare to violate them. Stair insisted on the works being stopped. The Ambassador's pertinacity was extremely irritating to Louis. He became petulant and querulous; said he had heretofore ruled the affairs of his own dominions,—sometimes those of others,—and was he to be controlled in the execution of certain canal and harbour works, calculated for the benefit of his poor subjects? But the Ambassador was firm; there were many other shapes in which works beneficial to the subjects of France might be carried out; these had the unfortunate effect of giving alarm to the merchants of England, and they were contrary to treaty—they must be abandoned. Louis sulkily yielded, leaving certain incompleted works to bear testimony against the rigidity of British diplomacy. Perhaps the precedent may be of use.

It was the fortune of Lord Stair's embassy to exercise a considerable influence over the destinies of France. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Duke of Orleans as Regent. Louis XIV., in the fulness of his divine right, had settled the government of the kingdom by bequest. His will was set aside by the Parliament of Paris. It was thought that the States-General—which was the nearest parallel to a parliament in the British sense of the term—should have been summoned on such an occasion, and that the adjustment should not have been left to a mere executive or official body like the Parliament of Paris. In truth, however, it was like many other events in French history—a *coup* executed by the Duke of Orleans in the plenitude of his influence. Lord Stair was conspicuously present in one of the lanterns, or enthroned

seats, and it was said by some of the contemporary annalists that this was suggested by the Abbé Dubois, for the purpose of proclaiming the support of Britain to the claims of the Duke. The assertion of some annalists of the period, that the Duke carried his point by intimidation, and that he brought with him an overwhelming armed force, is contradicted flatly by Voltaire, who says he was present,—that there was no more than the usual ceremonial display of military force, and that the Duke took his place as one who held it by etiquette and natural right.

By some writers, the influence which Stair exercised on this occasion has been carried far beyond the bounds of mere ceremonial countenance. It is said that, as the representative of the house of Hanover, which superseded the house of Stewart, he whispered into the ear of the ambitious Duke that it would be the interest of the new line of British monarchs to countenance a new line of French monarchs, which the junior branch of the house of Bourbon might begin in the person of the Duke himself. There is no doubt that the Duke often consulted Stair; that the British Ambassador had a greater influence with him than the old French party liked. It is curious to connect the accounts rendered by men who died before the first Revolution of the advice given by the Ambassador, with the career of Egalité, and with the actual possession of the Crown of France for eighteen years by Louis Philippe, the grandson of the Regent.

Stair had disagreeable duties to perform. He represented that first government of the Hanover dynasty which, by its jealous severity towards its parliamentary opponents, created the Jacobite insurrection. He was enabled to provide his government with information which, had they been active, might have enabled them to put down the attempt without either the soldier or the hangman. His precautionary warnings would have been a more agreeable duty had they been more successful, but the duty that remained was eminently unpleasant. Knowing that the Chevalier was going to pass through France on his way to Scotland, he demanded that the French Government should intercept him. He obtained an order from his friend the new-made Regent; but as Sismondi says, "Contades, chargé de cet ordre, etoit bien résolu à ne pas trouver celui qu'il cherchoit." Stair knew this very well, and made his own arrangements through a man named Douglas to catch the Prince, but the emissary and his followers were baffled by the dexterity of a *maîtresse de poste*, and the Chevalier, after trying several points in vain, reached Dunkirk, where he was probably all the more easily enabled to embark from the dismantling and abandonment of the fortifications, which his pursuer had so rigidly carried out. After the failure of the Chevalier's enterprise, the disagreeable duties had to be resumed. There can surely be nothing more uncongenial to a fair and generous mind than to drive a fallen exile from his chosen place of retreat,—and yet sometimes this must be done. To France the possession of the exiled British Court was the possession of a political weapon, by which Britain might at any time be threatened, or if need be, wounded. It was a weapon which the rulers of France used entirely for present objects,—and who shall blame them? Without committing some great crime, it was impossible to prevent foreign nations from including the cause of the exiled Stewarts in their game. But it was possible to keep the exiles at a distance from those courts with which their immediate connection was chiefly dangerous. It was the first point of all—the most important, yet the most difficult to be attained, that they should not remain within the soil of France. Such was the demand, and the Regent was obliged to comply.

No doubt throughout the tone of Lord Stair's embassy there is a character of haughtiness and harshness not immediately reconcilable with the character earned by that ambassador, of having exceeded the most courtly Frenchman of his day in polished suavity and thorough knowledge of court etiquette. But he had an object before him which, under

whatever suavity it was varnished, could not be accomplished without the *fortiter in re*. He had to bring Britain up to a par, in European consideration, with the position which the victories and fame of the Great Louis had achieved for France, and the task was all the more arduous, since the opportunity of accomplishing it, so signally afforded by Marlborough's victories, had been lost at the Treaty of Utrecht. Britain owes him a good deal. He gave her diplomacy that manly tone which, when in proper hands, separates it entirely from the trickery of the Italian school. He taught practically that, at the conference table, Britain must trust, not to skilful evasion, or happy dubiety of tone, but to her own strength, and the just moderation with which it is used. He taught that the true spirit of British diplomacy was plainly to ask what the country demanded, and to obtain fulfilment of that demand, neither abating it because the opponent is found to be strong, nor increasing it because he is found to be weak.

The French disliked him cordially. In the success with which he exacted the fulfilment of offensive demands, they saw the humiliation of their own rulers. Many offensive stories were mixed with his name. It was the fate of Britain at that time to have two representatives abroad whose ancestral names were associated with a great political crime still fresh in men's minds, and well known wherever there were any adherents of the Stewarts—the massacre of Glencoe. Lord Glenorchy, the representative of the ferocious Breadalbane, was Ambassador first to Denmark, and afterwards to Russia. Lord Stair was the son of the politic instigator of this Highland vengeance. Gloating over such a precedent, some letter-writers of the day accused Stair of what surely it is safe to call a crime that no British ambassador could be guilty of—a design to assassinate the Chevalier. To show the spirit that was in his blood, a story was invented how an ancestor—called, in ignorance of the family name, Sir George Stair—had, from sheer love of a bloody gratification of his vengeance, obtained the privilege of acting the part of the masked executioner who beheaded Charles I. But, assailed as he was by a powerful French combination, it was the lot of the man who had bullied Louis XIV., and bent the Regent to his will, to fall before the predominance of an Edinburgh silversmith. He was recalled because, as we have seen, he would not recommend himself to the countenance of John Law.

We drop the curtain on these contests of two great powers, and the reader will be so good as to suppose it raised in the humbler Court of Denmark, and the remote Palace of Fredericksberg, about the year 1771. The notorious Struensee, who, with a few long strides, passed from the function of a German village doctor to that of prime minister, or, more properly, dictator of Denmark, has just reached the climax of his meteoric ascendancy. He was a prodigious reformer; but it is useless to discuss the merit of his projects. If there was any nation in Europe at that time where the Pombals, Josephs, or Potemkins could take great social systems to pieces and reconstruct them scientifically, without mischief or danger, Denmark was not that nation. Nowhere was there a harder system of immovable uniformity and routine, protected by a powerful aristocratic order whose existence depended on its being executed to the minutest tittle. The old Norse freedom and recklessness were entirely gone, and everything was frozen into an icy permanence by the frigid influence which the Russian autocracy and bureaucracy were then exercising over the northern nations. But however judicious or acceptable in themselves Struensee's reforms might have been, they came from a poisoned fountain. He was one of that most odious of all classes of statesmen—a royal favourite; and, of the two kinds of royal favouritism, his was by repute the more odious—the favouritism of a woman. The young Queen of Denmark, Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III., was reared in a Court where a princess was certainly not likely to imbibe profligacy; and it is difficult to conceive any one brought up under the same auspices as her rigid brother, becoming even amenable to a charge of levity. Her possession of remarkable beauty,

and great powers of fascination, are scarcely less easily reconcilable with that generation of the royal family. Her powers of fascination seem, however, to be beyond a doubt. It can be as little doubted that she was wayward and indiscreet; and indeed her own family did little to vindicate her fame from graver charges. If it were any vindication of her conduct, it is certain that her husband Christian was as contemptible and odious a being as ever lived in a style of profligacy—a sort of vulgarised Darnley, in a single-breasted coat and powdered wig. Struensee was originally his own favourite, and was dragged by him, with that indecorous vehemence with which weak men tug at their favourites, into the inmost recesses of the palace. He was highly educated, handsome, clever, and agreeable. The queen certainly liked him; and she had some good substantial reasons for awarding him a decorous preference. He took in hand the charge of the young Crown Prince's health, as a physician, and superintended the training both of his body and mind. A mother might have sympathy for all reasonable dispensations of kindness to such a person, and Struensee had claims perhaps of a still more touching kind, in being the means of reconciling the royal couple to each other—of exacting promises of reformation from the King, and pardon of his past profligacy from the poor Queen.

It is difficult to say which of the three—the King, the Queen, or their favourite—acted the maddest part in the political saturnalia which followed. Struensee's certainly was the guiding hand so far as there was guidance. Step by step he rose in political power, each step being attended by an excess of folly and presumption. At length, when he had the fate of Denmark in his hands, he scattered to the winds at one blast the Old Council of State, in which the representatives of the chief families of Denmark held absolute oligarchical rule. He transferred the power of government to a ministerial board subservient to his own bidding. It was scarcely consistent with human nature that the discharged statesmen should bear this act with Christian meekness. At the same time the favourite could not so easily make good harvests, and abolish idle habits among the people, as he could dismiss the Council. The times happened to be hard, and the people made common cause with the nobles, charging the favourite with their calamities. Drunk with power, he did many frantic and wicked things; but of all his follies and vices, the least defensible part of his conduct was his treatment of the Queen. With such a husband as she had, and with all the Court against her, she unfortunately was too solely dependent on the favourite. He exulted in his strength, and proclaimed, as it were, his triumph in conduct which would have been despicable if the poor woman had been erring, and was fiendish if she were innocent.

At length a blow was struck. The Queen was arrested, so were Struensee and his friend Brand. The triumphant party were madder with success than even the fallen favourite had ever been. They fiercely demanded blood. Struensee was at once hurled with Oriental precipitancy from the throne to the scaffold, and was executed with every concomitant of ignominy and horror.

There is little doubt that the Queen would have been a victim had not a hand been stretched out to save her. The whole wild history was watched by the calm observant eye of a young Scot—Colonel Robert Keith, who, though a novice in diplomacy, was deemed suitable to be trusted with so quiet a post as the Danish mission. But few veteran ambassadors have ever been more sorely tried. Was he to see the sister of his Sovereign put to death, and if not, where were the means by which he could avert her fate? No doubt, national wars had often been caused by acts far more trifling. Philip V. of Spain had declared that rivers of blood would not wash out an incidental slight thrown on his family, and he would not have thought thousands of lives unduly wasted in such a cause. But it was not to be concluded that Britain would plunge into a European war for the fate of one person, though that person were a Princess. These were the diplomatic difficulties which

and resigned his crown." Such was the installation of the Semiramis of the North—an event pregnant with great results both to Europe and Asia.

A considerable number of letters by the elder Keith, and a far greater number of his son's, are to be found in the two octavo volumes just referred to. To people who are fond of reading old family papers in fluent print, without floundering through the blots, or stumbling over the crabbed cacography of the original manuscript, the volumes will have an interest; and the historian who gropes diligently through them, will find a few facts. Some of the best letters in the collection were addressed to "Sister Anne," Mrs. Murray Keith, a lady occupying a niche in literature as the Mrs. Bethune Balliol of Scott, who says of her, in a letter printed, with pardonable pride, by the editing relation: "I never knew any one whose sunset was so unvariably serene; and such was the benevolence of her disposition, that one almost thought time respected a being so amiable, and laid his hand upon her so gradually, that she reached the extremity of age, and the bowl was broken at the cistern before she experienced either the decay of her organs, or of her excellent intellect. The recollection of her virtues and her talents is now all that remains to us; but it will be a valued treasure to all who shared her esteem."

Throughout these Keith papers there are pleasant glimpses of a Scottish family of gentlefolks of the old school. The men, all brave and persevering, are scattered over the world, bettering the fortunes of their house, and raising the national character. The women are gentle and domestic, with a strong sense both of humour and pathos—a Scottish liveliness—and those profuse and friendly manners, said to have been derived from our intercourse with the French, which, though totally different from the manners of the English gentry, had an unmistakable character of high breeding. To the young Ambassador it was a sad change to pass from his own genial circle into the cold routine of diplomatic life at so obdurately formalised a Court as that of Denmark. He wailed loudly from time to time about his lot, after this fashion:—

"The nonsense of etiquette has already thrown a stumbling-block in my way, by a new and, I believe, unprecedented regulation with respect to *private audiences*. But as I have preserved all possible respect towards this Court, and made my report with fairness and temper to my own, I can be under no uneasiness with regard to my share of the innovation and its consequences. A shut or an open door—for that is the point—is a subject to be canvassed by the higher powers. My duty is to wait for instructions, and adhere to them quietly. In the mean time I heartily consign that old harridan Etiquette, with all her trumpery, to the lowest underling of all possible devils. . . . After looking round me with an anxious, yet a benevolent eye, for anything that may be called a society, or even a single friend, male or female, I am forced to own to myself that there is not any hope of succeeding. I do not mean to asperse a whole nation, in which there are undoubtedly many worthy people; but such is the shyness of all those I have seen to each other, and still more to men of my cloth, that meeting them now and then at dinner, or in a public place, forms not a more intimate connection than that of three or four Dutchmen who have crossed in the same doit-boat at Rotterdam. . . . . A Monsieur and Madam Juel are just come to town, with a sweet little cherub of a daughter just fifteen; consequently, just the very thing that can be turned to no earthly advantage by a gentleman of my years. These good people curtsied to me very politely at my presentation; and as they are renowned for hospitality, I have since had the happiness of seeing the outside of their street door, which is of strong handsome oak, and painted yellow. . . . . Our week is now going to be parcelled out in plays and operas, and there will be at least a place of rendezvous every evening. Yet are we starched and demure even in our playhouses, for every human being has his or her place allotted by the

Book of Etiquette, and sticks to it during the whole performance. Those who are two boxes from me might as well be in Norway for any manner of communication I can have with them. My little Juel is within five seats of being as great a lady as Madame de Blosset; and as I squat next to Madame L'Ambassadrice, I can, at least twice in an evening, see the tip of my cherub's nose. Were she to marry into the third class of grandees, I should see no more of her during my stay in Denmark. It is really ridiculous to see how the world is parcelled out here into no less than nine classes, six of whom I must never encounter without horror. Yet my opera-glass tells me that numbers eight and nine beat us all hollow as to flesh and blood."*

Sir Robert's next embassy was to Vienna, and it will show that diplomacy had done little to conventionalise his British feelings, to give a few sentences expressing his sensations on hearing of the American revolutionary war. He writes from Vienna, on the 5th of February 1775: "I think next post will bring me a handsome sheet of daylight into American matters, which to me are hitherto all murk and mystery. I am out of all patience with the six hundred congresses of as many American villages, and I long to hear old Mother England hold to them the language of affectionate authority and dignified firmness. I would not hurt a hair of their crazy heads if I could help it; but I would enforce the laws with temper and moderation, in order to impress upon their memories the first salutary lesson of filial obedience. . . . The ferocious miscreants who inhabit the outskirts of our colonies in America may be guilty of all the crimes you ascribe to them, without their affecting my opinions concerning the bulk of the community, and I'll tell you why; because when I buy a large piece of broadcloth, and convince myself by a thorough examination that it it is well spun, well woven and warm and durable through nine-tenths of the web, I don't value it a pin the less because it has been fretted and moth-eaten within two inches of the selvage. I love mankind and our own home-spun part of it from the bottom of my heart; and it would be a pretty thing indeed if a fellow like me, who has his Suffolks, his Chamiers, his Drummonds, his Campbells, and his Conways to boast of, should lay thorns upon his own pillow, because there are thieves and pick-pockets in the purlieus of St. Giles."†

Sir Robert Keith is one of the many Scotsmen who saw Frederick the Great, and left notes of their impressions of one whom it was so interesting to have seen. Fritz might have supposed that Scotsmen formed the greater portion of the inhabitants of Britain, and that the predominating name among the Scots was Keith, or Kite, as it was pronounced in Prussia. There were the two Roberts, the father and son—the Earl Marischal of Scotland, whom he made Governor of Neuchâtel, and his own field-marshal. There was a Kite connected with Frederick's youthful attempt to escape from his father's frantic tyranny. He is sometimes confounded with the *Katt* who was executed for his share in the attempt, and by others he is naturally identified with Marshal Keith. It is easy, from chronological evidence, to show that he was a different man, but we are unable farther to identify him.

As intimately as with any of the Scotsmen in his own employment was Frederick connected with the British Ambassador Sir Alexander Mitchell, of the Mitchells of Thainston in Aberdeenshire. Frederick talked speculative republicanism and speculative virtue to him; and when the Scotsman seemed to show a dangerous inclination for putting the speculative virtues into a practical shape, he could say: "I have no doubt of your good and honourable sentiments, my dear Mr. Mitchell. I could wish that everybody thought in the same manner: the world would be all the happier for it, and men more virtuous."‡

In his never-perused Epistle on

* *Memoirs*, &c., vol. i. pp. 220, 221.

† *Memoirs*, &c., vol. ii. p. 45.

‡ *Memoirs and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell.* By Andrew Bisset. Vol. i. p. 160.

the Origin of Evil, he could speak of 'Mon cher Mitchell" as

"Ministre vertueux d'un peuple dont les lois
Ont à leur sage frein assujetti les Rois."

He is said to have wept—whether sincerely or not—as he saw Mitchell's funeral procession pass. And he might well have been sincere, for he was under many obligations to the Scot. As we have seen some of his countrymen sent abroad to intimidate aggressive powers, so Mitchell was sent to cheer and to help a struggling cause with which Britain had more sympathy than it was expedient for her rulers to show. And he did his mission bravely and honourably. A life more at variance with the placid luxurious ease of an embassy to some great court cannot well be conceived. It was a mission indeed, not to a court, but to a camp. In critical times Mitchell was ever present. Whether when abandoned by the world, and seemingly by Providence, Frederick sat in his old coat, in a dirty hovel writing French poetry, or stood exulting over the wondrous field of Rosbach—Mitchell was at his side, not a cold diplomatist watching and reporting, but a friend and champion, sharing his dangers and helping him to overcome them. He is even now and then actually under fire; then he makes a narrow-escape from capture, because, in his eagerness to join his royal friend, he passes too near the enemy's lines. At another time he has to endure the hardships of a disastrous march, want of food included. "The Prussian camp," he says, "is no place of pleasure. Neither convenience nor luxury dwell here. You are well provided with everything, if you bring it along with you. I find I must increase my equipage or starve. All my family are like spectres. . . . Pray let me know if my long letter of the 21st was intelligible. It cost me much labour. I was twelve hours on horseback in one day. I understand nothing by description. I must see it, and therefore I fear what I write is not intelligible."

We wonder if any other Secretary for Foreign Affairs ever received from his own ambassador, such a hint as the following, written on the 28th of August 1757, to Lord Holderness, and explaining sufficiently the juncture to which it refers?

"England is cheated and ministers duped by Hanover. What a pitiful figure will they make in Europe! The most notorious breach of faith has been wantonly committed to support a weak, ill-judged, and ineffectual measure. You know what has happened. Why was not the King of Prussia previously consulted? I can answer with my head he would have yielded to any reasonable proposition for the safety of Hanover. What will posterity say of an administration that made the treaty of Westminster for the safety of Hanover, and suffered the Hanover ministers to say openly that they have no treaty with the King of Prussia, nay, have suffered them to betray that prince who has risked his all to save them, and whose misfortunes are owing to his generosity and good faith? . . . . Let us have done with negotiating. After what has happened, no man will trust us. I know not how to look the King of Prussia in the face; and honour, my lord, is not to be purchased with money."*

To one by whom he was backed in this fashion, Frederick might well afford a little license of remonstrance and sarcasm. Mitchell was celebrated for the broad strong censures which he often levelled against the King's acts of cruelty and aggression, and there is no doubt that Frederick stood in awe of his honest observing eye. He could be sarcastic and epigrammatic too, and one of his retorts has been often repeated. Discussing the disaster of Port-Mahon, Mitchell remarked in a manner not congenial with the usual conversation of Sans Souci, that Britain must place her trust in God. The King was not aware that Britain had such an ally. "He is the only ally," said Mitchell, "who requires no subsidies from us."

* *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 268-269.

SKETCHES ON THE WAY TO STOCKHOLM.

"JOHN BULL"

Is the name of a certain Hamburg steamer, not very young or very fast, but in many respects partaking of the character of the typical gentleman whose name she bears. For instance, she is not very elegant externally, but very well furnished internally. She does not allow eating and sleeping in the same saloon; but there is a comfortable, airy, self-respecting dormitory below, where those who are not rolled out of their sleep by the excess of the motion may be bound in it by a gentle rocking till late in the morning. It is the best thing, and the only thing, one can do on a voyage which is at all rough, to sleep through it. Landsmen may boast as they will of their being proof against that which by the Greeks was first called nausea. The strongest of them have just a little headache, which prevents their eating and drinking, except for bravado, and is fatal to thought, action, and conversation, except upon the circumstances of the weather, and is, in fact, productive of a state of ennui the most poignant that human nature can conceive. It is scarcely necessary to observe that "John Bull" is not a screw—his, or rather her, namesake never was—(we never, by the way, could see how a ship, being feminine, could be consistently christened by a he-name): and "John Bull" is a conservative, and therefore she sticks to his paddle-boxes, or rather, his paddle-boxes to him; and with the wind on one beam, but favourable, blowing from the W.W.N., "John" has an ugly trick of rolling over to windward, as if he had been half-seas-over over-night. We cannot avoid the confusion, or the masculine gender, for the idea of John Bull in crinoline is inexpressibly ridiculous. Well, this rolling to windward is the consummation of the state of negative nausea before described. We cannot eat, hardly speak, scarcely think, and we wonder how the captain can stand on that inclined plane of a deck without slipping. Has he feet fashioned like those of flies, or shoes whose soles act as air-pumps, like those leathern suckers by which schoolboys lift stones? There are some situations in life which seem, like dull sermons, especially calculated to preach patience. This is perhaps the moral of a rough voyage, as indeed of most of the rough passages of life. What a mystery our old watch is! we have had it these many years, and yet it never played us such a trick before. It seems to have stopped, and yet is unmistakably ticking, like a bankrupt who manages somehow to get credit. And this is the second morning; and eighteen hours of this stringent apathy are promised us before we pass Heligoland, and get into smooth water at the mouth of the Elbe. Nevertheless, there is not the slightest real reason for complaint, which perhaps makes the matter worse. We are making ten good knots an hour; we are in a good old ship, which, for all her rolling, never gets her head under water, although the foamy crests of these green mountains seem to avoid breaking over her by a miracle; we are commanded by a sailor who has grown grey in the service of Neptune—a gentleman, too, who has a kind word for everybody, excellently described by a French passenger as "un homme très respectable," which has a much higher signification in French than "a highly respectable party." After a time we get used to the situation, and instead of standing passive by the funnel, take "John Bull" by the horns, and venture to walk the quarter-deck, which appears to have the worst of the motion, and sometimes seems lifted at a dizzy height above the sea, as if it were afraid of it—sometimes nestling down into it, as if it liked it. But time wears on in spite of that feeling of time standing still, which we can compare to nothing but illness in convalescence, when the doctor has found out and

taken away the pretty book under the pillows with the old man's head on it. Time wears on, nevertheless, and a change for the better takes place; the ship is put directly before the wind as we round the islands off Holland; and then an agreeable feeling ensues of being borne along on the back of a runaway elephant, with plenty of room before him. The sunshine breaks out, and the great dull waves sparkle into the loveliest sea-green. Dinner, though its apparatus is kept in its place with difficulty, is a grand nepenthe. The sun goes down as he can only go down in the North; for Byron never wrote greater nonsense than when he said,

"Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright."

We are in smooth water and the mouth of the Elbe. We go to bed in delicious twilight, and wake up, we can hardly say next morning, when there is no night worth speaking of. It is impossible, however early one is, to be up with the midsummer sun, even in the latitude of Hull, because at that season only Phœbus lies down with his clothes on outside his bed, and neglects his toilette, unless just a few minutes' bathe in the sea can be held to constitute one. If people only knew what a lovely time five o'clock in the morning often is, they would introduce a little irregularity into their habits—a siesta, for instance—to see it oftener. As for getting up regularly at five or four o'clock, that is slavery only to be endured under the stern necessity of working for bread at such hours. In the north of Europe, a sleep of two hours, after a mid-day dinner, enables one to see many beautiful sunsets and sunrisings; and nothing is lost by losing the lazy afternoon; and a cup of coffee after the siesta will give the feeling of a second morning on the same day.

After a rough passage of two days, nothing can be more agreeable or less wearisome than the remaining fifty miles or so up the river. The morning is lovely, and so tranquil that every item of the tackling of the miscellaneous craft in the Elbe, often highly picturesque, is doubled in the water; they are in all sorts of positions, trying to get on or get off, and making shifts to take advantage of every breath of air. We arrive at Altona, but are obliged to wait for boats to take us off: if there had been cattle on board, we should have been brought alongside the quay. Even so, in the Thames, we were only allowed to get on board after a haggling with those exaggerated aquatic abusers, the London watermen. The General Steam Navigation Company might surely be more accommodating, for we must acquit excellent Captain —— of any share of the blame—at least if we can form a judgment from his general urbanity to the passengers. One of the redeeming circumstances of the voyage was the fact of our having on board several jolly skippers; the face of one of whom, from its radiant good-humour, was in itself a feast to behold. It rose in the morning from its rocking cradle as fresh and rosy as the sun, and shone through the day as brightly, and went to bed at night as serenely. We guessed him an Aberdonian, for he spoke English with a strong northern accent, but he was in reality a Hamburger who had lived much in Scotland. A kind of slang blessing, "Bleiben Sie gesund," was ever on his lips; and this appears to be a sort of Hamburg shibboleth, by which the citizens of that Hanseatic town recognise one another on foreign ground.

HAMBURG,

as all men know, is vastly improved since the fire. The Alster lake reflects the faces of brilliant, large-windowed, luxurious houses, and the display at the shop-windows appears second to none in the world, whether the wares are really very various and showy, or whether they are displayed by the disposition of the streets to better advantage. The swans swimming about the square Alster, and over the bright reflections of the houses,

give an air of great security to the place. An under-waiter tried to cheat us in the change at an hotel, no matter what its name. It is always a useful precaution in Germany to settle the bill either with the landlord or the Oberkellner, who is responsible for the character of the house. There is a swimming-bath in the outer Alster, the colour of the water in which is not very tempting. A native assured us that it was the softest water in the world. The worst thing about Hamburgh is its coinage, the standard of which bears the medieval name of a mark; while it degrades the shilling by coining it in copper, as if to insult us purse proud-Britons. Over the Danish frontier, at Altona, we find another currency, and marks of a different value, a circumstance very puzzling. Surely a single town, Hanseatic or not, has no right to a currency of its own. This is one of the special annoyances connected with freedom, that it takes liberties with its neighbours. A respectable Hamburger is rather a man of marks than a man of mark. We take the rail from

ALTONA TO KIEL.

The second-class carriages are like those otherwhere in Germany, most luxurious, with spring-cushions, and little boxes at the side for the ashes of smokers, which Horace could scarcely have alluded to when he spoke of the "favillam vatis amici." But the ancients burnt their friends for want of tobacco to burn instead. We have no objections to the stoppages of ten minutes at almost every station. They enable us to see the country, and the odd dresses of the fresh-coloured Holstein women, who proffer delicious strawberries for sale, and a number of other good things, at the most moderate prices. The country is mostly an uninteresting brown marsh, a slightly inflated Holland, with rather more of cultivation, until we get near Kiel, when it breaks into a multitude of very pretty steep little round hills, undulating, not with the long swell of the ocean, but the short waves of an inland lake. These hills are rather pillowy than billowy. Kiel harbour is built on a pretty little creek; we find there a screw steamer waiting to take us to Copenhagen, with the Scriptural name of

RHODA.

She is commanded by an officer in the Danish navy, very courteous, but, as becomes a man holding a commission, somewhat dignified and reserved. The internal arrangements are luxury itself, for we are the only passengers. And here we confess the plural number occasions a difficulty, for half of the we is a merchant-captain who cannot speak English. The other railway passengers are all gone to Corsöer by another boat, to save themselves a few hours at sea, by taking the rail from thence to Copenhagen. It is like being on board a yacht. The sea is perfection; smooth, with a good working breeze on the beam, the screw-boat lies down like a schooner, and glides. Truly, if the funnel could only be superseded, and the smoke consumed, these vessels would, in appearance, be perfection. But the "spectakel," as the German calls it, which the motion of the screw makes at the stern, is anything but pleasant, and we could well wish the best cabin removed from the place of honour. After a sound sleep we rise to find the breeze freshening and the sea covered with sails, like "wild swans in their flight," every rag of canvass being spread. We are also carrying every sail. Our vessel goes swiftly through the water, like an undemonstrative and practised swimmer, not making a splutter like a paddle-boat. Old sailors object to the screw principle, that the screw may be broken by falling suddenly when the vessel is lifted by a sea: but paddle-floats are also liable to derangement, and a screw

sails so well, that her being disabled as a steamer is of less consequence. They also say, that in spite of the greater surface presented to the wind, the paddle-boats work better with a head-wind. We cannot judge, but know that experience is prejudiced against novelties, and have no doubt in our youth that similar objections were made against the use of steam at all in navigation. In an artistic point of view, sailing vessels are certainly even yet to be generally preferred, and yet we have seen very grand pictures made of steamers in a storm going against the wind, by the Sketcher and others. There is a grandeur in their struggle with those elements, against which sails are powerless. We pass in the grey of a lovely morning, the pretty island of Falster, and soon afterwards see in the distance the white faces of the cliffs of Möen, topped with a vegetation which looks like dark hair upon them. They remind us of parts of the Isle of Wight, especially those where the chalk cliffs are broken by gullies. This island has been named the Switzerland of Denmark, but these pretty cliffs cannot rise to more than five hundred feet, and therefore, as in the Saxon Switzerland, and most other spurious Switzerlands we have heard of, the analogy must be very slight. It would be truth to call Möen the Danish Isle of Wight. As the day wears on, the wind heads us, and freshens into a gale from the north-west, the stormy quarter in these regions. All our sail must come in, and all the vessels in sight are taking the same precaution against squalls. What is the matter with that smart go-ahead rakishly-built Yankee coming out of the Sound? There is a small steamer in attendance on him. Let us ask the Captain. Jonathan has had his jib-boom carried away, after paying the Sound-dues under protest, and carrying all his sail by way of cutting a dash through the Sound, where there are plenty of spectators. He did it to be seen of men, and it serves him right. Copenhagen is in sight; but in order to get at it, we must round the Trekroner battery, which we believe gave Nelson some trouble.

COPENHAGEN.

An Englishman must approach the Danish capital with mixed feelings. If it was not the very brightest scene of Nelson's glory, it yielded him at least his most hardly-earned triumph. He who does not admire the Danes as a nation, has no feeling for real patriotism or real heroism. The injuries of those days inflicted by England still rankle in the memory of the Danes. In Nelson's day Britannia ruled the waves with a vengeance; and that very right of searching neutral vessels, which was so placidly conceded in the late war, brought on the first attack on Copenhagen. The second, under Lord Cathcart, was justifiable on the ground of the imperious necessity of the case. We feared lest Napoleon should get Denmark's fleet to invade England, and so we tore it from the hands of the Danes, and kept it in our own. The affair was managed so harshly, that we drove Denmark into the arms of France, and then punished her by taking away Norway, and giving it to Sweden in lieu of Finland, which the wily Bernadotte passed on to the still more wily Alexander of Russia. We have been punished for this jobbing of our fathers, by the late Russian war. Denmark and Sweden are now two crippled third-rate states, instead of being, as they ought to be, strong barriers against the Colossus of the north. Norway is not dissatisfied with the change, as she preserves a haughty independence, but an independence little favourable to combined national action. The best thing that could happen now, would be for the three Scandinavian states to form an offensive and defensive alliance, and to provide that, in case of either of the lines of kings becoming extinct, the other line should succeed to both. There are jealousies and national antipathies to be overcome, the strength of which we perhaps are not in a position to understand. A second union of Calmar is an idea the most popular in Sweden, but this is probably be-

cause the Swedes think that they will be the chief gainers. We cannot suppose that the difficulties of effecting union are greater than those that existed in the case of England and Scotland, and it is absurd that such considerations should be allowed to weigh against a position which, unless they are rendered safe by a permanent alliance of the Western Powers, places the Scandinavian states at the mercy of Russia. But whatever the Danes may think of us, it is hard for us not to admire the Danes. Not only on two occasions have they defied our military strength, and fought out the battle to the last; but on the late revolutionary fever, subsequent on the events of 1848, they remained as a nation unshaken in their loyalty, and drew the sword for king and country, daring to set at defiance what seemed at one time the gigantic power of united Germany. And although the fortune of war did not smile upon them in their native element so much as on that of the enemy, as far as the contest lay in their power they came out of it gloriously, and like true descendants of the Vikings. There are still true hearts and strong hands in the little nation; and as far as we can see, considering the length of its duration, there is not much that is "rotten in the state of Denmark." And Denmark excels in arts as well as in arms. There is no nation in Europe, we believe, which for its size, produces so many good and fair artists, to judge by those met with in the artists' coteries at Rome. And no nation is there, as far as we know, where education stands higher or is more generally diffused.

Such reflections entertain us as we round the Trekroner battery. We are just in time for the *table-d'hôte* at the Phœnix Hotel, and are introduced to it by the young landlord himself, who speaks several languages, and is unsurpassed in attention to his polyglot guests. The table being full, we are placed in the post of honour at his side, and invited to take a glass of port from his special bottle. A Russian officer, who has served in Finland during the late war, is seated near, and a conversation on its events is established on the most amicable footing. Nearly all the nations of Europe are represented; and in a Norwegian party opposite is a young lady of singular beauty from Christiania. Placed at too great a distance for conversation, a beauty or two at judicious intervals in a *table-d'hôte* company produces the same ornamental and æsthetic effect that do well-placed bouquets of flowers. There is no medium between the *table-d'hôte* and the snug dinner of six or eight, or even fewer real friends. Your dinner-party of twenty we have in horror. It is a pain to the host, and no pleasure to the guest. Feeding is the only thing he can do at it, and this he can do quite as well without the trouble of dressing, for to effect this minor object it is quite sufficient that the meat be drest. The first thing to be done on entering a strange town is to get a general notion of the bearings of the streets. This is no difficult matter in Copenhagen, because it abounds in landmarks, though generally built on a level. Three of these are very conspicuous—a corkscrew tower, round the outside of which a staircase winds to the top, seen dimly over the Narboni; the tower of the Bourse, made of twisted dragons, near the centre of the town; and the famous old round tower, up which a carriage-road winds on an inclined plane to the top. In some parts the harbours penetrate the city, and make it picturesque with many-coloured and strange-shaped craft, giving it the appearance of a Belgian town, but not to such a degree that the water appears to have got the better of the land in it. The scarlet flag of Denmark, with the plain white cross on it, is an excellent object for carrying off the distance, to use the slang of painters. The general aspect of the streets is somewhat heavy from the undemonstrativeness of the shop windows, which resemble private dwelling-house windows, and seem made to hide their best wares, as Turkish beauties do their choicest charms behind veils or blinds. The streets are paved with uncomfortable round stones, but tesselated into these are two lines of granite, on which the people are bribed by the comparative comfort into walking—an excellent

arrangement for preventing jostling and keeping the two streams of passengers apart, so that when it rains their umbrellas do not confound their drippings. Saturday evening passes in a succession of showers, which only allow us to get about by rushing from the *porte cochère* of one house to that of another. Sunday is a fine day. The general rule is to keep the shops shut, though, as a few are open, there appears to be no law to enforce it. We go to that shrine of the genius of Thorwaldsen, the

VOR FRUE KIRKE,

the Nôtre Dame of Copenhagen, but resembling the Parisian cathedral in little more than its name, for it is built in the style of a Roman basilica rather than in that of a medieval church. Its exterior is not beautiful, but the effect of the interior is solemn and striking, with none of that theatrical gaudiness which detracts from the general aspect of the interiors of such churches in Rome itself. The church is a shrine of sacred statues —the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Thorwaldsen. The Twelve Apostles are ranged down each side, all fine and characteristic figures; but the master-figure is that occupying the shrine over the altar —the figure of their divine Master, spreading out His hands as if in the act of blessing His twelve chosen as well as all comers to the church. No priestly blessing seems needed at the end of the service, for the great High Priest of Christians appears to dismiss the congregation. No human genius has perhaps ever imagined or wrought out in the material of stone a countenance more expressive of the idea of the Redeemer. Thorwaldsen is indeed the Raffaelle of sculptors. In front of the Christ is a kneeling angel holding the baptismal font. In application to that sacrament, the Divine figure appears to receive to Himself those who are placed in the hands of the angel. We wait till the sermon is ended, and then witness the administration of the Lord's Supper. Over those kneeling at His table again the figure of Christ appears to shed blessing. Then are brought forward infants for baptism; one after another they come out of the vestry, until we have counted seventeen, each with its sponsors and attendants. The clergyman goes round repeating a form of words to each separately, and crossing them, and then proceeds to the baptism itself. The water exhales a steam, and therefore we judge it to have been warmed—a custom we must suppose to have originated in consequence of the rigour of the northern winter. But all this time a bride and her elect have been waiting to be married, in front of the seats, exposed to the cross-fire of some hundred scrutinising looks. The bride has the wreath and veil of the Germans, and looks much prettier and more bridal in them than the best bonnet could make her. We do not wait to see the figure with expanded arms bless the marriage ceremony, as it did the Lord's Supper and the baptism. The Lutheran service, as conducted in Denmark, appears a strange mixture of Roman Catholic and Lutheran ceremonial. The clergyman wears the Puritan ruff as in Holland, but puts on at different times of the service most gorgeous dresses, and while blessing the elements, shows his back to the congregation with an embroidered cross on it, in the orthodox manner of exalted churchmen. He is a good-looking man, but the exquisite beauty of Thorwaldsen's angel makes his face appear quite plain while he is standing by it.

From Our Lady's Church we pass to a church hard by, where the service is in German. We believe it was the old Court church. The sermon is an excellent one, preached on the text of the unjust steward. Wishing to get a view of the town, we walk across to the church with the corkscrew tower, which we mentioned as one of the landmarks of Copenhagen. This is the Vor Frelser's Kirke, "the Church of Our Redeemer," in the island of Amager, an old Dutch settlement. We can find no cicerone, and as the service is going on, appear not likely to find one. We hear magnificent organ-

tunes, and yet not so novel in their effect as those in the Vor Frue Kirke, part of the communion-service of which consisted in a series of celestial echoes, which came apparently from a chorus of cherubims nestling in the clouds above the entrance. We mount an internal stair, apparently leading to the external spiral one. It is very dark; a door opens, and forth from it issue a body of the prettiest little spirits imaginable. We have put our foot into the Sunday school. To compare innocent things with hurtful, they swarm round us as if we had roused a wasps' nest, blushing with health and excitement. They are all little girls of from six to twelve years of age, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, not one of them decidedly plain, and some very pretty, dressed in a pretty uniform, with their hair enclosed in brown silk nets. They think us great fun, and tell us over and over again in Danish that a certain door a little farther up is locked up, and the key is not to be had until a certain hour for love or money. But John Bull is obstinate, and upward we climb to the interdicted door. First one of the fairies follows us, then two, and at last we find we have the whole of fairy land at our heels. Furtive looks are cast backward to see if the governess is coming. The door will not open, and we get a pretty good view from a window, and then come down again. They must be shaken hands with, all round, with a "Fawel" to each separately. What delight they show as we divide amongst them a few small outlandish coins; and we give away our change and lose our hearts to all in common, and each in particular. Little children are indeed, whether in Denmark or elsewhere, especially little girls, as Jean Paul beautifully calls them, the flowers of the human world. After the *table-d'hôte*, which takes place here at the steady ancestral hour of three, we take an omnibus to Fredericsborg Castle, a royal residence in the environs. There is some pretty park-scenery in the grounds, and as it stands on a hill—the only one worthy of the name in the neighbourhood—there are fine views over the city, the island of Zealand and the Sound; but it is rather a melancholy place for a pleasure-garden, which is its present purpose. An abandoned home of kings—abandoned partly, we believe, on account of horrid tragedies enacted there—it was used in the time of the cholera as a sanitarium, and the really pretty walks have been suffered to fall into the greatest disorder. It is just the place where, in its darker avenues, and towards nightfall, one might expect to meet ghosts drest in garbs of the olden time. On our way back we peep into several gardens devoted to popular amusement. This people seems very easy to amuse. Machines for trials of skill and strength; centrifugal railways acted on by horses buried in a subterranean cider-mill, seem to form the staple article of attraction. The best of these gardens is called Tivoli—not from any real resemblance to that place of rocks and rills, as it is on flat ground. In addition to the attractions of the other places, there is an undulating imitation of a Russian mountain—much such a one as may be seen about Paris—and a pantomime in an open-air theatre. There are to be fireworks after dark, but darkness is so long in coming here that we really cannot lose supper to wait for them; and to-morrow we have lionising before us, not the least fatigning of human occupations.

THE CHRISTIANSBORG PALACE

is far superior to that of Buckingham, but this is not much to say in its praise. It contains a picture-gallery, which is open to the public at certain hours on certain days. The old masters are tiresome unless they are very good, and we cannot say there are many good pictures here. The personal appearance of Potiphar's wife, as we enter the first hall, by Carlo Cignani, enhances the merit of the Jewish Patriarch, but does not increase, we fear, in many minds, the sympathy for him. Albano, that pleasant painter of aerial cupids, has a charming picture of Galathea. En-

bens is well illustrated by the "Judgment of Solomon," and Vandyke by a Holy Family. Jordaens, too, has in one case deserted his sumptuous subjects to paint our Saviour receiving the little children. But he is of the earth earthy to the last. Bakhuysen beats the English (on canvass) in a battle with the Dutch. The British lion in those days was not much of a painter. For fear of our being induced to copy the catalogue, we pass to the really national part, the gallery by Danish artists. Most of these are very creditable; we remark many, and mention two in particular—a view of Capri in morning-light, by Christian Kœbke, who appears to have died a few years ago; and a winter landscape by Rohde, with a sunbeam in the foreground. The modern Danes seem to have much improved on their ancestors in their conceptions of art.

THE BOURSE.

surmounted by its tower of twisted dragons, is a most strange old building, and contains within itself a whole town of shops. But there is a strange and overpowering odour of wild beasts within, which would appear to render it scarcely fit for the habitation of man. We try to get into the Palace of Rosenborg. This is done with due formalities. We are a large party, and mean to divide the expense of a large fee amongst us. But whether it was that the ancient *custode* was frightened by our black *commissionnaire*, or whether he was really *hors de combat*, a message came to say that he was in bed, tired, and could not get up, the hour being two in the afternoon, as he had shown two parties over the place before. So, from necessity, we vote Rosenborg not worth seeing. But whatever Rosenborg may be, the gallery of Northern Antiquities decidedly is so. This is a rich repertory of the external history of Denmark, beginning long before Hamlet was born, with the flint-stones of which the fathers of their sea-kings made their first weapons, down to the complicated panoplies of the later middle age. Nothing can be conceived more indicative of the inherent pugnacity of man, than that he should have taken the excessive trouble of fashioning flints into arrows and spear-heads. One of these most striking relics here, in every sense, is a highly-spirited wood-carving of St. George and the Dragon as large as life. The dragon has got one of his claws fixed in the breast of the horse, and we tremble for the consequences. We pass from this collection of curious ugliness and illustrated history of barbarism to the scene of civilisation, that temple of the beautiful entitled

THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

This building gives to the whole region of Copenhagen in which it stands a kind of Athenian aspect. We will not pretend to criticise the building itself, only to observe that it seems calculated to display the treasures of art within it to the best possible advantage, by giving each singly, or in company with a few others of the same size, a kind of separate shrine, which preserves its proportions from suffering by juxtaposition with others. The general character of the architecture is Egyptian, and a fresco procession runs round the outside, in which is represented the triumphal reception of the artist whom kings delighted to honour, when he came home from his long stay at Rome to his beloved Denmark, where he is evidently considered the one great man. His grave is in the central court, and it forms a rose-bed. We do not know how far we should be supported by the opinion of the tasteful in considering Thorwaldsen as the greatest sculptor that has ever lived. He has added to the perfect symmetry of Grecian forms a celestial loveliness of expression which it never entered into the hearts of the Greeks to conceive. He is the true Prometheus who has stolen the fire from heaven to animate the marble. As a sculptor of sacred subjects he stands

quite alone, and he invests with sacredness the profane. His "Venus Holding the Apple of Paris" has all the purity of an Eve, and the confusion of ideas which might thence ensue is the only possible objection which could be made to this inimitable statue. Who was Thorwaldsen? We find in Murray's Guide-book, "Albert Thorwaldsen was the son of a poor ship-carpenter from Iceland, and was born at Copenhagen in 1770." Iceland, that strange land of wonders, to whose coasts no steamers ply, fitly sent forth from her snowy and volcanic fires this prince of artists, who could kindle a burning life in the snowy marble; and the multitude of his productions is miraculous. He must have lived and died in one long devotion to art, himself the ideal of the inspired artist. And yet he was by no means a recluse, but the idol of social life at home and abroad. He died with the suddenness of a lamp extinguished by the wind, in his 74th year, 1844. All of Thorwaldsen's works are collected in this gallery, either in the original marble or in casts taken from them. Amongst others is seen a cast of that statue of Lord Byron, which we believe the artist sent as a present to the English nation from admiration of the genius of the poet. The English nation, rather ungraciously to the artist, canvassed the merits of the poet as a man, and Lord Byron was refused a place in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, to be received at last into the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The arrangement of the smaller works of art, in being placed in separate compartments, adds greatly to their effect. These compartments, which resemble the Pompeian rooms at the Sydenham Palace, are coloured so as to show off the marble, and strung on a corridor which runs round the upper part of the quadrilateral building. The peculiar quality of each of Thorwaldsen's works seems to be that it exactly expresses the idea it represents, and neither more nor less. For instance, his "Indian Dancing-girl" is like the genius of dance itself, exquisitely graceful, but graceful in that she seems filled with the faculty of dancing, while the statue is suggestive of no other idea. Even so do the little cupids on the favourite bas-reliefs of the artist express at once tenderness and roguery, and no more. In this the conception of the sculptor is more eclectic than when he is copying a living personage. A living person is a combination of expressions; here he seizes, idealises, and personifies a single expression. And in this, we may suppose, consists the highest poetry of sculpture. Powers's "Greek Slave" is a very fine young woman, and nothing more; so is Danneker's "Ariadne." We do not feel, in looking on these creations of genius, or rather of skill, that they are much better than ourselves, albeit much handsomer; but Thorwaldsen's creations are the embodiment of immortal thoughts; and as pagan divinity is the offspring of man's thought, while other men have been called makers of kings, Thorwaldsen may be called even more than Phidias, a maker of gods. Well may Denmark be proud of this admirable man.

A fine view of the city of Copenhagen is obtained from the top of a huge old tower, that of the Trinity Church, topped by an observatory. Up to the top of this tower a carriage-way winds on an inclined plane, in a similar manner to the way to the top of the tower in the Piazza di St. Marco at Venice. This is said to have been a favourite ride of Peter the Great, but it must have been rather fatiguing. Yet the ascent of an inclined plane appears to us far less tiring than that of a flight of stairs to the same height. Set into the wall on the ascent of this tower are a number of old stones with Runic inscriptions, which would certainly baffle the ingenuity of any interpreter less adroit than Colonel Rawlinson. A walk on the ramparts concludes our visit to Copenhagen. There are few scenes more lovely or more lively. The Sound is the great thoroughfare between the Baltic and the rest of the world, the great maritime Temple Bar of Europe, and many utilitarians are prone to vote it a nuisance even greater in proportion to its magnitude, Brother Jonathan being of course in the foremost ranks of these. Those who object to pay this historical toll ask why Sweden

a more powerful state, should not exact Sound-dues for herself as reasonably payable on the other side of the narrow strait, and argue that as these dues were in the first instance imposed by Denmark when she was Queen of the North in days when might was the only right, they ought to be taken from her when the might to enforce them exists no longer. It certainly would be desirable to effect some compromise which, without injuring Denmark would allay animosity against her. But Englishmen have a strong respect for vested rights, and are not prone to inquire into their origin; and the origin of all property might be shaken by a similar mode of reasoning. If modern civilisation were to reverse all the verdicts of barbarian swords, there is scarcely an estate in Europe of long standing whose title would not be unsettled. And if we have not done great wrong to that little lion-hearted country, so closely akin to some of the best blood that flows in our own veins, we have at least treated her with a hardness which should make us anxious to take the first opportunity of making amends to her, by espousing, if it can be done with equity, the cause of the weak against the strong. The very fact that, some fifty years ago, we did much to reduce Denmark to her present weakness, should furnish us with a strong inducement to stand in the way of her being crushed. We quit Copenhagen with regret, especially as having formed previously an idea of it which did not do adequate justice to this northern capital. It is much more like Venice than Stockholm, although Stockholm is undeniably more beautiful. The tower, with the ascent on the inclined plane, suggests a comparison; so do the harbours and canals, with the picturesque craft moored under the houses. Yet such comparisons carried too far are apt to give unreal notions of places. No place can be ever much like Venice which has the noise of carriages and horses instead of the plashing of paddles in its streets. The chief reason why the comparison applies less to Stockholm than to Copenhagen, is that Stockholm is built on a number of hilly islands, while Copenhagen is on a level.

The Cattegat, a Swedish steamer, with two funnels and great horse-power, is getting up her steam for the land of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Swedes. We tread on Swedish ground for a few minutes at

LANDSCRONA,

where our luggage is marked with chalk by customhouse officers, we suppose merely for luck, as the examination scarcely amounts to a nominal one; and considering that a second visitation is to take place at Gottenburg, we do not see why it should amount even to that. We touch with great interest the shore of the Scandinavian mainland. Especial partisans of elbow-room, not from misanthropy, but from love of physical freedom, we land with delight in a country stretching from the 55th to the 69th degree of north latitude, and whose whole population scarcely exceeds, if it does at all, that monstrous swarm of human ants, poisoning each other with their breaths and carcasses, which is crammed into those few square miles of bricks, known in geography as London and its suburbs. No wonder that the fair-haired hordes are in general a fine tall race of people. They have room to grow. They are not obliged to puzzle their brains with questions of drainage and water-supply. Theirs is the land of lakes and rivers, full of fresh water—so much so that sailors complain that even in the sea there is no salt water to be had; and it seems an indignity to be knocked about by storms on an element so unnatural. As for Norway, she is even better off than Sweden for space and air and water; for, as the advertisements that recommend houses say, she is plentifully supplied with both sorts. She stretches away from the Naze to Magerōe, or the Island of Leanness, from the 57th to the 71st degree of north latitude, somewhere about 900 miles, and is satisfied with a population almost equal to that of

Paris within the fortifications. As the crow flies, there is not much difference between the distance from Christiania to Rome and that from Christiania to the North Cape. That common expression, "as the crow flies," awakens some reflections. With all modern appliances for travelling, and getting from one place to another, we still remain far in the rear of the fowls of the air, whom the ancient soothsayers used to believe, with some show of reason, as beings endowed with superhuman wisdom. No tourist of fortune, who is able to hunt the day in summer to the North Pole, and to fly from the winter to the South, has ever been able to compete in ease and luxury of locomotion with that pretty little vagabond the swallow. Yet civilisation, in spite of an occasional revolution at Madrid, or the episode of a Russian war, appears rapidly to be fusing all nations into one, and facilitating their intercommunion. We cannot reverse the divine decree for the confusion of tongues, and so we have the confusion without the dispersion of Babel. We have seen a "Hansom's Patent Safely" (*sic*) at Copenhagen, and a notice board to announce the sale of "London Dobble Stort af Barclay og Perking" (*sic*) And all our languages are losing their characteristics in the admixture of foreign words, and all our manners, even those of our Transatlantic cousins, are framed on the same model. In no cases is the fusion of nations more painfully felt by the artistic traveller than in the matter of costume. How few countries there are which still preserve the beautiful costumes which have come to a peasantry from their fathers or mothers as a really costly heirloom! Denmark still abounds in such. The south of Sweden, though in no way remarkable in this way, protects the female face by a handkerchief framed into a hood. There is said to be a most sensible sumptuary law, by which none but ladies of a certain degree are allowed to wear bonnets. A lady's-maid may wear one, but not a cook. As a matter of taste, this seems unobjectionable. It requires a whole life's education for a young lady to be able to put on a bonnet gracefully. And the handkerchief admits of great taste, and even sumptuosity, in the material. We have seen one of embroidered white silk, such as might have tempted the Swedish husband having to pay for it to cry out "The handkerchief!" almost with the rage of Othello when uttering that exclamation.

THE CATTEGAT

is the name of our boat and the name of the sea we are crossing and recrossing, touching at several places on both sides, like a knife between two sides of a magnet which it seems so hard to keep in the middle. It is a rough sea, and the waves have an odd character: they seem all at cross purposes. Their long journey from the North Sea round the Skagern of Jutland by the Skaggerack seems to have put them all out of temper. The Cattegat does not mind them much. She has named herself after the sea to conciliate it, no doubt; and indeed she makes herself one with it as a good rider makes himself one with his horse, notwithstanding his frolicsome or splenetic evolutions and contortions. Oddly enough, the services of a steward, various and somewhat at times discordant in their nature, are performed by a corps of goodish-looking girls with handkerchiefs on their heads, who keep the passengers waiting for their dinners as long as they like, and in passing through the crowded cabin help themselves along without scruple by putting their hands on the shoulders of the gentlemen. Not that we would complain of either of these practices as positive hardships. Time is of as little value to a steamer-passenger as it is to a beggar, one of whom planted himself by a country clergyman's garden-gate and exacted sixpence by telling him that he meant to stay till he gave him something,

for that he had nothing particular to do: and happy is he who is hungry at sea.

Kullen Point is one of the grandest promontories we ever recollect to have seen. It is, like the Malvern Hills, pushed out into the sea from a country comparatively flat. We pass it swiftly, and run behind some islands, and then over the tops of some big waves into the difficult and narrow approach of the harbour of Halmstad, to hit which must be a feat of a practical hand, analogous to the threading of a needle. We are to pass the night at anchor there. Before going to rest we are lounging on some timber on the banks of the lovely fiord, enjoying the beauty of the evening, most of the party never having been so far north before; the air and light of 10 P.M. seemed miraculous. An incident occurs which shows that it is wrong to indulge in wholesale abuse of any class of people in a mixed company. A young Swede is passing severe strictures on the Jews in German. Some of the party defend them, but most of them are exceedingly sweeping and unjust in their censures. One of that Caucasian race has been lying *perdu* all the time on the other side of the timbers. He rises like a spirit, and pleads the cause of his countrymen with warmth, but without offence, seeming rather to take the strictures as a matter of course. Those of a party who had been most violent are evidently sorry. Halmstad has some very pretty pleasure-grounds for its townsfolk. It is said to be a good place for salmon-fishing, but is doubtless sufficiently near our home to have been pre-occupied long ago. Falkenborg is another such place, which we pass on the next day without stopping, and then turn out to Warberg, to land and take up passengers. There is some nice steering from this place, a kind of fortified prison, through shoals and rocks. Soon afterwards appear the approaches to the thriving port of Gottenburg, fine naked primary rocks standing out boldly in the sea. After the rich sameness of the Danish land—even after the strikingly pretty and historical Elsinore—this approach to Gottenburg is refreshing, by the freedom and fantastic variety of the scenery.

GOTTENBURG,

which we suppose to mean the Castle of the Goths, resembles in many respects Edinburgh, though, from many causes, it is not so beautiful—one of them being the existence of those factories, which seem at present to be a great source of its prosperity. But it has rocky eminences in its midst, which must have been the site of the strongholds from which it derives its name; and there is a beautiful fiord encircling it about, and a range of mountains in the distance, if not very high, at least wild and rugged. One of these eminences we are not allowed to scale to the top, as it is used as a prison. As we descend, we meet a gang of some sixty criminals in prison dresses, guarded by a few soldiers. It is one of the *contretemps* of travelling to have ever and anon human imperfection thrust in one's face. A country which wished to put on a good face before foreigners would keep its criminals out of sight. Sweden appears to have a great many of this class, and some statisticians say that she abounds in crime. However that may be, she keeps her eye on the bad people, and does not suffer them to be at large with tickets-of-leave. One remarkable feature of a Swedish city is, that it possesses no regular inns. You cannot very well dine and sleep at the same place. It seems as if all the hotel-keepers at some past time, in revenge for some such attacks as those waged on them two or three years ago by the *Times*, had agreed to strike, and put travellers to inconvenience. The hotel is the sleeping-place. At the restaurant you must dine if you can, for the *carte* is not translated into any other language; and if you do not happen to know Swedish, you must feed on what you cannot read in a hap-hazard manner. One of our friends gets strawberries

and cream when he means a beef-steak. The Swedes, when waiting for breakfast, dinner, or tea, instead of saying grace, apply themselves to what is called the brandy-board. A decanter of "finkel"—white brandy made of potatoes and corn, and flavoured with different things—stands on a side-board, with wine-glasses; by this is a basket full of small bits of white bread, and large pieces of dry rye-biscuit. Bread which the Frenchman considers as the chief part of his dinner, the meats being only used as condiments, is here banished to a side-table, and is by no means *à la discretion* in its finer forms. But we do not come to Sweden expecting to dine *à la Palais Royal*. If any one does, we would advise him to save himself the trouble, as unless he can live on brandy, he will hardly be able to get through the country. In the harbour of Gottenburg we walk on board the Propeller, a magnificent screw-steamer, just arrived from Hull. This is just the vessel in which to cross the North Sea. Another steamer, the William Telford, is lying at the quay. She resembles a cob in build, as if her growth had been stopt by some unnatural process; but she has a great appearance of strength, not unlike that presented by those little sturdy horses from the Isle of Aland, with manes as stiff as a blacking-brush, which are so common at Gottenburg. We learn that she sails in the evening for Stockholm through the Götha canal, and the peculiarity of her build is occasioned by the necessity of her passing the locks. All the berths are taken, and we think it best to pass the night on deck, and accordingly retire to rest on a bench about eleven o'clock. The dew, however, in these latitudes, to make up for the short time it has to fall in the summer, comes down like rain. Every one who means to pass the night in the open air should provide himself with a skin-cloak, or a Macintosh blanket at the least. We are roused by the cold shortly after midnight. But the aspect of the night is well worth the unpleasant sensation. The evening red still lingers through it, and the moon can scarcely manage to make herself seen. We have already started on our northward course. The banks of the Götha, beautiful no doubt in themselves, appear remarkably so in the lovely twilight. The craft in the river are floating in full sail, waiting for the morning breeze. As we advance, an old castle looms out from the top of a rock, where the river divides itself; it is of the same fine grey as the rock it stands on, and seems to grow out of it. As we go farther on, the sun sends harbingers before him in the shape of the loveliest sky-colours and clouds of the deepest and purest tints, which radiate from a common centre, as if in imitation of the coming beams. At last the beams appear themselves, and the fine deep purple grey of the rocks and mountains is lighted up into many colours, and the trees grow distinctly green. It is high morning before three o'clock, and it is past the middle of July. Then comes the sun himself on the stage. We never saw him appear with so much parade. Lovelier and lovelier grows the river, wilder and wilder the banks that enclose it; the pine of the north is mixed with the trees of more temperate climates, and pre-eminent among all, with its silver shaft and pendulous foliage, is the lady of the woods, the beautiful birch; not seen, as at home, single, or in isolated clusters, but forming whole copses and woods. Sometimes we are in the shadows of the rocks and woods, and the shafts of light come ogling us through the birch-tops, as if those ladies of the woods had bright eyes belonging to them; and now one broad beam falls full on the great square sail of a timber barge of antique build, which is slowly making its way up the river, as though it loved to linger on the way. This is the climax of the beauty of the morning. The deck is now crowded with passengers, and reflection and observation give way to conversation. The sound of the Swedish language, as compared with the Danish, is not unlike that of the Lowland Scotch as compared with English, and indeed there is scarcely more than a dialectic difference between the Scandinavian languages. A knowledge of these

forms one of those three or four keys which are needed to unlock the treasures of English philology. We arrive at Lilla Edet, where there is a short canal, rendered necessary by the existence of a rapid, which is little short of a waterfall. A little farther on in the course of the river begins in earnest

THE GÖTHA CANAL.

To judge of the engineering difficulties which must have accompanied this work, we must consider what the problem was of which it is the solution. The navigation had to be completed between the Wenern Lake and the Cattegat, as it had long since been between the Wenern and the Baltic. But the Götha at Trolhattan is impracticable by reason of a fall which, taking into consideration all its subordinate cascades, must far surpass that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. In fact, the shipping has to be carried up to the top of a mountain. It is true that the mountain is of immense area, and is honeycombed with lakes at the top, the largest of which is the immense Wenern, second only to Ladoga. We find ourselves at Trolhattan, at a place bearing all the characters of Alpine scenery,—the pines, the whortle-berries, the granite rocks, the purity and rarity of the air. Up this mountain, ships, some of which have three masts, are to be brought. This can only be done by a canal, blasted out of the solid rock, and with so many locks on it that it presents the appearance of a watery staircase. There is something stupendous, and even frightful in the idea. What if a steamer were impelled just a trifle too hard, and were to burst one of these locks? It seems to us as if steamer and the whole series of locks would come tumbling one upon another in a vast cascade of commingling water and wreck, as big as Trolhattan itself. But it was not found sufficient to make one such ascent. The locks were too small to admit steamers, so human labour, as if in scorn of natural difficulties, has made a second canal, more circuitous and less imposing, which joins on to the first. For the statistics of these works, Murray's *Handbook of Northern Europe*, vol. i., will give the fullest information. We never saw a more picturesque canal, and yet it is just the reverse in character to the canals in Dutch pictures, which are also picturesque. It is a grand illustration of the power of labour, to see vessels in full sail passing proudly over the height through a channel of blasted granite. Sweden appears to our superficially geological eyes the country of granite. The whole country, from Gottenburg to Stockholm, seems composed of this and its cognate rocks. The veins of quartz are occasionally, especially on the banks of the Wenern, very curious and beautiful. The granite itself is of various colours, the best being of a fine red, which we conjecture, but are afraid of committing ourselves, to be owing to the presence of iron. Granite, wherever predominant, though seldom found in Alpine scenery, except just at the watershed of high ranges, appears to impart to a country a singularly savage and desolate character. Sweden, in the general configuration of its soil, is like Brittany, Dartmoor, and the country about Land's End in Cornwall, where granite is also the prevailing rock.

TROLHATTAN

is the name given to a large inhabited district, built of houses of an Indian red colour, neither exactly village nor town. It is bustling with traffic in timber and iron. The waterfall consists rather of a succession of rapids on the largest scale, than of any pouring over of a mass of water. If we judge by the level of that hollow stone where kings have imitated poor John Smith in writing their names, it must have

been a miniature Niagara, and in course of time the river must have broken through its barrier, and made a deeper and larger course for itself. Yet the want of an arch of water does not make it less grand. As we stand on the island, to which an iron bridge leads between the first and the second fall, nothing can be finer than the green twist of the mass of furious water, as it whirls on to resolve itself into a sea of foam on the rocks, which are just observed in the fitful blackness below the surface. It does one good to look on such scenes, and think what puny wretches we are in the vast grasp of nature.

The hotel is charmingly situated. The prospects from the windows are fine, the air delicious, and you may be lulled to sleep by the monotonous but harmonious roar of the cataract, now at a respectful distance. One of the few things in which Swedish inns differ from others is, that the guests are generally expected to make out the bills themselves; it is a good plan to stop complaints, analogous to that adopted by British politicians, who have given the people the glorious privilege of inflicting, through their representatives, their own taxation. The bill of fare chiefly consists of various forms of beef and salmon. A bathe in the Götha teaches us that salmon-fishers would be drowned by their boots if they attempted to wade. It is a river of much the same pretensions as the Rhine at Basel, and, we should imagine, contained a greater volume of fresh water than any British river.

To vary our mode of travelling we quit the steamer here, and determine to post to Wenersborg. Posting sounds awfully expensive in England. It seems like sowing the Queen's highway with coin, mile by mile. But in Sweden it is a mere trifle—about as much as a second-class fare on our railroads. We are three—an excellent specimen of a Prussian officer, a young Swede, and etc. We order three horses but can only get two, and two springless carts, with rather long shafts; so two must go in one. Nevertheless at our journey's end the driver wanted to charge us for the horse we could not get. We told him that, from the effect of the finkel, he must have seen one of them double. About twenty English miles are done in these instruments of penance, which certainly would dislocate any limb again which had been put out once before. What strikes us as most new in the Swedish landscape are the fences—palisades of pine poles set upright, to which are bound, by bark, sharp boards of split pine-wood in an oblique direction. They give to the whole country a very military and even ferocious aspect. We saw woods of a luxuriance we should not have expected so far north, chiefly of oak and birch, some of the oaks being of great girth and hoar antiquity, and a few of them, like blind old men, looking more venerable from having been blasted by lightning. We also observe grey crows with black wings, and a shower of white moths lying dead under a tree, of which we can give no account.

WENERSBORG

is a town with an ugly church and a few straight streets, busy, practical, and unpicturesque. It is strange how little Gothic architecture seems to have made itself at home in Gothland. It is Sunday, and we are sorry to say that the whole population appear to be drunk after morning-service. It may be that an unsteady gait and bloodshot eyes and a silly good-natured leer are provincial characteristics here, and therefore we will not be so uncharitable as to affirm that these are symptoms of congestion of a brain of limited extent, acted on by impure alcohol. But drunkenness is the curse of Sweden, as it is of Great Britain, and we remark that it exists only as a national vice in countries which do not produce wine. Teetotalism will never cure it, but repeal of wine-duties will. We take off the duty on corn, which in average years our country produces in prolific abundance,—we keep it on wine, which our country does not produce at all. The poor Englishman, like the Swede,

drinks strong and bad liquor, smokes strong and bad tobacco, because both these poor man's luxuries are out of his reach, if their quality be mild and their flavour be fine. Before the rich judge too hardly of the vices of the poor, they should consider the causes from which they arise, and to what extent these causes are removable. Conversation with an officer of the Wenersborg jail leads us to believe that nearly all the crimes of the Swedes result from drunkenness. This has often been said before. There are about sixty prisoners here, and we saw some sweeping the dirt from the road before the gate of the jail, under the eyes of the officer. They were all well-grown, good-looking, and, alas! very young men. A walk to the two mountains Halleberget and Hunneberget, except by the views at the banks of the Götha, did not repay the trouble. There was "nothing in them," or our guide was unintelligent.

WENERN LAKE

is not one great broad sheet of water, like the Lake of Constance, but broken into numerous bays by granite headlands, and studded with many little rocky islands. It is a fine place for studying sunsets and sunrisings. Half-a-dozen great perch reward us for a little row on the lake. Some of these fish, which are the easiest of all to take, make a very good fight, and the necessity of keeping down their prickles makes it rather an exciting business to lift them out of the water. There is a very good and cheap hotel at Wenersborg, where we pay for our meals as we eat them, after the manner of a London club, and only for the lodging when leaving. We take a Götha canal steamer again at Wenersborg, the Thunberg this time, and traverse the Wenern lake in steady pouring rain. The course of the canal after the Wenern turns westward; at the first lock, children crowd around the ships with fruit to sell. Some of this is of a novel aspect to us, consisting of berries about the size and shape of mulberries, but of the colour of raw veal, rather acid, and very mawkish in taste. The number of locks in this part of the canal disposes us to retire to rest from their monotony; but where are we to sleep, for all the berths were engaged? In the dining-saloon, which is in the fore-part of the ship. This is filled with a kind of hammocks, or square beds slung hammock-wise, which, if any one of the twenty-five passengers moves in bed, communicates a knock through the whole cabin, passing it on, as Brummell is said to have done the Prince's glass of claret when thrown in his face. We sleep, but wake at three in the morning, gasping like a dying fish. Not a breath of air has been allowed to circulate in the crowded dormitory. The only entrance for fresh air, or exit for exhalations, is the cabin staircase, which is hung with greatcoats until it is nearly stuffed. It is strange that so small a number of the human family seem alive to the pains and harm of stuffiness. It seems to us one of the greatest evils of this life, and not the least so that it is a product of human tyranny. Some nervous wretch, who fears to take cold, objects to having a window opened, and so all the rest of his travelling-companions are to suffer the woes of the dog who is put into the Grotto del Cane at Naples for the amusement of travellers. We strongly recommend any of our countrymen who come by these boats, and cannot get private berths, to get plenty of wraps, and make themselves as comfortable on deck as they can, at least if it is not wet. In that case, it is hard what to say. Perhaps it is better to stand in the lee of the funnel all night. The fresh air and bright morning on the Wetten lake revive us, though the thought of another night of stifling is anything but pleasant. Our fellow-passengers seem in our eyes so many Othellos. But the scenery is now beautiful, and the delays of the vessel in passing locks give us a bathe in the Buren lake, a very pretty little one. We have seen the ironworks at Motala, where all the canal steamers are made. They are on a most Vulcanian scale.

We pass from lake to lake, and from lock to lock. The Roxen lake is just the right size for a picture; the Wetten and the Wenern are both much too large. We go aside in one place to see a church, which is full of memorials of the king-like family of the Douglases, those old antagonists of Scotland's kings; the bleeding heart, on the centre of the arms here, in this northern land, and hard by the trophies of flags won in war by his exiled countrymen, must make every Scotsman who travels this way feel his own grow bigger. Farther on in the canal is Soderköping, where is a bell-tower distinct from the church, as common in Herefordshire, and a hydropathic establishment, which sends forth a bevy of gay guests to look at the steamer. On a rocky mountain overhanging it, which we have time to ascend, is a fountain of pure water, round which the gossips gather, as they do in Germany and elsewhere. At a hamlet called Mem we drop into a fiord, which is, in fact, an arm of the Baltic. We pass by a fine old castle in the twilight, of which the round keep is very striking, and must have stood centuries of pounding; we believe it is called Steborg. After this, we retire again to the arms of Morpheus, in the lap of carbonic acid gas. Is this

THE BALTIC?

We are told that it is; but can see nothing but multitudinous channels winding about and through multitudinous islands all like one another, all rocky at the base, and all clothed above with the same trees. How the sailors can know their course, or find their way in this labyrinth, we cannot divine. We have passed through most of this in the night, and come to our last lock, by no means regretting it. This lock is on a little short canal which connects the Baltic with the Mälar lake, which washes the feet of Stockholm, and all its linen. At a place called Sodertelje, famed as a biscuit-manufactory, there is a great bargaining for baskets of biscuit, which the passengers, who have just breakfasted, do not want. Most of the foreign passengers, who chiefly seem composed of German commercial travellers, are all excitement for the first view of Stockholm over this land-locked lake. At the distant sight of houses reflected in the water, every telescope and opera-glass is out. The far-off view of Stockholm is very pretty, for it appears, like the Isola-bella in the Lago Maggiore, to stand on the water. But the illusion is dispelled, to some extent, on a nearer view, for there is almost an entire deficiency of architectural beauty in the public buildings of the

VENICE OF THE NORTH.

We do not think that Stockholm is correctly so called, as we observed before. The King's palace is its principal building, and that is a great mass with square windows, only striking from its size. Stockholm has the same advantages of situation as Constantinople. It is built on seven islands, which rise into hills in parts, as if to set off its buildings to the best advantage. The highest hill has a dome on it, which somewhat resembles that of the church by the Dogana at Venice. But nature has done so much for Stockholm, that, seen under the singular advantages of light which the northern sun offers, and if the right points are chosen from which to look at it, there are few cities more striking, though others are pleasanter to look upon for a long time; for the general aspect of Stockholm is one of sparkling whiteness, unrelieved by a sufficiency of other colours. Give it gilded minarets, and it would be a northern Constantinople.

THE ATHELINGS; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XXV.

PAPA was away from home. That very day on which the charmed light of society first shone upon his girls, Papa, acting under the instructions of a family conference, hurried at railway speed to the important neighborhood of the Old Wood Lodge. He was to be gone three days, and during that time his household constituents expected an entire settlement of the doubtful and difficult question which concerned their inheritance. Charlie, perhaps, might have some hesitation on the subject, but all the rest of the family believed devoutly in the infallible wisdom and prowess of Papa.

Yet it was rather disappointing that Papa should be absent at such a crisis as this, when there was so much to tell him. They had to wonder every day what he would think of the adventures of Agnes and Marian, and how contemplate their entrance into the world: and great was the family satisfaction at the day and hour of his return. Fortunately it was evening; the family tea-table was spread with unusual care, and the best china shone and glistened in the sunshine, as Agnes, Marian, and Charlie set out for the railway to meet Papa. They went along together very happily, excited by the expectation of all there was to tell, and all there was to hear. The suburban roads were full of leisurely people, gossiping or meditating like old Isaac at eventide, with a breath of the fields before them, and the big boom of the great city filling all the air behind. The sun slanted over the homely but pleasant scene, making a glorious tissue of the rising smoke, and brightening the dusky branches of the wayside trees. "If we could but live in the country!" said Agnes, pausing, and turning round to trace the long sun-bright line of road, falling off into that imaginary Arcadia, or rather into the horizon, with its verge of sunny and dewy fields. The dew falls upon the daisies even in the vicinity of Islington—let students of natural history bear this significant fact in mind.

"Stuff! the train's in," said Charlie, dragging along his half-reluctant sisters, who, quite proud of his bigness and manly stature, had taken his arm. "Charlie, don't make such strides—who do you think can keep up with you?" said Marian. Charlie laughed with the natural triumphant malice of a younger brother; he was perfectly indifferent to the fact that one of them was a genius and the other a beauty; but he liked to claim a certain manly and protective superiority over "the girls."

To the great triumph, however, of these victims of Charlie's obstinate will, the train was not in, and they had to walk about upon the platform for full five minutes, pulling (figuratively) his big red ear, and waiting for the exemplary second-class passenger, who was scrupulous to travel by that golden mean of respectability, and would on no account have put up with a parliamentary train. Happy Papa! it was better than Mrs. Edgerley's magnificent pair of bays, pawing in superb impatience the plebeian causeway. He caught a glimpse of three eager faces as he looked out of his little window—two pretty figures springing forward, one big one holding back and remonstrating. "Why, you'll lose him in the crowd—do you hear?" cried Charlie. "What good could you do, a parcel of girls? See! you stand here, and I'll fetch my father out."

Grievously against their will, the girls obeyed. Papa was safely evolved out of the crowd, and went off at once between his daughters, leaving Charlie to follow—which Charlie did accordingly, with Mr. Atheling's greatcoat in one hand and travel-

ling-bag in the other. They made quite a little procession as they went home, Marian half dancing as she clasped Papa's arm, and tantalised him with hints of their wondrous tale; Agnes walking very demurely on the other side, with a pretence of rebuking her giddy sister, Charlie trudging with his burden in the rear. By way of assuring him that he was not to know till they got home, Papa was put in possession of all the main facts of their adventure, before they came near enough to see two small faces at the bright open window, shouting with impatience to see him. Happy Papa! it was almost worth being away a year, instead of three days, to get such a welcome home.

"Well, but who is this fine lady—and how were you introduced to her—and what's all this about a carriage?" said Papa; "Here's Bell and Beau, with all their good sense, reduced to be as crazy as the rest of you. What's this about a carriage?"

For Bell and Beau, we are constrained to confess, had made immense ado about the two "geegees" ever since these fabulous and extraordinary animals drew up before the gate with that magnificent din and concussion which shook to its inmost heart the quiet of Bellevue.

"Oh, it is Mrs. Edgerley's, papa," said Marion; "such a beautiful pair of bay horses—she sent us home in it—and we met her at Mr. Burlington's, and we went to luncheon in her house—and we are going there again on Thursday to a great party. She says everybody wishes to see Agnes; she thinks there never was a book like *Hope*. She is very pretty, and has the grandest house, and is kinder than anybody I ever saw. You never saw such splendid horses. Oh, mamma, how pleasant it would be to keep a carriage! I wonder if Agnes will ever be as rich as Mrs. Edgerley; but then, though *she* is an author, she is a great lady besides."

"Edgerley!" said Mr. Atheling; "do you know I heard that name at the Old Wood Lodge."

"But, papa, what about the Lodge? you have never told us yet; is it as pretty as you thought it was? Can we go to live there? Is there a garden? I am sure *now*," said Agnes, blushing with pleasure, "that we will have money enough to go down there—all of us—mamma, and Bell, and Beau."

"I don't deny it's rather a pretty place," said Mr. Atheling; "and I thought of Agnes immediately when I looked out from the windows. There is a view for you! Do you remember it, Mary?—the town below, and the wood behind, and the river winding about everywhere. Well, I confess to you it *is* pretty, and not in such bad order either, considering all things; and nothing said against our title yet, Mr. Lewis tells me. Do you know, children, if you were really to go down and take possession, and then my lord to make an attempt against us, I should be tempted to stand out against him, cost what it might."

"Then, papa, we ought to go immediately," said Marian. "To be sure, you should stand out—it belonged to our family; what has anybody else got to do with it? And I tell you, Charlie, you ought to read up all about it, and make quite sure, and let the gentleman know the real law."

"Stuff! I'll mind my own business," said Charlie. Charlie did not choose to have any allusion made to his private studies.

"And there are several people there who remember us, Mary," said Mr. Atheling. "My Lord is not at home—that is one good thing; but I met a youth at Winterbourne yesterday, who lives at the Hall they say, and is a—a—sort of a son; a fine boy, with a haughty look, more like the old lord a great deal. And what did you say about Edgerley? There's one of the Rivers's married to an Edgerley. I won't have such an acquaintance, if it turns out one of them."

"Why, William," said Mrs. Atheling. "Fathers and daughters are seldom very much like each other. I do not care much about such an acquaintance myself," added the good mother in a moralising tone. "For though it may be very pleasant for the girls at first, I do not think it is good, as Miss Willsie

says, to have friends far out of our own rank of life. My dear, Miss Willsie is very sensible, though she is not always pleasant; and I am sure you never can be very easy or comfortable with people whom you cannot have at your own house; and you know such a great lady as that could not come *here*."

Agnes and Marian cast simultaneous glances round the room—it was impossible to deny that Mrs. Atheling was right.

"But then the Old Wood Lodge, mamma!" cried Agnes, with sudden relief and enthusiasm. "There we could receive any one — anybody could come to see us in the country. If the furniture is not very good, we can improve it a little. For you know, mamma ——." Agnes once more blushed with shy delight and satisfaction, but came to a sudden conclusion there, and said no more.

"Yes, my dear, I know," said Mrs. Atheling with a slight sigh, and a careful financial brow; "but when your fortune comes, Papa must lay it by for you, Agnes, or invest it. William, what did you say it would be best to do?"

Mr. Atheling immediately entered *con amore* into a consideration of the best means of disposing of this fabulous and unarrived fortune. But the girls looked blank when they heard of interest and per-centage; they did not appreciate the benefits of laying by.

"Are we to have no good of it, then, at all?" said Agnes disconsolately.

Mr. Atheling's kind heart could not resist an appeal like this. "Yes, Mary, they must have their pleasure," said Papa; "it will not matter much to Agnes's fortune, the little sum that they will spend on the journey, or the new house. No, you must go by all means; I shall fancy it is in mourning for poor old Aunt Bridget, till my girls are there to pull her roses. If I knew you were all there, I should begin to think again that Winterbourne and Badgely Wood were the sweetest places in the world."

"And there any one could come to see us," said Marian, clapping her hands. "Oh, papa, what a good thing for Agnes that Aunt Bridget left you the Old Wood Lodge!"

CHAPTER XXVI.—MRS. EDGERLEY'S THURSDAY.

Mr. Atheling's visit to the country had, after all, not been so necessary as the family supposed; no one seemed disposed to pounce upon the small bequest of Miss Bridget. The Hall took no notice either of the death or the will which changed the proprietorship of the Old Wood Lodge. It remained intact and unvisited, dilapidated and picturesque, with Miss Bridget's old furniture in its familiar place, and her old maid in possession. The roses began to brush the little parlour window, and thrust their young buds against the panes, from which no one now looked out upon their sweetness. Papa himself, though his heart beat high to think of his own beautiful children blooming in this retired and pleasant place, wept a kindly tear for his old aunt, as he stood in the chamber of her long occupation, and found how empty and mournful was this well-known room. It was a quaint and touching mausoleum, full of relics; and good Mr. Atheling felt himself more and more bound to carry out the old lady's wishes as he stood in the vacant room.

And then it would be such a good thing for Agnes! That was the most flattering and pleasant view of the subject possible; and ambitious ideas of making the Old Wood Lodge the prettiest of country cottages, entered the imagination of the house. It was pretty enough for anything, Papa said, looking as he spoke at his beautiful Marian, who was precisely in the same condition; and if some undefined notion of a prince of romance, carrying off from the old cottage the sweetest bride in the world, did flash across the thoughts of the father and mother, who would be hard enough to blame so natural a vision? As for Marian herself, she thought of nothing but Agnes, unless, indeed, it was Mrs. Edgerley's

party; and there must, indeed, have been quite a moral earthquake in London had all the invitees to this same party been as much disturbed about it as these two sisters. They wondered a hundred times in a day if it was quite right to go without any further invitation—if Mrs. Edgerley would write to them—who would be there? and finally, and most momentous of all, if it would be quite proper to go in those simple white dresses, which were, in fact, the only dresses they could wear. Over these girlish robes there was great discussion, and councils manifold; people, however, who have positively no choice, have facilities for making up their minds unknown to more encumbered individuals, and certainly there was no alternative here.

Another of these much-discussed questions was likewise very shortly set to rest. Mrs. Edgerley did write to Agnes the most affectionate and emphatic of notes—deeply, doubly underscored in every fourth word, adjuring her to "*remember* that I NEVER *forgive* any one who *forgets* my *Thursday*." Nobody could possibly be more innocent of this unpardonable crime than Agnes and Marian, from whose innocent minds, since they first heard of it, Mrs. Edgerley's Thursday had scarcely been absent for an hour at a stretch; but they were mightily gratified with this reminder, and excited beyond measure with the prospect before them. They had also ascertained with much care and research the names of their new acquaintance's works—of which one was called *Fashion*, one *Coquetry*, and one *The Beau Monde*. On the title-page of these famous productions she was called the Honourable Mrs. Edgerley—a distinction not known to them before; and the girls read with devotion the three sets of three volumes each, by which their distinguished friend had made herself immortal. These books were not at all like *Hope Hazlewood*. It was not indeed very easy to define what they were like; they were very fine, full of splendid upholstery and elevated sentiments, diamonds of the finest water, and passions of the loftiest strain. The girls prudently reserved their judgment on the matter. "It is only some people who can write good books," said Marian, in the tone of an indulgent critic; and nobody disputed the self-evident truth.

Meanwhile Mr. Foggo continued to pay his usual visit every night, and Miss Willsie, somewhat curious and full of disapprovals, "looked in" through the day. Miss Willsie, who in secret knew *Hope Hazlewood* nearly by heart, disapproved of everything. If there was one thing she did not like, it was young people setting up their opinion, and especially writing books; and if there was one thing she could not bear, it was to see folk in a middling way of life aiming to be like their betters. Miss Willsie "could not put up with" Mrs. Edgerley's presumption in sending the girls home in her carriage; she thought it was just as much as taunting decent folk because they had no carriage of their own. Altogether the mistress of Killiecrankie was out of temper, and would not be pleased—nothing satisfied her; and she groaned in spirit over the vanity of her young *protégés*.

"Silly things!" said Miss Willsie, as she came in on the eventful morning of Thursday itself, that golden day; "do you really think there's satisfaction in such vanities? Do you think any person finds happiness in the pleasures of this world?"

"Oh, Miss Willsie! if they were not very pleasant, why should people be so frightened for them?" cried Marian, who was carefully trimming, with some of her mother's lace, the aforesaid white dress.

"And then we are not trying to *find* happiness," said Agnes, looking up from her similar occupation with a radiant face, and a momentary perception of the philosophy of the matter. After all, that made a wonderful difference. Miss Willsie was far too Scotch to remain unimpressed by the logical distinction.

"Well, that's true," acknowledged Miss Willsie; "but you're no to think I approve of such a way of spending your happiness, though ye have got it, ye young prodigals. If there is one thing I cannot endure, it's countenancing the like of you in

your nonsense and extravagance; but I'm no for doing things by halves either—Here!"

Saying which, Miss Willsie laid a parcel upon the table and disappeared instantly, opening the door for herself, and closing it after her with the briskest energy. There was not much time lost in examining the parcel; and within it, in a double wrapper, lay two little pairs of satin shoes, the whitest, daintiest, prettiest in the world.

Cinderella's glass slippers! But Cinderella in the story was not half so much disturbed as these two girls. It seemed just the last proof wanting of the interest all the world took in this momentous and eventful evening. Miss Willsie, the general critic and censor, who approved of nothing! If it had not been for a little proper pride in the presence of Susan, who just then entered the parlour, Marian and Agnes would have been disposed for half a minute to celebrate this pleasure, in true feminine fashion, by a very little "cry."

And then came the momentous duties of the toilette. The little white bedchamber looked whiter to-night than it had done all its days before, under the combined lustre of the white dresses, the white ribbons, and the white shoes. They were both so young and both so bright that their colourless and simple costume looked in the prettiest harmony imaginable with their sweet youth—which was all the more fortunate, that they could not help themselves, and had nothing else to choose. One of those useful and nondescript vehicles called "flies" stood at the door. Charlie, with his hat on, half laughing, half ashamed of his office, lingered in the hall, waiting to accompany them. They kissed Bell and Beau (dreadfully late for this one night, and in the highest state of exultation) with solemnity—submitted themselves to a last inspection on the part of Mrs. Atheling, and with a little fright and sudden terror were put into the "carriage." Then the carriage drove away through the late summer twilight, rumbling into the distance and the darkness. Then at last Mamma ventured to drop into the easy-chair, and rest for a moment from her labours and her anxieties. At this great crisis of the family history, small events looked great events to Mrs. Atheling; as if they had been going out upon a momentous enterprise, this good mother paused awhile in the darkness, and blessed them in her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE WORLD.

They were bewildered, yet they lost nothing of the scene. The great rooms radiant with light, misty with hangings, gleaming with mirrors—the magnificent staircase up which they passed, they never could tell how, ashamed of the echo of their own names—the beautiful enchantress of a hostess, who bestowed upon each of them that light perfumy kiss of welcome, at the momentary touch of which the girls blushed and trembled—the strange faces everywhere around them—their own confusion, and the shyness which they thought so awkward. Though all these things together united to form a dazzling jumble for the first moment, the incoherence of the vision lasted no longer. With a touch of kindness Mrs. Edgerley led them (for of course they were scrupulously early, and punctual to the hour) to her pretty boudoir, where they had been before, and which was not so bright nor like to be so thronged as the larger rooms. Here already a young matron sat in state, with a little circle of worshippers. Mrs. Edgerley broke into the midst of them to introduce to the throned lady her young strangers. "They have no one with them—pray let them be beside you," whispered the beautiful hostess to her beautiful guest. The lady bowed, and stared, and assented. When Mrs. Edgerley left them, Agnes and Marian looked after her wistfully, the only face they had ever seen before, and stood together in their shy irresolute grace, blushing, discouraged, and afraid. They supposed it was not right to speak to any one whom they had not been introduced

to; but no one gave them any inconvenience for the moment in the matter of conversation. They stood for a short time shyly, expecting some notice from their newly-elected chaperone, but she had half-a-dozen flirtations in hand, and no leisure for a charge which was a bore. This, it must be confessed, was somewhat different from Mrs. Edgerley's anticipation of being "besieged for introductions" to the author of *Hope Hazlewood*. The young author looked wistfully into the brightness of the great drawing-room, with some hope of catching the eye of her patroness; but Mrs. Edgerley was in the full business of "receiving," and had no eye except for the brilliant stream of arrivals. Marian began to be indignant, and kept her beautiful eyes full upon Agnes, watching her sister with eager sympathy. Never before, in all their serene and quiet lives, had they needed to be proud. For a moment the lip of Agnes curved and quivered—a momentary pang of girlish mortification passed over her face—then they both drew back suddenly to a table covered with books and portfolios, which stood behind them. They did not say a word to each other—they bent down over the prints and pictures with a sudden impulse of self-command and restraint: no one took the slightest notice of them; they stood quite alone in these magnificent rooms, which were slowly filling with strange faces. Agnes was afraid to look up, lest any one should see that there were actual tears under her eyelids. How she fancied she despised herself for such a weakness! But, after all, it was a hard enough lesson for neophytes so young and innocent,—so they stood very silent, bending closely over the picture-books, overcoming as they could their sudden mortification and disappointment. No one disturbed them in their solitary enjoyment of their little table, and for once in their life they did not say a word to each other, but bravely fought out the crisis within themselves, and rose again with all the pride of sensitive and imaginative natures to the emergency. With a sudden impulsive movement Agnes drew a chair to the table, and made Marian sit down upon it.

"Now, we will suppose we are at the play," said Agnes, with youthful contempt and defiance, leaning her arm upon the back of the chair, and looking at the people instead of the picture-books. Marian was not so rapid in her change of mood—she sat still, shading her face with her hand, with a flush upon her cheek, and an angry cloud on her beautiful young brow. Yes, Marian was extremely angry. Mortification on her own account did not affect her—but that all these people, who no doubt were only rich people and nobodies—that they should neglect Agnes!—this was more than her sisterly equanimity could bear.

Agnes Atheling was not beautiful. When people looked at her, they never thought of her face, what were its features or its complexion. These were both agreeable enough to make no detraction from the interest of the bright and animated intelligence which was indeed the only beauty belonging to her. She did not know herself with what entire and transparent honesty her eyes and her lips expressed her sentiments; and it never occurred to her that her own looks, as she stood thus, somewhat defiant, and full of an imaginative and heroical pride, looking out upon all those strangers, made the brightest comment possible upon the scene. How her eye brightened with pleasure as it fell on a pleasant face—how her lip laughed when something ridiculous caught her rapid attention—how the soft lines on her forehead drew together when something displeased her delicate fancy—and how a certain natural delight in the graceful grouping and brilliant action of the scene before her lighted up all her face—was quite an unknown fact to Agnes. It was remarkable enough, however, in an assembly of people whose looks were regulated after the most approved principles, and who were generally adepts in the admirable art of expressing nothing. And then there was Marian, very cloudy, looking up under the shadow of her hand like an offended fairy queen. Though Mrs. Edgerley was lost in the stream of her arriving guests, and the beautiful young chaperone she had committed them to

took no notice whatever of her charge, tired eyes, which were looking out for something to interest them, gradually fixed upon Agnes and Marian. One or two observers asked who they were, but nobody could answer the question. They were quite by themselves, and evidently knew no one; and a little interest began to rise about them, which the girls, making their own silent observations upon everything, and still sometimes with a little wistfulness looking for Mrs. Edgerley, had not yet begun to see.

When an old gentleman came to their table, and startled them a little by turning over the picture-books. He was an ancient beau—the daintiest of old gentlemen—with a blue coat and a white waistcoat, and the most delicate of ruffles. His hair—so much as he had—was perfectly white, and his high bald forehead, and even his face, looked like a piece of ivory curiously carved into wrinkles. He was not by any means a handsome old man, yet it was evident enough that this peculiar look and studied dress belonged to a notability, whose coat and cambric, and the great shining diamond upon whose wrinkled ashen-white hand, belonged to his character, and were part of himself. He was an old connoisseur, critic, and fine gentleman, with a collection of old china, old jewels, rare small pictures, and curious books, enough to craze the whole dilettanti word when it came to the prolonged and fabulous sale, which was its certain end. And he was a connoisseur in other things than silver and china. He was somewhat given to patronising young people; and the common judgment gave him credit for great kindness and benignity. But it was not benignity and kindness which drew Mr. Agar to the side of Agnes and Marian. Personal amusement was a much more prevailing inducement than benevolence with the dainty old dilettante. They were deceived, of course, as youth is invariable; for despite the pure selfishness of the intention, the effect, as it happened, was kind.

Mr. Agar began a conversation by remarking upon the books, and drew forth a shy reply from both; then he managed gradually to change his position, and to survey the assembled company along with them, but with his most benign and patriarchal expression. He was curious to hear in words those comments which Agnes constantly made with her eyes; and he was pleased to observe the beauty of the younger sister—the perfect unconscious grace of all her movements and attitudes. They thought they had found the most gracious of friends, these simple girls; they had not the remotest idea that he was only a connoisseur.

"Then you do not know many of those people," said Mr. Agar, following Agnes's rapid glances. "Ah, old Lady Knightly! is that a friend of yours?"

"No; I was thinking of the old story of 'Thank you for your Diamonds,'" said Agnes, who could not help drawing back a little, and casting down her eyes for the moment while the sound of her own voice, low as it was, brought a sudden flush to her cheek. "I did not think diamonds had been so pretty; they look as if they were alive."

"Ah, the diamonds!" said the old critic, looking at the unconscious object of Agnes's observation who was an old lady, wrinkled and gorgeous, with a leaping, twinkling band of light circling her time-shrivelled brow. "Yes, she looks as if she had dressed for a masquerade in the character of Night—eh? Poor old lady, with her lamps of diamonds! Beauty, you perceive, does not need so many tapers to show its whereabouts."

"But there are a great many beautiful people here," said Agnes, "and a great many jewels. I think, sir, it is kind of people to wear them, because all the pleasure is to us who look on."

"You think so? Ah, then beauty itself, I suppose, is pure generosity, and *we* have all the pleasure of it," said the amused old gentleman; "that is comfortable doctrine, is it not?" And he looked at Marian, who glanced up blushingly, yet with a certain pleasure. He smiled, yet he looked benignant and fatherly; and this was an extremely agreeable view of the matter, and made it much less embarrassing to acknowledge oneself pretty. Marian felt

herself indebted to this kind old man.

"And you know no one—not even Mrs. Edgerley, I presume?" said the old gentleman. They both interrupted him in haste to correct this, but he only smiled the more, and went on. "Well, I will be benevolent, and tell you who your neighbours are; but I cannot follow those rapid eyes. Yes, I perceive you have made a good pause for a beginning—that is our pretty hostess's right honourable papa. Poor Winterbourne! he was sadly clumsy about his business. He is one of those unfortunate men who cannot do a wicked thing without doing it coarsely. You perceive, he is stopping to speak to Lady Theodosia — dear Lady Theodosia, who writes those sweet books! Nature intended she should be merry and vulgar, and art has made her very fine, very sentimental, and full of tears. There is an unfortunate youth wandering alone behind everybody's back. That is a miserable new poet, whom Mrs. Edgerley has deluded hither under the supposition that he is to be the lion of the evening. Poor fellow! he is looking demoniacal, and studying an epigram. Interested in the poet—eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Agnes with her usual respect; "but we were thinking of ourselves, who were something the same," she added quickly; for Mr. Agar had seen the sudden look which passed between the sisters.

"Something the same! then I am to understand that you are a poet?" said the old gentleman, with his unvarying benignity. "No!—what then? A musician? No; an artist? Come, you puzzle me. I shall begin to suppose you have written a novel if you do not explain."

The animated face of Agnes grew blank in a moment; she drew farther back, and blushed painfully. Marian immediately drew herself up and stood upon the defensive. "Is it anything wrong to write a novel?" said Marian. Mr. Agar turned upon her with his benignant smile.

"It is so, then?" said the old gentleman, "and I have not the least doubt it is an extremely clever novel. But hold! who comes here? Ah, an American! Now, we must do our best to talk very brilliantly, for friend Jonathan loves the conversation of distinguished circles. Let me find a seat for you, and do not be angry that I am not an enthusiast in literary matters. We have all our hobbies, and that does not happen to be mine."

Agnes sat down passively on the chair he brought for her. The poor girl felt grievously ashamed of herself. After all, what was that poor little book that she should ground such mighty claims upon it? Who cared for the author of *Hope Hazlewood?* Mr. Agar, though he was so kind, did not even care to inquire what book it was, nor showed the smallest curiosity about its name. Agnes was so much cast down that she scarcely noticed the upright figure approaching towards them, carrying an abstracted head high in the air, and very like to run over smaller people; but Mr. Agar stepped aside, and Marian touched her sister's arm. "It is Mr. Endicott—look, Agnes!" whispered Marian. Both of them were stirred with sudden pleasure at sight of him; it was a known face in this dazzling wilderness, though it was not a very comely one. Mr. Endicott was as much startled as themselves, when, glancing downward from his lofty altitude, his eye fell upon the beautiful face which had made sunshine even in the shady place of that Yankee young gentleman's self-admiring breast. The sudden discovery brightened his lofty languor for a moment. He hastened to shake hands with them, so impressively that the pretty lady and her cloud of admirers paused in their flutter of satire and compliment to look on.

"This is a pleasure I was not prepared for," said Mr. Endicott. "I remember that Mr. Atheling had an early acquaintance with Viscount Winterbourne — I presume an old hereditary friendship. I am rejoiced to find that such things are, even in this land of sophistication. This is a brilliant scene!"

"Indeed, I do not think papa knows Lord Winterbourne," said Agnes hastily; but her low voice did not reach the ears which had been so far enlightened by Mr. Endi-

cott. "Hereditary friendship — old connections of the family; no doubt daughters of some squire in Bamburyshire," said their beautiful neighbour, in a half-offended tone, to one of her especial retainers, who showed strong symptoms of desertion, and had already half-a-dozen times asked Marian's name. Unfortunate Mr. Endicott! he gained a formidable rival by these ill-advised words.

"I find little to complain of generally in the most distinguished circles of your country," said Mr. Endicott. "Your own men of genius may be neglected, but a foreigner of distinction always finds a welcome. This is true wisdom—for by this means we are enabled to carry a good report to the world."

"I say, what nice accounts these French fellows give of us!" burst in suddenly a very young man, who stood under the shadow of Mr. Endicott. The youth who hazarded this brilliant remark did not address anybody in particular, and was somewhat overpowered by the unexpected honour of an answer from Mr. Agar.

"French journalists, and newspaper writers of any country, are of course the very best judges of manners and morals," said the old gentleman, with a smile: "the other three estates are more than usually fallible; the fourth is the nearest approach to perfection which we can find in man."

"Sir," said Mr. Endicott, "in my country we can do without Queen, Lords, and Commons; but we cannot do without the Press—that is, the exponent of every man's mind and character, the legitimate vehicle of instructive experiences. The Press, sir, is Progress — the only effective agency ever invented for the perfection of the human race."

"Oh, I am sure I quite agree with you. I am quite in love with the newspapers; they do make one so delightfully out of humour," said Mrs. Edgerley, suddenly making her appearance; "and really, you know, when they speak of society, it is quite charming—so absurd! Sir Langham Portland — Miss Atheling. I have been so longing to come to you. Oh, and you must know Mr. Agar. Mr. Agar, I want to introduce you to my charming young friend, the authof o *Hope Hazlewood;* is it not wonderful? I was sure you, who are so fond of people of genius, would be pleased to know her. And there is dear Lady Theodosia; but she is so surrounded. You must come to the Willows—you must indeed; I positively insist upon it. For what can one do in an evening? and so many of my friends want to know you. We go down in a fortnight. I shall certainly calculate upon you. Oh, I never take a refusal; it was *so* kind of you to come to-night."

Before she had ceased speaking, Mrs. Edgerley was at the other end of the room, conversing with some one else, by her pretty gestures. Sir Langham Portland drew himself up like a guardsman, as he was, on the other side of Marian, and made original remarks about the picture-books, somewhat to the amusement, but more to the dismay of the young beauty, unaccustomed to such distinguished attentions. Mr. Agar occupied himself with Agnes; he told her all about the Willows, Mrs. Edgerley's pretty house at Richmond, which was always amusing, said the old gentleman. He was very pleasantly amused himself with Agnes's bright resplendent face, which, however, this wicked old critic was fully better pleased with while its mortification and disappointment lasted. Mr. Endicott remained standing in front of the group, watching the splendid guardsman with a misanthropic eye. This, however, was not very amusing; and the enlightened American gracefully took from his pocket the daintiest of pocket-books, fragrant with Russian leather and clasped with gold. From this delicate enclosure Mr. Endicott selected with care a letter and a card, and, armed with these formidable implements, turned round upon the unconscious old gentleman. When Mr. Agar caught a glimpse of this impending assault, his momentary look of dismay would have delighted himself, could he have seen it. "I have the honour of bearing a letter of introduction," said Mr. Endicott closing upon the unfortunate connoisseur, and thrusting before his eyes the weapons of offence—the moral bowie-knife and revolver, which were the

weapons of this young gentleman's warfare. Mr. Agar looked his assailant in the face, but did not put forth his hand.

"At my own house," said the ancient beau, with a gracious smile; "who could be stoic enough to do justice to the most distinguished of strangers, under such irresistible distractions as I find here?"

Poor Mr. Endicott! He did not venture to be offended, but he was extinguished notwithstanding, and could not make head against his double disappointment; for there stood the guardsman speaking through his mustache of Books of Beauty, and holding his place like the most faithful of sentinels by Marian Athel-ing's side.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A FOE.

"I shall have to relinquish my charge of you," said the young chaperone, for the first time addressing Agnes. Agnes started immediately, and rose.

"It is time for us to go," she said with eager shyness, "but I did not like. May we follow you? If it would not trouble you, it would be a great kindness, for we know no one here."

"Why did you come, then?" said the lady. Agnes's ideas of politeness were sorely tried to-night.

"Indeed," said the young author, with a sudden blush and courage, "I cannot tell why, unless because Mrs. Edgerley asked us; but I am sure it was very foolish, and we will know better another time."

"Yes, it is always tiresome unless one knows everybody," said the pretty young matron, slowly rising, and accepting with a careless grace the arm which somebody offered her. The girls rose hastily to follow her. Mr. Agar had left them some time before, and even the magnificent guardsman had been drawn away from his sentryship. With a little tremor, looking at nobody, and following very close in the steps of their leader, they glided along through the brilliant groups of the great drawing-room. But, alas! they were not fated to reach the door in unobserved safety. Mr. Endicott, though he was improving his opportunities, though he had already fired another letter of introduction at somebody else's head, and listened to his heart's content to various snatches of that 'most brilliant and wise conversation going on everywhere around him, had still kept up a distant and lofty observation of the lady of his love. He hastened forward to them now, as with beating hearts they pursued their way, keeping steadily behind their careless young guide. "You are going?" said Mr. Endicott, making a solemn statement of the fact. "It is early; let me see you to your carriage."

But they were glad to keep close to him a minute afterwards, while they waited for that same carriage, the Islingtonian fly, with Charlie in it, which was slow to recognise its own name when called. Charlie rolled himself out as the vehicle drew up, and came to the door like a man to receive his sisters. A gentleman stood by watching the whole scene with a little amusement—the shy girls, the big brother, the officious American. This was a man of singularly pale complexion, very black hair, and a face over which the skin seemed to be strained so tight that his features were almost ghastly. He was old, but he did not look like his age; and it was impossible to suppose that he ever could have looked young. His smile was not at all a pleasant smile. Though it came upon his face by his own will, he seemed to have no power of putting it off again; and it grew into a faint spasmodic sneer, offensive and repellent. Charlie looked him in the face with a sudden impulse of pugnacity, he looked at Charlie with this bloodless and immovable smile. The lad positively lingered, though his fly "stopped the way," to bestow another glance upon this remarkable personage, and their eyes met in a full and mutual stare. Whether either person, the old man or the youth, were moved by a thrill of presentiment, we are not able to say; but there was little fear hereafter of any want of mutual recognition. Despite the world of social distinction, age, and power which

lay between them, Charlie Atheling looked at Lord Winterbourne, and Lord Winterbourne looked at Charlie. It was their first point of contact; neither of them could read the fierce mutual conflict, the ruin, despair, and disgrace which lay in the future, in that first look of impulsive hostility; but as the great man entered his carriage, and the boy plunged into the fly, their thoughts for the moment were full of each other—so full that neither could understand the sudden distinct recognition of this first touch of fate.

"No; mamma was quite right," said Agnes; "we cannot be great friends nor very happy with people so different from ourselves."

And the girls sighed. They were pleased, yet they were disappointed. It was impossible to deny that the reality was as far different from the imagination as anything could be; and really nobody had been in the smallest degree concerned about the author of *Hope Hazlewood*. Even Mariah was compelled to acknowledge that.

"But then," cried this eager young apologist, "they were not literary people; they were not good judges; they were common people, like what you might see anywhere, though they might be great ladies and fine gentlemen; and it was easy to see *we* were not very great, and they did not understand *you*."

"Hush," said Agnes quickly; "they were rather kind, I think—especially Mr. Agar; but they did not care at all for us: and why should they, after all?"

"So it was a failure," said Charlie. "I say, who was that man—that fellow at the door?"

"Oh, Charlie, you dreadful boy! that was Lord Winterbourne," cried Marian. "Mr. Agar told us who he was."

"Who's Mr. Agar?" asked Charlie. "And so that's him—that's the man that will take the Old Wood Lodge. I wish he would. I knew I owed him something. I'd like to see him try!"

"And Mrs. Edgerley is his daughter," said Agnes. "Is it not strange? And I suppose we shall all be neighbours in the country. But Mr. Endicott said quite loud, so that everybody could hear, that Papa was a friend of Lord Winterbourne's. I do not like people to slight us; but I don't like to deceive them either. There was *that* gentleman—that Sir Langham. I suppose he thought *we* were great people, Marian, like the rest of the people there."

In the darkness Marian pouted, frowned, and laughed within herself. "I don't think it matters much what Sir Langham thought," said Marian; for already the young beauty began to feel her "greatness," and smiled at her own power.

CHAPTER XXIX.—FAMILY SENTIMENTS.

When the fly jumbled into Bellevue, the lighted window which always illuminated the little street, shone brighter than ever in the profound darkness of this late night, when all the respectable inhabitants for more than an hour had been asleep. Papa and Mamma, somewhat drowsily, yet with a capacity for immediate waking-up only to be felt under these circumstances, had unanimously determined to sit up for the girls; and the window remained bright, and the inmates wakeful, for a full hour after the rumbling "fly," raising all the dormant echoes of the neighbourhood, had rolled off to its nightly shelter. The father and the mother listened with the most perfect patience to the detail of everything, excited in spite of themselves by their children's companionship with "the great," yet considerably resenting, and much disappointed at the failure of their grand visions, in which all night the parental imagination had pictured to itself an admiring assembly hanging upon the looks of those innocent and simple girls. Mr. and Mrs. Atheling on this occasion were somewhat disposed, we confess, to make out a case of jealousy and malice against the fashionable guests of Mrs. Edgerley. It was always the way, Papa said.

They always tried to keep everybody down, and treated aspirants superciliously; and in the climax of his indignation, under his breath, he added something about those "spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes." Mrs. Atheling did not quote Shakespeare, but she was quite as much convinced that it was their "rank in life" which had prevented Agnes and Marian from taking a sovereign place in the gay assembly they had just left. The girls themselves gave no distinct judgment on the subject; but now that the first edge of her mortification had worn off, Agnes began to have great doubts upon this matter. "We had no claim upon them—not the least," said Agnes; "they never saw us before; we were perfect strangers; why should they trouble themselves about us, simply because I had written a book?"

"Do not speak nonsense, my dear—do not tell me," said Mrs. Atheling, with agitation: "they had only to use their own eyes and see—as if they often had such an opportunity! My dear, I know better; you need not speak to me!"

"And everybody has read your book, Agnes—and no doubt there are scores of people who would give anything to know you," said Papa with dignity. "The author of *Hope Hazlewood* is a different person from Agnes Atheling. No, no—it is not that they don't know your proper place; but they keep everybody down as long as they can. Now, mind, one day you will turn the tables upon them; I am very sure of that."

Agnes said no more, but went up to her little white room completely unconvinced upon the subject. Miss Willsie saw the tell-tale light in this little high window in the middle of the night—when it was nearly daylight, the old lady said—throwing a friendly gleam upon the two young controversialists as they debated this difficult question. Agnes, of course, with all the heat of youth and innovation, took the extreme side of the question. "It is easy enough to write—any one can write," said the young author triumphant in her argument, yet in truth somewhat mortified by her triumph. "But even if it was not, there are greater things in this world than books, and almost all other books are greater than novels; and I do think it was the most foolish thing in the world to suppose that clever people like these—for they were all clever people—would take any notice of me."

To which arguments, all and several, Marian returned only a direct, unhesitating, and broad negative. It was *not* easy to write, and there were *not* greater things than books, and it was not at all foolish to expect a hundred times more than ever their hopes had expected. "It is very wrong of you to say so, Agnes," said Marian. "Papa is quite right; it will all be as different as possible by-and-by; and if you have nothing more sensible to say than that, I will go to sleep."

Saying which Marian turned round upon her pillow, virtuously resisted all further temptations, and closed her beautiful eyes upon the faint grey dawn which began to steal in between the white curtains. They thought their minds were far too full to go to sleep. Innocent imaginations! five minutes after, they were in the very sweetest enchanted country of the true fairyland of dreams.

While Charlie, in his sleep in the next room, laboriously struggled all night with a bloodless apparition, which smiled at him from an open doorway—fiercely fought and struggled against it—mastered it—got it down, but only to begin once more the tantalizing combat. When he rose in the morning, early as usual, the youth set his teeth at the recollection, and with an attempt to give a reason for this instinctive enmity, fiercely hoped that Lord Winterbourne would try to take from his father his little inheritance. Charlie, who was by no means of a metaphysical turn, did not trouble himself at all to inquire into the grounds of his own unusual pugnacity. He "knew he owed him something," and though my Lord Winterbourne was a viscount and an ex-minister, and Charlie only a poor man's son and a copying-clerk, he fronted the great man's image with indomitable confidence, and had no more doubt of his own prowess than of his entire

goodwill in the matter. He did not think very much more of his opponent in this case than he did of the big folios in the office, and had as entire confidence in his own ability to bring the enemy down.

But it was something of a restless night to Papa and Mamma. They too talked in their darkened chamber, too proper and too economical to waste candlelight upon subjects so unprofitable, of old events and people half forgotten;—how the first patroness of Agnes should be the daughter of the man between whom and themselves there existed some unexplained connection of old friendship or old enmity, or both;—how circumstances beyond their guidance conspired to throw them once more in the way of persons and plans which they had heard nothing of for more than twenty years. These things were very strange and troublous events to Mr. Atheling and his wife. The past, which nearer grief and closer pleasure—all their family life, full as that was of joy and sorrow—had thrown so far away and out of remembrance, came suddenly back before them in all the clearness of youthful recollection. Old feelings returned strong and fresh into their minds. They went back, and took up the thread of this history, whatever it might be, where they had dropped it twenty years ago; and with a thrill of deeper interest, wondered and inquired how this influence would affect their children. To themselves now little could happen; their old friend or their old enemy could do neither harm nor benefit to their accomplished lives—but the children! — the children, every one so young, so hopeful, and so well endowed; all so strangely brought into sudden contact, at a double point, with this one sole individual, who had power to disturb the rest of the father and the mother. They relapsed into silence suddenly, and were quieted by the thought.

"It is not our doing—it is not our seeking," said Mr. Atheling at length. "If the play wants a last act, Mary, it will not be your planning nor mine; and as for the children, they are in the hands of God."

So in the grey imperfect dawn which lightened on the faces of the sleeping girls, whose sweet youthful rest was far too deep to be broken even by the growing light, these elder people closed their eyes, not to sleep, but to pray. If evil were about to come—if danger were lurking in the air around them—they had this only defence against it. It was not the simple faith of youth which dictated these prayers; it was a deeper and a closer urgency, which cried aloud and would not cease, but yet was solemn with the remembrance of times when God's pleasure was not to grant them their petitions. The young ones slept in peace, but with fights and triumphs manifold in their young dreams. The father and the mother held a vigil for them, holding up holy hands for their defence and safety; and so the morning came at last, brightly, to the hearts which feared no evil, or when they feared, put their apprehensions at once into the hand of God.

CHAPTER XXX.—AGNES'S FORTUNE.

The morning, like a good fairy, came kindly to these good people, increasing in the remembrance of the girls the impression of pleasure, and lessening that of disappointment. They came, after all, to be very well satisfied with their reception at Mrs. Edgerley's. And now her second and most important invitation remained to be discussed—the Willows—the pretty house at Richmond, with the river running sweetly under the shadow of its trees; the company which was sure to include, as Mr. Agar said *some* people worth knowing, and which that ancient connoisseur himself did not refuse to join. Agnes and Marian looked with eager eyes on the troubled brow of Mamma; a beautiful vision of the lawn and the river, flowers and sunshine, the sweet silence of "the country" and the unfamiliar music of running water and rustling trees, possessed the young imaginations for the time to the total disregard of all sublunary con-

siderations. *They* did not think for a moment of Lord Winterbourne's daughter, and the strange chance which could make them inmates of her house; for Lord Winterbourne himself was not a person of any importance in the estimation of the girls. But more than that, they did not even think of their wardrobe, important as that consideration was; they did not recollect how entirely unprovided they were for such a visit, nor how the family finances, strait and unelastic, could not possibly stretch to so new and great an expenditure. But all these things, which brought no cloud upon Agnes and Marian, conspired to embarrass the brow of the family mother. She thought at the same moment of Lord Winterbourne and of the brown merinos; of this strange acquaintanceship, mysterious and full of fate as it seemed; and of the little black silk cloaks which were out of fashion, and the bonnets with the faded ribbons. It was hard to deny the girls so great a pleasure; but how could it be done?

And for a day or two following the household remained in great uncertainty upon this point, and held every evening, on the engrossing, subject of ways and means, a committee of the whole house. This, however, we are grieved to say, was somewhat of an unprofitable proceeding; for the best advice which Papa could give on so important a subject was, that the girls must of course have everything proper if they went. "If they went! —that is exactly the question," said the provoked and impatient ruler of all. "But are they to go? and how are we to get everything proper for them? To these difficult questions Mr. Atheling attempted no answer. He was a wise man, and knew his own department, and prudently declined any interference in the legitimate domain of the other head of the house.

Mrs. Atheling was by no means addicted to disclosing the private matters of her own family life, yet she carried this important question through the faded wallflowers to crave the counsel of Miss Willsie. Miss Willsie was not at all pleased to have such a matter submitted to her. *Her* supreme satisfaction would have lain in criticising, finding fault, and helping on. Now reduced to the painful alternative of giving an opinion, the old lady pronounced a vague one in general terms, to the effect that if there was one thing she hated, it was to see poor folk striving for the company of them that were in a different rank in life; but whenever this speech was made, and her conscience cleared, Miss Willsie began to inquire zealously what "the silly things had," and what they wanted, and set about a mental turning over of her own wardrobe, where were a great many things which she had worn in her own young days, and which were "none the worse," as she said—but they were not altogether adapted for the locality of the Willows. Miss Willsie turned them over not only in her own mind, but in her own parlour, where her next visitor found her as busy with her needle and her shears as any cottar matron ever was, and anxiously bent on the same endeavour to "make auld things look amaist as weel's the new." It cost Miss Willsie an immense deal of trouble, but it was not half so successful a business as the repairs of that immortal Saturday Night.

But the natural course of events, which had cleared their path for them many times before, came in once more to make matters easy. Mr. Burlington, of whom nothing had been heard since the day of that eventful visit to his place—Mr. Burlington, who since then had brought out a second edition of *Hope Hazlewood*, announced himself ready to "make a proposal" for the book. Now, there had been many and great speculations in the house on this subject of "Agnes's fortune." They were as good at the magnificent arithmetic of fancy as Major Pendennis was, and we will not say that, like him, they had not leaped to their thousands a-year. They had all, however, been rather prudent in committing themselves to a sum—nobody would guess positively what it was to be—but some indefinite and fabulous amount, a real fortune, floated in the minds of all: to the father and mother a substantial provision for Agnes, to the girls an inexhaustible fund of

pleasure, comfort, and charity. The proposal came—it was not a fabulous and magnificent fortune, for the author of *Hope Hazlewood* was only Agnes Atheling, and not Arthur Pendennis. For the first moment, we are compelled to confess, they looked at each other with blank faces, entirely cast down and disappointed: it was not an inexhaustible fairy treasure—it was only a hundred and fifty pounds.

Yes, most tender-hearted reader! these were not the golden days of Sir Walter, nor was this young author a literary Joan of Arc. She got her fortune in a homely fashion like other people—at first was grievously disappointed about it—formed pugnacious resolutions, and listened to all the evil stories of the publishing ghouls with satisfaction and indignant faith. But by-and-by this angry mood softened down; by-and-by the real glory of such an unrealisable heap of money began to break upon the girls. A hundred and fifty pounds, and nothing to do with it—no arrears to pay—nothing to make up—can any one suppose a position of more perfect felicity? They came to see it bit by bit dawning upon them in gradual splendour—content blossomed into satisfaction, satisfaction unfolded into delight. And then to think of laying by such a small sum would be foolish, as the girls reasoned; so its very insignificance increased the pleasure. It was not a dull treasure, laid up in a bank, or "invested," as Papa had solemnly proposed to invest "Agnes's fortune;" it was a delightful little living stream of abundance, already in imagination overflowing and brightening everything. It would buy Mamma the most magnificent of brocades, and Bell and Beau such frocks as never were seen before out of fairyland. It would take them all to the Old Wood Lodge, or even to the seaside; it would light up with books and pictures, and pretty things, the respectable family face of No. 10 Bellevue. There was no possibility of exhausting the capacities of this marvellous sum of money, which, had it been three or four times as much, as the girls discovered, could not have been half as good for present purposes. The delight of spending money was altogether new to them: they threw themselves into it with the most gleeful abandonment (in imagination), and threw away their fortune royally, and with genuine enjoyment in the process; and very few millionaires have ever found as much pleasure in the calculation of their treasures as Agnes and Marian Atheling, deciding over and over again how they were to spend it, found in this hundred and fifty pounds.

In the mean time, however, Papa carried it off to the office, and locked it up there for security—for they all felt that it would not be right to trust to the commonplace defences of Bellevue with such a prodigious sum of money in the house.

CHAP. XXXI.—EXTRAVAGANCE.

It was a July day, brilliant and dazzling: the deep-blue summer sky arched over these quiet houses, a very heaven of sunshine and calm; the very leaves were golden in the flood of light, and grateful shadows fell from the close walls, and a pleasant summer fragrance came from within the little enclosures of Bellevue. Nothing was stirring in the silent little suburban street—the very sounds came slow and soft through the luxurious noonday air, into which now and then blew the little capricious breath of a cool breeze, like some invisible fairy fan making a current in the golden atmosphere. Safe under the shelter of green blinds and opened windows, the feminine population reposed in summer indolence, mistresses too languid to scold, and maids to be improved by the same. In the day, the other half of mankind, all mercantile and devoted to business, deserted Bellevue, and perhaps were not less drowsy in their several offices, where dust had to answer all the purposes of those trim venetian defences, than their wives and daughters were at home.

But before the door of No. 10 stood a vehicle—let no one scorn its

unquestioned respectability — it was The Fly. The fly was drawn by an old white horse, of that bony and angular development peculiar to this rank of professional eminence. This illustrious animal gave character and distinction at once to the equipage. The smartest and newest brougham in existence, with such a steed attached to it, must at once have taken rank, in the estimation of all beholders as a true and unmistakable Fly. The coachman was in character; he had a long white livery-coat, and a hat very shiny, and bearing traces of various indentations. As he sat upon his box in the sunshine he nodded in harmony with the languid branches of the lilac bushes. Though he was not adverse to a job, he marvelled much how anybody who could stay at home went abroad under this burning sun, or troubled themselves with occupations. So too thought the old white horse, switching his old white tail in vain pursuit of the summer flies which troubled him; and so even thought Hannah, Miss Willsie's pretty maid, as she looked out from the gate of Killiecrankie Lodge, shading her eyes with her hand, marvelling, half in envy, half in pity, how any one could think even of "pleasuring" on such a day.

With far different sentiments from these languid and indolent observers, the Athelings prepared for their unusual expedition. Firmly compressed into Mrs. Atheling's purse were five ten-pound notes, crisp and new, and the girls, with a slight tremor of terror enhancing their delight, had secretly vowed that mamma should not be permitted to bring anything in the shape of money home. They were going to spend fifty pounds. That was their special mission—and when you consider that very rarely before had they helped at the spending of more than fifty shillings, you may fancy the excitement and delight of this family enterprise. They had calculated beforehand what everything was to cost—they had left a margin for possibilities—they had all their different items written down on a very long piece of paper, and now the young ladies were dancing Bell and Beau through the garden, and waiting for Mamma.

For the twin babies were to form part of this most happy party. Bell and Beau were to have an ecstatic drive in that most delightful of carriages which the two big children and the two little ones at present stood regarding with the sincerest admiration. If Agnes had any doubt at all about the fly it was a momentary fear lest somebody should suppose it to be their own carriage—a contingency not at all probable. In every other view of the question, the fly was scarcely second even to Mrs. Edgerley's sublime and stately equipage; and it is quite impossible to describe the rapture with which this magnificent vehicle was contemplated by Bell and Beau.

At last Mamma came down stairs in somewhat of a flutter, and by no means satisfied that she was doing right in thus giving in to the girls. Mrs. Atheling still, in spite of all their persuasions, could not help thinking it something very near a sin to spend wilfully, and at one doing, so extraordinary a sum as fifty pounds —"a quarter's income!" she said solemnly. But Papa was very nearly as foolish on the subject as Agnes and Marian, and the good mother could not make head against them all. She was alarmed at this first outbreak of "awful" extravagance, but she could not quite refuse to be pleased either with the pleasant piece of business, with the delight of the girls, and the rapture of the babies, nor to feel the glory in her own person of "shopping" on so grand a scale.

> "My sister and my sister's child,
> Myself and children three."

The fly was not quite so closely packed as the chaise of Mrs. Gilpin, yet it was very nearly as full as that renowned conveyance. They managed to get in "five precious souls," and the white horse languidly set out upon his journey, and the coachman, only half awake, still nodded on his box. Where they went to, we will not betray their confidence by telling. It was an erratic course, and included all manner of shops and purchases. Before they had got nearly to the end of their list, they were quite fatigued with their labours, and found it rather cumbrous, after all, to

choose the shops they wanted from the "carriage" windows, a splendid but inconvenient necessity. Then Bell and Beau grew very tired, wanted to go home, and were scarcely to be solaced even with cakes innumerable. Perfect and unmixed delights are not to be found under the sun; and though the fly went back to Bellévue laden with parcels beyond the power of arithmetic; though the girls had accomplished their wicked will, and the purse of Mrs. Atheling had shrunk into the ghost of its former size, yet the accomplished errand was not half so delightful as were those exuberant and happy intentions, which could now be talked over no more. They all grew somewhat silent as they drove home — "vanity of vanities—" Mrs. Atheling and her daughters were in a highly reflective state of mind, and rather given to moralising; while extremely wearied, sleepy, and uncomfortable were poor little Bell and Beau.

But at last they reached home—at last the pleasant sight of Susan, and the fragrance of the tea, which, as it was now pretty late in the afternoon, Susan had prepared to refresh them, restored their flagging spirits. They began to open out their parcels, and fight their battles over again. They examined once more, outside and inside, the pretty little watches which Papa had insisted on as the first of all their purchases. Papa thought a watch was a most important matter —the money spent in such a valuable piece of property was *invested;* and Mrs. Atheling herself, as she took her cup of tea, looked at these new acquisitions with extreme pride, good pleasure, and a sense of importance. They had put their bonnets on the sofa—the table overflowed with rolls of silk and pieces of ribbon half unfolded; Bell and Beau upon the hearth-rug, played with the newest noisies toys which could be found for them; and even Susan, when she came to ask if her mistress would take another cup, secretly confessed within herself that there never was such a littered and untidy room.

When there suddenly came a dash and roll of rapid wheels, ringing into all the echoes. Suddenly, with a gleam and bound, a splendid apparition crossed the window, and two magnificent bay horses drove up before the little gate. Her very watch, new and well-beloved, almost fell from the fingers of Agnes. They looked at each other with blank faces —they listened in horror to the charge of artillery immediately discharged upon their door — nobody had self-possession to apprehend Susan on the way, and exhort her to remember the best room. And Susan, greatly fluttered, forgot the sole use of this sacred apartment. They all stood dismayed, deeply sensible of the tea upon the table, and the extraordinary confusion of the room, when suddenly into the midst of them, radiant and splendid, floated Mrs. Edgerley—Mayfair come to visit Bellevue.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A GREAT VISITOR.

Mayfair came in, radiant, blooming, splendid, with a rustle of silks, a flutter of feathers, an air of fragrance like a fairy creature not to be molested by the ruder touches of fortune or the world. Bellevue stood up to receive her in the person of Mrs. Atheling, attired in a black silk gown which had seen service, and hastily setting down a cup of tea from her hand. The girls stood between the two, an intermediate world, anxious and yet afraid to interpret between them; for Marian's beautiful hair had fallen down upon her white neck, and Agnes's collar had been pulled awry, and her pretty muslin dress sadly crushed and broken, by the violent hands of Bell and Beau. The very floor on which Mrs. Edgerley's pretty foot pressed the much-worn carpet, was strewed with little frocks for those unruly little people. The sofa was occupied by three bonnets, and Mamma's new dress hung over the back of the easy-chair. You may laugh at this account of it, but Mamma, and Marian, and Agnes were a great deal more disposed to cry at the reality. To think that, of all days in the world, this great lady should have chosen to come to-day.

"Now, pray don't let me disturb anything. Oh, I am so delighted to find you quite at home! It is quite kind of you to let me come in," cried Mrs. Edgerley—"and indeed you need not introduce me. When one has read *Hope Hazlewood*, one knows your mamma. Oh, that charming, delightful book! Now, confess you are quite proud of her. I am sure you must be."

"She is a very good girl," said Mrs. Atheling doubtfully, flattered, but not entirely pleased—"and we are very deeply obliged to Mrs. Edgerley for the kindness she has shown to our girls."

"Oh, I have been quite delighted," said Mayfair; "but pray don't speak in the third person. How charmingly fragrant your tea is!—may I have some? How delightful it must be to be able to keep rational hours. What lovely children! What beautiful darlings! Are they really yours?"

"My youngest babies," said Bellevue, somewhat stiffly, yet a little moved by the question. "We have just come in, and were fatigued. Agnes, my dear!"

But Agnes was already gone, seizing the opportunity to amend her collar, while Marian put away the bonnets, and cleared the parcels from the feet of Mrs. Edgerley. With this pretty figure half-bending before her, and the other graceful cup-bearer offering her the homely refreshment she had asked for, Mrs. Edgerley, though quite aware of it, did not think half so much as Mrs. Atheling did about their "rank in life." The great lady was not at all nervous on this subject, but was most pleasantly and meritoriously conscious, as she took her cup of tea from the hand of Agnes, that by so doing she set them all "at their ease."

"And pray, do tell me now," said Mrs. Edgerley, "how you manage in this quarter, so far from everything? It is quite delightful, half as good as a desolate island — such a pretty quiet place! You must come to the Willows—I have quite made up my mind and settled it: indeed, you must come—so many people are dying to know you. And I must have your mamma know," said the pretty flatterer, turning round to Mrs. Atheling with that air of irresistible caprice and fascinating despotism which was the most amazing thing in the world to the family mother, "that no one ever resists me: I am always obeyed, I assure you. Oh, you must come; I consider it quite a settled thing. Town gets so tiresome just at this time—don't you think so? I always long for the Willows—for it is really the sweetest place, and in the country one cares so much more for one's home."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Atheling, not knowing what other answer to make, and innocently supposing that her visitor had paused for a reply.

"Oh, I assure you, nothing of the kind — perfectly selfish, on the contrary, said Mrs. Edgerley, with a sweet smile. "I shall be so charmed with the society of my young friends. I quite forgot to ask if you were musical. We have the greatest little genius in the world at the Willows. Such a voice!—it is a shame to hide such a gift in a drawing room. She is—a sort of connection—of papa's family. I say it is very good of him to acknowledge her even so far, for people seldom like to remember their follies; but of course the poor child has no position, and I have even been blamed for having her in my house. She is quite a genius—wonderful: she ought to be a singer—it is quite her duty — but such a shy foolish young creature, and not to be persuaded. What charming tea! I am quite refreshed, I assure you. Oh, pray, do not disturb anything. I am so pleased you have let me come when you were *quite* at home. Now, Tuesday, remember! Whe shall have a delightful little party. I know you will quite enjoy it. Goodby, little darlings. On Tuesday, my love; you must on no account forget the day."

"But I am afraid they will only be a trouble—and they are not used to society," said Mrs. Atheling, rising hastily before her visitor should have quite flown away; "they have never been away from home. Excuse me—I am afraid——"

"Oh, I assure you, nobody ever resists, *me*," cried Mrs. Edgerley, interrupting this speech; "I nevre hear such a naughty word as No. It is not possible—you cannot con-

ceive how it would affect me; I should break my heart! It is quite decided—oh, positively it is—Tuesday—I shall so look forward to it! And a charming little party we will be—not too many, and *so* congenial! I shall quite long for the day."

Saying which, Mrs. Edgerley took her departure, keeping up her stream of talk while they all attended her to the door, and suffering no interruption. Mrs. Atheling was by no means accustomed to so dashing and sudden an assault. She began slowly to bring up her reasons for declining the invitation as the carriage rolled away, carrying with it her tacit consent. She was quite at a loss to believe that this visit was real, as she returned into the encumbered parlour—such haste, patronage, and absoluteness were entirely out of Mrs. Atheling's way.

"I have no doubt she is very kind," said the good mother, puzzled and much doubting; "but I am not at all sure that I approve of her—indeed, I think I would much rather you did not go."

"But she will expect us, mamma," said Agnes.

That was unquestionable. Mrs. Atheling sat very silent all the remainder of the day, pondering much upon this rapid and sudden visitation, and blaming herself greatly for her want of readiness. And then the "poor child" who had no position, and whose duty it was to be a singer, was she a proper person to breathe the same air as Agnes and Marian? Bellevue was straiter in its ideas than Mayfair. The mother reflected with great self-reproach and painful doubts; for the girls were so pleased with the prospect, and it was so hard to deny them the expected pleasure. Mrs. Atheling at last resigned herself with a sigh. "If you must go, I expect you to take great care whom you associate with, said Mrs. Atheling, very pointedly; and she sent off their new purchases up-stairs, and gave her whole attention, with a certain energy and impatience, to the clearing of the room. This had not been by any means a satisfactory day.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—GOING FROM HOME.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Atheling solemnly, "you have never been from home before."

Suddenly arrested by the solemnity of this preamble, the girls paused—they were just going up-stairs to their own room on the last evening before setting out for the Willows. Marian's pretty arms were full of a collection of pretty things, white as the great apron with which Susan had girded her. Agnes carried her blotting-book, two or three other favourite volumes, and a candle. They stood in their pretty sisterly conjunction, almost leaning upon each other, waiting with youthful reverence for the address which Mamma was about to deliver. It was true they were leaving home for the first time, and true also that the visit was one of unusual importance. The prepared to listen with great gravity and a little awe.

"My dears, I have no reason to distrust your good sense," said Mrs. Atheling, "nor indeed to be afraid of you in any way—but to be in a strange house is very different from being at home. Strangers will not have the same indulgence as we have had for all your fancies—you must not expect it; and people may see that you are of a different rank in life, and perhaps may presume upon you. You must be very careful. You must not copy Mrs. Edgerley, or any other lady, but *observe* what they do, and rule yourselves by it; and take great care what acquaintances you form; for even in such a house as that," said Mamma, with emphasis and dignity, suddenly remembering the "connection of the family" of whom Mrs. Edgerley had spoken, "there may be some who are not fit companions for you."

"Yes, mamma," said Agnes. Marian looked down into the apronful of lace and muslin, and answered nothing. A variable blush and as variable a smile testified to a little consciousness on the part of the younger sister. Agnes for once

was the more matter-of-fact of the two.

"At your time of life," continued the anxious mother, "a single day may have as much effect as many years. Indeed, Marian, my love, it is nothing to smile about. You must be very careful; and, Agnes, you are the eldest — you must watch over your sister. Oh, take care!—you do not know how much harm might be done in a single day."

"Take care of what, mamma?" said Marian, glancing up quickly, with that beautiful faint flush, and a saucy gleam in her eye. What do you suppose she saw as her beautiful eyes turned from her mother with a momentary imaginative look into the vacant space? Not the big head of Charlie, bending over the grammars, but the magnificent stature of Sir Langham Portland, drawn up in sentry fashion by her side; and at the recollection Marian's pretty lip could not refuse to smile.

"Hush, my dear!—you may easily know what I mean," said Mrs. Atheling uneasily. "You must try not to be awkward or timid; but you must not forget how great a difference there is between Mrs. Edgerley's friends and you."

"Nonsense, Mary," cried her husband energetically. "No such thing, girls. Don't be afraid to let them know who you are, or who you belong to. But as for inferiority, if you yield to such a notion, you are no girls of mine. One of the Riverses! A pretty thing! *You*, at least, can tell any one who asks the question that your father is an honest man."

"But I suppose, papa, no one is likely to have any doubt upon the subject," said Agnes, with a little spirit. "It will be time enough to publish that when some one questions it; and that, I am sure, was not what mamma meant."

"No, my love, of course not," said Mamma, who was somewhat agitated. "What I meant is, that you are going to people whom we used to know — I mean, whom we know nothing of. They are great people—a great deal richer and higher in station than we are; and it is possible Papa may be brought into contact with them about the Old Wood Lodge;—and you are young and inexperienced, and don't know the dangers you may be subjected to;—and, my dear children, what I have to say to you is, just to remember your duty, and read your Bibles, and take care!"

"Mamma! we are only going to Richmond—we are not going away from you," cried Marian in dismay.

"My dears," said Mrs. Atheling, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "I am an old woman—I know more than you do. You cannot tell where you are going; you are going into the world."

No one spoke for the moment. The young travellers themselves looked at their mother with concern and a little solemnity. Who could tell? All the young universe of romance lay at their very feet. They might be going to their fate.

"And henceforward I know," said the good mother, rising into homely and unconscious dignity, "our life will no longer be your boundary, nor our plans all your guidance. My darlings, it is not any fault of yours; you are both as obedient as when you were babies; it is Providence, and comes to every one. You are going away from me, and both your lives may be determined before you come back again. You, Marian! it is not your fault, my love; but, oh! take care."

Under the pressure of this solemn and mysterious caution, the girls at length went up-stairs. Very gravely they entered the little white room, which was somewhat disturbed out of its usual propriety, and in respectful silence Marian began to arrange her burden. She sat down upon the white bed, with her great white apron full of snowy muslin and dainty morsels of lace, stooping her beautiful head over them, with her long bright hair falling down at one side like a golden framework to her sweet cheek. Agnes stood before her holding the candle. Both were perfectly grave, quite silent, separating the sleeves and kerchiefs and collars as if it were the most solemn work in the world.

At length suddenly Marian looked up. In an instant smiles irrestrainable threaded all the soft lines of those young faces. A momentary electric

touch sent them both from perfect solemnity into saucy and conscious but subdued laughter. "Agnes! what do you suppose mamma could mean?" asked Marian; and Agnes said "Hush!" and softly closed the door lest mamma should hear the low and restrained overflow of those sudden sympathetic smiles. Once more the apparition of the magnificent Sir Langham gleamed somewhere in a bright corner of Marian's shining eye. These incautious girls, like all their happy kind, could not be persuaded to regard with any degree of terror or solemnity the fate that came in such a shape as this.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—EVERYBODY'S FANCIES.

But the young adventurers had sufficient time to speculate upon their "fate," and to make up their minds whether this journey of theirs was really a fortnight's visit to Richmond, or a solemn expedition into the world, as they drove along the pleasant summer roads on their way to the Willows. They had leisure enough, but they had not inclination; they were somewhat excited, but not at all solemnised. They thought of the unknown paradise to which they were going—of their beautiful patroness and her guests; but they never paused to inquire, as they bowled pleasantly along under the elms and chestnuts, anything at all about their fate.

"How grave every one looked," said Marian. "What are all the people afraid of? for I am sure Miss Willsie wanted us to go, though she was so cross; and poor Harry Oswald, how he looked last night!"

At this recollection Marian smiled. To tell the truth, she was at present only amused by the gradual perception drawning upon her of the unfortunate circumstances of these young gentlemen. She might never have found it out had she known only Harry Oswald; but Sir Langham Portland threw light upon the subject which Marian had scarcely guessed at before. Do you think she was grateful on that account to the handsome Guardsman? Marian's sweet face brightened all over with amused half-blushing smiles. It was impossible to tell.

"But, Marian," said Agnes, "I want to be particular about one thing. We must not deceive any one. Nobody must suppose we are great ladies. If anything *should* happen of any importance, we must be sure to tell who we are."

"That you are the author of *Hope Hazlewood*," said Marian, somewhat provokingly. "Oh! Mrs. Edgerley will tell everybody that; and as for me, I am only your sister—nobody will mind me."

So they drove on under the green leaves, which grew less and less dusty as they left London in the distance, through the broad white line of road, now and then passing by orchards rich with fruit—by suburban gardens and pretty villakins of better fashion than their own; now and then catching silvery gleams of the river quivering among its low green banks, like a new-bended bow. They knew as little where they were going as what was to befall them there, and were as unapprehensive in the one case as in the other. At home the mother went about her daily business, pondering with a mother's anxiety upon all the little embarrassments and distresses which might surround them among strangers, and seeing in her motherly imagination a host of pleasant perils, half alarming, half complimentary, a crowd of admirers and adorers collected round her girls. At Messrs Cash and Ledger's, Papa brooded over his desk, thinking somewhat darkly of those innocent investigators whom he had sent forth into an old world of former connections, unfortified against the ancient grudge, if such existed, and unacquainted with the ancient story. Would anything come of this acquaintanceship? Would anything come of the new position which placed them once more directly in the way of Lord Winterbourne? Papa shook his head slowly over his daybook, as ignorant as the rest of us what might have to be written upon the fair blank of the very next page—Who could tell?

Charlie meanwhile, at Mr. Foggo's

office, buckled on his harness this important morning with a double share of resolution. As his brow rolled down with all its furrows in a frown of defiance at the "old fellow" whom he took down from the wired bookcase, it was not the old fellow, but Lord Winterbourne, against whom Charlie bit his thumb. In the depths of his heart he wished again that this natural enemy might "only try" to usurp possession of the Old Wood Lodge. A certain excitement possessed him regarding the visit of his sisters. Once more the youth, in his hostile imagination, beheld the pale face at the door, the bloodless and spasmodic smile. "I knew I owed him something," muttered once more the instinctive enmity; and Charlie was curious and excited to come once more in contact with this mysterious personage, who had raised so active and sudden an interest in his secret thoughts.

But the two immediate actors in this social drama—the family doves of inquiry, who might bring back angry thorns instead of olive branches—the innocent sweet pioneers of the incipient strife, went on untroubled in their youthful pleasure, looking at the river and the sunshine, dreaming the fairy dreams of youth. What new life they verged and bordered—what great consequences might grow and blossom from the seedtime of to-day—how their soft white hands, heedless and unconscious, might touch the trembling strings of fate—no one of all these anxious questions ever entered the charmed enclosure of this homely carriage, where they leant back into their several corners, and sung to themselves, in unthinking sympathy with the roll and hum of the leisurely wheels, conveying them on and on to their new friends and their future life. They were content to leave all questions of the kind to a more suitable season—and so, singing, smiling, whispering (though no one was near to interrupt them), went on, on their charmed way, with their youth and their light hearts, to Armida and her enchanted garden—to the world, with its syrens and its lions—forecasting no difficulties, seeing no evil. They had no day-book to brood over like Papa. To-morrow's magnificent blank of possibility was always before them, dazzling and glorious—they went forward into it with the freshest smile and the sweetest confidence. Of all the evils and perils of this wicked world, which they had heard so much of, they knew none which they, in their happy safety, were called upon to fear.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

PART II.

Last month I endeavoured to convey some idea of the charms which the naturalist and amateur may find in the dark fissures of frowning rocks, the endless occupation and amusement of clambering over ridges, creeping under ledges, wriggling into crevices, or exploring the underside of boulders, while a summer sun is gleaming over the retiring sea, and the white gulls are hovering almost as lazily as the whiter clouds hanging in the blue above them. Above and around the landscape; in pools and crevices the game; and by your side, pleasant companions eager as yourself. My description of these delights may have been thought enthusiastic by those to whom such pleasures are unknown; but in truth no enthusiasm is adequate, no description can reach the vividness of reality; the best description is but thin and meagre, following, beggar-like, in the footsteps of rich Fact. The language of enthusiasm may serve to convey to others an impression that the speaker *is* moved, but it necessarily fails to paint the felicitous details which moved him.

In this approximative and confessedly incomplete style, I will endeavour to describe something of the delights which attend the naturalist when his hunting is over, and his home is reached. For, understand this, the naturalist, and especially the physiologist, has a Morrow to his pleasure, when all other hunters have but a fine To-day. Far be it from me to underrate any man's pleasure; nevertheless the most catholic may discriminate, and I must here discriminate, between the sportsman's possible pleasure and my own. Brown is excited when he brings down a buck, lands a pike, or recovers a snipe which has fallen among the reeds. He has his day's sport, has proved his skill—to his own satisfaction entirely proved it; and now nothing remains but to eat the produce. A dish the more upon his dinner-table—nothing but that! Not that I mean to speak disrespectfully of dishes; assuredly not of venison, pike, or snipe, well dressed, well served, well wined, and well companioned. I have no patience with those who pretend not to care for their dinner, on the ludicrous assumption that "spiritual" negations imply superior souls. A man who is careless about his dinner is generally a man of flaccid body, and of feeble mind; as old Samuel Johnson authoritatively said, "Sir, a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner; and if he cannot get that well dressed, *he should be suspected of inacuracy in other things.*" *Homo sum, et nihil, &c. &c.* I respect man, and *all* his appetites. When the man is not basely insensible to the hunger of soul, the keen intellectual voracities and emotional desires, he is all the healthier, all the stronger, all the better for a noble capacity for food—a capacity which becomes noble when it ministers to a fine, and not merely a gluttonous nature. Moreover, I observe this constant fact, which is worth flinging at the heads of all super-refined superfined spiritualists, who talk about our God-given senses as "gross"—namely, that whenever we get authentic details about a great man, we always find him to have been a generous eater. If I, who write this, must confess to being a small eater, I must also confess to not being a great man. Had nature willed it otherwise . . . . but she did *not* so will it; and only gave me sufficient sagacity to perceive that Dishes are in no sense despicable.

When, therefore, I think of the hunter's finale as merely an extra dish, and pronounce that to be an anticlimax to his day's work, instead of being, as my finale is, an ascending crescending culmination of delight, this reflection is not suggested by any scorn of eating in itself, but is suggested by the obtrusive fact, that eating is at the best a *finite* pleasure. It has no savour of the infinite, which all true and great pleasures must possess. It is vigorous in sen-

sation, but it is circumscribed; it throws out no feelers into other, wider regions; it generates no thoughts; it leads nowhither; it is terminal. Therefore, I say the finale of the Table is an anticlimax for a hunter; unless, indeed, he is hunting for subsistence, and then of course his finale becomes proportionately aggrandised.

No such anticlimax was mine; no such terminal enjoyment; my finale was not final. If, as a matter of fact, the dissecting-table was the scene on which my captures made a last appearance, this last appearance was the end of a long series of episodes intermediate between the capture of prey and the last incision of the scalpel. And even this finale was not, strictly speaking, a *finis;* for when the last shred of delicate tissue had been examined under the microscope, when various parts of the animal had been made into "preparations" for after-study, when everything to the physical eye may have seemed concluded, no *end* was reached, no dead wall of terminal blankness; on the contrary, the metaphysical eye followed the devious paths of speculation into which new facts conducted; and thus the feast of reason and the flow of physiology generated pleasures superior to the pleasures of the ordinary hunter by quite transcendant degrees. I dined as well as Brown, thanks to my poulterer and fishmonger. If the truth were known, my game was perhaps better than his. We both dined,

"But oh! the difference to me!"

On an equality as regards mere plenitude and digestive beatitude, how far below the "reaches of my soul" were any thoughts which he could extricate from under that oppression of venison!

Table for Table, then, finale for finale, it is clear that my hunting was superior to Brown's in having a grand climax; but I had *already* distanced him by many lengths before we came to that winning-post of the table. Brown lands his pike, and carries it home with a careless ostentation, and a "Oh-I-could-have-caught-more" kind of air. Admiring eyes follow him through the village. He stands on his lawn, and holds up the fish before the window, to receive the facile admiration of acquiescent Mrs. B. And *here* his sport ends till dinner. Now, although I carry home a basket of marine animals with none of that effect upon the popular mind (indeed the popular mind is terribly apt to eye my costume and basket with ill-concealed contempt), and although my servant can't for her life think what master does with them things, not she; yet, when Brown and I are both fairly housed, his delight runs down like a clock-weight—mine ascends like a windlass. The amusement of distributing and identifying the animals I touched on last month; so we will suppose all that over, and that the fatigues of the day have been snored off with great frankness. The morrow begins.

My first thought on descending in the morning is to glance with fond anxiety at my animals. While the urn is musically hissing, and the coffee percolating, I am carefully inspecting vases and pans, removing a bit of dirt here, a decayed weed there, placing a small stone more conveniently there, poking a sluggish *Doris* to assure myself that he is alive, rescuing an *Actinia* from the crowding propensities of its cousins, or—sadder office still!—discovering and removing those of my pets who have been inconsiderate enough to pay their debt to nature's laws. This last is a very necessary bit of work, for these amiable creatures, when dead, are capable of stinking with some vigour, and corrupting the water in which their companions live. Breakfast was always ready before I had fairly finished my overseeing, for the parishes were numerous, and some of the parishioners apt to skulk out of sight. During the pleasant hour of breakfast, and the cigar which followed, I contemplated my treasures with a placid eye. Picture to yourself a large and airy room, made out of two, in an elegant villa: on the sideboard stand four or five glass vases, various in size and in contents; from this the eye travels to a table, opposite the window which opens on the balcony sheltered by a verandah; this table is covered with bottles, phials, troughs, microscope, dissecting-case, note-book, &c., all in that state of imperfect

order denominated higgledy-piggledy. Three soup-plates occupy the extreme end of the table, and "carry the eye" into the balcony, where three yellow earthenware pans, and a white foot-pan mimic, *tant bien que mal*, the shallow rock-pools of the shore. If the eye so carried into the balcony happen to be in the least a conventional eye—one never so well pleased as when resting on the elegancies of surface civilisation—it is possible, nay, it is extremely probable, that it will rest upon these pans with a very mitigated admiration. Even I will confess they are not strictly ornamental. Without having read "Price on the Picturesque," one may be startled, on walking up an elegant garden to an elegant villa, if the eye falls upon yellow pie-dishes and white foot-pans symmetrically insolent under a verandah. As to Gillow of Oxford Street, be sure he would feel his hair turning grey at such a sight. Even those obtrusive upholsterers who are for ever soliciting the patronage of "persons about to marry" would be greatly "shocked," although their less fastidious taste might escape the depth of Gillow's despair. And I know many persons of irreproachable drawing-rooms, liberal in opinions, affable in demeanour, and glad to own me among their visiting acquaintance, who would cut me at once after seeing the proprieties thus outraged. But look inside my pans and pie-dishes, and if you are not pleased with the beauty of those exquisite animals, and those charming weeds, I set you down as one who judges of books by their binding, not by their contents. Observe, I do not take my stand on these pie-dishes. I should greatly prefer a tank, either of glass or stone; but one can't improvise a tank at sea-side lodgings, whereas pie-dishes are attainable.

From the glimpse just given of my before-breakfast occupation, you begin to suspect something of what was meant by the intermediate episodes between the capture and the scalpel; you see that the mere keeping and watching of these animals will be a source of pleasures unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. One gets interested in anything which solicits attention, and in proportion to the solicitation; hence our fondness for animals and children. Nay, do but watch a man walking round his garden, pulling out this weed, and brushing off that insect, trimming this branch and trailing up that cluster,—see what an incessant pleasure it is to him. Now deepen this pleasure by a scientific interest, which makes every detail of manners, and every newly-observed point of structure, the starting-point for fresh speculation, and you will form a faint idea of what it is to keep pans and vases full of animals. Let us watch them for a moment.

You doubtless know the Hermit-crab, by naturalists named *Pagurus*? Unlike other crabs, who are content to live in their own solid shells, pagurus lives in the empty shell of some mollusc. He looks fiercely upon the world from out of this apparently inconvenient tub, the Diogenes of crustacea, and wears an expression of conscious yet defiant theft, as if he knew the rightful owner of the shell, or his relatives, were coming every moment to recover it, and he, for his part, very much wished they might get it. All the fore part of pagurus, including his claws, is defended by the solid armour of crabs. But his hind parts are soft, covered only by a delicate membrane, in which the anatomist, however, detects shell-plates in a rudimentary condition. Now a gentleman so extremely pugnacious, troubled with so tender a back and continuation, would fare ill in this combating world, had he not some means of redressing the wrong done him at birth; accordingly he selects an empty shell of convenient size, into which he pops his tender tail, fastening on by the hooks on each side of his tail, and having thus secured his rear, he scuttles over the sea-bed, a grotesque but philosophic marauder. You ask me how it is that this tendency to inhabit the shells of molluscs became organised in the hermit-crab? Either we must suppose that the crab was originally so created,—designed with the express view of inhabiting shells, to which end his structure was arranged; or—and this I think the more

reasonable supposition — that the hermit-crab originally was furnished with shell-plates for the hinder part of his body, but that these have now become rudimentary in consequence of the animal's practice of inhabiting other shells,—a practice originally resorted to, perhaps, as a refuge from more powerful enemies, and now become an organized tendency in the species.

Be this as it may, the hermit-crab will not live long out of an appropriated shell; and very ludicrous was the scene I witnessed, between two taken from their shells. Selecting them nearly equal in size, I dropped them, "naked as their mother bore them," into a glass vase of sea-water. They did not seem comfortable, and carefully avoided each other. I then placed one of the empty shells (first breaking off its spiral point) between them, and at once the contest commenced. One made direct for the shell poked into it an inquiring claw, and having satisfied his cautious mind that all was safe, slipped in his tail with ludicrous agility, and, fastening on by his hooks, scuttled away, rejoicing. He was not left long in undisturbed possession. His rival approached with strictly dishonourable intentions; and they both walked round and round the vase eyeing each other with settled malignity,—like Charles Kean and Wigan in the famous duel of the *Corsican Brothers*. No words of mine can describe our shouts of laughter at this ludicrous combat,—one combatant uneasy about his unprotected rear, the other sublimely awkward in his borrowed armour. For the sake of distinctness, I will take a liberty with two actors' names, and continue to designate our two crabs as Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan. C. K., although the blacker, larger, and stronger of the two, was at the disadvantage of being out of his shell, and was slow in coming to close quarters; at last, after many hesitations, approaches, and retreats, he made a rush behind, seized the shell in his powerful grasp, while with his huge claw he haled Wigan out, flung him discomfited aside, and popped his tail into the shell. Wigan looked piteous for a few moments, but soon, his "soul in arms and eager for the shell," he rushed upon his foe, and then came the tug of crabs! In vain! C. K. had too firm a hold, he could not be dislodged. Here I poked his tender tail, which was exposed by the broken shell, and he vacated, leaving Wigan once more in possession. But not for long. Once more he was clutched, haled out, and flung away. I then placed a smaller shell, but perfect, in the vase. Kean at once quitted his dilapidated roof, and ensconced himself in this more modest cottage, leaving Wigan to make hinself comfortable in the ruin; which he did.

The fun was not over yet. I placed a third hermit-crab in the vase. He was much smaller than the other two, but his shell was larger than the one in which Kean had settled, as that unscrupulous crab quickly perceived, for he set about bullying the stranger, who, however, had a shell large enough to admit his whole body, and into it he withdrew. It was droll to see Kean clutching the shell, vainly waiting for the stranger to protrude enough of his body to permit of a good grasp and a tug; but the stranger knew better. He must have been worn out at last, however, for although I did not witness the feat, an hour afterwards, when I looked at them, I saw Kean comfortable in the stranger's house. I changed them again; but again the usurpation was successful. On the third day I find recorded in my journal: "The crabs have been fighting and changing their abodes continually. C. K. is the terror of the other two, and Wigan is so subdued by constant defeats that he is thrown into a fluster if even an empty shell is placed near him; and although without a shell himself, which must make him very cold and comfortless in the terminal regions, he is afraid to enter an empty one. The terrors of the last two days have been too much for his nerves; one must almost question his perfect sanity; he is not only out of his shell, but out of his mind. The approach of C. K. throws him into a trepidation, which expresses itself in the most grotesque efforts at escape."

I tried a new experiment. Throwing a good-sized whelk into the vase, I waited to see Kean devour the whelk in order to appropriate his shell; for the house he last stole, though better than the previous houses, by no means suited him. Mr. Bell, in his *History of British Crustacea*, conjectures that the hermit-crab often eats the mollusc in whose shell he is found — a conjecture adopted by subsequent writers, although Mr. Bell owns that he never witnessed the fact. My experiment flatly contradicted the conjecture. Kean clutched the shell at once, and poked in his interrogatory claw, which, touching the operculum of the whelk, made that animal withdraw and leave an empty space, into which Kean popped his tail. In a few minutes the whelk tired of this confinement in his own house, and all alarm being probably over, began to protrude himself, and in doing so gently pushed C. K. before him. In vain did the intruder, feeling himself slipping, cling fiercely to the shell; with slow but irresistible pressure the mollusc ejected him. This was repeated from first to last for several times, till at length the crab gave up in despair, and contented himself with his former shell. Thus, instead of *eating* the whelk (which, I would remark in passing, the crab never does, even in captivity, where food is scanty), he had not even the means of getting him out of his shell, and the conjecture of our admirable naturalist must be erased from our hand-books.

These traits of manners and morals pleasantly vary our graver observations: but it is only with the higher organisms that we can be so amused; the lower organisms, although they too have their manners and their morals, are too far removed from us to be intelligible. I have no doubt the mollusc is a moral individual, but you cannot consider him one greatly impassioned: an oyster or a limpet probably has his theory of life, but you cannot appeal to his finer sensibilities through the medium of music, poetry, or painting. I have some doubts even of the crab in these regions of culture; but if he cannot soar so high as Art, we see how he touches the confines of Wit by his feeling for the Grotesque. Fish, too, are funny, and far more educable than people suppose. Your fish has a sense of the properties; he will even condescend to conventionalism in costume. At least, one I had at Ilfracombe did so. A queer little dolphin-like fellow he was, who, after swimming about the vase for some time, would sink to the bottom, and there, curling his tail round him, as a cat does when making herself comfortable, he would look up with his impudent unabashed eyes, and pant away as if fatigued with his gambols. This curling of himself whenever at rest was very comical, and he looked as if he knew it. When I had him, he was in full black—evening costume; but on descending next morning I found him arrayed in an entire suit of light brown — cool morning summer costume; in the afternoon he again presented himself in full black; and the next morning he was dead. I grieved for him, and as a consolation dissected him.

This was my constant solace, when I found—alas! I often found—that some of my pets had departed. The zoologist softened, the anatomist was resolved. I had lost a pet and gained a "preparation." Grief gave way under the scalpel. Science dried afflicted eyes. Nay; shall I confess it? Many a time I have had the unfeelingness to eye a pet with an undertaker's glance, almost wishing it would die for the sake of its examination. And when this was the case, you may be sure I bore the announcement of mortality with something of that fortitude displayed by legatees when a choleric old gentleman, or a lady of starched and vigorous virtue departs this life, leaving a trifle in the 3°|₀. Death was no finale to me. The closing scene was only the close of an act, after which the curtain rose once more, the drama culminating in interest. A thousand problems assailed the mind, a thousand strange thoughts arose as I penetrated deeper and deeper into the mysteries of these various organisms, and mused upon their many paradoxes. Here was an animal without a heart; here was another without a liver—nothing but

quantities of hepatic cells distributed along the course of the alimentary canal. Here was an animal breathing by means of his legs, and here one not breathing at all. Here was an amæba improvising a limb out of the substance of his body, which limb disappears again, withdrawn into the general substance when the occasion passes; and here — to conclude this list of paradoxes, which might be indefinitely extended—is a physalia digesting the food *before* swallowing it, performing the act of chymification before the act of deglutition.

But these paradoxes, curious as they are, still less the dry details which pass in the schools for anatomy, form not the great attraction of our studies. The crowning glory is the knowledge which ever opens into newer and newer vistas, quickening our sense of the vastness and the complexity of Nature. For it is eminently the case with these studies, that they intensify and exalt our conceptions of the incommunicable grandeur and infinity of Nature. Many eloquent pages have set forth the effect produced upon the mind by the study of Nature. The enlarging influences of contact with and contemplation of her phenomena, so different from the fleeting fashions and miserable pretexts of much that passes as civilisation, so full of rebukes to our foolish pride and pretences, so full of lessons to us to be in earnest, and to trust in simple earnestness. But although contact with all reality must necessarily have something of this influence, I should say, speaking from my own experience, that this is true in a quite other sense to those minds familiarised with the phenomena of Life manifested by the simpler organisms. Here the microscope is not the mere extension of a faculty, it is a new sense. At some distance from the Alps we discern their masses of purple grandeur, but that is all we discern; on approaching nearer, these purple masses assume shapes more and more definite, although their varied architecture is still hidden from us; we see none of their ravines and valleys: a little nearer, and we detect these, but discern none of the chalets nestled in the valley, and scattered over the mountain-sides: nearer still, we see the habitations, and the cattle, and the men; yet nearer, and we discriminate individualities; but we have still to advance, and patiently watch, before the tragedies and comedies acted in these scenes can become intelligible to us. Thus with each step we have changed our conceptions of the Alps. Thus with each step do we change our conceptions of Nature. We all begin where most of us end, with seeing things removed from us kept distant by ignorance and the still more obscuring screen of familiarity. We learn to observe something besides these broad general outlines which constitute the scenery of our existence, and learn to admire the magnificence of nature. The observation of one detail is a step to the recognition of many. In this stage we resemble the traveller who has discovered the Alps to have valleys and habitations. If the Microscope be now placed in our hands, it brings us into the very homes and haunts of Life; and finally, the high creative combining faculty, moving amid these novel observations, reveals something of the great drama which is incessantly enacted in every drop of water, on every inch of earth. Then, and only then, do we realise the mighty complexity, the infinite splendour of Nature; then, and only then, do we feel how full of Life, varied, intricate, marvellous, world within world, yet nowhere without space to move, is this single planet, on the crust of which we stand, and look out into shoreless space, peopled by myriads of other planets, larger, if not more wonderful, than ours. And if with this substitution of definite and particular ideas for the vague generalities with which at first we represented nature—if with increase of knowledge there comes, as necessarily there must come, increase of reverence, it is evident that the study of Life must of all studies best nourish the mind with true philosophy.

"*Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse!*" I hear some reader of Molière exclaim, the reader himself being ready to aver that there is "nothing like leather;" and when taunted with it, answering, "Oh! *that* is a very different thing." Our own hobbies,

follies, pursuits, always *are* "very different things." It happens, however, that I am no *orfèvre*. I have no vested or professional interest in Comparative Anatomy. Were I to glorify my own calling, simply because it was mine, the dithyramb would be heavy with another kind of burden. Therefore let my tribute to a beautiful but once despised science be freed from the suspicion of professional interest. If I should add that the science has many professional adherents not in the least impressed with the advantages just rehearsed, it would only be adding the somewhat superfluous remark that dull dogs abound; and consequently there are many perfectly stupid anatomists, as there are scores of astonishingly bad poets: *cucullus non facit monachum*.

The facts are the least of the attractions in this study, although they are the bricks with which you build. If you happen to be of a speculative turn, every fresh observation will start new trains of thought. Walk up to my working-table, and take the first phial or trough chance may present. You have chosen a phial in which a quantity of thread-like worms are wriggling like uninspired Pythonesses. You are mistaken in supposing them to be worms,—they are nothing of the kind; they are not even individuals. In spite of that stare, I repeat the statement: they are not individuals, they are organs. Why then do they live and wriggle? and of *what* are they organs? The first question is easier to ask than to answer. The second is as easy to answer as to ask; so, like an adroit teacher, evading difficulties to drop with confidence on what is easy, I will answer it. You may remember how last month, at page 192, I recorded with some minuteness the finding of a *Terebella* buried in the sand, its long thread-like tentacles waving in the air being all that was visible until it was dug up? Those tentacles are what you have in the phial before you. While examining the worm I observed one of its tentacles had been torn off, and was wriggling with independent vivacity: I bethought me of trying how long these organs would live separated from the body; so, cutting them all off, I placed them in this phial. This was on the 21st May; on the 25th some died; but to-day is the 27th, and there are still several vivacious. What would your friends, who constantly compare the vital mechanism to a watch or a steam-engine, say to this? The main-spring was broken long ago; the watch is in shreds, yet are its wheels as active as ever. Do you not perceive the error of the analogy? Do you not see that every part of a vital organism must be vital, having its own vital properties, and being, in a certain sense, independent of the whole, although also dependent on it?

Nor is this by any means a solitary instance. Even those physiologists who compare the organism to a mechanism are familiar with hundreds of facts of independent vitality. The one just cited is, however, the most remarkable I have observed, on account of the length of duration. The other day I was examining one of those white filaments which certain *Actiniæ* copiously throw out when disturbed. The filament is nothing but a delicate membranous tube covered with vibratite cilia, and enclosing, I believe, a still more delicate tube, filled with granules and those thread-capsules, which anatomists declare (erroneously, as I can prove) to be the urticating or stinging cells. Such is the structure of this filament, which, although it had long been removed from the animal, was twisting and twirling itself like a worm in an unhappy state of mind, and moving across the stage with motions it was impossible to distinguish from voluntary motions. I then crushed it into many minute fragments; but long afterwards I observed some of these moving about like so many animalcules. Another day I observed what seemed a tiny white annelid crawling at the bottom of a vase; on securing it, I found it was one of the Actinia's filaments.

It may be answered that this motion was not life: in both cases it was only ciliary action. But do not let us cheat ourselves with phrases. What is the motion of all embryos but ciliary action? and what is ex-

plained by the phrase? I see movements as spontaneous as those of animals; I see these movements so directed that obstacles are avoided; and you want to put us off with a phrase. Where then does life begin? In that foot-pan you see a dozen lovely *Medusæ*, swimming to and fro with their laborious pulsating movements—are those movements the finger-posts of vitality? Well, then, now attend: yesterday I was dissecting some of these, and, while examining the exquisite fringe of tentacles which hangs from the border of the disc, I observed every one of those polyp-like tentacles move to and fro, now protruded, now withdrawn into the substance of the disc, each with independent action, and this on a portion of the disc which had been many hours separated from the animal. The fringe does no more when the animal is vigorous on the warm surface of the tranquil sea; it does no less now that the animal is in shreds. Look in that saucer, and you will observe the fragment of another *Medusa;* the animal is dead, and almost melted away. I have already cut out two of the ovarial chambers, yet you see the oval tentacles are twisting about as if seeking prey. *This* is not ciliarity, but contractility. This is life, unless you restrict the term life to the meaning it carries in its highest formula. If it is motion, it is *vital* motion.

Can motion, alone, be taken as the index of life? Certainly not. But let us try to be precise in our language. Life is a complex term, indicating complex phenomena. In its highest formula, expressing all the requisite generality of what is included in the term, it indicates the triple unity of Nutrition, Reproduction, and Decay. An animal grows, reproduces, and dies; these are the three capital and cardinal facts of its organism. Out of these issue many derivative and secondary phenomena, one of which is Motion. In some animals, motion can scarcely be said to have any existence. The *Ascidians*, for example, although of rather complex structure, have nothing which approaches it, unless we should so designate the occasional contraction and dilatation of their two orifices. We may therefore conceive Life without Motion, and Motion without Life; and thus, with some plausibility, ask whether the movements exhibited by the tentacles of the *Terebella* and *Medusa* ought to be received as indications of life? Here I get myself into a fix. The thought arises that what I observe in these tentacles is owing to a surplus residue of vitality, retained by them, not to any central source of self-renewing vitality, such as the organism possesses; consequently, inasmuch as these tentacles neither grow, nor reproduce themselves, they fail to fulfil the primary conditions of Life; in other words, they are *not* alive, in spite of movements, apparently spontaneous, during a whole week of independent existence.

In arguing with oneself, one has always a respectful antagonist, to whose objections every attention is given. Having given due attention to myself, I now turn round upon myself, and remark with some emphasis: Very true; but you overlook the important fact that in speaking of Life as the triple unity of Nutrition, Reproduction, and Decay, you are speaking of the *whole organism;* whereas, in the tentacles of *Terebella* and *Medusa*, we were considering an organ, not an organism; and to apply your definition to an organ, would be to deny it vitality altogether. The *animal* may not be considered as wanting in either of the triple terms; but the very essence of an *organ* is that it *specialises a function*—that is to say, takes upon itself to do something for the benefit of the whole animal, in return for which it is absolved from doing many things which the animal must do. In the earliest forms of Life, as in the earliest states of Society, all do everything, each does all. There is no separate digestive system, no separate respiratory system, no muscular system, no nervous system. Every part of the animal assimilates, respires, contracts, moves; just as in barbarian tribes every man is his own tailor, his own purveyor, his own architect, and his own lawyer. At last the principle of Division of Labour emerges; then that which is true of the whole organism ceases to be true of an organ; and we have no

more right to demand that an arm should digest food, than that Moses & Son should preside over the deliberations of Downing Street, or cook the Whitebait dinner; we have no more right to ask the lungs to produce offspring, than to ask Mr Cobden to take command of the Baltic fleet, and Mr. Bright to perform the operation for stone. Each no longer does all. When, therefore, we look at these arms of the *Terebella*, which wriggle after a week's separation from the body, we see them manifest as much of life as they manifested a week since. They would grow if they had food; unhappily they have lost the power of preparing food, and they die at length from starvation.

But put down that phial, and look at this which contains another and far more beautiful species of terebella, by name *Nebulosa*. It makes itself a solid tube of earth, which it cements by a mucus exuded from its surface, and in this tube, but not attached to it, the terebella lives, merely putting forth its long tentacles into the water. I have taken it from its tube to watch its beauty and its manners. Professor Rymer Jones, in the last edition of his *Animal Kingdom*, says, that "our knowledge of these animals has been until recently very limited;" and he adds, "the zootomist who should enjoy favourable opportunities of inspecting the larger species in a fresh state, could hardly make a more valuable contribution to our science than by giving an account of the organisation of these interesting animals." My opportunities of observing the larger species have been null; but having dredged up many of the smaller species off Tenby and Caldy, I studied those with great eagerness; and although my observations had, for the most part, already been included in the more elaborate investigations of Milne Edwards and Dr. Williams, I have yet something new to offer, little though it be.

No one, I believe, has yet recorded the fact of the terebella multiplying itself by the process of gemmation, which is known to occur in the case of some other annelids—such as the *Nais*, the *Syllis*, and the *Myriana*, and of which the reader will find all the details in the works cited below.* When the animal reproduces by this budding process, it begins to form a second head near the extremity of its body. After this head other segments are in turn developed, the tail, or final segment, being the identical tail of the mother, but pushed forward by the young segments, and now belonging to the child, and only vicariously to the mother. In this state we have two worms and one tail. It is as if a head were suddenly to be developed out of your lumbar vertebræ, yet still remain attached to the column, and thus produce a double-headed monster, more fantastic than fable. Or suppose you were to cut a caterpillar in half, fashion a head for the tail half, and then fasten the head to the cut end of the other half — this would give you an image of the Syllis budding. But in some worms the process does not stop here. What the mother did, the child does, and you may see at last six worms forming one continuous line, with only one tail for the six. The tail indeed is the family inheritance; but reversing the laws of primogeniture, it always descends to the youngest, like that elaborate display of baby linen which was worked with such fondness for the first-born, and has become in turn the costume of successive pledges, appearing on this scene of life with a constant diminendo of interest in all but parental eyes. Such, in a few words, is the budding of annelids. I omit differences, and many curious details, only desiring to fix the reader's attention on the cardinal fact. The separation finally takes place, and then we perceive the children and grandchildren are not quite the same as their ancestor. The fact has not been observed at all hitherto in the group of annelids named *Tubicola;* but two of my *Terebellæ* gave me a sight of it. The first died before the separation took place. The second, after a day

* Quatrefages—*Annales des Sciences*, 3me série, i. 22; *Souvenirs d'un Naturaliste*, i. 247. Rymer Jones—*Animal Kingdom*. Owen—*Comparative Anatomy*, vol. i.

or two's captivity, separated itself from its appendix of a baby, and seemed all the livelier for the loss of a juvenile which had been literally in that condition of "hanging to its mother's tail," which I have heard applied in metaphorical sarcasm to small boys anxious to be with their mothers. The young one only lived four days.

That which most puzzled and most interested me in these annelids was the study of their circulation and respiration — points which yet require much elucidation, although Dr. Williams of Swansea, in his "Report on the British Annelida," has greatly advanced science by his researches in this direction. I only know his labours at second hand, for annelids are more abundant than books where this paper is written; but although there must be much in his "Report" which I do not know, it is clear that there are many questions still unanswered even by him. I confess to many doubts, especially on the point of respiration, but this is not the time to produce them; so, if you please, we will pause a minute to consider what *is* ascertained. That some animals have red blood, and others have blood not red, you have long known; but it is probably news to hear that the annelids are strangely various in their blood colours. The dugworm (*Arenicola*) shows a rich red, the sea-mouse (*Aphrodita*) shows no colour at all; the *Polynoë* has a pale yellow, and one *Sabella* has an olive-green blood. Singular, is it not? Nevertheless, green blood is blood; but what say you to blood which, strictly speaking, is no blood at all? What say you to animals possessing veritable blood circulating in arteries and veins, and over and above this circulation, another circulation of another fluid—not blood, yet fulfilling the purposes of blood? If you want paradoxes there is one.

Let us recur to the analogies furnished to zoology by history. Mud huts serve the purposes of men who have not arrived at the dignity of brick, or the splendour of marble; and the simpler organisms manage to get on with vitalised sea-water before they reach the dignity of possessing blood. The fluid here compared with mud huts, the fluid which circulates, or, more correctly speaking, *fluctuates* in the bodies of polypes, actineæ, jelly-fishes, and star-fishes, &c. is technically named the "Chylaqueous fluid," and is found to contain corpuscles of definite shape, not unlike those forming the solids of the blood, and besides these, albumen, fibrine, and crystals absolutely identical with those obtained from the evaporation of sea-water. This fluid is their blood, as mud huts are the palaces of barbarians. It is this fluid which is seen hurrying to and fro when the polyp is placed under a microscope, and which is simply sea-water, holding in solution the produce of digestion; and if you ask me why it should not be *called* blood, since it represents that fluid in the simpler organisms, the answer is: Because we find animals which have this chylaqueous fluid *and* true blood. Of these are all classes of worms. Among the mud huts, houses of pretension are seen to rise, and among the animals with chylaqueous fluid we see a blood-system gradually appearing. The more the blood-system predominates, the higher is the organisation of the animal; the more brick and marble abound, the greater will be the splendour and stability of the city.

What does the worm with two fluids? If blood is circulating nutriment, are both these fluids subservient to one function, or are their functions different? Look through the microscope a little, and then you will understand the answer. The fluid which you see fluctuating there is not the blood, but observe how it is pushed to and fro, into every crevice, or rushes furiously into every cavity. It is not contained in a system of closed vessels, like veins and arteries; on the contrary, it washes all the cavities of the body, between the integument and the viscera; nevertheless it is closed in; it has no *direct* communication with the external sea-water. An image may make this intelligible. In my hand I hold a phial in which a worm is coiled, but is not quiet a moment. Let this worm represent the long intestinal canal of an annelid, and the glass bottle represent its integu-

ment; the sea-water will then represent the chylaqueous fluid, moving with every motion of the worm, and filling up every cavity his movements make. Having a clear idea of its position, you may now understand its function or functions; for in truth the mere distribution of nutriment to various parts of the body is only one office it performs; there is another and more paradoxical office—it acts as an internal skeleton! A liquid skeleton surprises you—who sit upon a cushion of air without surprise. But I told you that these simple organisms were full of paradoxes, and here is one: the annelid employs its chylaqueous fluid not only for circulation of nutriment, but also as a fulcrum by which its muscles act. Abstract the fluid, and all power of voluntary motion vanishes.

As I watched the two fluids in my *Terebella*, I observed that their distinction was marked. Each had its own organs of respiration—at least if we admit the anatomical theories now universally received. The blood circulates in vascular trunks, by which it is carried for oxygenation to the lovely arborescent gill tufts, without cilia, which branch dichotomously from each side of the head. The chylaqueous fluid circulates in all the free spaces of the body, and passes into the delicate, ciliated granular tubes, which, rising above the gill tufts, form the exquisite arms, or tentacles, through which the gases easily penetrate. And I asked myself what could be indicated in this marked difference, if not this namely, that while both fluids are nutrient, they are not similarly nutrient; the more abundant chylaqueous fluid nourishes the bulk of the animal, leaving to the small quantity of blood the nourishment of two tissues, small in quantity, but important in function—the muscular and the nervous. The simpler fluid is incompetent to furnish the complex tissues. Palaces demand marble. I believe the day is not far distant when the statements of zoologists respecting the existence of nerves and muscles in the simplest organisms will be completely banished; they are daily becoming more and more discredited; and a parallelism between the development of the blood-system, and that of nerves and muscles, will be recognised as a law of animal life; but before that can be established we must become more rigorous in our language, and cease to call contractile fibres by the inaccurate name of muscles; we must learn to distinguish the various stages of muscular development, and trace its coincidence with the increasing complexity of the blood. For the present I content myself with stating the hypothesis that in the annelids the blood-system is mainly subservient to the nutrition of nerve and muscle; let the reader accept or reject it, as he sees reason.

One thing is quite clear, that the function of these tentacles, waving so gracefully over the head of the *Terebella*, is not solely that of oxygenating the chylaqueous fluid. According to Dr. Williams, whose statements are reproduced by Rymer Jones, they present a problem interesting alike to the physiologist and mechanician. "From their extreme length and vast number, they expose an extensive aggregate surface to the agency of the surrounding medium. They consist of hollow, flattened, tubular filaments, furnished with strong muscular parietes. Each of these hollow band-like tentacles may be rolled longitudinally into a cylindrical form so as to enclose a semicircular space, if they only imperfectly meet. This inimitable mechanism enables each filament to take up and firmly grasp, at any point of its length, a molecule of sand, or, if placed in a linear series, a row of molecules. But so perfect is the disposition of the muscular fibres at the extreme end of each filament, that it is gifted with the twofold power of acting on the sucking and on the muscular principle. In addition to the two important uses already assigned to these tentacles, they constitute also the real agents of locomotion. They are first outstretched by the forcible ejection into them of the peritoneal fluid, they are then fixed like so many slender cables to a distant surface; and then, shortening in their lengths, they haul forward the help-

less carcass of the worm."* The carcass of the worm is by no means so helpless as here described. It is true that the tentacles are employed to drag the animal along. You observe how that one is crawling up the sides of the glass, and now hangs suspended to the floating weed; but you may also observe him wriggling about his body with great activity, and by these contractions he is enabled to make progress, even when deprived of his tentacles. There is a more serious objection, however, to be made to the passage I have just abridged. Dr. Williams — in common with most, if not all, anatomists—speaks of the *muscular* parietes of these tentacles. I venture to suggest that there is great inaccuracy in the term; and that the existence of these muscles is a pure assumption, assumed to explain the contractility of these organs, in the same way as a nervous system is constantly assumed to explain some phenomena of sensibility, although not a trace of a nerve can be detected by the highest powers of the microscope. The assumption is in each case perfectly needless, and very misleading. It is against all philosophy thus to assume the existence of a tissue no one can detect, to explain a phenomenon which may be otherwise explained. Nor is anything gained by declaring that the nervous tissue is in a "diffused state." This is making an assumption and concealing it in a phrase. If I were to declare that gun cotton contained nitre, because gunpowder contains it; and if, when my statement was answered by repeated analyses proving no nitre to be there, I were to reply, "the nitre may not be detected by your analysis, because it is in a diffused state," you would shrug contempt at such chemistry. But this is precisely analogous to what is done daily with respect to nervous tissue. Men assume that all animals must have nerves; if the nerves are not visible, it is because they are "diffused." Now, this reasoning is not only vicious as logic, it is particularly vicious in Biology, where structure is of equal importance with composition. Nerve is a specific thing, having a specific composition and a specific structure; to talk of this thing as "diffused," is to talk of it as wanting one of its constituent characters; it is like talking of fluid crystals, or square circles. All this Dr. Williams, I am sure, would be the first to admit, for he doubts the existence of nerves even in the echinodermata; and I would ask him whether the tentacles of the *Terebella* are not assumed to have muscles, in accordance with the current notions that wherever there is contractility the existence of muscles must be inferred? I put the question *as* a question merely. My own observations utterly failed to detect muscular fibres in the tentacles of the species I examined: and this negative result is supported by the fact of these tentacles remaining a whole week undecomposed when separated from the animal, which could hardly have been the case had they been muscular.

But enough of anatomy for this morning! The lovely lanes of Ilfracombe invite us, and we may cool our overheated brows by a delicious breeze blowing over the Tors; or perhaps the noble sweep of Tenby sands seduces us to walk to Giltar Point. A bottle or two will be useful in either expedition; a small basket will be worth the trouble of carriage if we take the sands, for there was a gale last night, and who knows what may have been thrown up by it? And if you trust to your hands to carry all you may find, you will, perhaps, be the "observed of all observers," as I was, carrying a large cuttlefish in each hand, while some compassionate sailors superfluously assured me, "Them's not good to eat, sir!" Another day I transported a dogfish through the streets—much to the horror of all the flounces, and the ineffable scorn of all the pink shirts and telescopes. You may be as indifferent to the stares and the scorns of flounces and telescopes as I was, but still I say, out of mere convenience, carry a phial, if not a basket. On one me-

* Rymer Jones: *Animal Kingdom*, pp. 314, 315, last edition.

morable afternoon we came upon, and almost stepped upon, an adder lying just outside the hedge. All is grist to the naturalist's mill, so I cut off the adder's head, and wrapped it in my pocket-handkerchief. Presently we came unto a pleasant pond, the surface of which, with its varied *greenth* of scum, was so full of promise that there burst from me a sudden *Oh!* which startled, and not a little puzzled, a lazy countryman, taking his siesta by looking at nothing over a gate.

"Here's a pond!" I exclaimed, when reason got the better of emotion.

"Ah!" responded my companion, profoundly sympathetic.

The countryman was bewildered. Were we insane? or only Cockneys? There was a pond, sure enough, and as dirty a bit o' water as you'd wish to see; and what then? Were we frogs from the desert, that a pond should agitate us?

While he was cracking this very hard nut, harder than his own Devonshire skull, I had emerged from the bitterness of self-reproach at having forgotten a phial, into the clearness of triumphant resource. Seizing a large dock-leaf and converting it into the rude resemblance of a bag, I hooked up with my stick a string of tempting scum, packed it up in the leaf, and walked on wealthy. To his dying day that countryman will recount, to all who will listen, the inconceivable fancy of the gentry folks, who carried off the filth of a pond in a dock-leaf. A queer start, warn't it?

Where shall we ramble? At Ilfracombe the question is really puzzling, because so many lovely walks solicit you. Go where you will, you cannot miss a lovely walk, that is some comfort; but there is an embarrassment of riches. Towards the close of spring, when the trees are in full leaf, but still keep their delicate varieties of colour—varieties lost in the fullness of summer, to be regained with even greater beauty in autumn,—at this time, when the furze is in all its golden glory, perpetually tempting one to pluck a tuft of blossoms as the largest specimen ever seen, and scenting the air all round, Ilfracombe is enchanting. So it is in summer; but the loss of the furze is almost like the fading away of the evening red. Contemporary with the furze is the lovely primrose, here seen to perfection, covering the hill-sides with pale stars, almost as plentifully as buttercups and daisies elsewhere. In such a season the walk to Lee, combining as it does the beauties of rocky coast and wooded inland hill, will suggest a preference, until you have been to Chambercombe woods, and then you hesitate. When the sun is broiling in cloudless blue, the coolness of a wood, in which the sunbeams only flicker through branches, and elicit all their beauties, forms a pleasant retreat; and before you reach Chambercombe the eye has been delighted with perpetual landscapes. There is a lane leading into a farmyard—a Devonshire lane, remember—which will long hold a place in my memory. Close to the gate of this farmyard there is a spring which is a perfect miniature of some Swiss "falls." It spreads itself like a crystal fan on successive ledges of the hedge-bank, until it reaches a much broader ledge, where it forms a little lake on a bed of brown pebbles; then down it goes again till it reaches the road, where it runs along a tiny, happy, bubbling stream. One of the endless charms of these lanes—as of all mountainous districts—is the frequency of the springs, glossy with liverwort and feathery with fern, making a pleasant music day and night. Passing through the farmyard, where the pigs wallow, and grunt sensual satisfaction, and the cows look at you with bovine stupidity, you come upon a widening of the lane, where several gateways meet, and here the exquisite wildflowers, everywhere so abundant, seem more than ever luxuriant. What a perfect bit of foreground is that! A few rough mossy trunks lying against the tufts of fern, and a quiet donkey lying across the lane in "maiden meditation, fancy free;" it is one of those exquisite nothings which somehow affect you more than a fine landscape. At least it so affected us; and this was surpassed a little further on, when we came to a spot where a brook runs brawling across the lane, and a wooden bridge allows

those to pass who prefer not wetting their feet. A rough hurdle is fixed up where the brook gushes from the field into the lane, over brown stones, which it polishes into agate. Against the little bridge rises a tree, and all round its roots by the brook-side are varied tufts of fern and gems of wild-flowers. How I wished to be a painter that I might sketch such "bits" as these, and not let enthusiasm evaporate in ohs! From this brook a step or two brought us to a shabby house, its broken windows rag-mended, and bearing the reputation of being haunted. I never saw the ghost; but I always saw a huge, divinely-awkward puppy, as happy and affectionate as puppies usually are. I could not get my companions to sympathise with me in my love for puppies in general, or in my wish to encourage the advances of this one in particular. *De gustibus.* There are people who don't like poetry; there are some indifferent to puppies. After a valedictory caress to this floppy acquaintance, we passed on into the woods, and while seated under delicious "umbrageosity," I soothed myself with a Latakia cigar, and contemplated a beautiful caterpillar spreading its transitional life on a branch, happily knowing nothing of transitions. Pleasant was the murmurous sound of insects, pleasant the ripple of water, pleasant the glinting sunlight, and the broad reposing shade, but above all was the charm of interchanging thoughts. Yes, Nature is very lovely, and speaks to us in soothing tones; but Human Nature has a holier accent still.

Another favourite walk was to Watermouth and Berryn Narbor, over the edges of majestic cliffs, revealing inlet after inlet, each differing in its wealth of colour, each a picture, till we pass into what are called the "meadows," really a noble park, through which runs a stream fringed with wildflowers, and clear as crystal; every twenty or thirty yards the stream falls over an artificial precipice of stones, making a dulcet music. The slopes on each side are richly wooded; and the sequestered silence of this spot adds to its many charms. Who has not felt the deep peace which settles on the soul, when lying in the long grass beside a stream, under a summer sun, no sound of traffic, contention, or of care to vex or sadden? Who has not set upon a gate less to rest than to enjoy the peaceful idleness of noon, and looked upon the marvellous forms of life active around him, dreaming all the while of pleasant scenes, revisiting the memory, or of pleasant hopes rising, "like exhalations of the dawn." In such a mood we one day rested on a gate under the trees beside this stream; presently a blind man felt his way also to the gate, and rested there. We spoke to him; he told us with that sluggish iteration characteristic of the countryman, that this was a fine healthy spot . . . yes, a very healthy spot . . . a healthy spot. And he held down his head; alas! it was useless for him to hold it erect, fronting the lovely scene. Saddened by his presence, we soon moved on, and returning over the cliffs, we came upon another human being, with eyes closed to the beauty around, but closed in sleep, not blindness. A little girl, not more than eight years old, was stretched along the path, her rosy cheek resting on her little arm, which rested on the bare rock. How fast she was! but as Shakespeare says, "Weariness will snore upon a flint," and here was wearied innocence sleeping on a flint, the summer sun pouring down its rays upon her, and also on the milk, a can of which stood by her side; whether the milk was as much benefited by this rest in the sun on its way to Ilfracombe, the consumers thereof must say. All I know is, that the picture was very touching, and I placed a penny in the child's half-closed hand that she might find it on awaking. She would think some fairy had placed it there.

On reaching home there was dinner, to which two words had to be said, not contemptuous, believe me; and then coffee and cigar, with the serenities thereon attending; and then a stroll among my vases, for the inspection of my pets; and a stroll in the garden where I could inspect the pans under the verandah; and then study; and then with limbs weary and eyes drooping, to bed:

> So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

A CHAPTER ON PENINSULAR DOGS.

BY A LONDON DOG-FANCIER.

Considering how much and how well travellers have written about the Spanish Peninsula, I often wonder that they find so little to say about Peninsular dogs. I did think I should meet with something on the subject in Ford, but looked in vain for my needle in that pottle of hay. Observe, benignant reader, I am not speaking of domestic dogs, which, like gentlemen, are the same in all parts of the world. Neither do I purpose to treat of the absolutely wild dog, that sheep-biting villain of Australia and the Cape. The dogs to which I refer are such as you meet with in the streets of cities in south-eastern and southern Europe. "Wild dogs" they are usually called; but the truth is, they form a connecting link between the wild dog and the domesticated. They are, in fact, an intermediate sort of dog; neither wholly wild, for their habitat is amongst the dwellings of men; nor wholly domesticated, because (for the good Spanish reason, "tienen mucha pulga" they are never permitted in-doors. Excluded thus from the house, yet tolerated in the thoroughfares and on the pavement, they may, as a class by themselves, be designated, for distinction, by the title of "Street-Dogs." And as they have some very marked idiosyncrasies, yet are not usually described apart in natural history, I here beg leave to place on record a few of their characteristics, not so much with a view to system, as with the hope of supplying a few hints to future writers on zoology. Only permit me, gentle reader, to premise that I am a lover of dogs: I avow a partiality to everything canine. True, residing in London, I keep no dog; for, having successively kept five, and lost them all, I find the pang of bereavement too keen, and will keep no more. Yet allow me to say, I know all the dogs in my own neighbourhood, and I believe most of them know me. In London, however, I think I am correct in the assertion, there are few if any street-dogs,—*i.e.*, dogs without an owner.

When a dog in London is in want of a master, he cuts about till he finds one. His mode of prosecuting the search is this. He trots gently along through frequented thoroughfares till by instinct he discovers a likely person. Then, dropping behind, and quietly following, he smells the said individual's hand, or the calf of his leg—now don't give him a crack with your umbrella—next, runs before, if that trial is satisfactory, and looks up in your face; follows you home, and, if not admitted, sits down on the door-step. Ah, can you refuse to take him in?

The street-dogs of the Peninsula, though they live in fraternities, and have their laws, are of no one species, class, or breed. In a single gang you may see the mongrel representatives of every dog that is recognised in social life: great dogs, little dogs; dogs like weasels, with very elongated bodies, and legs very short; tall, lanky, long-shanked, hump-backed dogs, like a French pig; dogs without hair; and dogs cased all over with mange, like a coat of mail In the Peninsular city where I hibernated with my regiment, 1811-12, each quarter had its own gang of dogs. In fact, each quarter had its own *chafaris* or tank and conduit; and the supply of water thus provided had its determining effect upon the dogs whose dwelling was in the streets. Throughout the district which the tank supplied, every dog of them was free to rove. But not a dog could pass into another district without risk of being torn in pieces by the dogs of that vicinity.

Next to their heterogeneous, wretched, and nondescript aspect, that which first struck me, when I began to notice the out-door dogs of my own street (in Lisbon), was the wild glare of the eye. Wishing to observe their habits, I had begun to bestow on them my daily alms from the window of my billet at breakfast-

time. Angry were the snarls, fierce were the scrambles, with which they knocked each other over, and squabbled for bone or crust. The courtesy on my part, however, so far had its reward, that I was able after a while to return at night from a party, without having close at my heels a barking pack, or being encompassed in a continually diminishing semicircle of fierce assailants, while my servant Cipriano, the drunken ruffian, kept me waiting at the door. They recognised, in spite of pumps and tights, the benefactor of the morning, and allowed me to pass in quiet to my quarters. Beyond this, however, there was no approach to mutual acquaintance. Not a dog of them ever once looked me in the face like the dog of social life. When I fed them, they watched my hand; but their eyes still glared, without sympathy, without intelligence.

This circumstance had the effect of piquing my curiosity. I was anxious to ascertain whether it was possible for a human biped to establish with these savages of the pavement the amicable relations, into which the civilised dogs I previously knew in England had always entered with such prompt cordiality. In fact, I wanted to see whether I could get one of these undomesticated, unkempt, half-wild, Peninsular dogs, who owned no human friend, to know me, to follow me, to recognise me, to obey me as his lord and master, like the talented affectionate, intelligent, thievish, villainous, dear old dog I had left in England, when with a lieutenant's commission, a light heart, and a thin pair of unmentionables, I sailed to join my regiment at Oporto. It seemed vain to try the experiment with a whole pack at once; but in the course of my Peninsular campaigning I had more than one opportunity with single dogs, and here follow the results.

My first experiment in domestication was on a Lisbon dog, who frequented the streets of S. Pedro d'Alcantara, Buenos Ayres. In the campaign of 1812 I suffered, with the rest of the army, from exhaustion and fatigue, and at length received a wound in the leg which though not severe in itself, proved serious from my previous loss of strength. My general health became deranged; our regimental surgeon brought me before the board, and the board ordered me down on sick leave to Lisbon, where I took up my abode at an hotel in the said street of S. Pedro d'Alcantara. I was soon able to sit at the window and make my observations on the various ragged and rough-hewn specimens of the canine race that with perpetual sniffs roamed on the *pavé* beneath. Amongst these, my attention was ere long attracted to one miserable object, a puppy of some four or five months old, that looked as if it had grown from its birth without eating, and often shivered in the chill breeze of the coming winter. Yet the wretched whelp had evidently some stamina, as well as a marked individuality, and knew how to take his own part. I was often amused by the air of perfect equality with which he mingled among the other dogs his seniors. On all occasions he was ready to do battle, answered a snarl with a snap, and would wrangle for a bone with the biggest dog of the pack.

This was the extent of our first acquaintance. For, recovering health in the course of the winter, and bidding farewell to Lisbon and Lisbon dogs, I went up the country to rejoin my regiment. But I had started too soon; on returning to regimental duty my wound again became troublesome, and early in the spring I was compelled to revisit Lisbon, and resume my former quarters in the Rua de S. Pedro.

I found my friend the puppy grown to his full size, and in appearance much improved. He had come out in make something like a terrier, his colour a light tan; in his general aspect as presentable a dog as nine out of ten that you meet in London but still with that wild glare of the eye which was common to his class. Although my landlord was a Portuguese, his wife was English; and perhaps it was due to a sentiment inherited on the maternal side that the children of the house, though born and bred in Lisbon, had noticed the puppy. They occasionally fed

him, and had given him the name of Fido; but for the cogent reason to which I have already alluded, they were not permitted to bring him indoors. Fido, therefore, thus distinguished among his fellows, was so far in a prepared state for my further attempts at his civilisation.

After a few largesses, and a little preliminary negotiation, I succeeded in coaxing Mr. Fido through a side-door into the garden of the hotel. He entered at first with a half-savage and very frightened look, afterwards with more self-possession. In the garden I kept for his use a pan of water, which saved him a trot of some extent to the nearest chafaris. But, except that he evidently knew me as one from whom something was to be got, it was long ere I succeeded in eliciting any token of recognition.

When he did begin at length to show attachment, the indications were singular;—he certainly was an odd-tempered dog. My plan was to speak to him, to look him in the face, and rub his back—more immediate contact being undesirable—with the end of my crutch. Presently, up went his nose in the air with a dismal yowl. Evidently pleased all the while, he was at a loss to express novel emotions. His yowl, in its wild pathos, much resembled the native songs of the Portuguese peasantry, and indeed some singing that one is forced to hear nearer home. Then, starting off like mad, he would begin scampering about the garden in a figure of eight, barking meanwhile with all his might. But up to the time of his melancholy end he never once looked me in the face like a dog of my own, and his eye retained its savage glare.

Alas, poor Fido! His end was melancholy indeed. A low, underbred fellow—an Englishman he was, I am sorry to say—had a very fierce, powerful dog, which he had brought over from Liverpool; a large dog, too, though not so great a beast as himself. This gentleman who was a sort of a suttler, had a quarrel with the people of my hotel; and having heard that there was a dog whom the household noticed, took occasion to walk down the street with his own dog at his heels, having first given out that he "would soon help old Mother da Costa to a notion of dog-fighting." The consequence was a collision between the two dogs. Fido, insulted, accepted battle—he would not have turned tail to a lion—and in a short, savage conflict, if conflict it could be called, received injuries which in a very few hours proved fatal.

I had ridden down into Lisbon, and was met on my return by Madame da Costa with woeful countenance. "Oh, sir, the poor dog!—your dog!—Fido, sir! He's as good as killed sir; and he's in the garden, sir."

There he lay, extended on his side in the gravel walk. Poor Fido! In his neck gaped a hideous wound, not skin-deep; the throat was fairly torn open. His eye, once bright and fierce, had already begun to glaze in death. Yet, what it never had done before, it looked at me—a suffering, an anxious, a pleading, a beseeching look. Somewhat a proficient in the language of dogs, I interpreted that look, "Here, bring the pan of water."

He attempted to rise and lap, but could not. Administering a little at a time, I contrived, with the palm of my hand, to slake his dying thirst. He had already given tokens of entreaty, he now made a sign of gratitude. A few faint thumps with his tail on the gravel were his final indication of life. So began and so ended his recognition of a human friend! Up the country, when restored to health, some months after, I met that beast of a fellow; and from what then occurred had reason to think he felt sorry, though not compunctious, that he had killed my dog.

What an absurd as well as barbarous act, to cut off a dog's tail! You might just as well cut out his tongue. In fact, a dog talks far less with his tongue than he does with his tail. With his tail a dog expresses not only gratitude, as Fido did, but hope, entreaty, complacence, affection, love, obedience, wrath, shame, defiance, fear, and frolic. It is clear, then, that in depriving a dog of his tail, you deprive him of an organ of speech.

The next Peninsular dog of the

unappropriated class with whom I scraped acquaintance, had his residence at Cintra. To that lovely spot I repaired in the early spring of 1813, having so far regained strength that I hoped the fine air, combined with the capital table which Madame Daisy kept at her far-famed hotel, would speedily qualify me for the approaching campaign.

The chief habitat of the dog in question was the street opposite Madame Daisy's, where he might be seen sneaking among the donkeys and donkey-boys who frequented that locality in expectation of a job. They had given him the name of Tejo; but besides that he got nothing from them except kicks; for the idea of patronising a dog of the streets was quite out of their philosophy. Tejo was a tall, meagre, shambling son of a dog, with a peculiarly abject and villanous aspect; his look would have hanged him in any court of justice. About the time when I began to cultivate his acquaintance, I also made that of a Portuguese officer, a gallant captain of the Lusitanian infantry, who had been shot through both thighs, and, like myself, had visited Cintra with a view to the recovery of health, and a return to headquarters. Captain Mello e Souza, who was a bit of a humourist, could not for the life of him comprehend for what possible motive I noticed and patronised such a beast of a dog as Tejo. The captain was also a very fair draughtsman; and, like many inhabitants of southern Europe besides the Italians, had a touch of the *improvisatore*. One day, while I was out, he contrived to hang up in my room a not badly executed sketch of my noble self, hobbling along on my lame leg by the aid of a stick, with Tejo sneaking at my heels. Underneath was the couplet—

> "He mordaz, he inerte, he feu,
> He ladrao, he poltrao, mas he meu;"

which might be freely rendered thus:

> He's ugly, he's gruff, he's a thief, he's a sly dog,
> He's all that is bad; but don't hang him, he's my dog.

Tejo's cowardice, which finally had the effect of terminating our intimacy, betrayed itself on the first occasion when I persuaded him to take a walk. For a few hundred yards he followed me close; but presently our road led by an overhanging rock, under which, in a little cave by the wayside, a sow had established herself with a farrow of pigs. Fierce at the sight of a canine intruder, the old lady made a rush at Tejo, with rapid and awful grunts. Tejo stood it for a moment; but the little pigs, coming out at the mouth of the cave, and seeing their mother charging, charged with her. This was too much for Tejo, who incontinently turned tail, and ran back to the hotel, leaving me to finish my walk alone.

Afterwards, however, our intimacy increasing, he regularly accompanied my rambles, which became more extensive as I recovered strength. His idiosyncrasy now began to develop itself. I trust the intelligent reader has ere this become cognisant of the recondite wisdom which lurks in these canine disquisitions, and therefore will be prepared to bear with me, and to go with me while I proceed to detail some farther particulars which to others may appear trivial. All things are trivial alike to the trivial mind; but the thoughtful observe nature, common or peculiar, in all her phases.

Tejo, like Fido, was an original character, but of a different stamp: his peculiarity was dry humour—a sort of solemn waggery. His first indication of this vein occurred in the course of a walk, which brought us to a spot where the road was deep sand. Till we reached this point, Tejo, as usual, followed gravely at my heels. Then, suddenly starting forward, he began scampering about and barking like mad, till he knocked up such a dust that we were both nearly choked. In the midst of this escapade he caught sight of an old shoe. This dilapidated remnant he forthwith seized in his mouth, and repeatedly tossed into the air, with no end of extravagant antics. Then, suddenly resuming his accustomed gravity he dropped behind, and followed me, solemn and silent as before. Whenever we afterwards

passed that spot, he broke out in the same style, and repeated his game with the old shoe. Once, returning with him from a walk, I got into conversation with an English officer of the navy at the door of the hotel. Deeply observant for some time, Tejo stood looking on in silence. At length, chagrined at remaining unnoticed, he began to whine, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. This device not attracting our attention, he for a moment relapsed into his usual tranquillity, a serious and earnest listener. Ere long, not choosing to be ignored, he suddenly began whirling round and round, actually spinning like a teetotum. Gifted dog! he was in pursuit of his own tail. His tail, going round precisely at the same rate as his head, long eluded his keen pursuit and open jaws; but Tejo was not to be beat. Suddenly, in the midst of his repeated gyrations, he sat down—sat down upon his tail. Having thus succeeded in arresting the fugitive, he turned a most extraordinary somerset, actually tumbled over his head, and stood once more on his legs—with his tail in his mouth! Won, absolutely captivated by this surprising feat, my naval acquaintance could not restrain his admiration. "How I should like," he cried, to get that dog on board ship! Oh, wouldn't the men make much of him?"

Having occasion, while at Cintra, to visit Lisbon, I ordered a mule, to carry me there and back. The mule appeared at the door of the hotel; so did Tejo. Tejo came out in a state of unusual excitement and festivity; he had evidently made up his mind to go with me. By no means ambitious of such an attendant on visiting the metropolis, I requested the people of the house to put him in durance till I had started. Tejo, accordingly, was driven into a stable, and shut up. After ambling along for three or four out of the eighteen miles of my journey, we came—the mule and I—to a cross path which led down from the rocks and hills to the left of the road. In that cross-path, with tongue hanging out, and vicious leer, considerably blown, stood Tejo. He had made up his mind to visit Lisbon, and in my company; had broken prison; and, choosing a short cut over very difficult ground, had contrived to intercept me, evidently taking it for granted that his society was most welcome. It was no use debating the question further; so Tejo had his way, and trotted behind me to Lisbon, where he was again secured in a stable.

That night I went to a concert. My way home to my lodgings on the Caes de Sodré took me through a square called the Largo das duas Igrejas. There, in that open space, by the light of the moon I beheld what appeared to be a congress of dogs. They were doing nothing—just like any other congress. From five-and-twenty to thirty of the street dogs of Lisbon were quietly seated round in an irregular circle, as if assembled for some unusual purpose. I wondered, as I passed along, what could have wrought this extraordinary change in the habits of Lisbon dogs, who are generally on the prowl at night. While mentally revolving this phenomenon, I suddenly felt something very cold in the palm of my hand. Hah! It was Tejo. The villain! Nosing my palm—a liberty he never took before or since,—he thus made me sensible that he was again at large. The mystery of the canine conclave was now solved. With the courtesy of true Portuguese, the dogs of the Largo and adjacent streets had doubtless assembled for a soirée, in order to give their four-footed visitor from Cintra a reception with all the honours.

As the spring advanced, my hopes were realized. What with Cintra air and Cintra diet, I had regained strength; and made arrangements for returning, now with a captain's commission, to my regiment in the north of Portugal. Every evening, for the last few days of my stay at Cintra, I walked up with Tejo, for the sake of the view at sunset, to one of the highest peaks of the rock, where stood the ruins of a Moorish castle. As I gazed at the prospect, Tejo, with much gravity, stood gazing by my side, solemnly and palpably impressed with the surpass-

ing loveliness and grandeur of the scene. On the evening of my final visit, I lingered till twilight—a very brief period in those latitudes — to take a parting look. The last beams of day were gradually blending with the dusk of night, when, turning to descend, I became suddenly aware that I was in company. Close to me stood two very inauspicious individuals, their aspect by no means a letter of reccommendation. They wore the uniform of Portuguese soldiers, but were ragged and dirty. Our brave allies being at that time well clad, and always coming out tidy, the dilapidated condition of my new companions unavoidably suggested disadvantageous inferences. They commenced a conference by telling me they had lost themselves in coming over the hills from Colares; begged to know the nearest road to Cintra. Now, Cintra excepted, it was not easy to imagine from what quarter of the compass they could possibly have found their way up to the place where we then stood; in Cintra, indeed, I could not help fancying, I had already seen them. However, I indicated the path, adding the admonitory suggestion that, as it was getting dark, they had better be off at once, for, even if they descended in safety to the base of the precipice, from which we looked down, ere they reached the road they would still have to cross a valley, or rather ravine, where they might easily wander all night without finding an exit. They politely inquired, "But which road is yours?"—to which question, in equally elegant Portuguese, I replied, "My own road is my own concern." They then took leave, and began to descend the narrow path which led down into the ravine.

Allowing them good time for a start, I followed in the same direction, though with no ardent desire to regain their society. Tejo, who thought it high time to be at home, was advancing in front. We had not descended many yards when, suddenly turning, he dropped behind me, with the least bit of a growl. We were passing a projecting crag, where the precipitous path turned sharp. There, scarcely discernible, with their backs close against the rock, as if for concealment, so that, but for Tejo, I should have passed without noticing them, stood the two talented individuals. It was clear they had intended to let me pass, and to follow unseen. Perceiving they were discovered, they came forward. "Ah, so you are going to Cintra as well as ourselves. Good! you will serve us for a guide."

"Very well," said I; "but you had better not wait for me. I shall take my time."

Not at all desiring the company of two such ill-looking customers, I halted. They also remained stationary, and began a conversation.

"Is your dog brave?"

"Brave? Oh, isn't he brave! He'd pin any bull in Estremadura." —(Alas poor Tejo!)

"Indeed! He doesn't look like that, though."

"Look! He has cleared the whole sierra of wolves. There's not a wolf in the 'villa e termo' that can look him in the face." — (Ran away from a sow and pigs.)

"Why do you come up here with him at this time of day?"

"He is the trusty comrade of all my walks. Woe to the throat of any one that attacked me, let alone my two double-barrelled pocket-pistols. There is great interest in these Moorish ruins. I come here partly for pleasure, partly for profit."

In the course of this brief conference I had already noticed one or two clandestine attempts to propitiate Tejo. This served further to excite my already awakened suspicions, and I really felt no ambition for a personal contest with the two vagabonds. I had a stout sapling; they, apparently, had nothing. But, no doubt of it, the pocket of each, like the pocket of every Portuguese, contained a *knife*, and that knife they knew not only to use with effect at close quarters, but with unerring and fatal aim to *throw*. I settled it in my mind. "These worthy gentlemen and I must part company, and the sooner the better." They resumed:—

"Profit? Can't imagine what profit's to be got up here."

"The treasuries of the Moors were

subterranean. Beneath the surface of the earth, they preserved not only their corn, but their coin."

"Ah, ah!" said they, with interest. "If one of those treasuries could only be found!"

"All about us there are indications at any rate. Have you not noticed at places how hollow the earth sounds as you walk upon it? A regular ring."

"Where? Where?" they both exclaimed with eagerness.

"For example, in that old roofless ruin—the Moorish chapel. I stamped just now with my feet at the further end. The sound came up like the clink of golden moidores."

The hoax was now fairly started. My two companions rushed into the chapel; and as soon as the recess at its further extremity echoed the hoof-like thump of their exploring heels, Tejo and I set out quietly on our way home, following the declivitous track which led down the bare face of the rock. Then once more turning sharp we struck into another path, which soon brought us into the ravine at the foot of the precipice.

Emerging from the chapel, the two Portuguese soon found that we had left them to find their way down. "O Senhor, Senhor!" they shouted; "the way to Cintra!"

"Come on then," I cried.

Coming on, though, was not so easy. Missing the turn, and rushing along the first or upper path, which was a mere goat-track, and lost itself on the face of the rock, they soon found themselves in a fix (for from where they now stood not a goat in Cintra would have ventured to descend), and vented their rage in awful imprecations. Please to observe, common swearing in the Peninsula has a variety and volubility which you are not likely to have met with at home. An Englishman consigns you in his wrath to a single gentleman in black; a Spaniard or Portuguese hands you over at once to three hundred thousand.

I politely replied by wishing them good-night. My answer indicating my whereabouts, they fiercely sought revenge by hurling down huge fragments of rock; which, however, I contrived to avoid by keeping along close under the ledge, while the missiles crashed into the trees and brushwood farther out. Dipping his tail at the first discharge, as it tore through the branches like a plump of grapeshot, Tejo set off incontinently at a canter, and made the best of his way home.

This was our last ramble in company. He met me at Madame Daisy's door with recreant poltroonery and abject guilt stamped upon his countenance. My aim, however, being to ascertain a wild-dog's character, I had taken him for better for worse; and therefore, next morning, overlooking the treachery of the previous night, I again invited him to a promenade. But no; he had had enough of it. Instead of falling behind me, and following at my heels with his usual gravity, he merely stretched himself and yawned, as much as to say, "Rather not; equally obliged."

Unlike poor Fido, Tejo, I think I may say, with all my attempts at domestication, never once gave any genuine sign of canine attachment throughout our whole acquaintance. Still I retain my opinion that he was a dog of parts, and perhaps further cultivation might have brought something out of him.

My next canine experience was near the base of the Pyrenees. In this case, however, the dog was a half-breed, its father being an English pointer. My description, therefore, would hardly be appropriate here; and indeed it has already been submitted to the reflective public in the Number for January last, pp. 36, 37. Suffice it then to say, that I saw in "Flirt" the materials of a sporting dog, and commenced her education, but lost her at Orthés. On the day of the fight, our regiment, kept in ambush till the critical moment, had to rush up hill right into the nick of the French position, and by this manœuvre, not a little contributed to the glorious result. Flirt scrambled up at my heels in a high state of festivity, but in the mêlée I lost sight of her; and from that day forward I never saw her more.

Assuming gentle reader, that you

are, like myself a lover of dogs, I have presented you with these details. But ere we quite relinquish the subject permit me to offer one suggestion which, should your rambles ever take you hereafter into the cities of southern Europe, may prove practically useful.

Strangers visiting those parts, especially Englishmen, are liable to be seriously annoyed, and even savagely assaulted, by the street-dogs. Remarking that the native bipeds enjoyed an immunity from these attacks, I was led to inquire what made the difference.

The *obvious* solution appeared to be, that the dogs recognised acquaintances, and took umbrage at strangers. Noticing, however, that the dogs even in maritime cities made the same distinction to the disadvantage of Englishmen (in those quarters, too, which were perpetually thronged by a succession of fresh visitors from every land), I was led to suspect that my solution did not go quite to the bottom of the difficulty, at least so far as my own countrymen were concerned. On further meditation my conclusion was this, that the special annoyance experienced in our particular case was due to something in our *manner* —in a word, to our mode of walking. At home, of course, we do not remark this; but notice abroad, and you will at once see the difference. The native's walk is composed; the Englishman's walk is fussy. The native walks, for the most part, slowly; the Englishman walks quick. The native sets his feet quietly on the ground; the Englishman stumps. The upshot is, that the native passes along in silence, while the Englishman makes no end of noise. When, in three strides, Homer's Neptune ascended from the depths of ocean to the summit of Olmpus, the mountain-ranges, and their forests too, trembled as he trod. Now the Englishman in his walk, being a son of Neptune, takes after his Daddy. What wonder, therefore, when he goes clattering along on his hoofs through the purlieus of a southern city, if the dogs of the district take offence, gather at his heels, and express their wrath by doggish indications, which, even if not amounting to a nip or two, prove excessively disagreeable to the impetuous perambulator?

Having, while abroad, excogitated this ingenious theory, I promptly reduced it to practice, and found it answer. Often, in returning home at night (the worst time), I had to pass through a low quarter of a Peninsular city, where the dogs were particularly fierce, and where a fellow-countryman, a somewhat pompous personage, had been so mauled by them that he could not sit down for weeks. I invariably slackened my pace, walked quietly, and passed without annoyance.

V.

OLDTOWER: A BROOKSIDE DIALOGUE.

The month of June is, in the British year, the queen of all the months; and, to use a mild expression, deserves, we may venture to say, to be better known than it is. Very few people who are able to talk and write know much about the month of June, either at home or abroad. Indeed, we may venture to say that, with the exception of a few stay-at-home country clergymen and gentlemen farmers, it is nearly unknown to the great mass of the intelligence of the country. Merchants, rich tradesmen, barristers, doctors, do not get their holiday in June, but somewhere about the decline and fall of the year. If we ascend in the scale of society, the case is the same; if we descend, we shall find few persons who have any real holiday, for the railroad-car on the Holy Day, or the steamer to Gravesend, is far from making it a holiday; because, even if the middle classes do enjoy themselves, they are not quite sure, from the force of early education, whether they are quite right in doing so. But Parliament men, and others of the same kind, in order to fulfil to the letter the curse which mere headwork in cool weather might otherwise seem to avoid, sit perspiring over the affairs of the nation through the dog-days; and her most gracious Majesty herself, who is in many senses, if we may use the Miltonic Græcism, the least free of all her subjects, is bound to the haunts of men in that most charming heyday of nature, sighing most probably for her glorious Balmoral or her gentle Osborne, going through a routine of dull receptions at her crowded drawing-rooms. On such occasions, the coachmen and the footmen, who wait outside, decorated at the breasts with bouquets far surpassing the brilliancy of any foreign orders as much as the lilies of the field surpass the glory of Solomon, are really the only people who can form any idea of what June is, even as it appears in London. For June then keeps a flower-stall in Covent-garden and is nowhere else to be found.

The season and the Exhibitions form the sum of the Londoner's notion of June—the season meaning, not the season of flowers, but the season of bouquets, balls, dinner-parties, Regent-Street shoppings, rides in Rotten-Row, and rows on the rotten river—the Exhibitions meaning very pretty displays of pictures after Nature, which might be very well seen at any other time, when there is nothing to see in nature. And why is all this? There is a dark side to all that is bright; and the loss of June is the price the *élite* of England pay for our glorious constitution. Parliament being, by the constraining nature of our freedom, obliged to sit out the heat as well as the beauty of the year, and our society being fettered to the wheels of Parliament (wheels which do not go at express speed), June goes to the dogs as July to the dog-days, and the youth of the year is struck out of the life of man annually, until his allotted seventy Junes or so have passed away; and unless he is fortunate enough to lay his bones in a country churchyard, he has not even the consolation to think that June will plant flowers on his grave. Often it has been said, and truly, that June with us is the May of the poets; and this is true of the month generally until the latter part of it, when either summer sets in with its usual severity, or its exceptional sultriness. Two circumstances are enough to prove this fact. That Hawthorn plant which bears the popular name of May seldom blossoms before June, and it is in the beginning of June that the May fly is seen upon the waters. When the trout refuse the May fly, we may judge that the year is of age, and ready to come into its property. Of this the hay-harvest is the first instalment; and with us, as in cases of human heirs, that coming-of-age is generally more or less wetted. A new kind of beauty comes on the fields when the hay is down—the

beauty of neatness and a *simplex munditiis* style of dress, such as might be assumed by a beautiful wild Irish girl after a season in Paris. With all the flowers and wild loveliness of early June, there is a certain untidiness in its long grass, as if the hair of Mother Earth wanted cutting. The rambler in the fields is fain to keep to footpaths, both on account of the stress laid on trespass at that time and the depth of the dew. But to the fisherman with his Cording boots or Mackintosh hose, it does not matter much; and he leaves a dark trail from fence to fence, unless the rivers allow him to wade the whole way. All men have their chains and fetters. "No one is free," as Euripides says; "for either he is the slave of money or of hazard." Our great palavering Parliament-men are not free, nor can our judges do justice to their own constitutions, whatever they may do to that of the country; our merchants are chained to their counters, and merchant-tailors to their boards; our actors and ministers of public amusement to their boards likewise; as also guardians of the poor and railway directors; other ministers are fettered, some to the pulpit, some to the platform; the Scot, according to Burns, is the best off of all; for he acknowledges but

> "Love's willing fetters—
> The chains of his Jean."

Nor are we free ourselves: still, thank Heaven! our peculiar manacles allow us to be free to enjoy the month of June, and to enjoy it with Manton Mayfly at Oldtower. Where is Oldtower? It is very little use to look for it on the Ordnance map, although, no doubt, the place itself is to be found there, under a slightly-deviating name. But the Ordnance map is very voluminous, and as puzzling as *Bradshaw's Railway Guide;* and we judge that it would be a great waste of labour to look for it, so the reader must rest satisfied with our indications.

Almost bordering on every mountain-district in the world is an ambiguous country, neither entirely hill or valley, but of a mixed character, which has all the pretty surprises of most mixed characters; it has swelling and interlacing hills, long vistas of fields and woodlands, with converging streams in all the bottoms. This is true of those districts called in ancient times the Marches of Wales, probably because the Saxon invaders marched over them to get at the Principality, and the Welsh avengers and sympathisers marched over them to get at the Kingdom. They are full, not only of peculiar natural beauties, but of the legible or half-legible records of historical events, written in fosse and moat, stronghold and dungeon, coins, old arms, and pottery turned up in the ploughed field. The Roman has passed there in his conflict with the Briton, the Saxon in his conflict with both, and the Norman in his conflict with all; and all have left their names written there in some way or other, but all sufficiently rude and unclerkly. Oldtower itself is situated along the back of an easily-sloping hill, from whose upper extremity starts a naked eminence, with a conical head. This eminence is a spur of the Grey Mountains, which fold round and form with their long outline the horizon of Oldtower on the west, throwing a shadow over it from the sunset, and standing like a curtain between it and the last rays, and shutting out the sight of the setting sun, so that he seems in this place to retire to rest in private, instead of bivouacking *al fresco* according to his usual custom, or to be modest as a lady in taking his sea-bath. A spectator, standing on the highest part of the fold of the Grey Mountains nearest to Oldtower, will see on the Welsh side another such fold, enclosing an old abbey between it and the one on which he stands; and above this fold the third fold, a ridge (but it is not sharp) crowned with a knoll, which forms the beacon or topmost height of the whole range, and looks over the whole of the country round about. On the Welsh side nothing is seen but heather and desolation; on the English side, the hill on which Oldtower stands scarcely seems elevated above the valley, but other hills somewhat higher rise behind, between it and the broader sweeps

of the plains beyond, with their now seldom occurring and isolated uplands. The central mark or *omphalos* of the whole country is the castle of Oldtower, which resembles no other castle that we have ever seen. It stands on the site of a still older camp, apparently, from its configuration, Roman, and consists only, with the exception of a few amorphous masses of masonry, of one round tower of excessive strength and thickness, and partly dilapidated at the top. This round tower is built of the sandstone of the country, and although not much grown over with ivy, the ochre tint which its upper part has taken with time makes it a good object for a picture; and when seen from below in the evening, with the mass of the Grey Mountains behind it, and a white light over it under a long dark cloud, it is an object of singularly wild and romantic aspect. Towards the castle, the nearest fold of the Grey Mountains bulges out as if in defiance, throwing out its base to within a couple of miles of it. On the English side of the castle of Oldtower, in the valley to the east of it, flows the Gwyniad, a famous trout-stream, rising outside the first short fold of the mountain to the north. This stream is met by the Alcon, rising within the same fold, another trout-stream, like the Nile, to compare small things with great, in the number of its cataracts. The Alcon meets it at the bottom of the long village of Oldtower, close to a great mound said to have been erected as a barrow to some man like Caradoc of old, at a bridge called Pont Gwillim. Before this the waters of the Gwyniad had been swelled by those of the Boskey, a thoroughly English stream, coming in on the left, not out of the mountains, but out of the soft uplands. The Boskey is bushier than the Gwyniad, and harder to fish on that account. The Gwyniad receives farther on the contribution of the Mynow, which rises between the first and second long fold of the Grey Mountains, and washes the feet of the abbey aforesaid; and then turns proudly to the east and civilised society, breeding bigger and bigger trout, till it has grown to an expanse fit for the accommodation of salmon. But as you look from the castle of Oldtower to the south, the long valley which sweeps round the base of the Grey Mountains is closed by the Sacred Hill, a mountain broken by a landslip, and looking on that account extremely picturesque. Why it was called the Sacred Hill, we cannot tell: it may have been from some prehistorical secession of the plebeians of Aberdovery, as the hill near Rome was so called for a similar reason. By said town of Aberdovery flows a southern Esk, contained in a southern Eskdale, and Esk receives as tributaries from the Grey Mountains the streams of Brellyl Mawr and Brellyl Vach, both good for trout, and rising in the folds which are farthest from Oldtower. The basin of Aberdovery is thus the receptacle for all the waters of Oldtower and the Grey Mountains, and Aberdovery returns the compliment in an exchange like that of the arms of Glaucus for Diomede's—gold for brass—by sending back all the inhabitants of Oldtower, excepting a few of the steadier farmers and the ministers of the higher denominations, laden, not with water, but with excellent ale, even to excess, on every fair-day and market-day. Thus Oldtower remits water to Aberdovery, and Aberdovery remits it back in malt liquor, by the same beautiful circulating system by which the sun drinks salt water from the sea, and the salt water returns again fresh from the skies, as the Oldtowerites return fresh from Aberdovery. Whatever configuration of scenery presents itself at Oldtower, the castle manages to be seen as the chief point, either in the foreground or middle distance, but there is always, except close under it, a background of hill. The useful productions of Oldtower are chiefly horned cattle, with sheep on the mountains, most of its fields being pasture meadows; but nature, in her war with utility, is more successful than in most places; this result being indicated on a large scale by coppice and wandering trees of the natural size and growth; and on the small scale by a large proportion

of fenny, or, as they are here called, "feggy," enclosures to the cultivated ground, a circumstance which diminishes the value per acre, but enhances the beauty of the country; for few will deny that the purple foxglove is prettier than the Swedish turnip. The wild flora is peculiarly rich and various. In early spring the brook-sides are golden with narcissus, jonquille, and their congeners; and the poverty as well as the richness of the soil is shown by its enamelled carpet of primrose, hyacinth, and violet—a richness like that of youth as compared with that of old age, one age being richer in golden days, and the other in good things. As summer comes on, and especially our favourite June, the flora changes, and the purple and golden foxglove, the veronica, the myosotis, and the columbine, make a statelier though scarcely a more brilliant show; but the hawthorn, pale, or blushing with its perfumed atmosphere about it, and the unassuming but beautiful dog-rose, which to us who love dogs is no disparaging epithet, drape the sides of the brakes and hedges; while the whole country undulates like a sea of emerald fixed by enchantment during a heavy ground-swell. Nor is the fauna less various than the flora. The Grey Mountains are the dwelling of grouse; partridges inhabit the uplands, and woodcocks, in their season, the copses. As the country is not preserved, pheasants are few and far between; and then of uncovenanted birds there is an abundant variety, the principal being the stately heron. The whole place is one of the ends of the world, wild, free, and fresh, and where the world-chafed man may throw himself at length on the grass, and gulp the breeze, and bless himself that there is a great gulf between him and stiff civilisation, as even his worst enemy, the postman, can scarcely find him there. Up the valley of the Alcon, by one who chooses to follow that mysterious river to its source over extraordinary difficulties, exists the very end of the world itself, in a spot which Chase the artist found out by accident, and called the Studio. This spot is about six miles above Oldtower, a place of extraordinary sequestered and deceitful beauty; deceitful, because the nearer one approaches it for some distance, the more palpably do the usual beauties of the stream-side appear to diminish, the trees grow lower, and the stream becomes more insignificant. This whole part of the valley is so sequestered that a gentleman who is outlawed is said here to have defeated, all the rest of his life, in an embowered house, the ends of justice or injustice; and it is currently reported that a place exists on the mountain where illicit malt is made. It is really a place which the conscience of tax-gatherer or exciseman could hardly enter without secret terror of the invisible world inhabiting it. Profit and loss, those twin demons of commerce, have never found out the Studio, or they would not have left, in this land-locked nook of rocks, wood, and water, with mountain background, the glorious ashes, oaks, alders, and mountain-ashes to their free unmutilated growth as they have, leaving them standing up in the air and against the sky, forty, fifty, a hundred feet, either on the ground or on pedestals of crag, as models for academicians or aspirants; or spreading their shades wide enough to shelter the German Legion, in case they had been wild and taken to the woods, which appears likely enough to happen at present. But no nook or corner in a radius of ten miles round Oldtower is unknown to our friend Manton Mayfly; who, though his business chiefly lies with the biped inhabitants, is equally conversant with the habits, dispositions, and characters of the four-footed, feathered, and finned tribes—so much so as to be able to tell almost to a minute how long a time has elapsed since a particular partridge rested on a particular spot in a ploughed field, or to tell at what hour any particular trout that he has risen once is likely to be at home again to a morning call. Manton Mayfly is the curate of the parish, and as curate has not the same objection to a sequestered curacy that his rector would have to the sequestration of his living. He is in every way very active, the friend of young and old, with a good word for every old dame and

every youngest child; and he has a talisman apart and separate from his good temper, amiable address, and professional zeal, which conciliates every parishioner, even those afflicted with Dissent, and that talisman is trout. The trouts appear all to know him, and they will not be caught by any one not authorised by him, or acting under his guidance, or at least superintendence. All weathers and seasons are alike to him, and the fish will manage to get at him, or he at the fish, any day in the year in which they are not bodily prevented by the brooks being frozen over. They multiply, too, in a most extraordinary manner, because all the great fish are caught who would eat the little ones; and the little ones are thrown in again with their tails notched, to be caught in due time when they become great. The other day a singular accident befell him: he had hooked a small trout with the fly; as he was lifting him out of the water, a large fish jumped at the small one, bolted him, hook, fly, and all, and was quickly pulled out of the water, caught in *flagrante delicto*. When other people take a walk in the field, he takes a walk in the brooks, and stays in the water so long that it appears a marvel that his India-rubber leggings do not grow together, and expand at the bottom into the tail of a fish. Besides the fishing, he has the shooting over the whole country; for though there are no preserves, and the game is few and far between, the sport is perhaps to a real sportsman all the better on that account; and as the occupiers of land get nearly all he shoots, they are glad to give him unlimited liberty. To our mind it is better to range the whole hill-side after one woodcock, and admire nature as one goes, than to shoot two in cover, and in a dull uninteresting country. Mayfly entertains friends at the vicarage often—all such as are glad to throw off a stiff hat and stiffer neckcloth, and get a gasp of real unadulterated air, one of the few unadulterated commodities in these days, whether fishermen, artists, writers of articles, or poor over-worked Dissenter-baited clergymen. But this is no country for counter-jumpers, for the fences are "aboon their might," and there are no roads that do not serve as torrent-courses in winter. Even Celsus Cope, when he comes to see him, is fain to doff his Anglo-Catholic surtout and immaculate neckcloth, and don a moderately clerical shooting-jacket with a pair of hobnailed boots, such as are only to be seen in Regent Street on the feet of the athletic Lord D——. Manton Mayfly has a small but commodious house, which is kept for him by his sole unmarried sister, Miss Mabel, *en attendant*, his preferment in two senses, and hers in one. The time is mid-June, and afternoon, after an open-air repast on the banks of the Alcon near the Studio. The party have been fishing with various success, Manton killing decimals to the units of the others. Those others are our friend Tlepolemus, the theoretical belligerent, and his more practical cousin, Lionel Thistledown, of the —— Rifles, who got a flesh wound and a medal before Sebastopol, and is come to Oldtower to practice for Norway, where he intends to settle. The human three have each his canine attendant. The magnificent Lion, a tawny thorough-bred Newfoundland, lies at the feet of Tlepolemus; Thistledown's hand lifts the coat of Fluff, a Skye-terrier, more intellectual but less beautiful; and Manton's hand is on the head of Carlo the pointer, the last living representative of his sporting kennel of last season.

TLEPOLEMUS.—What did the postman bring?

MANTON.—I never thought of it before. Here is the *Times*. You are the politician, so you may read it first. Just tell us the sum of the news.

TLEPOLEMUS. — Firstly, Palmer is actually hung, in spite of the sentimentalists. If he had got off, no one would for a moment have been safe from strychnine, and Lion would have suffered first, for though innocent as a lamb, the farmers will falsely accuse him of running after sheep. Secondly, Mr. Dallas is not to be dismissed in consequence of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton. That is not so good. I do not so much wonder, Lionel, at your resolution to buy a farm in Norway, when I think of the

turn things are taking here. If the pluck of the Viking and the chivalry of the Norman are to be found anywhere, it must be among those still warlike and manly races whence the better part of ours originally sprang. I think I shall go to Norway, too, when I can fish a little better, and balance a rifle as steadily as you do. I have not yet learned to throw the salmon-fly, and run with the trout-flies; I find it a hard business against the wind. How do you manage it, Mr. Manton Mayfly? I am not quite sure that it's not in consequence of some very unprofessional compact with the Evil One.

MAYFLY.—Hush. It is all knack—not main force, as you seem to imagine. The trout come to my line as the racoons came down when they saw the uplifted rifle of Captain Jones of Philadelphia, acknowledging themselves "gone coons" even before he fired. I began to fish at three years old—that is the great secret; and I fancy now that I fish in my sleep, for I dream that I come on my parishioners poaching, by turning over the stones in the brook at hours before my usual time of rising; and I find, in the morning, freshly-caught fish in my creel which I cannot account for.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Corroborative evidence of my surmise. I shall keep my distance from you, especially in thundery weather, when the trout will rise to no one else but you.

MANTON.—There is nothing like sticking to one thing at one time. Thistledown will never be a fly-fisher, because he carries with him on his fishing expeditions a sort of German bag, which is ostensibly to carry fish, but really carries sketching materials.

THISTLEDOWN.—No bad plan, either. Do you see that pool up there? I threw my fly into it, caught a fish, then sat an hour and sketched the scene; threw again, and caught another: you would have passed on.

MAYFLY.—But I should probably have put both your fish into my basket after a single throw, or rather have thrown them in again—

"Remembering their youth, and the short span
In which they have enjoyed this vital air."

I quote Thomson correctly. What think you, Tlepolemus? You both fish and sketch.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I never do both at once. I mark down my sketches when fishing, and then go afterwards and make the studies carefully, sitting, as Chase advised me, for several days consecutively and conscientiously at the same spot. And when I am actually travelling, I never make studies at all, but only impressionise.

THISTLEDOWN.—What do you mean by impressionising?

TLEPOLEMUS.—I take out a little book of grey paper, and when passing an interesting place, draw a few lines in pencil, put down the shadows in Indian-ink and the lights with white, and this I find a sufficient assistance to enable me to get an impression of the scene. Chase has so good a recollection of colour that this is quite enough to enable him to make a picture; but to do anything approaching to this, I must finish on the spot from nature, and come again and again to the same scene at the same time, in order as nearly as possible to secure the same lights and shadows, and the same general effect. I like fishing well enough, as subservient to sketching, but the great difference between my fishing and Manton's consists in this, that I angle for sketches, and he for trout.

THISTLEDOWN.—I have not the patience to sit down and make a finished study—what some would call a pre-Raphaelite study—of anything. When not bound to one spot, I must be on and on; and so, as an amateur artist, I try to do as much as possible in the least possible time. You should see my portfolios, crammed with large sketches from all the mountain-chains in Europe.

TLEPOLEMUS.—And yet your self-judgment has only allowed you to mount a limited number of them. Impressions are the utmost that can be done in odd half-hours. Have you ever tried to sketch animals?

THISTLEDOWN.—Yes, but somehow or other the anatomy does not come right.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Animals are easier to sketch than natural scenery, be-

cause they sometimes sleep. I always put Lion asleep in the foreground of my pictures. I cannot pretend to draw him in motion. But a cow is less difficult than a dog when not in repose; and yet if you try to draw a cow, you find that she is perpetually moving limb or tail just at the moment when you are taking the likeness of it. Now, natural scenery is always moving, as in the diorama you move; the ground on which you stand moving round the sun, the light and shadows do not remain the same for two minutes together; therefore you must imagine the harmony of the arrangement while you carefully study forms only. As for travelling, I have given it up.

THISTLEDOWN.—I thought you were always starting off on some little excursion or other.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I have changed travel for peregrination.

THISTLEDOWN.—The word is hardly classical in the singular number, and therefore I crave further explanation. My passion is for walking tours. I love the exercise, and the freedom and the change of scene for themselves, and I sketch just for the sake of refreshing my memory. As soon as fine weather comes, I am haunted by a kind of Alastor, or demon of wandering, who drives me, like Hunt the pre-Raphaelite's scapegoat, into uninhabited places, and the farther off the better. The action of travel is far more delightful to me than the ends.

TLEPOLEMUS.—To me the action is positively distasteful. I love not the moving to but the abiding in new places, and this I call peregrination in opposition to travelling. In travel one sees the worst side of human nature: a tourist is a mark for every species of imposition, and all who wish to impose follow his footsteps; but the man who peregrinates makes himself at home everywhere, and finds out the people who have nothing to do with travelling or travellers. As for natural scenery, seldom on the roads of men can its beauties be discovered. What the artist values, and would transfer to his canvass, lies "beside untrodden ways," in the nooks and corners of country, and cannot be found by him who travels on the high-road, but by him who pitches his tent somewhere, and then proceeds to ferret out in his wanderings the charms of a country. I have sometimes seen, when led away by the hounds into odd places, beautiful spots in the tamest countries, which I should never have observed but for the very moderate acquaintance I have made with the noble science of the chase.

THISTLEDOWN.—I wish I could shake off my Alastor, who afflicts me with the curse of the Wandering Jew, and has already hunted me over most of the mountain-chains of Europe. As for sketching, I made far better sketches when under fire in the Crimea, than when I was my own master, and tramping through the most beautiful regions in the world. But I love pedestrianism better than all other methods of travelling, because it takes you into untravelled places, and in this way possesses some of the merits of your present taste, which you call peregrination. What have you to say, Manton, on this subject?

MANTON.—I stay at home and have all the novelties which you travelled men enjoy. I take the same interest in studying the habits of animals which you do in studying the habits of men. I find out every day some new region beneath the sky which bends over Oldtower, and am as happy in my curacy as that lotos-eating friend of yours, as you call him, Tlepolemus, can possibly be in his model garden at Merryfield. I mean Irenæus.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Absent friends! We will drink Irenæus in Scotch whisky. Long may he feed on his lotoses, and have something as good as this to make them agree with him.

MANTON.—We all appear to be in a lazy kind of humour. I should like to know more about this Alastor of yours, Thistledown, and to what places he has driven you, as seemingly without your will as your seedy namesake is driven about by the wind. Make a clean breast with your confession for once in your life.

TLEPOLEMUS.—This reminds me of the Prometheus and the wanderings of Io. Her Alastor was a gadfly, such as drives the cows about with their tails up. And yours, like her, has driven you to the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

THISTLEDOWN.—My orders sent me there, just as Manton's keep him at home. But your classical allusions are rather out of my depth.

MANTON.—Tlepolemus is always a pedant; but the Greek verbs once gave mé a nightmare, and I have hated the Greeks ever since I was at college.

TLEPOLEMUS.—More shame for you! There is no pedantry in the classics but in the manner in which they are read.

MANTON.—Fellows who caught fish in nets, and seemed to have known nothing of the rod and line! I would have had them all up for poaching.

TLEPOLEMUS.—The Romans, at all events, understood rod-and-line fishing, for Venus is painted in an old Pompeian picture engaged in that occupation.

MANTON.—The least mischievous thing she ever did; but that was only bottom-fishing, or bobbing; she never fished with a fly or minnow.

TLEPOLEMUS.—How do you know that? When the whole of Pompeii is uncovered, it may be found that she did, and if Venus did, *a fortiori*, Mars did.

THISTLEDOWN.—Not when he was in her company.

MANTON.—Said like a soldier, Thistledown; but you promised us the history of your Alastor, or gadfly, or whatever you call him.

TLEPOLEMUS (still glancing at the *Times*).—I suppose it is some spirit of the kind that has affected the German Legion. I see they are in open mutiny at Aldershott. It serves Government quite right for enrolling them. The Italians at Malta gave them the first lesson; here is the second. The decline of every nation begins at the climax of its commercial prosperity, and the first symptom is the enrolment of mercenaries, not as an auxiliary force, but as an integral part of its army. We ought to have enrolled our militia by conscription; and if Government could not do this, the popular enthusiasm for the war was worth nothing. There would have been abundance of volunteers for the line.

MAYFLY.—You have said this before.

TLEPOLEMUS.—It cannot be said too often; and here is Sir W. Fenwick Williams of Kars making a splendid speech at Dover, and saying, amid great applause, "Woe be to a nation that neglects the art of war!" The appreciation of this man makes me think there is yet hope for the country. Let but Lord Derby come in, and I would cease to dream of emigration. As for you, Lionel, I think that your Alastor will not leave you till you become a settler.

THISTLEDOWN.—I was just going to tell you something about him, when you interrupted me with your blessed politics. I was quite a boy when he seized me first by the shoulders, bound a knapsack on them, and sent me from the southern to the northern extremity of Wales, at the rate of thirty or thirty-five miles a day; then, when my feet were tired and swollen, in steamers to Liverpool and Dublin, and back again, having exhausted my purse in the sister isle.

TLEPOLEMUS.—And you never sketched at the Devil's Bridge in passing it?

THISTLEDOWN.—I never saw it. I was wet through; and the inn-fire being entirely covered up by wet ladies, I could not dry myself, and was obliged to walk on to Aberystwith.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You do not seem to have the same objection to dry ladies?

THISTLEDOWN.—Of course, I cannot blush red after my bronzing in the Crimea.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But you never sketched at Beddgelert?

THISTLEDOWN.—I expected to find a public-house there, and found a horrid hotel, with all its staff and appliances.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I quite agree with you in your abhorrence of hotels, at least in England. I hope Albert Smith will have another lunge at

them, and give them their quietus next time.

THISTLEDOWN.—I have traversed Wales, as the French say, "en tout sens" since.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I venture to say that I have seen more of it in my one delightful peregrination of a month with the artists at Bryn Cefn, than you have in all your walking tours. I picked out the best spot, and stuck there.

THISTLEDOWN.—When I had finished Wales, I attacked the Continent. I *did* Paris in three glorious days of July, gave away my only coat to a waiter at Strasburg because I found it encumber my knapsack, and started in a blouse and a thunderstorm from Baden-Baden to walk through in the Black Forest, learning my German from the sign-posts; borrowed a coat from a student friend at Tübingen to appear at the *table-d'hôte*, and got my first view of the Alps at Constance. The view attracted me on till I walked off my legs in the Bernen Oberland; but when I had arrived at Schaffhausen, and in a forced march reached Basel, the Rhine carried me down by the force of its current, and shot me across to England. I have been up and down the Rhine six times since.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I peregrinated for three weeks with Cuthbert Chase at St. Goar, and three other weeks at Heidelberg. I went in and out among the valleys and crannies; and I have more knowledge of the Rhine than you got in your seven ups and downs. You tried to sketch from the deck of the steamboat: you had much better have minded the *table-d'hôte*, as did that glorious Briton who took a season-ticket for the purpose of the dining, but never looked at the scenery.

THISTLEDOWN.—Another summer I darted to Vienna up the Rhine, and through Frankfurt, Wurtzburg, Nüremberg, down the Danube. There was one splendid place, where high rocks covered with overhanging trees suddenly opened, and we saw at the brink of a vast plain the distant snows of the Austrian Alps. We passed the castle of Dürenstein, where Cœur-de-Lion was confined—[Lion pricks his ears]—and an Englishman in the cabin declined leaving the sofa to see it, as he said he was reading all about it in his "Murray."

TLEPOLEMUS.—And you only saw it for a moment as the steamer was whirling down some *strudel* or other. Such glimpses of fine things are to me supremely tantalising. I had rather not see them.

THISTLEDOWN.—Well, I went to Brünn by rail; from Brünn to Prague by a lumbering diligence with four smoking Germans inside; and Prague gave me to the Moldau, and the Moldau to the Elbe. I made detours in the Bohemian and Austrian Switzerlands; staid with a robber knight who did not rob me, but treated me most royally in the "Golden Aue" of Thuringia; walked through the Hartz, staying a day on the Brocken to see the spectre; got to the Elbe again, and the Elbe spat me out to Hamburg, as did the Rhine before; and Hamburg sent me back to England on a calm sea and a drizzling rain.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You might be useful to Murray as a writer of skeleton tours for his Guide-books; but yours must have reduced you to a skeleton. You are nothing to a Yankee friend of mine, who *did* five capital cities a-day lately, taking a meal at each and a cigar after it, and then hiring a fiacre, telling the driver to drive everywhere and at utmost speed, on the same principle that a blind mare I have heard of was trained to jump as high and as far as she could whenever she came to a fence. You must have ruined all the lions. [You stupid dog, vanity is certainly your strong point; you always think we are talking of you.]

THISTLEDOWN.—I miss lions on principle; you see them all.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I see whatever I am desired to see. I can form my own opinion of it afterwards, and I always give myself spare time for contemplation when necessary. But let us hear more; your Alastor seems to have driven you in ever-widening circles, but less definite as they increase, like those made by a stone thrown in the water.

THISTLEDOWN.—Another summer

I started from St. Malo, and walked round the coast of Brittany, seeing the wonders of Carnac, and Locmariaquer, and the lovely scenes about Auray.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But not the beautiful glens about Dinan, or the exquisite rustic bits nestling in out-of-the-way places.

THISTLEDOWN.—I am relating facts, and not defending them. I had the choice of the steamer or diligence from Nantes to Bordeaux. The sea is the same everywhere; the land changes, and in this direction the changes were highly interesting. The head-dresses of the women showed the change of district, until you arrived at the metropolis of Bacchus, Bordeaux. From Bordeaux I went deviously to Perigueux, famed for pies and antiquities, and then through Toulouse to the Pyrenees, when I took my knapsack again and rambled in the passes. The Port de Venaque has always struck me as giving the finest view in the world, opening as it does like a sudden and magic door in the topmost ridge of the wide-spreading glaciers of the Maladetta. From Roland's Breach—a door of the same kind, made, it is said, by the kick of the hero's horse—I looked into Spain as far as Zaragoza. From the Spanish side of the Pyrenees I fled, pursued by the smell of garlic, and without stopping passed Tarbes, Bordeaux again, Nantes again, St. Malo again, and again home.

TLEPOLEMUS. — A month's leave would have been much better employed by staying at one beautiful place, like the baths of Luchon, and making excursions in the neighbourhood, as I have done.

THISTLEDOWN. — Another year Alastor drove me to the baths of Mont d'Or, from Paris and the heat of Clermont to Geneva, then through the Chamouny country, but not up Mont Blanc, for the cheap route without guides was as yet undiscovered. Here I was deserted by a companion who was a day in advance of me in seeing the lions, which this time I thought proper to insist upon, and left Chamouny in company with some Moldavians from Jassy, whom I have not been able to fulfil my promise of visiting; and on arriving at Geneva, intending another Alpine tour, was summoned to England from head-quarters, where I arrived, travelling night and day, and, by making a bed on the tops of diligences, managing to arrive in a presentable condition.

TLEPOLEMUS.—We have almost had enough of it.

THISTLEDOWN.—Well, then, I will skip all lesser fits, and come to fytte the longest and last. Eight months' freedom enabled me to hurry down the Rhine to Marseilles and Civita Vecchia, and I went through Italy conscientiously with a German party, who taught me the value of money and time, and how to travel with greatest profit to myself. I was four months in the Tyrol alone, and my brightest recollections of travel are connected with that wandering: the scenery was to my taste, more beautiful than Switzerland, and far less hackneyed, the people far more interesting; and as to the *Kellerinnen!*

TLEPOLEMUS.—Hear, hear!

THISTLEDOWN. — *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* If we had a word to express them, it would be *butleresses.* The Kellerina is a young lady of elegant manners and address, and prepossessing personal appearance, armed with a *chatelaine* hung with keys for real service, and she presides over the hotel, and treats all the guests with a modest friendliness which cannot fail to please all, and even to captivate some. A Hamburg merchant, a travelling acquaintance of mine, found his wife in the Tyrolese Passes, and a more ladylike person it would be hard to find anywhere. Her inn-keeping of course made her a capital housekeeper.

MANTON.—I wish you had brought home one for me, to keep house when Mabel marries.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You are a bachelor, or would know better. Housekeeping comes by nature to every young lady of well-regulated mind, as every beautiful feminine instinct comes by nature which is not educated out of her. I am sure Mabel keeps your house admirably, and yet was never a Kellerina.

THISTLEDOWN. — The Kellerinnen of the Tyrol have this peculiarity,

that they wear their names embroidered on their belts, so that when the *zira* is loosed the name is dropt also. And it is very singular that, although no connection whatever exists between them and their sisters of the Welsh Principality, they should wear the self-same hats, save that the Tyrolese put a footman's gold band round them, or stick a feather in them.

TLEPOLEMUS.—It seems that you make up for the abuse of your pencil by the use of your eyes; but which country of all you have peregrinated gave you most amusement?

THISTLEDOWN.—The Tyrol pleased me best, but I was most amused by Ireland. I walked through the Killarney country, and by the stupendous cliffs of Mohee to Galway, coming home by the canal to Dublin. I never laughed so much in my life in so short a time. But the inquisitiveness of the peasantry is tiresome, and their excessive hospitality enables you to do a very short distance in the day.

TLEPOLEMUS.—How much walking can a man stand in a day?

THISTLEDOWN.—*C'est selon.* I am a man of spare habit and middle stature, and at college, after long practising, I did sixty-one miles in the day, and was none the worse. But at another time forty-five has put me *hors de combat* for three days. I think that twenty a-day by the pedometer, which is a very interesting instrument to carry, will generally be found as much as you can do for a continuance, so as to be better at your journey's end than you are at the beginning.

TLEPOLEMUS.—How do you live when walking?

THISTLEDOWN.—I rise early and take strong coffee in all coffee-bearing countries, but little to eat. I do the main part of my walking before mid-day, then dine if there is a house, or eat my dinner *al fresco* if there is none; after that, repose; then another stage, supper, and early bed.

TLEPOLEMUS.—How do you equip yourself?

THISTLEDOWN.—I get together as much money as I can, but as little as possible of everything else; but above all I take with me a good stock of temper. A man who starts on a tour must learn to put up with everything. He has no right, in fact, to complain of anything in reason, for he might have avoided it by staying at home. If an inn is dirty or unpleasant in any way, as soon as its evil qualities are found out they cease to annoy and you go elsewhere with the hope of faring better. I think a tour without inconveniences is like Nourmahal's beauty—

> "Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
> Till love falls asleep in the sameness of splendour."

I recollect once owing a most delicious roll or rather wallow in the sea at Terracina, in company with some excellent friends, to causes which drove us simultaneously from our beds in the hotel. Without them we should have known nothing of the midnight Mediterranean or the beauty of its moonlit bath. I do not forget to carry writing and dressing materials in the smallest possible compass, a small compass in my waistcoat pocket, also a burning-glass, and a flask to mix with mountain waters.

TLEPOLEMUS.—No cigars?

THISTLEDOWN—They are bulky—a short amber-tipped meerschaum and tobacco. Tobacco ought always to be taken on a tour even by a non-smoker, and in some places cigars. No present is more conciliating to peasantry. Whenever I find myself in the power of dubious-looking people, I find that a little present of the kind generally secures my safety—I may say always, for I never was robbed, still less as you see, murdered. But you must, of course, have an excellent map of the country, the best you can get, or your compass will stand you in little stead; and you had better have one book, although if you walk in a civilised country and have plenty of company, you will hardly ever read it. The pedestrian with money in his purse and his passport all right, is the only free being in the world, and like Lucretius' rather selfish friend, who enjoyed seeing disasters at sea from a safe shore, he may enjoy the de-

tentions of other families for examination of luggage.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I have, as you are aware, an immense objection to luggage; happy Lion! he travels with none. I read an odd thing about Julius Cæsar the other day. Although he was no milksop, he always travelled with an immense amount of luggage to administer to his comforts, and even took with him the tesselated pavement of his tent.

THISTLEDOWN.—He thought probably, as some think of me, that he wanted ballast; but it must have been a great hindrance to getting over the ground to take the ground along with one.

TLEPOLEMUS. — As any one who has hunted in a clayey country well knows. But travelling, which is a subject peculiarly well fitted to the season, as one in which all the world is excited by the fine weather into wishing at least to go somewhere, is, with me, as with you, a ruling passion; but I like it in the shape of peregrination. I like to suck the honey of ideas out of a spot till it is exhausted, and then go elsewhere, but not till then; and I always prefer dropping my wing where there is most honey to be found, like a sensible bee. You seem to scamper through country like a Queen's messenger or courier, as if your life was at stake, and travel will not give up its sweets to such a surface-skimmer. Pope's Camilla

> "Scours the plain,
> Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

I stay to reap the corn, and to fish in the sea.

MANTON.—You are talking of sea-fishing; what lazy luxurious work it is! Of course there is no sport in it, but there is plenty of fun. I like to drive before a waking breeze, and catch mackerel with a bit of their own bodies, or rather the bodies of their brethren. I like, too, to get out on a hot day, over a bank two miles from land, and let down the lines and speculate on the unearthly monsters that are likely to come up at the ends of them. One day, off Brighton, we caught a sunfish in this way, and a more odd fish it is impossible to conceive. The boatmen were frightened; one thought it a judgment, the other the end of his ill-luck, but no one believed it a legitimate child of creation. It flushed blue and pale again, and contorted itself like the tentaculæ of a nightmare, if a polypodous nightmare could be imagined. As the reading of Francesca di Rimini was broken off by a frightful incident, so it stopped all our fishing for that day, and the conscience-struck sailor swore that he would never move his neighbour's lobster-pots again.

But with respect to that passion for travelling which becomes a madness in Thistledown, I confess myself cold. I feel like a dog, certainly, in starting in high spirits, but resemble him in my exceeding willingness to come home; and when I come home, there is a kind of sadness comes over me. My people and my dog are of course older, and look older to me probably by the force of my imagination. We have but a short time to look upon familiar faces, and the whole time of a wilful absence may, in some sense, be looked upon as anticipating, by its span, the date of the final separation.

TLEPOLEMUS. — I can perfectly understand your feeling; Irenæus carries it so far that he seldom leaves home for more than a day or two together. He loves his flowers so, not to speak of his living appurtenances, that he will not miss a single day of their growth. He cannot bear to come back and see them in seed when he left them in the bud. But it requires a great activity of mind for a stay-at-home man to make himself live as long as one who travels or, as I do, peregrinates annually. It is probably a natural indolence of mind, joined to a physical activity, which makes me prefer a course which fills me with experiences and impressions without giving myself the trouble to search for them. I allow that in this way I become rich in life, singly and selfishly, and sacrifice, as far as they live to me, the lives of others to my own. But this selfishness has taken a different shape since I changed my state, for peregrination is married travel. I was as bad as Thistledown before. When Thistledown settles, he will never

settle in the full sense of the word, but peregrinate.

THISTLEDOWN.—No, I shall settle in Norway; and my summer rambles in search of salmon, and winter rambles in search of wolves and bears, will serve me instead of walking-tours. If I remained in a tame country, I should never pedestrianise like a caged lion (I did not mean you, you lazy dog); or, like those strange characters who walk for a wager a thousand miles in a thousand hours, up and down the same piece of limestone road; I should simply stay at home, get fat, but die of dyspepsia.

MAYFLY.—I love Oldtower for its wildness. I was rather annoyed to-day by coming on a spot with a trespass notice hung against a tree. Why should the owners of land parade their selfishness? And the notice does not speak truth; they would only warn off trespassers, not prosecute them, in by far the majority of cases. The men are better than their notices.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I have seen yet worse notices than these,—"All dogs shot," as if a noble animal deserved to die for having the same propensity to run after game as his biped owners. If a man shoots a dog for following a human instinct, that man is, to my mind at least, as much a murderer as one who shoots a man for following any brutal instinct. A dog, in that he hunts, is an intelligent being; a man, in that he drinks himself drunk for instance, is lower than a brute. *His utere mecum* ought to be the motto of all owners of land. It would be absurd to give all the world the right to kill game, or to break down fences, or walk over crops; but it is a cruel thing to the unlanded to debar them from that enjoyment of universal nature, which to many minds more than counterbalances the possession of property; and the artist and the naturalist, whose pursuits especially do not interfere with the gain or enjoyments of others, ought to be allowed to rove where they will without let or hindrance. A path ought to be opened for them up and down the banks of every beautiful river, round the sea-coast, and through the glens and passes of rare mountains. The preservation of game itself ought not to be carried so far as to shut up the palaces of nature to those who merely wish to enjoy their picture-galleries, or man is taking more to himself than God has given him, and expressing no thankfulness for His gifts. Even so those who possess magnificent houses and fine works of art ought to open them to the public occasionally, after the noble example of Lord Ellesmere and many others, merely guarding against depredation. The excessive ownership of property leads to covetousness in the masses, and covetousness to Radicalism, and Radicalism to attacks on property altogether. All land was anciently considered the property of the State, and lent to its occupiers on condition of military service, this being in after times commuted for taxation. The surest way for proprietors to prevent envy and discontent is to take a liberal view of this question, and consider that all innocent persons have a right to wander over the surface of the earth for health or recreation, wherever there are no crops to injure, or no domestic sanctuaries to be invaded. And it so happens that the most beautiful places on earth, and those it does the heart and soul most good to visit, are the least valuable commercially.

THISTLEDOWN.—It is in this that the enchantment of Norway consists. Many of my friends go there regularly every summer, and having once tasted its wild life, can never go elsewhere when they have a holiday. It is true that all the best salmon-rivers are leased to Englishmen, but the country is free to the artist and traveller. If a man adopts a pursuit which cannot be carried on without restriction, he cannot complain of being restricted. Field-sports are a luxury, not a necessary of life; and the poor must not be discontented if they are monopolised by the comparatively rich. But freedom to wander over the face of a wild country is a delight to all men; and where there is most freedom of this kind, there is a peculiar pleasure which almost all will in time appreciate. The heart bounds in boundlessness—on the

occasion the Norse field, on the rolling prairies of the West. Of course, the boundlessness is relative, not absolute. But boundlessness is twin sister to eternity, and to eternity there is an universal aspiration in every healthy soul.

TLEPOLEMUS. — And yet men are not over-anxious to rush into eternity, nor do they except when their blood is up, and then they are not anxious about anything, but are swept onward by the spring-tide of their courage.

THISTLEDOWN. — Considering that death puts a barrier between us and everything we certainly know, it is strange how coolly brave men confront it. Generally speaking, I think that in war soldiers have more objection to killing others than to being killed themselves, otherwise I cannot account for the relatively small number of killed and wounded in battles. It is hard to kill a man that you have no reason for hating, and war, so far from producing hatred between professional enemies, has more tendency to produce love.

TLEPOLEMUS. — I have often said so. The balance of the Russian war is decidedly in favour of mutual respect and good feeling. Those who misbehaved themselves at Hango and after Inkermann, were exceptional savages, never fit to be soldiers at all; but the Hango officer ought to have been a Russian wrecker, and the fellow who stabbed the wounded at Inkermann a Virginian negro-whipper. They disgraced their cloth more than their humanity.

THISTLEDOWN. — No doubt. But to me we are talking shop, a thing to which I have no objection at proper times and seasons, but here most decidedly, under the shade of the alders at Oldtower, and within hearing of the warbling of the Gwyniad. I have learned while in the East to make *Kaif*, and this is just the place for it.

MAYFLY.—What is kaif? Sherry-cobbler?

THISTLEDOWN.—The Turks do not indulge openly in sherry-cobbler, and they make kaif openly. Making kaif is a thing which we restless wretches of the north hardly understand. Even the pipe is almost an infringement on the perfection of its repose. It means lying on a sloping bank, and thinking—no, not thinking, not even dreaming, but with the eyes open — taking in all the pleasure of the shade and air, and warbling of the water at the same time, without any other sense of existence. We have, perhaps, in this country, about two days in the year on which kaif will consent to be made. It is far less active than the "sweet nothing-doing" of the Italians. The day must not be too hot or too cold, too windy or too still, but a perfect summer's-day; and you must be in perfect health, but not the least inclined to move, yet within some degrees of being drowsy. Therefore I perhaps object to the warbling of the brook, which will infallibly induce slumber in time. All the dogs are asleep already. I prefer one bird in a tree overhead, but not too near.

TLEPOLEMUS. — I object to the warbling of the brook on other grounds. Brooks do not warble, but emit a continuous monotonous sound, as unlike the singing of a bird as may be. Nor do brooks brawl. Brawling reminds one of an Irish row, and a brook is the most peaceful of beings. Nor do brooks babble, for babbling implies folly; and running brooks have, as we all know, books in them, and stones which contain sermons.

MAYFLY.—I wish they had; they would save me as much trouble as old King Cole's deficiency in the four-and-twenty letters saved him in signing his name. Besides, my people want hard hitting, and such sermons would hit them hard.

TLEPOLEMUS.—If you do not like the trouble of writing sermons, why will you never let any of your friends—Cope, for instance, preach for you?

MAYFLY.—In part from modesty, in part from policy. A friend must either preach better than myself, or worse; if he preached better, the people would not listen to me; if he preached worse, he ought not to preach at all.

TLEPOLEMUS. — Manton, you must know, is one of that kind of converse hypocrites who are so from their

hatred of hypocrisy, that they carry self-depreciation to an absurd length. But we were talking of the noise of brooks—do they purl? I never heard the word purling applied, except in a slang sense, to anything else.

MAYFLY.—Then I maintain it to be unintelligible. But let Mabel settle it for us. We must be off, for we have five miles to walk. "Dissolvimus hunc convocationem," as the Vice-Chancellor says at Oxford.

TLEPOLEMUS.—With a variation. Take care of your quantities, Manton.

MAYFLY.—You have no quantity to take care of. Only a dozen little fish, who ought to have been put in the brook again.

. . . .

We must observe, that our dialogue will not consent to be enslaved by the classical unities; and, accordingly it pleases to shift its scene to Mayfly's garden. The sun is winking out of the west, wide awake, though the hour is late, and seemingly enjoying the favour of staying up till nine o'clock, as young children do when there is a party. The arbour would not allow of sufficient circulation of air, and so the tea-table is placed under the large pear-tree. Tea is no meal at all, but only an excuse for a sociable way of sitting. When laid stress upon for itself, it is simply absurd. We recollect being once summoned from the deck to the cabin of a French government steamer, with the announcement, "Le thé est servi." On descending, nothing was there but a range of bearded officers and passengers with cups of discoloured warm water before them. Tea, without the ineffable presence of woman, which imparts to it in brewing some mystic quality that it certainly does not possess of itself, is simply an article in the pharmacopœia, like castor oil, or any other medicine. In Germany it is sold by druggists, and the demand for tea, except where the English and their habits are known, leads to anxious inquiries about your health. We have a spite against it, because in England it leads to the neglect of coffee, which we maintain to be, when truly tasted, the wine of the soul. Still, the tea-table when properly presided over, can become, as most of us know, the enchanter's circle and the very urn, with its spirit-lamp, is spiritualised. There sits Mabel at its head, French grace and British bloom and Irish archness combined. She confronts the sunset with an embodiment of sunrise; and so the sun with us, as in the Norway summer, "sets into sunrise." The three friends all feel the presence: in one it arouses the yearning of fraternal affection; in another the admiration, mixed with awe, which mechnically doffs the hat in a cathedral; in another, though he knows it not, the adoration of the Virgin-worshipper before her most renowned shrine. All this felt, though anything else is expressed.

THISTLEDOWN.—Miss Mayfly, your brother interrupted us in a discussion about the noise which brooks made, and by what name it ought to be called; and we agreed to refer the matter to your decision. What word do you think expresses it best?

MABEL.—You mean the noise that a brook makes at a little rapid, which is something between the rushing of a waterfall, and the whispering of a quiet stream, with grass dangling into it; the noise that puts one to sleep, or, if one lies awake, produces day-dreams.—[Fluff, don't bite my foot.]

THISTLEDOWN.—Precisely.

MABEL.—Well, I should have thought you far too restless ever to have listened to it

THISTLEDOWN.—The thistledown is blown about by every wind, but it settles at last. You were not answering my question.

MABEL.—Well, then, I think the sound of the brook is not to be expressed by words. Like everything most subtle in creation, whether sight, or sound, or feeling, I know of nothing but music that will express it. Musical it is, but it is not song; or, if a song, it is one of a most eternal monotony, such as can come from the lips of no earthly singer. I incline to the opinion of the German, who, after listening to the noise of the mill-wheel in the brook, came to the conclusion that it must be a chant of the fairies—

"Das kann kein Rauschen seyn.
Es singen wohl die Nixen
In jedem klarem Bach."

Now, the fairies having plenty of time, and nothing to do but to sing on for ever, have probably adopted as their own this kind of *rondeau*, which is at once strangely sweet and utterly monotonous.

THISTLEDOWN.—I hope I am not ungallant; but that is a sort of lady's reason.

TLEPOLEMUS.—And all the finer questions of mind and morals can only be decided by a lady's reasons. Her instinct is as superior in acuteness to our logic as the sword of Saladin, which shore the veil, was sharper than that of Richard, which clove the block. What is that mottled cover peeping out from under the tea-tray?

MABEL.—Only something I took to steady it.

MAYFLY.—The tea-tray will be quite steady enough without it. I suppose you were reading some foreign novel. No, it is a map—"Karte over Norge." What does that mean?

THISTLEDOWN.—It means that Miss Mayfly has taken my excellent map of Norway to steady the tea-things with. I like freedom, but I do not like liberties.

MABEL.—It is no harm for me to take a liberty as long as others enjoy such abundant freedom.

THISTLEDOWN.—Do you wish me, by forcing me to go without my map, to be benighted on the Dovrefield, and die like a babe in the wood?

MABEL.—I do not see how you can well be benighted where there is no night; and your want of the necessary innocence would make your death seem less like that of a babe in the wood than of an imp in the bottle.

TLEPOLEMUS.—That's a settler for you. It seems to me that you can manage to get settled without going so far as Norway. . . . . Lionel and Mabel are always sparring, or rather they continue in a state of intermittent hostility, secret or open; but, like Mouravieff and Williams, they observe the courtesies of war, and do not like each other the less for the blows that have passed between them.

THE POETRY OF CHRISTIAN ART.

M. Rio is earnestly possessed of the one idea of which this work is the enthusiastic yet blind elaboration. His enthusiasm begets an eloquence always pleasant to follow, and the blindness of his devotion, precluding extended vision, gives to the treatise a consecutive and consistent unity. The grand idea which has taken possession of his mind is the historical art-manifestation of the Christian religion; the development of those high art-types and forms whereby so wondrously, during the middle ages, the invisible truths of Christianity obtained an outward and visible expression. In what manner and through what agencies the new religion during the earlier centuries struggled for an appropriate art language in which to write its history and express its thoughts, wants, and aspirations; how this pictorial language, at first faltering and meagre, at length became forcible, glowing, and eloquent: these are the topics to which M. Rio now calls our attention. He writes in the spirit of the times of which he treats; he speaks of the Madonna and the saints with a reverence and a worship which befits that Church to which he evidently himself belongs; and hence it is not remarkable that, while we admire his earnest advocacy, we dissent from his conclusions. We propose in the following pages to discuss the important topics in art, history, and philosophy which in this work are brought before our notice.

The origin of Christian art was wholly different from that of the Christian religion. The art of Christendom came not by revelation, but through development. Its earliest works, while Christian in subject, were Pagan in type and style. Christian mosaics in the nave of S^ta. Maria Maggiore do not materially differ from the Pagan bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan. The mural paintings of the catacombs, and their earliest sculptured sarcophagi, are Roman both in the type of the heads and in the treatment and character of the drapery. The decorations likewise which adorn their chapels are similar to the arabesques found in the baths of Titus and in the houses at Pompeii. There can be little doubt, indeed, that Pagan artists were frequently employed on these Christian works. We would readily have arrived at a different conclusion; we would rather have found in the catoombs an art pure and uncontaminated. We would eagerly have recognised in the earliest representations of Christ, the type of his doctrines and mission; and it was with reluctant regret that we were forced to the conclusion that these earliest heads were likewise Roman and Pagan in origin. The Roman-Pagan and this Roman-Christian are indeed in art-style identical. The two grand Christian sarcophagi of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, and St. Constantia, his daughter, both now in the Vatican museum, are essentially Pagan, and in art, style, and degradation, do not materially differ from the debased small bas-reliefs of Æneas and Dido of the same epoch, likewise in the Vatican museum. The new and pure faith thus adopted the corrupt art-style of the religion it superseded. Christian art, in lieu of rising into a life and purity of form commensurate with the religion of which it became the language, sank step by step still lower in debasement, till it reached for a time virtual extinction, in the annihilation of that Roman nationality from whence it sprang.

We here speak merely of the art-merits of these early works; it is not now our province to decide on their theological importance. The Catacombs of Rome, in their endless avenues of graves, their sculptured sarcophagi, painted walls, inscriptions, and relics, doubtless afford a most important and exciting field for historical research. Day by day, as

The Poetry of Christian Art, translated from the French of A. T. Rio. London: T. Bosworth. 1854.

the workmen extend their excavations, they exhume, as it were, an interred Christianity. At Herculaneum and Pompeii, the depths of the earth have faithfully and zealously guarded the secrets of domestic life among the Pagans; and in like manner the Roman Catacombs of St. Calixtus, St. Agnes, and St. Alexandria, have for ages concealed, now in these last days to reveal, the worship, the faith, as well as the persecutions, of the early Christian Church. It cannot, then, be matter of astonishment that men of zeal and knowledge should ardently devote their lives to such investigations. With great ingenuity and research they are now, day by day, elaborating to still further completion a system of Christian symbolism, and thence deducing and corroborating the articles of Christian faith. It is, however, to be regretted that the men chiefly devoted to these investigations are, by their Church and position, pledged to dogmatic conclusions; that, consequently, their interpretations evince ingenious subtlety and a straining of evidence rather than the free result of bold inquiry. It is greatly to be desired that men in our own Church, entitled by position and education to command attention, should earnestly devote their learned leisure to the interpretation of these Christian hieroglyphics. It is a field promising a rich harvest. We have been informed that evidence has been brought together, which satisfactorily proves that catacombs recently discovered date back to the time of the Apostles. Let this evidence be sifted, and let the world know upon reliable testimony what these sepulchres, churches, and dwellings really contain. Let it be ascertained in what century the Madonna was first painted or sculptured as an object of worship — at what epoch the keys were given to St. Peter—and whether symbols representative of the Eucharist do teach the real presence. Again, we say, it is not our province to determine these questions: at present we merely bring them to the notice of those whom they may concern. It is here our purpose to speak of these remains merely as art-products. We again repeat, that in art-character they are Pagan and Roman, not Christian; that in style these Christian subjects are identical with the Pagan of the same epoch. It is natural that the zealous, interested in these investigations, should overlook the origin of that art which thus serves as important evidence; but it is important that Protestants should know what is the credibility and authenticity of these pictorial documents. We have purposely insisted on their Pagan origin, because we know that the historical connection subsisting between the art and ceremonials of the two religions is often willingly forgotten. Now, to our mind, this corrupt origin of Christian art in great measure vitiates the credibility of its testimony. We are unwilling to admit a degraded art, the offspring of an antagonistic religion, executed in some instances by the hands of Pagan artists, as a trustworthy witness of the truth and purity of Christianity.

The earliest so-called Christian art of the Western Empire thus terminates without leaving on record any adequate expression of the spirit, the purity, and elevation of the new religion. At length this degradation of the West was displaced by the debility and lifeless mannerism of Eastern or Byzantine art. As to the demerits of this school there is so little difference of opinion, that discussion becomes unnecessary. The development, however, of a new type in the history of art demands some notice. It appears to have been felt that Christianity called for a fresh art-manifestation; that pagan types were wholly inadequate for the embodiment of the spirituality, the humility, the passive virtues and inner life of the new-born religion. It must be admitted, however, that this renewed attempt to give to the Christian faith an outward form was attended with little success. Those who have seen the long, meagre, and morose countenances of the Byzantine Madonnas and Saints, bearing the impress of prolonged suffering and permanent discontent, the hands and feet attenuated and nerveless, the whole body emaciated and powerless, may well wonder how such works could sustain the faith or aid the

worship of any people. Yet in the history of art-types this school is important. We here find a strongly marked and widely diffused typical form reigning supreme during several centuries, and even to this day maintaining its sway in the Eastern Church—a type not derived from the study of nature, but the product of secluded, morbid, and monastic thought. Late Pagan—and consequently Roman—Christian art had become a low *conventional nature*. Byzantine, on the other hand, took the form of a low *conventional ideal*. Now, in these two different results are involved two diverse mental operations. In the debased Roman we see the individual actual model merely degraded and conventionalised, the whole art-operation beginning and ending in the external world. In the equally though differently debased Byzantine, the first process appears to have been mental, not material; a thought, an idea, an abstract conception of Christianity, not an actual model, constituted the originating starting-point; and upon and around this thought, idea, or conception, was moulded an outer and corresponding bodily form. As we have before stated, this early and difficult attempt proved a total failure. It failed, probably, on two grounds. First, that the originating inward idea was inadequate and unworthy; and, secondly, because that knowledge of nature and of the relations between the inner and the outer worlds requisite for translating the invisible idea into its corresponding visible type, was wholly wanting. Although, however, this attempt at an outward statement of Christianity proved wholly unsatisfying, yet we may well rejoice that the movement was at least in the right direction. It has always seemed to us most fortunate that classic art speedily sank into utter and hopeless debasement, and therefore neglect—that so ultimately the Christian might arise a new and underived creation—not claiming, it is true, like the religion itself, any direct revelation, but content with becoming the earnest and expressive language of the aspirations which that revelation had inspired. Byzantine art had thus, at least, the merit of being uncontaminated by pagan taint: it became in history a fresh starting-point; it constituted a barrier between the classic and the subsequent Christian; and thus served for coming years to protect the art of promise against the invasion of the more powerful past, until the time had arrived when Christian types became consolidated, and Christian art, in the full individuality and intensity of its spirit, was firmly established.

A striking confirmation of the thought-origin of Byzantine art-types is found in their satisfying the requirements and phases of thought. These Byzantine pictures by it would seem an unearthly spell of ugliness, rather than, through the fascination of beauty, specially incite the worship of the multitude. It is these Byzantine Madonnas, dark, dirty, and forbidding, some of which are ascribed to the hand of St. Luke, that generally possess the gift of miracle, and receive from their grateful votaries the most costly offerings. It is not the holy families of Raphael, not the holy saints of Fra Angelico and Perugino, the true miracles of art, which are endowed with supernatural powers, but rather these Byzantine products of monastic thought and secluded prayer, which, by their distance from nature, would seem to carry the thoughts into the supernatural. It was, therefore, perhaps fitting that this strange and unreal manifestation should become the basis of that true and exalted Christian art, which created the divine out of the human, and discovered the supernatural around and within the natural.

We think that M. Rio, in searching for the poetry of Christian art, has failed to find its true philosophy. He comprehends its soul, but does not understand by what means that soul has taken to itself a fitting body. He is so intent on the psychology of art that he has neglected its physique, and would appear to suppose that a picture is the exclusive result of prayer, and in no way the product of study. It is this very error, however, which gives the chief value and interest to his work. In the present

day we assuredly do not require to be told of the material attributes and laws of art; we want rather to know how the spiritual conception becomes the matrix of the material growth,—how the spirit-world feeds and fructifies all true and living art. Despite all errors, therefore, we rejoice to find a work written from this high point of view. It is right and wholesome that we should be told that Sacred Families painted by Filippo Lippi, and men of unholy lives, are enacted falsehoods, and wholly fail in those pure attributes of form and art-language, which give to religious art its worth as a public educator. The world, especially the community of art, cannot be too frequently reminded that, to execute a great and good work, a man must first make himself great and good; that genius itself must take its inspiration from a still higher source; and that the man who would decorate the Temple, must in the same Temple sanctify his thoughts and ways. It is conferring upon art the truest service to bring the testimony of history to the proof of these most vital truths. It should be known that from the time of Cimabue to Raphael, the poetry and purity of Christian art were commensurate with the individual purity and devotion of the artist.

Christianity, indeed, is in itself and its teachings so noble a poem that nothing which can be added or taken away can well enhance its beauty as a theme for art-illustration. It was required of Christian art to solve the highest and most difficult problems. It had to bring mysteries which the angels desired to comprehend, not to the mere reception of faith, but to the apprehension of vision. It did not hesitate to treat of the incarnation, and sought to bring the God-man a second time to walk the earth, and teach among the people. The type thus formed is perhaps the grandest the world has known, and its highest example, in the "Last Supper" of Leonardo, may well serve as a visible symbol of the Christian's faith. The highest phases of the female character may in like manner be found in the representations of the Madonna. A loveliness, not wholly of the earth —the inward joy of peace and a mother's love, shadowed by a sense of coming sorrow—a countenance which unconsciously reveals more than the tongue can speak—a sensitive shrinking from public gaze, and a desire to dwell alone with cherished and absorbing thoughts—these constitute that pure ideal by which, in these middle-age works, the female character is, under the name of the Madonna, so wondrously exalted. There is scarcely a Christian virtue which has not, indeed, received augmentation to its charms in the representations of sacred art. The Fathers, the Saints, the Doctors of the Church, patriarchs, apostles, martyrs, live as realised visions—as visible exponents of those truths and virtues for which they laboured and died. For this grand general result, extending over a wide period of time, and embracing several distinct art-centres, it may be difficult to assign the rightful causes. The distinguishing characteristic of the manifestation, however, is its earnest and spiritual expression; and its cause will probably be found in the close relation subsisting between the Church and the artist—between the lives of the saints and the profession of the painter—giving that unity, completeness, and high and sacred purpose, which in all subsequent times has been so greatly wanting. The following passage from M. Rio's work enforces this important consideration with his usual felicity of decision:—

"It is in the lives of the saints, rather than in the lives of the painters, that proofs of the interesting affinity between Religion and Art must be sought. San Bernardino of Sienna went every day beyond the Porta Comollia, on the road to Florence, and there passed long hours in prayer before a Madonna, which he preferred to all the masterpieces exposed in the churches, and about which he delighted to hold converse with his cousin Tobias, who was the confidant of his pious enthusiasm. The powerful influence which the work of an obscure artist exercised over the imagination of the young Bernardino —the preference given to it by him above all the other pictures offered

to his veneration—the longing he experienced to pray there rather than elsewhere, and afterwards to pour his simple emotions into another pure and childlike heart, capable of participating and comprehending them—all this array of facts, which abound in the history of the saints and in that of the people, but which, by a kind of tacit agreement, are placed beyond the reach of common observation, are capable, nevertheless, of shedding at the same time a new charm and a new light on the hitherto sterile researches which have Christian art for their object."—P. 125.

We are glad to infer, from certain passages in this work, that M. Rio holds the belief that the highest striving and attainment of Christian art is in the creation of an exalted type of humanity—thus restoring man to that image in which he was first created. Thus the aim of sacred art, in relation to the outward body, is one and the same with the work of the Christian religion upon the inward soul—the bringing of both into harmony with the Divine perfections. It was required of Christian art to fashion the human frame into a tabernacle fitted for the spirit's dwelling—a temple suited to its worship. The Greeks, in their day, had in like manner cast into stone, the poetry of their own mythology. This giving to an invisible faith a typical form is the first and great requirement which a religion has a right to demand from its contemporary art. The disciple of that religion must develop its perfections in his life—the artist in his works;—the disciple must strive, it may be for years, to make his faith live in his deeds—the artist must labour long and earnestly to infuse that faith into his outward forms, so that the mute material shall at length speak and live, becoming an apostle and a preacher of the great truths it enshrines.

The progressive maturing of an art-type, seen through the history of successive epochs, first as a simple germ, then growing and accumulating by further elaboration of the originating thought, and the accession of new ideas into its ultimate and complex perfection, is analogous to the same process of development in organic life. The first rudimentary idea of an organ or of a species is sketchy and indicative—a thought imperfectly struck out—an experimental trial, as it were, for some greater and more matured effort; and thus, at length, through successive stages of development, the matured result in the perfected animal is attained. Thus the same creative laws, the progressive laws of thought, govern alike the works of art and nature.

In Christian art, as likewise in organic life, there are certain grand and representative types, of which minor examples are merely variation. These types are capable of classification according to the ideas they represent, and attained perfected maturity, early or late, as those ideas were simple or complex, easy or difficult of statement in art-language. For example, the types of a servant, of an apostle, and of Christ, take the same relative art-rank as the ideas they typify; and in the history of art they severally attained to their highest manifestation in the like relative order. Hence it is easily understood that the head of Christ was the latest to attain to its divine consummation; and hence it is that the whole history of art affords but few examples of its worthy treatment. It is fortunate, indeed, for any art when it sets forth for its highest and ultimate achievement some inaccessible perfection; then life and labour become an earnest and strenuous endeavour; infinite longings with bright visions of the promised good, inspire to effort; so that man, although he fall infinitely short of that infinity towards which he is pressing, reaches far beyond the limits of his unaided power. Works executed under the pressure of such ardour unconsciously divulge their origin. Works thus executed, when man is something more than himself—when a great idea has taken possession of his soul and life—possess that element which is at once the product and inspirer of worship. It is this element which gives to art its religion, and fits it to take part in the functions of the temple.

Now, Christianity being the highest form of truth, its type in art—if art indeed has ever given it worthy expression—must likewise be the

highest which art has known. It may, however, well be doubted whether, even in the most successful efforts, man has ever given, in outward form, adequate expression to the Christian faith. The Pagan religion was fashioned by man, and therefore the hand of man could more readily work it out. The Christian claims not only higher origin, but it deals with truths, and subtle emotions, and phases of being, which elude the material grasp of art. Here, then, is the great problem and difficulty: how to make this material form immaterial; how to make matter spiritual; how the artist may breathe into the marble the breath of life, so that his work shall become a living soul. This impressing of thought upon matter, so that surface, texture, material be lost, and the indwelling idea alone present—this sinking of means to the one end of mental expression, has been both the aim and the difficulty of all real art.

History shows that the artist has attempted to surmount this difficulty by two distinct and opposite means. The school of the mystics commenced from the side of the spirit-world—that of the naturalists from the material. It is, of course, to the former that M. Rio restricts his sympathy: he thus writes:—

"Mysticism is to painting what ecstasy is to psychology—a definition which sufficiently explains how delicate are the materials we shall have to make use of in this part of our history. It is not sufficient to point out the origin, and to follow the development of certain traditions which impress one common character, almost always easily recognised, on works which have issued from the same school; it is further necessary to associate ourselves by a strong and profound sympathy to certain religious ideas, with which this artist in his studio, or that monk in his cell, has been more particularly pre-occupied, and to combine the results of this pre-occupation with the corresponding sentiments in the minds of their fellow-citizens. It is extremely difficult for us, who have not breathed that atmosphere of Christian poetry in the midst of which the generations of that time lived, to fulfil this condition, and we generally pass with supercilious disdain before those miraculous paintings which have for several centuries exercised the most soothing influence over a multitude of human souls. We do not reflect that this silent image of the Madonna and the infant Jesus has spoken a mysterious and consoling language to more than one heart, pure and humble enough to comprehend it; and that there are perhaps no tears more precious in the sight of God than those which have watered the stones of these modest oratories."—P. 124.

It is in passages such as these that M. Rio appears to greatest advantage. In justice to his subject and himself, we will venture on a further extract, written in the very spirit of that mystic school, the narrow limits of which constitute his restricted art-horizon:—

"In the works of Perugino and his disciples, there prevails an element which I am tempted to call *seraphic*, and which is entirely independent of symmetrical arrangement. It is this element, introduced for the first time into art by Christianity, which gives the pictures of the Umbrian artists such a superiority over all others, and produces the effect of a fine poem on minds capable of appreciating this order of beauty. The enthusiasm of the spectator depends, therefore, on feelings which place him more or less in harmony with the objects before him. Every imagination endowed with sufficient activity, creates a world for itself, and seeks, among the productions of the fine arts, beings with which to people it."—P. 221.

As we have before stated, the radical and constant error running throughout this work is the undue importance given to the spirit-origin of art. That schools, specially elevated and pure in aim, have so originated, must be admitted. The process and stages of their development it is not difficult to understand. A mind constantly and exclusively possessed and imbued with one grand thought, will necessarily mould the external world into corresponding forms. The bodily frame, its movements, the

tone of the voice, all take on the expression of this one thought. It is this thought in its omnipotence which guides the hand and directs the vision. We cannot be astonished that the artist-monk, in earnest, and, it may be, morbid meditation, should become throughout his whole soul and body so actuated by the moving thought, that straightway, without taking counsel of the outward world, he gives utterance to emotions by forms seen in angel-vision, and colours such as gem celestial crowns. In minds so burdened, whether they seek expression in oratory or painting, poetry or music, it will be found that the words, forms, colours, and sounds bear the aspect of coming immediately from the spirit-world. Such efforts are at least true within and to themselves: they make moving appeal to minds similarly possessed, and are valuable as records of high spiritual phenomena. They necessarily, however, have their assigned limits and inherent defects. A mind thus in solitude feeding on itself, has necessarily a short and limited career. Imprisoned within its own narrow cell, it soon reaches the confines of its existence: it paces day by day over the same trodden pavement; and the walls which shut out the light and the air give back in unbroken monotony the sound of but one voice. To the worshipping attentive few, that voice may be cherished as an oracle; but the multitude without, living in a wider sphere, will seek for wisdom resting on a broader basis.

The mystic school of painting had, accordingly, like the solitary in his cell, a short and limited career. This school in its very nature is necessarily individual and inborn,—incapable, consequently, in great measure, of hereditary transmission, or of accumulative growth, through the combination of co-operative minds. Thus the individual artist, dwelling morbidly apart, has generally produced and reproduced with painful iteration the same types and motives—the egotistic outpouring of overwrought emotion. Kindred minds have taken fire, enthusiasm has grown into worship, and thus a sympathetic school gathered around the artist, who sighed and sobbed and swooned upon the canvass. Doubtless it must be admitted that Fra Angelico at least breathed into his forms the very spirit of prayer. His angel figures gaze in rapture on the beatific vision, dressed in rainbow heaven-dyed robes, with wings of pure gold, kneeling in golden glory—the tender hands crossed upon the breast—forms redeemed from all sorrow and care, dwelling for ever in the joy and peace of angelic beatitude. The essential unity between beauty and goodness is nowhere more manifest, goodness in the life clothing itself in the work with the robe of beauty as its fitting apparel. The goodness is meek, holy, devout, pure, simple-minded; so likewise is the beauty which, as a thin veil, reveals these spiritual virtues.

Still, as we have already said, an art founded on so narrow a basis must necessarily speedily attain the limits of its growth. Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Ricardi palace of Florence, and at the Campo Santo of Pisa, certainly did not push the style of Angelico to a further perfection. For like reasons the school of the Memmi in Sienna lingered through a debilitated morbid existence, and at length died out of inanity, having failed, on a basis so unsubstantial, to rear art to its highest exaltation. From this eminently spiritual school proceeded, for more than an entire century, one doleful monotonous whine. The spiritual type of this clique was gratified upon the Byzantine, and resulted in a form the negation of evil, assuming in its positive aspect a placid, unruffled, nerveless sentimentality. It at length, by the inherent necessity of its origin and growth, sank into a servile, morbid mannerism; the separate individuality of the artist was surrendered to the tyranny of the dominant type, and, in the hackneyed conventional reproduction of the saints, art sank into a mere manufacture. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the temporary resuscitation under Pinturicchio Razzi originated from the introduction of foreign elements. Thus this school, morbidly feeding upon self, sank into disease, debility, and death, without fulfilling any

mission commensurate with its aim. It died, lacking that light, air, and nature essential to enduring vitality.

The decline and fall of the spiritual schools constitute one of the most important lessons which the history of art affords. It is just at this point that M. Rio's philosophy breaks down. It was at this epoch that the study of nature, rightly directed and employed, became absolutely essential to the further and full maturity of art. Now, we must readily join M. Rio in denouncing that low and literal imitation of nature, whereby mean, degraded, and individual forms became enthroned as the Madonna, and thrust as saints into works of sacred import. Still, if art were ever to be capable of indefinite progression—if it were to escape that conventional and soulless repetition of mannered restricted types, which under the exclusively spiritual schools, seemed an inevitable fate—it became absolutely needful that some renewing and saving element should be incorporated—and that element was nature. The time had arrived when the laws of vision, the forms and functions of the human body, and the evidences of the senses, could no longer be neglected even in the fictions and fancies of art. Perspective, anatomy, and accuracy of drawing, were rightly required of those arts, which were dependent upon visible forms for their language of expression. It can scarcely be surprising that the right direction of these new studies was at first little understood. We find, indeed, even to this day, the most conflicting notions respecting the true relations which ought to subsist between nature and the arts. We shall not now attempt to traverse the wide field which here opens to view. We shall limit our remarks to the study of nature as a means to the fullest development of those Christian types which M. Rio rightly regards as the true poetry of Christian art.

It is manifest that an art which enters the mind through the senses cannot be wholly spiritual; that its spirituality is, after all, but a special phase of materialism. A disembodied spirit may exist—a disembodied art cannot. It therefore becomes important to inquire in what mode and by what means any art can become spiritual; or, again, by what inverse process thought may become material? It is evident that mind cannot create material forms out of nothing; that it must first come in contact with matter before it can mould that matter according to its will. It is a mistake to suppose that art-types, however apparently the offspring of mental growth, can have had an independent spiritual origin. Art has not originated, like the mathematics, by the pure deduction of reason; on the contrary, it has grown and reached maturity through observation and induction founded on the study of nature. The art of the cloister resembled too closely the philosophy of the middle ages; and both alike, promising much, failed, from the same causes, to render art or knowledge efficient instruments for human progression. It was not till observation and the deliberate study of nature formed a wide and certain basis for an inductive philosophy, that art and science entered on that sure career which knows no limits in the promise of advancement. It was this appeal to nature which gave to a worn-out art, in this its new progress, a never-ending variety in an exhaustless beauty and an infinite truth. The artist, who once in seclusion had woven as a shroud, the mazy cobweb of mystic and entangled thought and dreamy form, now walked the wide earth in search of its manifold treasures.

In the building up of an art-philosophy, in the right reading of art-history, two opposite errors, originating in partial truths, must be guarded against. The spiritualist unduly enhances the spiritual elements; while, on the other hand, the materialist as exclusively insists on the implicit rendering of nature. Each of these positions is both true and false; true, when the one is limited and controlled by the other; false, when either becomes exclusively paramount. The difficulty lies in assigning to each its due and lawful province. The personality of art is analogous to the personality of man. It is difficult to tell where spirit ends and material existence commences—to ascertain the

laws and functions of each, and the relation which the one holds with the other. Art, like man, is neither wholly spiritual nor exclusively material; each element overlaps and blends with the other; from one point of view it would appear that the outward bodily form regulates the spirit, and again the spirit would seem to fashion and govern the outward form. Certain it is that between the two elements there is an indissoluble union; that art has at once a body and a soul, and is consequently subject to the joint operation of physical and spiritual laws. The same mind in a sound body is not less essential to a work of art than to man himself.

Now, we believe that the highest, the widest, the most manifold spiritualism in art is to be attained only through the rightful study of nature. We certainly by this rightful study do not intend the manual photographic copyism of individual accidental nature. For a mental or spiritual result, it is manifest that the mind of the student must be brought into action. His eye must not be the servile lens of a camera, which receives with equal sympathy, or rather without sympathy, all rays from all objects. With the fine frenzy rolling, his eye must be

> "Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love."

In the recesses of the artist's mind lie dormant spiritual pictures, which necessarily remain vague and indefinite, without form or substance, mere cravings after beauty and perfection, until brought into contact with the outward world. This mental undefined picture of perfection then finds in nature a response to its own wants; it discovers that nature herself is striving to realize what the soul has been longing for; that the spirit of man and the spirit of nature are indeed one in origin and aim; and that this nature, rightly received, may be fashioned into the type of the spirit-antitype. The perfecting of this outward and visible type is the high and difficult problem which the artist has to solve. The task is difficult, because this type does not exist as a complete and separate unit in creation. Nature is now no longer a pure thought-product. Chaos has a second time set in, contending with the thought-element of symmetry; and thus the perfect type—the impress of the creating Godhead, which God, when He beheld as the result of His labour, pronounced to be good—is now marred by those demons which took possession of the earth when the angels fled from paradise. Yet though man is fallen, and the earth in ruins, the original divine type, though marred, is not wholly obliterated. It was this type, so mutilated, scattered in dismembered parts over the wide earth, that the Christian artist of the middle ages sought, under the personification of prophets, apostles, saints, to restore to an original beauty and perfection. Herein consists the true study of nature, and the highest function of the artist. Nature no longer expresses her full thought or perfect ideal in any one example. No individual man fulfils the abstract conception of man; there is a perfect type implied, which in no one instance is realised. The Christian or divine artist studies nature in order to arrive at this perfect form, in which the ideal and the actual shall become one, and the spirit-world of beauty, truth, and goodness obtain a complete outward typical expression. The widowed disembodied soul of this perfection, wandering up and down on the earth a houseless forsaken ghost, finds at length a body to inhabit—is clothed afresh—is married in immortal wedlock to its earth-born spouse.

It is this inductive study of nature which has led to all the highest works of art. The drawings and minutely accurate sketches of Leonardo, in which no form, deformity, or expression of human art or animal life escaped his observation, abundantly prove that his matured works were elaborated through a long and arduous process of induction. His type of Christ, as the full consummation of this studied elaboration, so vastly in advance of Giotto Orcagna, Fra Angelico, the Siennese school, and all similar attempts, proves, by the test of practical success, that the perfected ideal is the

highest ultimate product of the real. In his "Last Supper," the only work which adequately expresses either his genius or his acquired knowledge, the heads realise that combination of individual character, and consequent life and detailed truth, with a generalised type, which can result only from this laborious and inductive study of nature. The solitary, by meditation in his retreat, could never have painted such a picture. It was needful that Leonardo should not merely meditate, but observe; that he should go abroad into the world, and learn how nature worked; what she did, and how she did it. Having diligently collected all the facts, then, and not till then, came the period for induction. At the stage of growth to which art had now arrived, intuitions, inspirations, with their vague dreamy generalities, no longer sufficed; study, knowledge, and arduous labour henceforth became essential even to genius itself. Reynolds, in his Fifteenth Discourse, in speaking of Michael Angelo, thus writes on this subject: "The great artist who has been so much the subject of the present discourse, was distinguished even from his infancy for his indefatigable diligence; and this was continued through his whole life, till prevented by extreme old age. The poorest of men, as he observed himself, did not labour from necessity more than he did from choice. Indeed, from all the circumstances related of his life, he appears not to have had the least conception that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labour; and yet he, of all men that ever lived, might make the greatest pretensions to the efficacy of native genius and inspiration. I have no doubt that he would have thought it no disgrace that it should have been said of him, as he himself said of Raphael, that he did not possess his art from nature, but by long study."

It is desirable, however, that a distinction should be drawn between the office of "long study," and the functions of "genius." The former is primarily busied in collecting materials—in perfecting, in short, the materialism of art; the latter is the moulding, creating power—fashioning the rude, disconnected, discordant elements into the symmetry of types and representative forms. The mental antitypes, of which we have before spoken, the offspring of genius, are in their intuitive origin vague and formless; they require data on which to build, which data the exhaustive and inductive study of nature supplies. These spiritual antitypes, thus moulded upon nature, may, by the condition of their origin, the more readily translate their spirit-being into bodily form, and thus create in plastic art their corresponding material types. The primal antitype thus dwelling in the artist-mind, floating in an intermediate state between spiritual and material existence, is, as it were, the heaven-born pattern from which the earthly art-type of the beautiful and the perfect is ultimately fashioned. There are thus several stages of progressive growth through which the artist's genius must pass before it reaches the consummation of a great work. The first starting-point is that of vague intuition, if the term may for the occasion be allowed to express a latent, but as yet inoperative mental power or capacity. In this state of intuition the germs of the matured antitype are as yet vague and formless, until counsel has been taken of the outer world. A defined antitype is thus the product resulting in the action and reaction of the latent intuition upon visible nature—is the point of contact between the spiritual and the material—the resolution of the inward and outward forces in a joint mental result. The philosophic artist having thus, through the study of nature, formed to himself antitypes and laws of beauty, fulfilling his inward mental requirings, is qualified to assume the functions of creation—himself a minor creator—and give to the matured antitypes of genius bodily existence in representative and expressive art-types. Such, indeed, is the process by which Raphael, it may be somewhat unconsciously, created his greatest works. In his well-known letter to Castiglione, we learn that he strove hard to form for himself an ideal perfection, and that in the figure of Galatea, he

accordingly endeavoured to express in art-form his mental conception of typical beauty. His Madonnas, saints, and even the characters which approach more nearly to actual life, are all evidently the result of the same mode of thought and study. It is manifest that he had brought nature to the appeal and test of mental antitypes of perfection. Thus he corrected the accidents and failings of individual nature by her higher and more general intention, and found, as a final result, that his own thoughts and nature's thoughts were one; that the antitypes, the offspring of his genius and study, were spirit-transcripts of nature's typical forms of the beautiful and the perfect.

The maturing and perfecting of a pure and noble type seems to us worthy of the continued effort of an entire life. The study of nature and art in their mutual relations thus becomes a sphere of the highest thought and the noblest effort. To distinguish between accident and essence, to discover in nature a ruling, pervading thought struggling for expression in outward form; to understand and interpret nature's language; to arrive at a manifold and complete symbolism in which, by virtue of the essential relation between matter and spirit, thought becomes form, and form again expresses thought: this is that arduous and life-long study of nature which the perfecting of art demands. Through this systematic inductive study, this interrogating and communing with nature, she loses her exclusively material phase; her manifold manifestations at length revolve themselves into a series and system of types expressive of a corresponding system of thoughts. It will then be found that the forms of beauty and of truth which the artist has inwardly been craving for—forms which, in certain moments of clear mental vision, appeared ready to rise spontaneously out of thought, but which, like other visions of the fancy, ever elude actual grasp—it will be found, we say, that these forms of perfect truth and beauty lie veiled beneath the crude fashion of the actual—lie buried, but not wholly mutilated, beneath the confused debris of disordered nature. We scarcely know a higher training, a more noble career of mental progression, than that which here presents itself. The student mind first experiences certain inborn longings for a manifestation of the perfect, and, casting a casual glance over nature, turns away unsatisfied. Again he looks deeper, and at length discovers the scattered indications of what he needs. Carefully bringing together the dismembered fragments, he gradually builds up the idol of his worship, and forms to himself the outward type and symbol of his ideal desires. But, by the law of all noble minds, he aspires still higher: taking this mature form unto himself, he dwells with it, realises it, possesses it: at length he begins to feel within himself capacities for something still more perfect, and, in midnight visions and noontide dreams, the shadow of a better reality passes before his gaze. He awakens from his waking dreams, walks again the beauteous earth, finds that his eyes are opened afresh to perfections he had never seen before, and eagerly gathers new flowers and forms of beauty to adorn more richly the altar of his worship. Speedily he grows like unto that which he adores, but his insatiable desires still demand a higher perfection. Thus he presses onward; each realised type forming the basis of further spiritual growth, and leading to types still more matured. Thus, were it possible, man, through an infinite series, would reach an infinite perfection. In this race between the nature of man and the nature which lies around him, neither has ever exhausted the possibility of its resources, nor reached the ultimate goal which lies in the distance of infinity. Still hidden in the depths of nature, a deeper, nobler truth is slumbering than the artist has yet grasped, and in human nature lies a deeper, holier want than art has satisfied. The student who uses painting or sculpture as an instrument of mental advancement, will thankfully rest for a season with forms of high and holy beauty; yet he turns at length away, asking for something still more excellent, and peoples the heaven of his imagination with a

more beauteous perfection. Thus it is that no head of Christ yet painted fully realises the requirements of the highest minds—no countenance of the Madonna, of saint, or angel, has yet worthily endowed with outward form the highest attributes of the female character.

The relation which subsists between Christian art and nature, we hope, is now made evident. Christianity, supernatural in its origin, takes root in the outer world of nature, and is consequently in its actual manifestations not wholly free from the operation of natural laws. The Christian code of morals, indeed, may be regarded as the re-enactment, under special and divine authority, of the original and fundamental laws of Providence. It is evident, then, that, by anticipation, types of the Christian virtues might have subsisted in humanity anterior to the historical origin of Christianity itself. Again, Christianity, exerting on the world a new and operative power, moulded the outward forms of humanity into new or modified types. Supernatural agencies marked their impress upon the bodily aspect no less than upon the outward life. From these considerations it becomes still more manifest into what gross error M. Rio has fallen, when he condemns without reserve the entrance of naturalism into Christian art. Nature, whether human or more exclusively material, still retained, at all periods of the world's history, much of the poetry and purity of its first estate; and on the entrance of Christianity, it necessarily, in some measure, took the impress of Christian virtues, and became redeemed from its degradation and depravity.

We have thus endeavoured to refute a fallacy which runs through M. Rio's art-philosophy. In justice, however, we are bound to admit, that the deliberate study of nature which set in with Masaccio at the commencement of the fifteenth century, did not in its outset prove favourable to the spiritualism of art. In closing the chapter which treats of this first invasion of naturalism, M. Rio says:—

"The result, therefore, of the information contained in this chapter is, that if, on the one hand, painting, since the time of Masaccio, has made rapid progress in external development, on the other it has ceased to be, for the greater number of artists, one of the forms of Christian poetry."—P. 122.

The cause of this is manifest. The evil arose, not necessarily in the study of nature, but from the want of a right study. The individual actual model, with all the accidental defects of place, time, and circumstance, was servilely copied. Portraits of individuals were introduced as saints and Madonnas; for the most part no effort was made to arrive at high essential types, and thus, art necessarily in many directions degenerated into a literal circumstantial naturalism. The best and most spiritual works, however, of Raphael ought to have taught M. Rio that, even historically, this study of nature led to the highest known art-manifestation; that existing abuses and evils were not necessarily inherent; that naturalism may be rendered compatible with spiritualism; and that, as we have already shown, the two elements must grow up together in reciprocal relationship before art can attain to any high poetry or truth, or assert for itself any efficient position as an agent in man's advancement.

Christian art, according to M. Rio, lost its unity and purity of purpose by the intrusion of naturalism and Paganism. Of the first element we have already spoken: we shall now briefly point out the errors into which this writer has fallen concerning the second. His position involves a partial truth, and is supported accordingly by partial evidence. It was inevitably necessary, when art assumed a wider range of subject, and a greater complexity and diversity in its elements, that its primitive unity and simplicity should proportionably be diminished. We must not for a moment, however, mistake this unity and simplicity for commensurate perfection. On the contrary, it was a unity and simplicity essentially elementary; it was an infancy of childlike incapacity, which could not, if it were desirable, have

endured, but necessarily passed on, for better and for worse, into more mature complex growth. The historian of art is not justified in dwelling in exclusive admiration on this simplicity and unity; he is bound at the same time to recognise the concomitant imperfections. It is not enough that subjects of the *Baptism*, the *Crucifixion*, and the *Entombment*, are treated with earnest feeling and strict adherence to the relevancy of incidents and characters; we have a right to complain that draperies are cast into impossible folds; that the human frame is thrown into impossible attitudes; and that anatomical structure is uniformly outraged. It is manifest that this state of transitional ignorance could not be permitted permanently to endure. For a season essential elements might from necessity remain in abeyance. It were, indeed, manifestly impossible that the entire range of art, its needful perspective, anatomy, laws of colour, light, shade, and composition, should obtain equal and contemporaneous development. It was therefore, perhaps, desirable that during certain epochs some one and restricted element should receive exclusive attention. Thus, in the earlier stages of Christian art, spiritualism became the dominant idea, and painting and sculpture accordingly assumed forms of spiritual asceticism; the mortification of the body even in art was regarded as more than a negative virtue; and the very neglect of anatomy, perspective, and material laws constituted but the art-manifestation of the faith and life which deliberately ignored the allurements and realities of the outward world. A reaction—a revulsion—much to be desired, inevitably followed. No sooner had a knowledge of the human frame been acquired, than the power of drawing was ostentatiously displayed. Last Judgments were painted at Orvietto and in the Sistine, apparently for the mere purpose of throwing the body into difficult attitudes; and the subject, instead of becoming a triumph of religion, sank into a mere demonstration of anatomy. In like manner, the Baptism of Christ, which, in the spiritual epoch of art, was represented as under the guardianship of adoring angels, was degraded into an occasion for the display of nudities upon a river's bank, and the descending dove at length became a mere episode to river bathing. Yet it was needful that this even should for a season be endured. It is perhaps too much to expect that men who, at the cost of vast labour, had made the conquest of difficulties so great, should not seek occasion for the display of their knowledge. It was needful, it was desirable, that art should thus gain a mastery over the constitution of man and of nature; and the writer who passes unqualified censure upon this stage in its history, fails to recognise the importance of that revolution which enfranchised art from medieval servility, established the supremacy of nature, and asserted the freedom of genius.

Now, the great agent in this new growth was classic sculpture. It was the discovery and study of the antique by Mantegna in Mantua, it was the opening of the classic garden of the Medici in Florence, which first gave this new direction to the art of the middle ages. This was the dawning of the great idea on an art which, with much that was high and excellent, was still exclusive and narrow-minded. It was a revelation of the truth that the human body is not a prison-house, but a temple; that this bodily structure is not only a skilful mechanism, but that in all its parts it bears the fashion of the soul it enshrines; that the beauty, the delicacy, the subtlety of thought give expression to every form and movement; that it is this bodily structure which specially demonstrates to all creation the inseparable connection between matter and spirit. Until this new inburst of knowledge, art was limited in expression to the hand and countenance; henceforth the whole bodily frame was to become instinct with a pervading thought; it was needful that resignation or resolution, love or hate, should mark their corresponding type and expression upon muscle, limb, and torso.

We cannot now pretend to do justice to this portion of the question. We content ourselves with denoun-

ing the monstrous doctrine, that the study of works which are examples of the utmost perfection that art has ever reached, could prove lastingly detrimental to art's best interest. We have little admiration for the taste which can worship the admitted loveliness of Fra Angelico's *Madonna della Stella*, and at the same time deny all beauty to the *Venus* of Milo, or to the *Genius* of the Vatican. The highest excellence wherever found, products of genius whatever form they may assume, claim the allegiance of all true and catholic worshippers. It is narrow, exclusive, and untrue, to insist that the early Christian schools contain all desirable perfections; it is prejudicial to the best interests of art, to close the vision to the surpassing beauty of the so-called Pagan works, and thus to place an impassable barrier between the reciprocal influence of two high manifestations of human genius—varied phases of the same art-impulse—manifold manifestations of man's insatiable love of the perfect and the beautiful. It is false to assert that Christian art is wholly spiritual, while classic art is exclusively physical. It may well, indeed, be doubted whether the whole range of history can show works more grand and godlike, and therefore spiritual, than the head of Jupiter in the Vatican, or the various busts of Juno in the Ludovisi palace, and in the museums of the Vatican and the Capitol. In like manner, the ideal heads of Ariadne, of Alexander, and Apollo, are all typical of a beauty and grandeur of soul which cannot well be carried to a further perfection.

The secularisation of art, as it is called, was far from an unmitigated evil. The middle-age paintings of Madonnas and saints had given but a partial and dogmatic expression to the goodness and greatness of which human nature was capable, while the beauty and glory of the outer world had been well-nigh forgotten. The hymn of universal nature seemed suspended from that time when the angelic host burst into song at the birth of a Saviour. The stars of heaven from that moment were but a guide to the shepherds' steps, or became a diadem for the Virgin's brow; while the flowers and lilies of the field served but for the Angel Gabriel's message, or grew as a soft carpeting for the gentle tread of sainted feet. But there were assuredly in man relations and interests beyond the confines of this sacerdotal church; voices in nature which could not abide in silence, and the States of Italy, advancing in knowledge and in wealth, and achieving for themselves a history and position, created for their poets new themes, and gave to literature and art a wider sphere. There are certain writers who would seek to condemn this extended and enlightened movement, by the abused term "secularisation." They would appear to think that a Madonna and an infant on her knees, with St. Joseph leaning over her shoulder, must necessarily be sacred, and that, beyond this subject and sphere, all the tenderness of a mother's love, all the innocence and beauty of infancy, and all the endearing affections of home, are merely secular. They forget that the technically sacred subject is frequently in conception and spirit merely secular; while, on the other hand, there is no topic which may not, by virtue of the relation in which it stands to the highest truths, acquire a sacred character. Of the technically sacred subjects, we confess we have seen in the galleries and churches of Europe more than sufficient. The world does not need any further multiplication of "The Death of Abel," "The Building of the Ark," or "The Overthrow in the Red Sea." We think that it always was, and will be, an office scarcely less sacred to proclaim by poem or picture the ways and workings of daily Providence—to register upon canvass or on the printed page the perpetual miracle of nature. Let it be acknowledged that a work is sacred only in proportion as the thought is noble and divine: and that in the enfranchisement of the intellect of Italy, in the extended sphere of civilisation, there came a time when the artist refused to be circumscribed by the narrow teaching of a dogmatic priesthood, and sought in the great deeds of history, in the relations of social and domes-

the life, and among the grand and the beautiful scenes of nature, subjects worthy of his pencil.

In the great revolution thus wrought, the study of classic works, as we have already said, was an important operative agent. They taught the divinity of naturalism, that beyond the cloister of monastic art, in the wide field of nature, the genius of a people called Pagan had discovered a beauty and truth so pure and so lofty as to become itself sacred. We will not undertake to justify all that followed. Great things, yea the very greatest, were done, but likewise it must be admitted things unworthy. The history of the decline and fall of medieval art we shall not now attempt to write. It would involve topics relating to the decay of states, the degeneracy of their people, considerations political and social, together with the laws of the development and the debasement of art itself. Upon these complex matters we do not enter—we are content to have shown that M. Rio, by the plausible use of words begetting favour or prejudice—by the rhetorical interweaving of "sacred" and "Christian," "naturalistic," "Pagan," and "profane," has involved himself and his readers in pernicious fallacy, and has failed in solving the real difficulties of the question.

Four successive art-types have passed before us in review. The Classic, the Roman Christian, the Byzantine, and the Medieval. Each of these has in turn fallen into extinction. During three hundred years no new art-type has arisen, and at the present moment we borrow and adapt, but do not create. This want of a governing type arises from the absence of a paramount idea, the non-existence of any great and ruling thought sufficient to mark with decisive character the literature and art of the people. The art-products of the day are consequently desultory, fragmentary, and miscellaneous—a gallery of stray thoughts, instead of the earnest yet manifold expression of one dominant idea. Four great types have, as we have said, sunk into extinction, and the coming type of the future awaits the manifestation of some phase of thought, some new ideal, which shall seek from art its fitting material form.

It is right that the kingdom of Art should remain under the joint government of the "Spiritual," the "Classical," and the "Naturalistic." These three distinct powers and authorities constitute "the three estates" in the administration of her empire. The Spiritual element, were it allowed undivided sway, would constitute an absolute theocracy, the tyranny of which, as advocated by M. Rio, we have been anxious to throw off. The Classical, the second of the three estates, is an aristocracy which, by ancestry and merit, we believe to be still entitled to weighty authority. Lastly, the Naturalistic element constitutes the democracy of art, the "*vox populi*," which, as we have seen, is not necessarily, in art more than in politics, the "*vox Dei*." It is, then, in these three elements, in their mutual co-operation and counteraction, that the well-government of art is to be sought: in the spiritual element we obtain a divine sanction and authority; in the classic the wisdom of the ancients; and in naturalism actual truth, or what political theorists call honesty. The future Bentham in art-literature may doubtless show, to the satisfaction of his disciples, that such a constitution contains all the elements of the worst administration. We believe, however, that a government so constituted, although not a Utopia, might deliver the existing republic of art from threatened anarchy.

MACAULAY.

THERE were, without doubt, many advantages in that ancient style of argument, which, on the strength of a differing opinion, could comfortably set down its opponent as a blockhead or a villain. In these days we are not permitted so great a satisfaction; and on the whole it is decidedly much less agreeable to disprove the words or doubt the motives of one whom we are obliged to be polite to, or even compelled to admire, than it is to overthrow an adversary with whom no terms need to be held. Parliamentary language is of itself a restriction; yet worse than parliamentary language is the applause and honour which we cannot in sincerity withhold from a writer whom, notwithstanding, it is our present purpose to prove (if we can) very much, and rather unhandsomely, in the wrong. The present most notable historian of these three kingdoms is a man of very high distinction in literature;—a politician, yet one who takes no shabby advantage of his political opponents—a member of a party, yet not a factionist. Let us pause over again, that every one may be sure that we do full justice to Mr. Macaulay. We feel perfectly convinced that he has no malevolent motives towards any man or class of men, and as little partiality as can be expected from one who shares the common feelings of humanity. He has taken pains, he has made admissions, he has been very fair towards many individuals, and many measures opposed to his own views; yet with all this Mr. Macaulay has a certain *knack*—what shall we call it?—a most adroit and admirable cleverness in the selection of his materials. He can fish you out a damning sentence out of pages of panegyric as skilfully as your accomplished London *reader* can pick a morsel of amiable criticism out of the most disparaging comments of *Spectator* or *Athenæum*. In fact, we are justified in saying that a witness, when once fairly into Mr. Macaulay's hands, says—in his own *bonâ fide* words, moreover, his veritable utterance not to be excepted to—precisely what Mr. Macaulay pleases! We were greatly struck the other day, looking for a second time over Mr. Tennyson's *Maud*—a poem which we were by no means disposed to be complimentary to—with the extreme and exquisite skill of its construction, the admirable fashion in which the story, poor and unworthy as that is, was told. We disliked and disapproved the book, but we could not deny ourselves the technical and professional admiration of a craftsman towards the marvels of constructive skill implied in its making. Of the same kind, though by no means of so high an order, is the admiration with which we regard the *knack* of Mr. Macaulay. Here you perceive, most excellent reader, that it is not of the very smallest importance what that good extinct individual far away in the extreme end of the seventeenth century intended to say; and from this you may draw the comfortable reflection, that a future Mr. Macaulay, in the middle of the twenty-first, may prove, by your own honest words, in your own innocent domestic letters, anything whatever which the said unborn historian inclines to establish. Known opinions, known facts, a long-assured and oft-proved certainty, can make no stand (for the moment) before the gifts of such a writer, combined with this remarkable *knack* of his. To call it dishonesty is to be at once uncivil, libellous, and wrong. Mr. Macaulay, we pledge our critical word for it, has the most honourable intentions, and means nothing but the honest truth; but he has a natural and workmanlike delight in finding the very corner-stone of his structure among the remains of some old belligerent, who, alive, would have pulled the fabric down with both his hands—and glories in making his witnesses prove the very reverse of what they intended and meant for true. And herein lies the *knack* of Mr. Macaulay. He knows what he believes himself—that is the first matter; and having decided upon his own view, he skims

over his accumulated store of material with the practised eye of a much practised reader, writer, and critic. Here it is, hurra! never mind the half-dozen pages which give quite a different view of the matter; here, in half-a-dozen words, is everything the historian can desire. So up comes good Bishop Burnet, red and embarrassed—up comes old Earl Crawford, confused and slumbrous—up comes the ancient Cameronian, gaunt and doubtful. These are their own words; every syllable could be sworn to—the triumphant historian has not tampered with a line; so the unhappy witnesses stand down, and the audience bursts into a shout of admiration—due admiration, well won and loudly expressed. The matter is not very accurate—that is probable—but the skill is above praise.

We ourselves yield to no one in a professional admiration of Mr. Macaulay's *knack;* but we cannot help admiring besides the glorious uncertainty of this system of probation, by aid of which we freely undertake to establish, from his own works, and the general press of the country, that Mr. Macaulay himself is one of the dullest and least able writers upon record; that his Ballads are doggrel; his Essays turgid; his History too heavy and too accurate for anything but a class-book. All these, and as many other facts of the same kind as he has a mind for, we readily undertake to prove to, we trust, the entire satisfaction of the historian—all by a judicious use of his own knack of historical interpretation; or if that should not content him, anything else in this universal world which it may please him to choose.

An educated eye is almost as good as an additional sense. Your artist hurries over a hundred scenes of beauty which we take double time to look at. Why? not because his admiration is less, but because he takes in at a glance what we travel over in detail bit by bit, and only gain a harmonious idea of when time has made it familiar to us. So of ourselves in our own department: do you suppose the critic plods over every line and every page, as you do, most conscientious reader? But the practised eye glances over the sheet like an arrow; sees by an instinct what it wants: possesses itself of manner and matter without once alighting steadily upon its subject, and carries off its gleanings before the slower public is done with its paper-knife. In this panoramic survey it is quite marvellous to the unpractised imagination to realise how little real injustice we do to any one, *unless we intend it.* Mr. Macaulay possesses in perfection this vision and faculty not divine. His eye is educated to the nicest pitch; he lights upon the minute oasis, in a wide wilderness of hostile matter, with flight as rapid and unerring as it is graceful, and seizes with rare skill upon the word that suits him, though it be shrined in the very heart and centre of a thousand words which suit him not.

All, or almost all, that Mr. Macaulay has done in the way of misrepresentation is done after this fashion, and an extremely convincing fashion it is, at the first glance, and scarcely to be disputed. At the first glance, Mr. Macaulay's delightful volumes carry everything before them; but true history has a longer and severer trial to stand.

The biggest personage assailed by Mr. Macaulay is without doubt our own "respected mither"—Scotland, who has borne about as much abuse in her day as any country under the sun. Our historian is unquestionably an "ill bird;" but holding that he has forfeited all claims to the nest thus defiled, we prefer cutting off Mr. Macaulay from our national charities, to throwing once again his name and descent in his teeth. Somebody says, the remote grandfather of our author was an expelled member of the Society of Friends, and deduces from this uncertain tradition reason good for his attack upon Penn; but this is by no means an elevated style of argument, nor one which we choose to adopt. For our own part, we confess freely, much disposed as we have been in the days of our youthful fervour to claim for Scotland every distinguished mind in any way belonging to her, it has never occurred to us to lay claim to Mr. Macaulay. We are perfectly willing to count his name an accident, to forget one side of his lineage, and to receive his report as calmly as if he had never

had a grandfather. The qualities we desire in him, as he surveys our especial country, are not those of a partisan, a son, or a lover; we are perfectly indifferent to the question whether Scotland has or ought to have any endearing ancestral claim upon the historian. We are concerned only with the justice of his judgment, the truth of his picture, the extent and breadth of his general view. We speak in the interests of a nation which has held and holds no inconsiderable place in Christendom and in the world; and when we consider Scotland, we intend to consider her not as the probable grandmother of an undutiful Macaulay, but as a country rich in all the greatest gifts of nature—a people among whom great thoughts have arisen and great events have come to pass; and with this intention, we beg to assure our historian beforehand that we do not count him for a renegade, but are honestly persuaded that he is no Scotsman, and never was.

It is hard to comprehend and harder to explain how the national character of the Scottish people should have assumed so many distinctive and individual features, separating it from the other national character of England, to which in its origin it was so closely allied. How Norman knights and Saxon exiles grew and welded with the original Celt into "that unanimous heronation" which turned English bows and foreign riders to flight at Bannockburn, seems to us one of the most remarkable problems which are in history. The Celtic portion of the race has never been even a dominant minority, and the blood of the Lowland Scot is nearer akin to the Englishman than to the Highlander even now. Yet an impalpable but most real boundary-line, deeper than the Tweed, more distinct than the March, has risen for centuries between these brothers born. The question is as curious and interesting as it is difficult—how did this national distinction come about?

It is, however, impossible to look either at the past or the present without acknowledging it, and the thing seems worthy a philosophical inquiry; certain facts of history there are in the matter, which, explain them as you will, every one acknowledges. After the earliest centuries of authentic history, in which she appears the impersonation of a unanimous unconquerable national independence, this people, unprompted by crown or government, becomes seized with a sudden unexplainable frenzy of religion. This mysterious and incomprehensible inspiration, according to many people, was the death of mirth and of art in Scotland, and gave her over straightway to a most lugubrious and unlovely fanaticism. Very well; let every one explain it as he will—the fact stands beyond controversy. Deep down into a heart full of subdued heroic passion came this fire, be it from heaven, be it from another region. The richer and the greater nation, devout and pious in her own big heart withal, suffered herself to be tossed about for several generations in a right royal game of legerdemain between king and pope, without even an attempt to assert any spiritual independence of her own. Scotland, on the contrary, stood forth upon her faith, unanimous, fervid, and absorbed with the might of this one Idea which possessed her national soul. She destroyed her cathedrals—that was a pity; but she did things still more important in the way of overthrow. She it was who gave the electric touch of fate to the grand general drama as events went on; and neither the momentary triumph nor the eventful failure of her Covenant—that singular bond of unanimity, which it was vain to expect could be adopted by any save an optimist like herself; neither the distracting influence of the great usurpation, nor the horrors of these eight-and-twenty dismal years of persecution, which, full as they are of heroic incidents, are too frightful, too cruel, too sickening to dwell upon, moved the nation a hair's-breadth from her original glow of unanimous "fanaticism." Then came the Revolution. This great fanatic immediately settled her Kirk after her own fashion, established her educational system, and rabbled—poor souls!—the most wise, learned, and worthy curates in the west country, who had kept their place

till now. Then, out of the heart of this fanaticism, out of the heated and fiery atmosphere where Mr. Macaulay's Cameronians appear like so many metaphysical Lucifers—out of the world ruled by a frightful gang of preachers, who hunt old women and young fools to the stake, there rises, without either change of principle or alteration of sentiment, not, strange to record! a community debased, miserable, and priest-ridden, as it ought to have been, according to all logic; but a nation prosperous among the prosperous—a country rich, powerful, moral, educated, renowned for enterprise, great in invention, and rich in all that abundance and plenitude of thought which is the noblest growth of national freedom. Out of the very heart of that dismal cloud of religious gloom which overspreads the land in the pages of Mr. Macaulay, and in the misrepresentation of many a writer less gifted than he, rises a strain of national music, sweet, tender, and joyous as the very voice of nature; a wealth of poetry, noble and melodious, which any country might rejoice to own, and a series of novels unparalleled in the world. Has Scotland then changed her principles and modified her faith? No! it is not possible that an Established Church could have remained so long without breaks and offshoots; but the secessions from the Church of Scotland, great and small, have every one of them pursued her back to the closest letter of her ancient creed, and aimed themselves, not at novelty, but at a stricter and firmer adherence to the unchanged standards of their faith. This country, even in its dissent, remains unanimous. One law of doctrine and order possesses, with a singular tenacity, the mind of the nation—its other sects are all importations, limited in number, and foreign to the soil,—and even external separation has not been able to disintegrate the natural and indestructible union of belief and thought. The fanaticism of our fathers, glorious madness! cleaves to the hearts even of our children. Full three hundred years of it have been in Scotland—it may be a very bad fanaticism, bloodthirsty, unlovely, morose, and doleful—so a great many people say, and so, with a sad want of originality, says Mr. Macaulay. Yet somehow, it is very clear, Scotland has thriven under the shadow of this upas,—thriven, expanded, stretched abroad her arms to the winds and her head to the sky—given the world full assurance many a day of a free heart and a healthful spirit; and, not least (as the story goes), rendered some sturdy assistance to the production of Mr. Macaulay, an orator of distinction, a politician of fame, a brilliant essayist, and a historian unrivalled in popularity. Honour to our blithe old mother, though she carries her mirth in her heart more than on her brow!—and a swift yet not unredeemable downfall to all and sundry her traducers and enemies, be they friend or fremd!—Amen!

For it is still as true as ever it was, that "men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." If this historian's account were true, an Italy or an Ireland, without the beauty of the one or the wit of the other, is what our country must have been. We are content to leave the facts of history to speak for us—and with these so plainly on our side, it is a great deal more easy to believe the truth than the fiction; for in this, as in all other cases, there is no such extent of unreasoning and inconsiderate credulity to be found anywhere as among the enemies of the faith.

We do Mr. Macaulay meanwhile the credit to say, that his picture of Scotland is extremely creditable to his ingenuity, and by no means unpicturesque. It divides itself into distinct departments, which comprise, in the first place, the Highlands and Highlanders,—in the second, the statesmen,—and in the third, the fanatics. Anything which is not embraced in these three classes our author is unconscious of. In the first of his sketches we find nothing but personal and physical degradation, ignorance, want, and barbarity; in the second, an unvarying and clever wickedness, to which oaths are playthings, and justice and mercy words of folly; and in the third, a visible Pandemonium, where the smoky glare of the fagots blazing around a stake, lights red upon the bloodshot Cameronian eyes, gleaming malign under those blue west-country

bonnets, a crueler head-gear than the trooper's cap of steel; and on the wild infuriate ring, not of witches, but of preachers, encircling in a frenzy of triumph and malice the victim of their abominable zeal. Such is the picture as it stands,—a wild yet skilful mixture of the full-blossomed sins of savagery and civilisation,—the vice of the courtier, the rage of the bigot, and the misery of the wild man of the woods; but even as a picture, Mr. Macaulay has not here attained his usual success. The contrasts are a great deal too violent, the glare too fiery. There is no complementary colour to relieve the eye; no fountain in the wilderness to give a momentary refreshment to the imagination. Even in Ireland, though things are black enough, there is still a *preux chevalier* among the Rapparees, a crowd of heroic fighters among the Englishry. As for Scotland, one feels with disgust, that if Mr. Macaulay be correct, the only thing to be done for her is that old remedy once proposed for Ireland,—to let her down under water for so many hours—to scuttle the musty old vessel, and clear off the living lumber which pollutes her decks; pity that William of Orange had not tried the experiment!

As for the Highlands, in the first place—it is useless to quote what every one has read, and the extract would be too long for our pages; however, the description is a striking enough example of one of Mr. Macaulay's peculiarities. He begins by telling us how little appreciation our forefathers had of the wild natural magnificence of Highland scenery. *That*, however, we are glad to believe, having the historian's word for it, was just as noble, lovely, and grand as it is now; but the chance visitors, few and unfrequent, beheld it not with admiration, but with horror. In proof of this, Mr. Macaulay quotes a Captain Burt, who travelled in 1730—not a very remote period—and who "was evidently a man of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind." To this mysterious and obscure gentleman, whoever he might be, "the mountains were monstrous excrescences. Their deformity, he said, was such, that the most sterile plains seemed lovely in comparison. Fine weather, he complained, only made bad worse; for the clearer the day, the more disagreeably did these misshapen masses of gloomy brown and dirty purple affect the eye. What a contrast, he exclaimed, between these horrible prospects and the beauties of Richmond Hill!" Having thus established Captain Burt's credit with us by this remarkable example of his cultivated mind, and powers of observation, Mr. Macaulay proceeds with his description of the people of those dreary regions. The picture is sufficiently well known; black enough in all its details, it is disgusting in others, and descends in a due and admirable gradation from the mean revenge which stabbed in the back, and the savage indolence which was maintained by the labours of women, to cutaneous eruptions, and Dunnhewassels smeared with tar. When the historian draws breath at last, after the haste and fervour of this unfragrant climax, leaving his reader a little heated, a little dismayed, and somewhat horrified by the picture, it is the oddest descent in the world to step down to the foot of the page, and read Mr. Macaulay's modest and ingenuous note. "Almost all these circumstances," he says, with a delightful candour, "are taken from Burt's letters." Strange power of half-a-dozen simple words! The dismayed reader brightens up, and feels himself cheated of his former horror. The climax dwindles into an anti-climax;—are we to believe Captain Burt about the men, because he has borne such unimpeachable testimony about the mountains; or take his word for the hills because he is so true respecting the men? or by what law of evidence are we to discriminate between that part of his testimony which is authoritative and conclusive, and that part which is simple nonsense? Perhaps Mr. Macaulay knows; but he does not tell.

We submit very humbly, besides, that to have "clothes begrimed with the accumulated filth of years," must have been an extremely impolitic custom among the wearers of tartan, who were wont to recognise the friends and foes of their clan by the

set of the plaid; and, for our own part, find it extremely difficult to conceive how a man with his head smeared with tar, and the enlivening white and red stripes of his tartan undecipherable in the dirt of ages, could preserve in any degree "the better qualities of an aristocracy, grace and dignity of manner, self-respect, and that noble sensibility which makes dishonour more terrible than death." This conjunction may be true to Captain Burt, might be—we confess, distrustful of our own judgment in face of such an authority—true to fact—but it certainly is not true to nature.

Captain Burt, however, is but a pleasant little example of one of Mr. Macaulay's peculiarities. Our historian does not hesitate to cut contemptuously to pieces, on one page, one of his miserable scheming Jacobites, and on the very next, to receive the same poor plotter's word as the gravest authority for some weighty accusation. This is true economy—the genuine art of throwing nothing away.

This picture, then, of the Scottish Highlands, perhaps one of the blackest ever painted, rests upon the authority of Captain Burt—a gentleman of whom we know nothing, except that he concluded Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan to be "monstrous excrescences," and, amid "the horrible prospects" of these hills and valleys, sighed for the beauties of Richmond Hill. Can any one doubt that "he was a man of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind?" If there be such a sceptic, we leave him with silent contempt, as Mr. Macaulay does, to ruminate his doubts at his own leisure. Such poor objections are little worthy our consideration.

In the remarks which follow this startling representation of Highland scenery and manners, we cannot but applaud the extreme ability and clearness of Mr. Macaulay's description of the modern change of popular sentiment and feeling respecting the Gaelic portion of our countrymen. That the common people in England have a firm belief that every Scotchman wears the kilt and speaks the tongue of Ossian, is a thing we all know, nd have all been amused to discover. Not long since we ourselves were greatly edified by a little woodcut in a small American periodical, representing the two covenanting martyrs of the sands of Wigton, in which these heroines were represented with plaids gracefully arranged over one shoulder, and where the attendant troopers blazed in kilts; but the delusion becomes more comical still when we find it shared by the Saxon Scot himself, vainly endeavouring to make out a claim to tartan which the veriest pockpudding of the South has as much right to as he. There is very little analogy, however, between the position of the two races in Scotland and that which has always existed, and still does exist, in Ireland. Even before the '45, the Lowland Scot entertained a certain national affection for him of the Highlands. The brethren might not be upon very friendly terms, and might not be over complimentary in their report of each other; yet even Bailie Nicol Jarvie would not stand tamely another man's abuse of his cateran kinsman; and when the touch of genius came to flush the highland skies with a poetic light, all Scotland was ready to be moved by a generous enthusiasm—an enthusiasm to which even Sir Walter could never have brought the haughty Englishry of the neighbour island. There is a great mistake, too, in our judgment, in Mr. Macaulay's comments on Highland Jacobitism. He says, "the English have therefore very naturally ascribed to those tribes the feelings of English cavaliers, profound reverence for the royal office, and enthusiastic attachment to the royal family." Begging Mr. Macaulay's pardon, we think this an inconsiderate and almost foolish saying. Who were the English cavaliers? Not certainly the peasants of England—but gentlemen of blood and breeding, full of family romance and hereditary devotion. This fact, which Cromwell knew so well, is surely not unknown to our historian; and to compare a mass of peasant men with the daring scions of a high-bred aristocracy, is manifestly impossible. That the Highland kernes come a great deal better out of the comparison than the Saxon ploughmen could have done, we are

thoroughly convinced; and every body remembers how the outset of that wild adventure of the '45 gained its first practical impetus, as the story goes, from the enthusiasm, not of the chief, but the henchman—how Glengarry paused before staking clan and lands on a game so desperate—but how Ronald flung his life and service, proud to be asked for it, at the feet of the wandering Prince. To compare "those tribes," however, the bulk of whom, like the bulk of every other people, were simple peasants, with "the English cavaliers," at once an army of gentry and a political party, is very unlike the usual admirable good sense of Mr. Macaulay.

In the second place,—we confess, to begin with, that we do not feel ourselves on remarkably safe ground in taking up a defensive position on behalf of the Scottish statesmen of the Revolution, and we should falter from our task altogether if it were not for the kind assistance of our adversary. In Mr. Macaulay's comments these Edinburgh politicians are all villains. Yet, wonderful enough, when one skips the commentary and reads merely the narrative of events, it is astonishing how well the record sounds—how manly and dignified are the State documents of the era—and how sensibly, on the whole, the business gets itself accomplished. If one might venture to say as much, there really seems a good deal less of chaos in the Parliament House than in the deliberations of Westminster, according to the letter of this history. Mr. Macaulay labours to impress upon us, with an iteration rather wearisome, that bad as English diplomatists were at the time, even English diplomatists stood aghast at the depravity of their brethren. We are far from asserting that this is not true; but, like a great many other important statements in these pages, we are bound to add, that, however true it is, our historian does not prove it. A man who makes sayings, and, still more, a man who writes history after Mr. Macaulay's fashion, ought to cultivate, above all things, the useful faculty of memory; but we fear this author sometimes forgets in one volume what he has said in another. In one place we have the Scottish Parliament represented (after the Revolution) as consisting of "a hereditary aristocracy the most needy, the most haughty, and the most quarrelsome in Europe;" yet, at a former and very much darker period, we find him explaining "that the representatives of towns were almost to a man against the Government;" and that "they now showed, for the first time, an independence, a resolution, and a spirit of combination which alarmed the Court." These statements cannot be both correct.

And this whole record, so far as Mr. Macaulay's own remarks and comment are concerned, bears an invidious and peevish humour on the face of it, which puzzles and annoys the reader. The Estates of Scotland "used plain language, simply because it was impossible for them, situated as they were, to use evasive language"—as who should say a man speaks sensibly, because, in his particular circumstances, it would not be practicable to speak nonsense. Lord Melville, again, "with characteristic wariness, lived quietly on the Continent, and discountenanced the unhappy projects of his kinsman Monmouth, but cordially approved of the enterprise of the Prince of Orange." Were all the statesmen who discountenanced Monmouth and approved of William, influenced by "characteristic wariness,"—"that homely prudence" which takes care of itself? And if not, why distinguish this one man by a praise which insinuates reproach? This is a very poor kind of skill, and quite unworthy of Mr. Macaulay. We quote these instances, merely as the first we light upon in opening the book; but any observing reader will remark at once how they abound.

One man among the crowd, and only one, we ourselves are moved to lift up our testimony for. And we believe no one who has ever read or heard the little family history and delightful domestic anecdotes of that kindly Scottish household, exiled and impoverished, yet unembittered and undismayed, which made bright the banishment of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, will be able to receive, without a feeling of almost personal indignation and resentment, Mr. Macaulay's querulous account of that upright gentleman. Argyll's unfortu-

nate expedition is too long a story for our limited space, nor do we care to enter upon it; but it is impossible to recollect his granddaughter's simple account of the cheerful and manful exile, and to look with patience upon the perverse Pistol who figures in Mr. Macaulay's volumes under the same name; who is first introduced to us as one of the "many fugitives from Scotland, the intemperance of whose political and religious zeal was proportioned to the oppression which they had undergone;" and whose subsequent appearances are always prefaced by a reiterated introduction, which looks as nearly *spiteful* as anything treating of the past can do. "Such a man was Sir Patrick Hume. He had returned from exile as litigious, as impracticable, as morbidly jealous of all superior authority, and as fond of haranguing as he had been four years before." But we turn to the private record. Gay and friendly as an *emigré* of France, contented and cheerful as a philosopher—in his dreary hiding-place, the family vault of Polwarth, solacing his long and darksome leisure with the elegant Latin of Buchanan—in his humble exile at Utrecht, with all his Scottish pride and punctilio, giving with his own hand to the public charity the doit, the smallest coin in circulation, and the only piece of money in the household, which every one else was ashamed to give; and in his old age, in spite of all the bigot gloom of his faith, and the intemperate religious zeal of Mr. Macaulay's narrative, desiring to be carried down to the room, where, says his granddaughter, "so many of us having met, being no fewer than fourteen of his children and grandchildren, we had a dance"—which this brave old man contemplated "with great cheerfulness, saying, 'Though he could not dance with us, he could yet beat time with his foot,' which he did, and bid us dance as long as we could: that it was the best medicine he knew, for at the same time that it gave exercise to the body, it cheered the mind. At his usual time of going to bed he was carried up-stairs, and we ceased dancing for fear of disturbing him; but he soon sent to bid us go on, for the noise and music, so far from disturbing, would lull him to sleep." Such a man was Sir Patrick Hume—of whom survives the happiest and brightest story of family exile, poverty, content, and cheerfulness, of troubles made light of, and misfortunes of which the edge was turned by a blithe word and smile, which we remember in our national annals. The only thing which Mr. Macaulay quotes against him of contemporary testimony is that he was "a lover of set speeches;" no such extraordinary characteristic, one would suppose, in an age which still boasted in John Evelyn, its example of the ancient English gentleman. Sir Patrick, however, seems to have anticipated, after a formal fashion, that grand intuition of a ministry which Mr. Macaulay holds as springing from the natural evolution of events in the English parliament. "When the place of Treasurer, of Chancellor, or of Secretary, was vacant, the Parliament ought to submit two or three names to his Majesty, and one of these names his Majesty ought to be bound to select." This is one of the truculent opinions which "Sir Patrick indeed avowed." But our historian either does not perceive, or does not choose to point out, that in this, though expressed in the severer form of Scottish logic, lies the germ and suggestion of that important instrument of government which the characteristic practical wisdom of England very speedily adopted, though without offending any royal delicacy by putting it in words.

We come now, however, to a part of Mr. Macaulay's representations more important than his opinion of the Highlands, or his strictures on the politics of the Revolution. We are neither divines nor controversialists. It is not our business to defend the especial tenets of that faith under whose shadow our country has grown and flourished; and we are perfectly aware that no amount of religious intolerance exceeds the eager intolerance manifested in general by those who make no particular profession of religion, against all who do. But we cannot help remarking Mr. Macaulay's exhibition of one of the most evident features of the time. Within these dozen years or so—we do not think the mania is much older—lite-

rature—or rather light literature—or rather the *littérateur*, a personage not to be described by the suave eighteenth century designation of Man of Letters—has taken upon himself to attack and overthrow something which he supposes to be Calvinism, and which doubtless he means to distinguish thereby as the most rampant form of sombre and unlovely religion. The monster thus attacked is a very ugly monster; but it flaps its arms abroad into the sky with a suspicious perplexity of outline, and creaks in its movements as living limbs never creaked in the common air of heaven. While our adventurous knight rushes against it in all the enthusiasm of chivalry, we, who are only a spectator, stand by, much puzzled, and look on through the storm of the onset with a certain perception of something ludicrous checking our interest and our sympathy. What is it? Alas, it is no giant—it is only the windmill of the old story; and the zeal of our champion tumbles down, sheer out of the sublime into quite another region, as he essays his maiden weapons on that portentous arm of wood.

We desire to do injustice to no man. We do not accuse Mr. Macaulay of wilfully misrepresenting the doctrines of our faith, nor the spirit of the same. We do not assert that Mr. Dickens knows what he is doing in the unfortunate production by which, at this moment, he is bringing down his own fame. We will not even say that the Broad Church, though it is a clergyman, and ought to be instructed, really knows any better. What we say is the simple assertion, that the monster introduced to us by these accomplished and able writers, and to which Mr. Macaulay especially has given local name and habitation, has no existence in any creed, in any Church, or in any religious community in the world.

This being acknowledged, we are perfectly willing that every man should fight his own windmill after his own fashion. We give our free consent that every individual Frankenstein should have its head cut off incontinently by its own proper creator; but we will not consent to have the faith, in which we are rejoiced to live and die, identified with the monster of any man's imagination, and still less to suffer a general slur and stigma upon the Church and the memory of our fathers, to us the most precious things in history.

In this story of a religion persecuted and proscribed, we have to complain at once of a general misrepresentation, and of many particulars absolutely—though doubtless not intentionally—untrue. At the very outset of the tale, Mr Macaulay contrives with a dash to mark the Calvinistic belief with the grand invention of its modern assailants. Everybody knows—for it is a very favourite passage among the records of martyrs—the story of those two Wigtonshire women who were drowned on the sands of Solway, for, as we have always supposed, the Presbyterian faith. As it appears now, we have been mistaken; and in the case of one of them at least, the mysterious doctrine of reprobation seems the real cause of martyrdom. Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, choking in the tawny waves of Solway, is unbound, and implored to yield. "Dear Margaret, only say God save the King!" The poor girl, *true to her stern theology*, gasped out, "May God save him, if it is God's will." This stern theology to which the young martyr was true, is explained in a previous page as "the consequence which some rigid Calvinists had drawn from the doctrine of reprobation, that to pray for any person who had been predestined to perdition was an act of mutiny against the eternal decrees of the Supreme Being." We are at a loss to conceive how any man who has studied at all the subject of which he speaks, could venture to put upon the last words of so young and innocent a sufferer such an interpretation. The Wigtonshire Margaret knew well, if Mr Macaulay does not know, that the "God save the King" demanded from her was no prayer for a man's salvation—that behind that false and insulting formula stood test and abjuration, and that it was no wish of religious charity, but the first signal of religious and political submission to the absolute will of a tyrant, which lay within the seeming Christian Shibboleth. We are no

martyr, but we are a Presbyterian, holding the ancient doctrines of the faith; and we protest that if ourselves were called upon by any such form of words, to acknowledge even the well-beloved liege lady of these realms as Head of our Church, and Mistress of our conscience, we too, the humblest and most loyal of her subjects, could find in our heart to dare a Solway, rather than cry God save the Queen!

We have read a good many books of Calvinistic theology, and heard in our day no small amount of sermons of the same complexion; yet we confess we were sadly ignorant of the doctrine of reprobation till we began to make acquaintance with such writers as Maurice and Kingsley, Dickens and Macaulay. It is true, and we confess it, that the Church of Scotland, perhaps impelled by a national spirit of logic more absolute than that of England, and more in the habit of following a certain truth to its inevitable conclusion—solemnly admits the darker alternative of that simple statement in which lies the summary of her faith, "There is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus." But that from this the Church of Scotland has ever deduced any other practical corollary than that of the Apostle, "Preach the Gospel,"—we unhesitatingly challenge Mr. Macaulay to prove—and not only Mr. Macaulay, though he is a redoubtable champion—but all the world.

But there was, without dispute, a party of "extreme Presbyterians," and in this party there were still more extreme individuals, and many who had suffered the full force of that oppression which makes a wise man mad. Of these it is natural an adverse historian should make extensive use. This writer, however, more skilful than most historians, contrives, with admirable art, yet without committing himself, to make these hunted and suffering pioneers represent the whole main body of their compatriots. The nonjurors in England must have greatly outnumbered even in proportion the remnant of Cameronians; yet Mr. Macaulay is perfectly able to exhibit these wilful martyrs, without the slightest risk of identification with the sober majority of their Church. It is quite different on the Northern side of the Tweed, where we never by any chance gain a glimpse of the mass of the Church, but are perpetually scared by the frightful apparition of a west-country bonnet covering the crazed head of a Whig from the hills. The Cameronians linger in dramatic non-appearance "in the cellars" of Edinburgh; but not a single Edinburgh burgess—not even a passing gleam of that Edinburgh mob, which is of no small note among mobs, and by no means disposed to play second fiddle in any commotion, appears to give local colour to the scene. In the North country and the South country it is still the Cameronians; and our historian, whenever he steps aside to consider the temper of the nation, or the peculiarities of its creed, immediately rushes upon his favourite subject, and brings in his beloved heroes. The English nonjurors were headed by several bishops and many gentlemen. The Scottish "extreme party" never appears to have a leader, and consists almost entirely of peasants. Yet the nonjurors stand apart distinct upon their own little pillory, and throw the reflection of their folly upon no man. The Cameronians, much smaller in number, and a thousand times more excusable, overshadow all Scotland; and we are not permitted to see a single reasonable man in the Church, nor charitable action in the time, for the blaze of the exaggerated and maniac fervour which it pleases Mr. Macaulay to attribute to this ubiquitous handful of peasant men.

To these same Cameronians, or Covenanters, or extreme Presbyterians—for the names are used indifferently—our historian, in the meanwhile, does the most evident and marked injustice. Let us confess that their frightful trials had permanently darkened the atmosphere for these men whose personal morality is beyond the reach of any assailant; that the sun would not rise for them again with that cheerful and exhilarating confidence which he brought to those who dwelt among their own people, and arose and lay down in peace; that the national strictness of logic, and disposition to

follow to its furthest conclusion, and embody in its strongest expression every truth they held, gave severity to their faith, and overshadowed much of the inherent grace and loveliness of Christianity. But in all this there is no ground to justify the unfounded assertions of Mr. Macaulay; and when he tells us gravely "that they had been taught to regard the slaying of a persecutor as a duty; that no examples furnished by Holy Writ had been more frequently held up to their admiration than Ehud stabbing Eglon, and Samuel hewing Agag limb from limb; that they never heard any achievement in the history of their own country more warmly praised by their favourite teachers than the butchery of Cardinal Beatoun and Archbishop Sharpe"—we stand aghast at the temerity of the historian. The murder of Cardinal Beatoun took place in 1546—that of Archbishop Sharpe in 1679—considerably more than a century elapsing between them; yet from the earliest dawn of religious strife until the Revolution-settlement, a period not very much short of two hundred years, among a people not previously undistinguished by sharp strokes of personal revenge, these two solitary examples of violence are the only instances which can be brought against the "extreme Presbyterians" of Scotland. If "they had been taught to regard the slaying of a persecutor as a duty," we see no reason why enthusiasts already marked and dedicated to a violent death, should not have made their appearance by dozens, nor why the virtuous Queensberry, the lofty Lauderdale, the faithful Perth, should not have shared the fate of Sharpe: "if they had never heard any achievement more warmly praised by their favourite teachers than the butchery of Cardinal Beatoun and Archbishop Sharpe," we are at a loss to conceive how Dundee came safe to Killiecrankie and fell in lawful battle, how Dalziel lived on to hoar haira, like any innocent squire, and how "the bloody Mackenzie" himself survived to prate of solitude and its delights with the polished dilettantes of the South. The Grassmarket and its scaffold, or the summary dragoon execution—not to speak of the thumbscrew and the boot—were secured by only one conventicle; and why a man driven mad by persecution should refuse himself the revenge which would at once deliver his brother from a persecutor, and elevate his own name to the fame of a hero, is an incomprehensible piece of self-denial. Was there no hedge in Scotland, does Mr. Macaulay think, from which the Scotch covenanter, like the Irish ribbonman, could aim an unsuspected bullet? Yet there was but one Sharpe and one Beatoun—a single victim in a century. We thank the historian that he thus takes the trouble to prove his own statement, what we assert it to be, with out foundation, and entirely untrue.

And now, in this black list of universal condemnation, come "the ministers," who were not Cameronians. Those men to whose hands was committed the re-establishment of the Church of Scotland, and of whom Mr. Macaulay's much-loved "extreme" party professed no admiration, must surely have differed a little in spirit from the wild Whigs of the west. But it is useless to multiply quotations to prove our historian's opinion to the contrary, because it is impossible to find a single passage which refers to them, in which epithets more moderate, or censure less severe, is bestowed upon the reverend brethren of the restored Church than upon the Cameronians. The same indiscriminate reproach answers equally for both; and it is hard to tell, judging from Mr. Macaulay's manner of speech, which was worse. They established their ecclesiastical polity on firm and sure foundations; they had no small share in the settlement of that system of parish schools, which even this writer acknowledges to be one of the wisest of national measures—an evident fountainhead of the prosperity of Scotland. No thanks to them; miserable fanatics!—ferocious bigots!—worthless and degraded pretenders! for did they not dance, in the madness of satisfied cruelty, like the witches round their cauldron, in a wilder *abandon* than ever disgraced the friars of the Inquisition, around the gallows of Aikenhead.

We take the liberty to place Mr. Macaulay's account of this transaction

—no doubt a very deplorable one, and a stain upon the age—side by side with an authority which he quotes, and another authority which he does not quote, contemporary with the deed; from which comparison our readers may judge for themselves what is Mr. Macaulay's bias, and with what skilful touches of colour it is his use and wont to improve the natural effect of the picture. The lad in question, Thomas Aikenhead, has been tried and convicted under an old Act of Parliament as a blasphemer. According to this law blasphemy was a capital crime, and his execution was resolved upon.

MACAULAY.

Aikenhead petitioned the Privy Council, that if his life could not be spared, he might be allowed a short respite to make his peace with the God whom he had offended. Some of the councillors were for granting this small indulgence; others thought that it ought not to be granted unless the ministers of Edinburgh would intercede. It remained to be seen how the clergy would act. That divines should be deaf to the entreaties of a penitent who asks not for pardon, but for a little more time to receive their instructions, and to pray to Heaven for the mercy which cannot be extended to him on earth, seems almost incredible. Yet so it was. The ministers demanded not only the poor boy's death, but his speedy death, though it should be his eternal death. Even from their pulpits they cried out for cutting him off.

Aikenhead was hanged between Edinburgh and Leith. He professed deep repentance, and suffered with the Bible in his hand. The people of Edinburgh, though assuredly not disposed to think lightly of his offence, were moved to compassion by his youth, by his repentance, and by the cruel haste with which he was hurried out of the world. It seems that there was some apprehension of a rescue, for a strong body of fusiliers was under arms to support the civil power. The preachers, who were the boy's murderers, crowded round him at the gallows; and while he was struggling in the last agony, insulted Heaven with prayers more blasphemous than anything that he had ever uttered.

WILLIAM LORIMER, *Author of Two Discourses, published at the time of Aikenhead's Execution.*

I am sure the ministers of the Established Church used him with an affectionate tenderness, and took much pains with him to bring him to faith and repentance, and to save his soul: yes, and some of the ministers, to my certain knowledge, and particularly the late reverend, learned, prudent, peaceable, and pious Mr. George Meldrum, then minister of the Tron Church, interceded for him with the Government, and solicited for his pardon; and when that could not be obtained, he desired a reprieve for him, and I joined with him in it. This was the day before his execution. The Chancellor was willing to have granted him a reprieve, but could not do it without the advice of the Privy Council and Judges; and to show his willingness, he called the Council and Judges, who debated the matter, and then carried it by plurality of votes for his execution, according to the sentence of the Judges.

"POSTMAN" (*Mr. Macaulay's authority*).

He walked thither (to the place of execution) on foot, between a strong guard of fusiliers drawn up in two lines; several ministers assisted him in his last moments; and according to all human appearance, he died with all the marks of a true penitent. When he was called out of the prison to the City Council-house, before going to the place of execution, as is usual on such occasions, he delivered his thoughts at large in a paper written by him and signed with his own hand, and then requested the ministers who were present to pray for him, which they did, and afterwards he himself prayed, and several times invocated the blessed Trinity, as he did likewise at the place of execution, holding all the time the Holy Bible in his hand; and being executed, he was buried at the foot of the gallows.

What do our readers think of the proverbial accuracy of a story at second-hand, when the said story comes through the picturesque channel of Mr Macaulay's fancy! The whole of this superstructure of imagination about the ministers rests upon the authority of an "It was told" in a private letter. All this ground has been already gone over

in the clever critique of the *Edinburgh Witness*, which is some months old, but our contemporary will not complain of the repetition of quotations which may carry to a wider audience a vindication like this.

About these same ministers, we have only to say farther that, after much persuasion, doubtless, and many struggles, they received fully into the Church the late episcopal clergy of the north, on their reception of the Confession of Faith and standards of the Presbyterian Church, and that the act which restored to their benefices the sixty Presbyterian ministers who survived the persecution, made a division of the half-year's stipend between the rightful and restored pastor, and the ejected curate who had reigned in his stead. These are not very bad instances of intolerance, yet Mr. Macaulay does not mention either of them in charitable deprecation of the wrath he has raised against bigots so frightful. As for the "rabbling," we freely yield it to the full use of our historian. A man who finds a thief in his house, is by no means likely to use great politeness in the ejection of the same: and the curates of the West, without controversy, held this position in the opinion of the whole population which surrounded them.

One personage who appears frequently in this History, but always by dark and mysterious glimpses, and who receives Mr. Macaulay's unqualified approbation, being, beyond the reach of doubt or controversy, one of William's most trusted and confidential councillors, must considerably puzzle those readers who are not very well up in the history of the period. Who was Carstairs? A Presbyterian minister —one of those refugees in Holland who were noted for their intemperate zeal; yet withal one of the most wise, and the most notable of the very few men who were personal friends of William of Orange. So much we are told; but it is amusing to notice the dexterity with which Mr. Macaulay refrains from any formal personal introduction, such as it is his constant habit to give of less considerable people, and how skilfully he keeps this distinguished man out of sight in the very affairs where his influence is most naturally and most largely exercised. No one could suppose from this History that Carstairs lived and died anything but the king's friend, adviser, and chaplain; and no uninformed reader could suppose that this was Principal Carstairs, the head of the University, and the leading presbyter of the Church, a little later, and at present its constant champion and adviser. Mr. Macaulay loves the picturesque, but he does not love it well enough to use it to the disadvantage of his own personal conclusions; yet there are many stories in these volumes less noteworthy and far less characteristic than the tale which relates how Carstairs, with an extreme and almost audacious boldness, intercepted the king's messenger, and recalled the king's order, when William had unwarily sanctioned, in the absence of his adviser, the arbitrary imposition of an oath upon the Scottish General Assembly. William not only forgave but confirmed this countermanding of his own kingly message; but Mr. Macaulay does not record this striking incident, much as it redounds to the credit of his hero; for our historian does not choose, as it seems, to identify the handful of barbarians who represented the Church of Scotland, with the wise, courageous, and enlightened Carstairs.

We have occupied already so much space, and found so many Scottish matters to dismiss, that it is scarcely just to bring in at the end of a national disclaimer the disputed points of individual character in his more favoured ground of England, concerning which Mr. Macaulay is at issue with sundry active and vigorous champions. The defence of Marlborough has been taken up by able hands; but we do not suppose that the ordinary public, if the historian had been but moderate, would have cared greatly what he said of that renowned yet unloved general. But an extreme inveteracy of dislike, and that ugly habit of calling names, in which Mr. Macaulay is so skilful, raises for the victim a reactionary sympathy. In Mr. Macaulay's hands his very virtues tell

against him; and the story of his faithful and disinterested love—a story all the more remarkable if he were as avaricious as he is called—becomes something to sneer at rather than to applaud, though we can well imagine what a romantic lustre such a tale would have thrown upon Halifax or Dorset, had it been within the power of the historian to bestow it on his favourites. Mr. Macaulay makes an unjust, spiteful, and exaggerated use of the Castlemaine incident in the hero's early history—but this is too ugly a story for our handling, and we decline to meddle with it, either for explanation or defence. Yet Marlborough was a wonderful genius, one of the greatest soldiers of our race—he was capable of a disinterested, life-long, and unwavering attachment; he was incapable of changing his religion, though it pleases Mr. Macaulay to sneer at such scruples, as finding place in *his* breast—and he was very shabbily and unhandsomely treated, at the very culmination of his fame, by monarch and government. These facts ought to be enough to give the greatest general of his age—perhaps the most complete soldier known to English history before Wellington—a fair hearing and a candid report. He has not gained either in the volumes of Mr. Macaulay.

We are not able to profess any very overpowering interest in the character of William Penn, and it is but a languid regard with which even his biographer's laudatory story inspires us. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. Dixon is right—but his case is by no means so clear, convincing, and satisfactory, as he seems to suppose it; and even after reading all that he has to say on the subject, we are obliged to confess that there is still an uncomfortable haze resting upon the name and character of the eminent quaker. We do not dispute that there was another Penn—but the mistake seems to have been made by contemporary writers as well as Mr. Macaulay, and no one appears to have been startled by the supposition that William Penn was capable of the acts imputed to him. The only thing quite satisfactory in Mr. Dixon's defence, is his explanation of the puzzling connection between the arbitrary king and the unreverential subject—a connection for which we never could find any means of accounting, and which Mr. Macaulay certainly does not help any one to discover. Penn, as it appears, was James's ward—a very natural explanation of at least the beginning of their singular friendship.

In all this we do Mr. Macaulay the justice to say that he vindicates his own *intention* of truthfulness by the evident frequency with which his own narrative refutes his own comments. It is only when his prejudices seem powerfully moved, as in the case of the Church of Scotland, that his record of actual events becomes unreliable. He has the eclectic gift in a high degree—he knows how to omit an explanatory circumstance, and how to leap over an unexplainable virtue—but we find so many instances in which his own summary of character is scattered to the winds by the successive events he relates, that it is only in exceptional cases that we can say anything against the apparent *intention* of Mr. Macaulay. These exceptional cases, however, are strong in our own country, and touch our own honour; and it is really a very unworthy occupation for a writer of powers so great and a mind so enlightened, to emulate, on real ground, and with actual men, the visionary calumnies of a *Little Dorrit*. The Scottish faith has made the Scottish nation great, virtuous, and honoured, and even the arts of imagination give practical proof that this grave shadow has put no blight upon them, though it may have given a certain direction to their efforts. Mr. Macaulay will but splinter his lance if he tries it upon the shield of adamant which defends from every weapon of offence a true and pure Religion. Let him think better of his own great gift and its proper uses—a gift which does not appear at its greatest, in the most brilliant pictorial effects, or the most able darkening of names and reputations, whose owners have no longer any voice to answer; but which can only crown itself with lasting honour by a candid interpretation of the entire and universal Truth.

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Notice to Editors and Caution to the Public.

Will our Editorial friends caution their readers against a man, pretending to be a *deaf mute*, and forging our name to printed subscription bills, got up by himself, expressly to cheat the public? *We have no deaf mute in our employ.* We have heard from this man's victims chiefly in the Western States, but he will doubtless go wherever he can be most successful in his villany. We therefore wish to check and expose him at all points simultaneously, and hence this request from Editors with whom we exchange. It is not for our benefit, but for that of the Public, that we ask the favor, for we learn that this scamp is doing a large business with other Publications, as well as our own. He has, in one instance, given his name as "Burgerick," but all the receipts we have seen are boldly signed "Leonard Scott & Co.," without even an assumed name as Agent. Please pass him around.

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P.S.—One of his victims, writing from Illinois, describes him as "dark, thick set, black hair, sallow complexion, German cast of countenance, wore spectacles with steel rims, limped considerably, and was well dressed." His deafness, &c., is probably feigned.

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THE ATHELINGS; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

BOOK II.—PART V.

CHAPTER I.—THE WILLOWS.

The Willows was a large low house, with no architectural pretensions, but bright as villa could be upon the sunniest side of the Thames. The lawn sloped to the river, and ended in a deep fringe and border of willows, sweeping into the water; while half way across the stream lay a little fairy island, half enveloped in the same silvery foliage, but with bowers and depths of leaves within, through which some stray sunbeam was always gleaming. The flower-beds on the lawn were in a flush with roses; the crystal roof of a large conservatory glistened in the sun. Flowers and sunshine, fragrance and stillness, the dew on the grass, and the morning light upon the river—no marvel that to eyes so young and inexperienced, this Richmond villa looked like a paradise on earth.

It was early morning—very early, when nobody seemed awake but themselves in the great house; and Agnes and Marian came down stairs softly, and, half afraid of doing wrong, stole out upon the lawn. The sun had just began to gather those blobs of dew from the roses, but all over the grass lay jewels, bedded deep in the close-shorn sod, and shining in the early light. An occasional puff of wind came crisp across the river, and turned to the sun the silvery side of all those drooping willow-leaves, and the willows themselves swayed and sighed towards the water, and the water came up upon them now and then with a playful plunge and flow. The two girls said nothing to each other as they wandered along the foot of the slope, looking over to the island, where already the sun had penetrated to his nest of trees. All this simple beauty, which was not remarkable to the fashionable guests of Mrs. Edgerley, went to the very heart of these simple children of Bellevue. It moved them to involuntary delight—joy which could give no reason, for they thought there had never been such a beautiful summer morning, or such a scene.

And by-and-by they began to talk of last night—last night, their first night at the Willows, their first entrance into the home-life of "the great." They had no moral maxims at their finger-ends, touching the vanity of riches, nor had the private opinion entertained by Papa and Mamma, that "the country" paid for the folly of "the aristocracy," and that the science of Government was a

mere pièce of craft for the benefit of "the privileged classes," done any harm at all to the unpolitical imaginations of Agnes and Marian. They were scarcely at their ease yet, and were a great deal more timid than was comfortable; yet they took very naturally to this fairy life, and found an unfailing fund of wonder and admiration in it. They admired everything indeed, had a certain awe and veneration for everybody, and could not sufficiently admire the apparent accomplishments and real grace of their new associates.

"Agnes!—I wonder if there is anything I could learn?" said Marian, rather timidly; "everybody here can do something; it is very different from doing a little of everything, like Miss Tavistock at Bellevue—and we used to think her accomplished!—but do you think there is anything I could learn?"

"And me!" said Agnes, somewhat disconsolately.

"You,? no, indeed you do not need it," said Marian, with a little pride. "You can do what none of them can do;—but they can talk about everything these people, and every one of them can do something. There is that Sir Langham—you would think he was only a young gentleman—but Mrs. Edgerley says he makes beautiful sketches. We did not understand people like these when we were at home."

"What do you think of Sir Langham, May?" asked Agnes seriously.

"Think of him? oh, he is very pleasant," said Marian, with a smile and a slight blush: "but never mind Sir Langham; do you think there is anything I could learn?"

"I do not know," said Agnes; "perhaps you could sing. I think you might sing, if you would only take courage and try."

"Sing! oh no, no!" said Marian; "no one could venture to sing after the young lady—did you hear her name, Agnes?—who sang last night. She did not speak to any one, she was more by herself than we were. I wonder who she could be."

"Mrs. Edgerley called her Rachel," said Agnes. "I did not hear any other name. I think it must be the same that Mrs. Edgerley told mamma about; you remember she said ——"

"I am here," said a low voice suddenly, close beside them. The girls started back, exceedingly confused and ashamed. They had not perceived a sort of little bower, woven among the willows, from which now hastily appeared the third person who spoke. She was a little older than Agnes, very slight and girlish in her person—very dark of complexion, with a magnificent mass of black hair, and large liquid dark eyes. Nothing else about her was remarkable; her features were small and delicate, her cheeks colourless, her very lips pale; but her eyes, which were not of a slumbrous lustre, but full of light, rapid, earnest, and irregular, lighted up her dark pallid face with singular power and attractiveness. She turned upon them quickly as they stood distressed and irresolute before her.

"I did not mean to interrupt you," said this new-comer; "but you were about to speak of me, and I thought it only honest to give you notice that I was here."

"Thank you," said Agnes with humility. "We are strangers, and did not know—we scarcely know any one here; and we thought you were nearly about our own age, and perhaps would help us—" Here Agnes stopped short; she was not skilled in making overtures of friendship.

"No, indeed no," cried their new acquaintance, hurriedly. "I never make friends. I could be of no use. I am only a dependent, scarcely so good as that. I am nothing here."

"And neither are we," said Agnes, following shyly the step which this strange girl took away from them "We never were in a house like this before. We do not belong to great people. Mrs. Edgerley asked us to come, because we met her at Mr. Burlington's, and she has been very kind, but we know no one. Pray, do not go away."

The thoughtful eyes brightened into a sudden gleam. "We are called Atheling," said Marian, interposing in her turn. "My sister is Agnes, and I am Marian—and you Miss——"

"My name is Rachel," said their new friend, with a sudden and vio-

lent blush, making all her face crimson. "I have no other—call me so, and I will like it. You think I am of your age; but I am not like you—you do not know half so much as I know."

"No—that is very likely," said Agnes, somewhat puzzled; "but I think you do not mean education," said the young author immediately, seeing Marian somewhat disposed to resent on her behalf this broad assertion. "You mean distress and sorrow. But we have had a great deal of grief at home. We have lost dear little children, one after another. We are not ignorant of grief."

Rachel looked at them with strange observation, wonder, and uncertainty. "But you are ignorant of me—and I am ignorant of you," she said slowly, pausing between her words. "I suppose you mean just what you say, do you? and I am not much used to that. Do you know what I am here for?—only to sing and amuse the people—and you still want to make friends with me!"

"Mrs. Edgerley said you were to be a singer, but you did not like it," said Marian; "and I think you are very right."

"Did she say so?—and what more?" said Rachel, smiling faintly "I want to hear now, though I did not when I heard your voices first."

"She said you were a connection of the family," said Agnes.

The blood rushed again to the young stranger's brow. "Ah! I understand," she said: "she implied—yes. I know how she would do. And you will still be friends with *me*?"

At that moment it suddenly flashed upon the recollection of both the girls that Mamma had disapproved of this prospective acquaintance. They both blushed with instant consciousness, and neither of them spoke. In an instant Rachel became frozen into a haughtiness far exceeding anything within the power of Mrs. Edgerley. Little and slight as she was, her girlish frame rose to the dignity of a young queen. Before Agnes could say a word, she had left them with a slight and lofty brow. Without haste, but with singular rapidity, she crossed the dewy lawn, and went into the house, acknowledging, with a stately inclination of her head, some one who passed her. The girls were so entirely absorbed watching her progress, that they did not perceive who this other person was.

CHAPTER II.—AN EMBARRASSING COMPANION.

"Strange creature!" said Sir Langham Portland, who had joined the girls almost before they were aware; "Odd girl! If Lucifer had a sister, I should know where to find her; but a perfect siren so far as music is concerned. Did you hear her sing last night—that thing of Beethoven's—what is the name of it? Do you like Beethoven, though? *She*, I suppose, worships him."

"We know very little about music," said Marian. She thought it proper to make known the fact, but blushed in spite of herself, and was much ashamed of her own ignorance. Marian was quite distressed and impatient to find herself so much behind every one else.

"Oh!" said Sir Langham—which meant that the handsome guardsman was a good deal flattered by the blush, and did not care at all for the want of information—in fact, he was cogitating within himself, being no great master of the art of conversation, what to speak of next.

"I am afraid Miss—Rachel was not pleased," said Agnes; "we disturbed her here. I am afraid she will think we were rude."

"Eh!" said Sir Langham, with a look of astonishment. "Oh, don't trouble yourself—she's accustomed to that. Pretty place this. Suppose a fellow on the island over there, what a capital sketch he could make;—with two figures instead of three the effect would be perfect!"

"We were two figures before you came," said Marian, turning half away, and with a smile.

"Ah! quite a different suggestion," said Sir Langham. "Your two figures were all white and angelical—maiden meditation—mine

would be—Elysium. Happy sketcher! happier hero!—and you could not suppose a more appropriate scene."

But Agnes and Marian were much too shy and timid to answer this as they might have answered Harry Oswald under the same circumstances. Agnes half interrupted him, being somewhat in haste to change the conversation. "You are an artist yourself?" said Agnes.

"No," said Sir Langham; "not at all,—no more than everybody else is. I have no doubt you know a hundred people better at it than me."

"I do not think, counting every one," said Marian, "that we know a hundred, or the half of a hundred, people altogether; and none of them make sketches. Mrs. Edgerley said yours were quite remarkable."

"A great many things are quite remarkable with Mrs. Edgerley," said Sir Langham through his mustache. "But what an amazing circle yours must be;—one must do something with one's spare time. That old fellow is the hardest rascal to kill of any I know—don't *you* find him so?"

"No—not when we are at home," said Marian.

"Ah! in the country, I suppose; and you are Lady Bountifuls, and attend to all the village," said Sir Langham. He had quite made up his mind that these young girls, who were not fashionable nor remarkable in any way, save for the wonderful beauty of the youngest, were daughters of some squire in Banburyshire, whom it was Lord Winterbourne's interest to do a service to.

"No, indeed, we have not any village—we are not Lady Bountifuls; but we do a great many things at home," said Marian. Something restrained them both, however, from their heroic purpose of declaring at once their "rank in life;" they shrank, with natural delicacy, from saying anything about themselves to this interrogator, and were by no means clear that it would be right to tell Sir Langham Portland that they lived in Bellevue.

"May we go through the conservatory, I wonder?" said Agnes,—the elder sister, remembering the parting charge of her mother, began to be somewhat uneasy about their handsome companion—he might possibly fall in love with Marian—that was not so very dreadful a hypothesis,—for Agnes was human, and did not object to see the natural enemies of womankind taken captive, subjugated, or even entirely slain. But Marian might fall in love with *him*! That was an appalling thought; two distinct lines of anxiety began to appear in Agnes's forehead; and the imagination of the young genius instantly called before her the most touching and pathetic picture of a secret love and a broken heart.

"Marian, we may go into the conservatory," repeated Agnes; and she took her sister's hand and led her to where the Scotch gardener was opening the windows of that fairy palace. Sir Langham still gave them his attendance, following Marian as she passed through the ranks of flowers, and echoing her delight. Sir Langham was rather relieved to find them at last in enthusiasm about something. This familiar and well-known feature of young ladyhood set him much more at his ease.

And the gardener, with benign generosity, gathered some flowers for his young visitors. They thanked him with such thoroughly grateful thanks, and were so respectful of his superior knowledge, that this worthy functionary brightened under their influence. Sir Langham followed surprised and amused. He thought Marian's simple ignorance of all those delicate splendid exotic flowers, as pretty as he would have thought her acquaintance with them had she been better instructed; and when one of her flowers fell from her hand, lifted it up with the air of a paladin, and placed it in his breast. Marian, though she had turned aside, *saw* him do it by some mysterious perception—not of the eye—and blushed with a secret tremor, half of pleasure, half of amusement. Agnes regarded it a great deal more seriously. Agnes immediately discovered that it was time to go in. She was quite indifferent, we are grieved to say, to the fate of Sir Langham, and thought nothing of disturbing the peace of that susceptible young gentleman; but her protection and guardianship of Marian was a much more serious

affair. Their windows were in the end of the house, and commanded no view—so Mrs. Edgerley, with a hundred regrets, was grieved to tell them—but these windows looked over an orchard and a clump of chestnuts, where birds sang, and dew fell, and the girls were perfectly contented with the prospect; they had three rooms — a dressing-room, and two pretty bedchambers — into all of which the morning sun threw a side-long glance as he passed; and they had been extremely delighted with their pretty apartments last night.

"Well!" said Agnes, as they arranged their flowers and put them in water, "everything is very pretty, May, but I almost wish we were at home."

"Why?" said Marian; but the beautiful sister had so much perception of the case, that she did not look up, nor show any particular surprise.

"Why?—because—because people don't understand what we are, nor who we belong to, nor how different —— Marian, you know quite well what is the cause!"

"But suppose people don't want to know?" said Marian, who was provokingly calm and at her ease; "we cannot go about telling everybody—no one cares. Suppose we were to tell Sir Langham, Agnes? He would think we meant that he was to come to Bellevue; and I am sure you would not like to see him there!"

This was a very conclusive argument, but Agnes had made up her mind to be annoyed.

"And there was Rachel," said Agnes, "I wonder why just at that moment we should have thought of mamma—and now I am sure she will not speak to us again."

"Mamma did not think it quite proper," said Marian doubtfully;—"I am sure I cannot tell why—but we were very near making up friendship without thinking; perhaps it is better as it is."

"It is never proper to hurt any one's feelings—and she is lonely and neglected, and by herself," said Agnes. "Mamma cannot be displeased when I tell her; and I will try all I can to-day to meet with Rachel again. I think Rachel would think better of our house than of the Willows. Though it is a beautiful place, it is not kindly; it never could look like home."

"Oh, nonsense! if we had it to ourselves, and they were all here!" cried Marian. That indeed was a paradisaical conception. Agnes's uneasy mood could not stand against such an idea, and she arranged her hair with renewed spirits, having quite given up for the moment all desire for going home.

CHAPTER III.—SOCIETY.

But Rachel did not join the party either in their drives, their walks, or their conversations. She was not to be seen during the whole day, either out of doors or in, and did not even make her appearance at the dinner-table: and Agnes could not so much as hear any allusion made to her except once, when Mrs. Edgerley promised a new arrival, "some really good music," and launched forth in praise of a extraordinary little genius, whom nothing could excuse for concealing her gift from the world But if Rachel did not appear, Sir Langham did, following Marian with his eyes when he could not follow in person, and hovering about the young beauty like a man bewitched. The homage of such a cavalier was not to be despised; in spite of herself, the smile and the blush brightened upon the sweet face of Marian—she was pleased—she was amused—she was grateful to Sir Langham—and besides had a certain mischievous pleasure in her power over him, and loved to exercise the sway of despotism. Marian knew little about coquetry, though she had read with attention Mrs. Edgerley's novel on the subject; but, notwithstanding, had "a way" of her own, and some little practice in tantalizing poor Harry Oswald, who was by no means so superb a plaything as the handsome guardsman. The excitement and novelty of her position—the attentions paid

to her—the pretty things around her—even her own dress, which never before had been so handsome, brightened with a variable and sweet illumination, the beauty which needed no aggravating circumstance. Poor Sir Langham gave himself up helpless and unresisting, and already, in his honest but somewhat slow imagination, made formal declarations to the supposititious Banburyshire Squire.

Agnes, meanwhile, sat by Marian's side, rather silent, eagerly watching for the appearance of Rachel—for now it was evening, and the really good music could not be long deferred, if it was to come to-night. Agnes was not neglected, though she had no Sir Langham to watch her movements. Mrs. Edgerley herself came to the young genius now and then to introduce some one who was "dying to know the author of *Hope Hazlewood*;" and half disconcerted, half amused, Agnes began to feel herself entering upon the enjoyment of her reputation. No one could possibly suppose anything more different from the fanciful and delicate fame which charms the young poetic mind with imaginary glories, than these drawing-room compliments and protestations of interest and delight, to which, at first with a deep blush and overpowering embarrassment, and by-and-by with an uneasy consciousness of something ridiculous, the young author sat still and listened. The two sisters kept always close together, and had not courage enough to move from the corner in which they had first established themselves. Agnes, for the moment had become the reigning whim in the brain of Mrs. Edgerley. She came to her side now and then to whisper a few words of caressing encouragement, or to point out to her somebody of note; and when she left her young guest, Mrs. Edgerley flew at once to the aforesaid somebody to call his or her attention to the pair of sisters, one of whom had *such* genius, and the other *such* beauty. Marian, occupied with her own concerns, took all this very quietly. Agnes grew annoyed, uneasy, displeased; she did not remember that she had once been mortified at the neglect of her pretty hostess, nor that Mrs. Edgerley's admiration was as evanescent as her neglect. She began to think everybody was laughing at her claims to distinction, and that she amused the people, sitting here uneasily receiving compliments, immovable in her chair—and she was extremely grateful to Mr. Agar, her former acquaintance, when he came looking amused and paying no compliments, to talk to her, and to screen her from observation. Mr. Agar had been watching her uneasiness, her embarrassment, her self-annoyance. He was quite pleased with the "study;" it pleased him as much as a *Watteau*, or a cabinet of old china; and what could connoisseur say more?

"You must confide your annoyance to me. I am your oldest acquaintance," said Mr. Agar. "What has happened? Has your pretty sister been naughty? eh? or are all the people *so* much delighted with your book?"

"Yes," said Agnes, holding down her head a little, with a momentary shame that her two troubles should have been so easily found out.

"And why should they not be delighted?" said the ancient beau. "You would have liked me a great deal better had I been the same, when I first saw you; do you not like it now?"

"No," said Agnes.

"Yes; no. Your eyes do not talk in monosyllables." said the old gentleman, "eh? What has poor Sir Langham done to merit that flash of dissatisfaction? and I wonder what is the meaning of all these anxious glances towards the door?"

"I was looking for—for the young lady they call Rachel," said Agnes, "do you know who she is, sir?—can you tell me? I am afraid she thought we were rude this morning, when we met her; and I wish very very much to see her to-night."

"Ah, I know nothing of the young lady, but a good deal of the voice," said Mr. Agar; "a fine soprano,—a good deal of expression, and plenty of fire. Yes, she needs nothing but cultivation to make a great success."

"I think, sir," said Agnes, suddenly breaking in upon this speech, "if you would speak to Mrs. Edgerley for

her, perhaps they would not teaze her about being a singer. She hates it. I know she does; and it would be very good of you to help her, for she has no friends."

Mr. Agar looked at the young pleader with a smile of surprised amusement. "And why should I interfere on her behalf? and why should she not be a singer? and how do you suppose I could persuade myself to do such an injury to Art?"

"She dislikes it very much," said Agnes. "She is a woman—a girl—a delicate mind; it would be very cruel to bring her before the world; and indeed I am sure if you would speak to Mrs. Edgerley—"

"My dear young lady," cried Mr. Agar, with a momentary shrug of his eyebrows, and look of comic distress, "you entirely mistake my *rôle*. I am not a knight-errant for the rescue of distressed princesses. I am a humble servant of the beautiful; and a young lady's tremors are really not cause enough to induce me to resign a fine soprano. No. I bow before my fair enslavers," said the ancient Corydon, with a reverential obeisance, which belonged, like his words, to another century; "but my true and only mistress is Art."

Agnes was silenced in a moment; but whether by this declaration, or by the entrance of Rachel, who suddenly appeared gliding in at a side-door, could not be determined. Rachel came in so quickly, and with such a gliding motion, that anybody less intently on the watch could not have discovered the moment of her appearance. She was soon at the piano, and heard immediately; but she came there in a miraculous manner to all the other observers, as if she had dropped from heaven.

And while the connoisseur stood apart to listen undisturbed, and Mrs. Edgerley's guests were suddenly stayed in their flutter of talk and mutual criticism by the "really good music" which their hostess had promised them, Agnes at listening, moved and anxious,—not to the song, but to the singer. She thought the music, pathetic, complaining, and resentful, and instead of being a renowned *chef-d'œuvre* of a famous composer, was the natural outcry of this lonely girl. She thought she could hear the solitary heart, the neglected life, making its appeal indignant and sorrowful to some higher ear than all these careless listeners. She bent unconsciously towards the singer, forgetting all her mother's rules of manners, and leaning forward, supported her rapt and earnest face with her hand. Mrs. Edgerly paused to point out to some one the sweet enthusiasm, the delightful impressionable nature of her charming young friend; but to tell the truth, Agnes was not thinking at all of the music. It seemed to her a strange impassioned monologue,—a thing of which she was the sole hearer,—an irrepressible burst of confidence, addressed to the only one here present who cared to receive the same.

When it was over she raised herself almost painfully from her listening posture; *she* did not join in any of the warm expressions of delight which burst from her neighbours; and with extreme impatience Agnes listened to the cool criticism of Mr. Agar, who was delivering his opinion very near her. Her heart ached as she saw the musician turn haughtily aside, and heard her say, "I am here when you want me again;" and Rachel withdrew to a sofa in a corner, and, shading her delicate small face entirely with her hand, took up a book and read, or pretended to read. Agnes looked on with eager interest, while several people, one after another approached the singer to offer her some of the usual compliments, and retreated immediately, disconcerted by their reception. Leaning back in her corner, with her book held obstinately before her, and the small pale hand shading the delicate face, it was impossible to intrude upon Rachel. Agnes sat watching her, quite absorbed and sad—thinking, in her own quick creative mind, many a proud thought for Rachel—and fancying she could read in that unvarying and statue-like attitude a world of tumultuous feelings. She was so much occupied that she took no notice of Sir Langham; and even Marian, though she appealed to her twenty times, did not get more than a single word in reply.

"Is she not the most wonderful little genius?" cried Mrs. Edgerley, making one of her sudden descents upon Agnes. "I tell everybody she is next to you — quite next to you in talent. I expect she will make quite a *furor* next season when she makes her *début*."

"But she dislikes it so much," said Agnes.

"What, music? Oh, you mean coming out; poor child, she does not know what is for her own advantage," said Mrs. Edgerley. "My love, in *her* circumstances, people have no right to consult their feelings; and a successful singer may live quite a fairy life. Music is so entrancing — these sort of people make fortunes immediately, and then, of course, she could retire, and be as private as she pleased. Oh, yes, I am sure she will be delighted to gratify you, Mr. Agar: she will sing again."

It scarcely required a word from Mrs. Edgerley — scarcely a sign — Rachel seemed to know by intuition, when she was wanted, and, putting down her book, went to the piano again;—perhaps Agnes was not so attentive this time, for she felt herself suddenly roused a few minutes after by a sudden tremor in the magnificent voice — a sudden shake and tremble, having the same effect upon the singing which a start would have upon the frame. Agnes looked round eagerly to see the cause—there was no cause apparent—and no change whatever in the company, save for the pale spasmodic face of Lord Winterbourne, newly arrived, and saluting his daughter at the door.

Was it this? Agnes could not wait to inquire, for immediately the music rose and swelled into such a magnificent burst and overflow that every one held his breath. To the excited ear of Agnes, it sounded like a glorious challenge and defiance, irrestrainable and involuntary; and ere the listeners had ceased to wonder, the music was over, and the singer gone.

"A sudden effect—our young performer is not without dramatic talent," said Mr. Agar. Agnes said nothing; but she searched in the corner of the sofa with her eyes, watched the side-door, and stole sidelong looks at Lord Winterbourne. He never seemed at his ease, this uncomfortable nobleman; he had a discomfited look to-night, like a man defeated, and Agnes could not help thinking of Charlie, with his sudden enmity, and the old acquaintance of her father, and all the chances connected with Aunt Bridget's bequest; for the time, in her momentary impulse of dislike and repulsion, she thought her noble neighbour, ex-minister and peer of the realm as he was, was not a match for the big boy.

"Agnes, somebody says Lord Winterbourne is her father — Rachel's father — and she cannot bear him. Was that what Mrs. Edgerley meant?" whispered Marian in her ear with a look of sorrow. "Did you hear her voice tremble—did you see how she went away? They say she is his daughter—oh, Agnes, can it be true?"

But Agnes did not know, and could not answer: if it was true, then it was very certain that Rachel must be right; and that there were depths and mysteries and miseries of life, of which, in spite of all their innocent acquaintance with sorrow, these simple girls had scarcely heard, and never knew.

CHAPTER IV.—MAKING FRIENDS.

The next morning, and the next again, Agnes and Marian vainly sought the little bower of willows looking for Rachel—once they saw her escape hastily out of the shrubbery as they returned from their search, and knew by that means that she wished to avoid them; but though they heard her sing every night, they made no advance in their friendship, for that was the only time in which Rachel was visible, and then she defied all intrusion upon her haughty solitude. Mr. Agar himself wisely kept aloof from the young singer. The old gentleman did not choose to

subject himself to the chance of a repulse.

But if Rachel avoided them, Sir Langham certainly did not. This enterprising youth having discovered their first early walk, took care to be in the way when they repeated it, and on the fourth morning, without saying anything to each other, the sisters unanimously decided to remain within the safe shelter of their own apartments. From a corner of their window they could see Sir Langham in vexation and impatience traversing the slope of the lawn, and pulling off the long ashy willow-leaves to toss them into the river. Marian laughed to herself without giving a reason, and Agnes was very glad they had remained in the house; but the elder sister, reasoning with elaborate wisdom, made up her mind to ask no further questions about Sir Langham, how Marian liked him, or what she thought of his attentions. Agnes thought too many inquiries might "put something into her head."

Proceeding upon this astute line of policy, Agnes took no notice whatever of all the assiduities of the handsome guardsman, not even his good-natured and brotherly attentions to herself. They were only to remain a fortnight at the Willows—very little harm, surely, could be done in that time, and they had but a slender chance of meeting again. So the elder sister, in spite of her charge of Marian, quieted her conscience and her fears—and in the mean time the two girls, with thorough and cordial simplicity, took pleasure in their holiday, finding everybody kind to them, and excusing with natural humbleness any chance symptom of neglect.

They had been a week at the Willows, and every day had used every means in their power to see Rachel again, when, one morning, suddenly, without plot or premeditation, Agnes encountered her in a long passage which ran from the hall to the morning-room of Mrs. Edgerley. There was a long window at the end of this passage against which the small rapid figure, clothed in a dark close-fitting dress, without the smallest relief of ornament, stood out strangely, outlined and surrounded by the light. Agnes had some flowers in her hand, the gift of her acquaintance the gardener. She fancied that Rachel glanced at them wistfully, and she was eager of the opportunity. "They are newly gathered—will you take some?" said Agnes, holding out her hands to her. The young stranger paused, and looked for an instant distrustfully at her and the flowers. Agnes hoped nothing better than to be dismissed with a haughty word of thanks; but while Rachel lingered, the door of the morning-room was opened, and an approaching footstep struck upon the tiled floor. The young singer did not look behind her, did not pause to see who it was, but recognising the step, as it seemed, with a sudden start and tremor, suddenly laid her hand on Agnes's arm, and drew her hurriedly in within a door which she flung open. As soon as they were in, Rachel closed the door with haste and force, and stood close by it with evident agitation and excitement. "I beg your pardon—but hush, do not speak till he is past," she said in a whisper. Agnes, much discomposed and troubled, went to the window, as people generally do in embarrassment, and looked out vacantly for a moment upon the kitchen-garden and the servants' "offices," the only prospect visible from it. She could not help sharing a little the excitement of her companion, as she thought upon her own singular position here, and listened with an involuntary thrill to the slow step of the unknown person from whom they had fled, pacing along the long cool corridor to pass this door.

But he did not pass the door; he made a moment's pause at it, and then entered, coming full upon Rachel as she stood agitated and defiant, close upon the threshold. Agnes scarcely looked round, yet she could see it was Lord Winterbourne.

"Good morning, Rachel. I trust you get on well here," said the newcomer in a soft and stealthy tone: "is this your sitting-room? Ah, bare enough, I see. You are in splendid voice, I am glad to hear; some one is coming to-night, I understand, whose good opinion is important. You must take care to do yourself full justice. Are you well, child?"

He had approached close to her, and bestowed a cold kiss upon the brow which burned under his touch. "Perfectly well," said Rachel, drawing back, with a voice unusually harsh and clear. Her agitation and excitement had for the moment driven all the music from her tones.

"And your brother is quite well, and all going on in the usual way at Winterbourne," continued the stranger. "I expect to have the house very full in a few weeks, and you must arrange with the housekeeper where to bestow yourselves. *You*, of course, I shall want frequently. As for Louis, I suppose he does nothing but fish and mope as usual. I have no desire to see more than I can help of *him*."

"There is no fear; his desire is as strong as yours," cried Rachel suddenly, her face varying from the most violent flush to a sudden passionate paleness. Lord Winterbourne answered by his cold smile of ridicule.

"I know his amiable temper," he said. "Now remember what I have said about to-night. Do yourself justice. It will be for your advantage. Good-by. Remember me to Louis."

The door opened again and he was gone. Rachel closed it almost violently, and threw herself upon a chair. "We owe him no duty — none. I will not believe it," cried Rachel. "No—no—no—I do not belong to him! Louis is not his!"

All this time, in the greatest distress and embarrassment, Agnes stood by the window, grieved to be an unwilling listener, and reluctant to remind Rachel of her presence by going away. But Rachel had not forgotten that she was there. With a sudden effort this strange solitary girl composed herself and came up to Agnes. "Do you know Lord Winterbourne?" she said quickly; "have you heard of him before you came here?"

"I think——but, indeed, I may be mistaken," said Agnes timidly; "I think papa once knew him long ago."

"And did he think him a good man?" said Rachel.

This was a very embarrassing question. Agnes turned away, retreated uneasily, blushed, and hesitated. "He never speaks of him; I cannot tell," said Agnes.

"Do you know," said Rachel, eagerly, "they say he is my father—Louis's father; but we do not believe it, neither I nor he."

To this singular statement Agnes made no answer, save by a look of surprise and inquiry; the frightful uncertainty of such a position as this was beyond the innocent comprehension of Agnes Atheling. She looked with a blank and painful surprise into her young companion's face.

"And I will not sing to-night; I will not, because he bade me!" said Rachel. "Is it my fault that I can sing? but I am to be punished for it; they make me come to amuse them; and they want me to be a public singer. I should not care," cried the poor girl suddenly, in a violent burst of tears, passing from her passion and excitement to her natural character — "I would not mind it for myself if it were not for Louis. I would do anything they bade me myself; I do not care, nothing matters to me; but Louis—Louis! he thinks it is disgrace, and it would break his heart!"

"Is that your brother?" said Agnes, bending over her, and endeavoring to soothe her excitement. Rachel made no immediate answer.

"He has disgrace enough already, poor boy," said Rachel. "We are nobody's children; or we are Lord Winterbourne's; and he who might be a king's son—and he has not even a name! Yes, he is my brother, my poor Louis: we are twins; and we have nobody but each other in the whole world."

"If he is as old as you," said Agnes, who was only accustomed to the usages of humble houses, and knew nothing of the traditions of a noble race, "you should not stay at Winterbourne: a man can always work—you ought not to stay."

"Do you think so?" cried Rachel, eagerly. "Louis says so always, and I beg and plead with him. When he was only eighteen he ran away: he went and enlisted for a soldier—a common man—and was away a year, and then they bought him off, and promised to get him a commission; and I made him promise to me

—perhaps it was selfish, for I could not live when he was gone—I made him promise not to go away again. And there he is at Winterbourne. I know you never saw any one like him; and now all these heartless people are going there, and Lord Winterbourne is afraid of him, and never will have him seen, and the whole time I will be sick to the very heart lest he should go away."

"But I think he ought to go away," said Agnes gravely.

Her new friend looked up in her face with an earnest and trembling scrutiny. This poor girl had a great deal more passion and vehemence in her character than had ever been called for in Agnes; but, an uninstructed and ill-trained child, knew nothing of the primitive independence, and had never been taught to think of right and wrong.

"We have a little house there," said Agnes, with a sudden thought. "Do you know the Old Wood Lodge? Papa's old aunt left it to him, and they say it is very near the Hall."

At the name Rachel started suddenly, rose up at once with one of her quick inconsiderate movements, and, throwing her arms round Agnes, kissed her cheek. "I knew I ought to know you," said Rachel, "and yet I did not think of the name. Dear old Miss Bridget, she loved Louis. I am sure she loved him; and we know every room in the house, and every leaf on the trees. If you come there, we will see you every day."

"We are coming there—and my mother," said Agnes. "I know you will be pleased to see mamma," said the good girl, her face brightening, and her eyes filling in spite of herself; "every one thinks she is like their own mother—and when you come to us you will think you are at home."

"We never had any mother," said Rachel, sadly; "we never had any home; we do not know what it is. Look, this is my home here."

Agnes looked round the large bare apartment, in which the only article of furniture worth notice was an old piano, and which looked only upon the little square of kitchen-garden and the servants' rooms. It was somewhat larger than both the parlours in Bellevue, and for a best room would have rejoiced Mrs. Atheling's ambitious heart; but Agnes was already a little wiser than she had been in Islington, and it chilled her heart to compare this lonely and dreary apartment with all the surrounding luxuries, which Rachel saw and did not share.

"Come up with me and see Marian," said Agnes, putting her arms through her companion's; "you are not to avoid us now any more; we are all to be friends after to-day."

And Rachel, who did not know what friendship was, yielded, thinking of Louis. Had she been wrong throughout in keeping him, by her entreaties, so long at Winterbourne? A vision of a home, all to themselves, burst once in a great delight upon the mind of Rachel. If Louis would only consent to it! With such a motive before her as that, the poor girl fancied she "would not mind" being a singer after all.

CHAPTER V.—CONFIDENTIAL.

When the first ice was broken Rachel became perfectly confidential with her new friends—*perfectly* confidential—far more so than they, accustomed to the domestic privateness of humble English life, could understand. This poor girl had no restraint upon her for family pride or family honour; no compensation in family sympathy; and her listeners, who had very little skill in the study of character, though one of them had written a novel, were extremely puzzled with a kind of doubleness, perfectly innocent and unconscious, which made Rachel's thoughts and words at different moments like the words and the thoughts of two different people. At one time she was herself, humble, timid, and content to do anything which any authority bade her do; but in a moment she remembered Louis; and the change was instantaneous — she became proud, stately, obdurate, even defiant. She was no longer herself, but the shadow

and representative of her brother; and in this view Rachel resisted and defied every influence, anchoring her own wavering will upon Louis, and refusing, with unreasonable and unreasoning obstinacy, all injunctions and all persuasions coming from those to whom her brother was opposed. She seemed indeed to have neither plan nor thought for herself: Louis was her inspiration. *She* seemed to have been born for no other purpose but to follow, to love, and to serve this brother, who to her was all the world. As she sat on the pretty chintz sofa in that sunny little dressing-room where Agnes and Marian passed the morning, running rapidly over the environs of the Old Wood Lodge, and telling them about their future neighbours, they were amazed and amused to find the total absence of personal opinion, and almost of personal liking, in their new acquaintance. She had but one standard, to which she referred everything, and that was Louis. They saw the very landscape, not as it was, but as it appeared to this wonderful brother. They became acquainted with the village and its inhabitants through the medium of Louis's favourites and Louis's aversions. They were young enough and simple enough themselves to be perfectly ready to invest any unknown ideal person with all the gifts of fancy; and Louis immediately leaped forth from the unknown world, a presence and an authority to them both.

"The Rector lives in the Old Wood House," said Rachel, for the first time pausing, and looking somewhat confused in her rapid summary. "I am sure I do not know what to think—but Louis does not like him. I suppose you will not like him; and yet,"—here a little faint colour came upon the young speaker's pale face—"sometimes I have fancied he would have been a friend if we had let him; and he is quite sure to like you."

Saying this, she turned a somewhat wistful look upon Agnes—blushing more perceptibly, but with no sunshine or brightness in her blush. "Yes," said Rachel slowly, "he will like you—he will do for you; and you," she added, turning with sudden eagerness to Marian, "you are for Louis—remember! You are not to think of any one else till you see Louis. You never saw any one like him; he is like a prince to look at, and I know he is a great genius. Your sister shall have the Rector, and Louis shall be for you."

All this Rachel said hurriedly, but with the most perfect gravity, even with a tinge of sadness—grieved, as they could perceive, that her brother did not like the Rector, but making no resistance against a doom so unquestionable as the dislike of Louis: but her timid heart was somehow touched upon the subject; she became thoughtful, and lingered over it with a kind of melancholy pleasure. "Perhaps Louis might come to like him if he was connected with *you*," said Rachel meditatively; and the faint colour wavered and flickered on her face, and at last passed away with a low but very audible sigh.

"But they are all Riverses," she continued, in her usual rapid way. "The Rector of Winterbourne is always a Rivers—it is the family living; and if Lord Winterbourne's son should die, I suppose Mr. Lionel would be the heir. His sister lives with him, quite an old lady; and then there is another Miss Rivers, who lives, far off, at Abingford all the way. Did you ever hear of Miss Anastasia? But she does not call herself Miss—only the Honourable Anastasia Rivers. Old Miss Bridget was once her governess. Lord Winterbourne will never permit her to see *us;* but I almost think Louis would like to be friends with her, only he will not take the trouble. They are not at all friends with her at Winterbourne."

"Is she a relation?" said Agnes. The girls by this time were so much interested in the family story that they did not notice this admirable reason for the inclination of Louis towards this old lady unknown.

"She is the old Lord's only child," said Rachel. "The old Lord was Lord Winterbourne's brother, and he died abroad, and no one knew anything about him for a long time, before he died. We want very much to hear about him; indeed, I ought not to tell you—but Louis thinks perhaps he knew something about us.

Louis will not believe we are Lord Winterbourne's children; and though we are poor disgraced children any way, and though he hates the very name of Rivers, I think he would almost rather we belonged to the old Lord; for he says," added Rachel with great seriousness, "that one cannot hate one's father, if he is dead."

The girls drew back a little, half in horror; but though she spoke in this rebellious fashion, there was no consciousness of wrong in Rachel's innocent and quiet face.

"And we have so many troubles," burst forth the poor girl suddenly. "And I sometimes sit and cry all day, and pray to God to be dead. And when anybody is kind to me," she continued, some sudden remembrance moving her to an outburst of tears, and raising the colour once more upon her colourless cheek, "I am so weak and so foolish, and would do anything they tell me. *I* do not care, I am sure, what I do—it does not matter to me; but Louis—no, certainly, I will not sing to-night."

"I wish very much," said Agnes, with an earnestness and courage which somewhat startled Marian—"I wish very much you could come home with us to our little house in Bellevue."

"Yes," said Marian doubtfully; but the younger sister, though she shared the generous impulse, could not help a secret glance at Agnes—an emphatic reminder of Mamma.

"No, I must make no friends," said Rachel, rising under the inspiration of Louis's will and injunctions. "It is very kind of you, but I must not do it. Oh, but remember you are to come to Winterbourne, and I will try to bring Louis to see you; and I am sure you know a great deal better, and could talk to him different from me. Do you know," she continued solemnly, "they never have given me any education at all, except to sing? I have never been taught anything, nor indeed Louis either, which is much worse than me—only he is a great genius, and can teach himself. The Rector wanted to help him; that is why I am always sure, if Louis would let him, he would be a friend."

And again a faint half-distinguishable blush came upon Rachel's face. No, it meant nothing, though Agnes and Marian canvassed and interpreted after their own fashion this delicate suffusion; it only meant that the timid gentle heart might have been touched had there been room for more than Louis but Louis was supreme, and filled up all.

CHAPTER VI.

That night, faithful to her purpose, Rachel did not appear in the drawing-room. How far her firmness would have supported her, had she been left to herself, it is impossible to tell; but she was not left to herself. "Mrs. Edgerly came, saying just the same things as Lord Winterbourne," said Rachel, "and I knew I should be firm. Louis cannot endure Mrs. Edgerley." She said this with the most entire unconsciousness that she revealed the whole motive and strength of her resistance in the words. Rachel, indeed, was perfectly unaware of the entire subjection in which she kept even her thoughts and her affections to her brother; but she could not help a little anxiety and a little nervousness as to whether "Louis would like" her new acquaintances. She herself brightened wonderfully under the influence of these companions—expanded out of her dull and irritable solitude, and with girlish eagerness forecast their fortunes, seizing at once, in idea, upon Marian as the destined bride of Louis, and with a voluntary self-sacrifice making over, with a sigh and a secret thrill of pride, the only person who had ever wakened any interest in her own most sisterly bosom, to Agnes. She pleased herself greatly with these visions, and built them on a foundation still more brittle than that of Alnaschar—for it was possible that all her pleasant dreams might be thrown into the dust in a moment, if—dreadful possibility!—"Louis did not like" these first friends of poor Rachel's youth.

And when she brightened under

this genial influence, and softened out of the haughtiness and solitary state which, indeed, was quite foreign to her character, Rachel became a very attractive little person. Even the sudden change in her sentiments and bearing, when she returned to her old feeling of representing Louis, added a charm. Her large eyes troubled and melting, her pale small features which were very fine and regular, though so far from striking, her noble little head and small pretty figure, attracted in the highest degree the admiration of her new friends. Marian, who rather suspected that she herself was rather pretty, could not sufficiently admire the grace and refinement of Rachel; and Agnes, though candidly admitting that there was "scarcely any one" so beautiful as Marian, notwithstanding bestowed a very equal share of her regard upon the attractions of their companion. And the trio fell immediately into all the warmth of girlish friendship. The Athelings went to visit Rachel in her great bare study, and Rachel came to visit them in their pretty little dressing-room; and whether in that sunbright gay enclosure, or within the sombre and undecorated walls of the room which looked out on the kitchen-garden, a painter would have been puzzled to choose which was the better scene. They were so pretty a group anywhere—so animated—so full of eager life and intelligence—so much disposed to communicate everything that occurred to them, that Rachel's room brightened under the charm of their presence as she herself had done. And this new acquaintanceship made a somewhat singular revolution in the drawing-room—where the young musician, after her singing, was instantly joined by her two friends. She was extremely reserved and shy of every one else, and even of them occasionally, under the eyes of Mrs Edgerley; but she was no longer the little tragical princess who buried herself in the book and the corner, and neither heard nor saw anything going around her. And the fact that they had some one whose position was even more doubtful and uneasy than their own, to give heart and courage to, animated Agnes and Marian, as nothing else could have done. They recovered their natural spirits, and were no longer overawed by the great people surrounding them; they had so much care for Rachel that they forgot to be self-conscious, or to trouble themselves with inquiries touching their own manners and deportment, and what other people thought of the same; and on the whole, though their simplicity was not quite so amusing as at first, "other people" began to have a kindness for the fresh young faces, always so honest, cloudless, and sincere.

But Agnes's "reputation" had died away, and left very little trace behind it. Mrs Edgerley had found other lions, and at the present moment held in delusion an unfortunate young poet, who was much more like to be harmed by the momentary idolatry than Agnes. The people who had been dying to know the author of *Hope Hazlewood*, had all found out that the shy young genius did not talk in character—had no gift of conversation, and, indeed, did nothing at all to keep up her fame; and if Agnes chanced to feel a momentary mortification at the prompt desertion of all her admirers, she wisely kept the pang to herself, and said nothing about it. They were not neglected—for the accomplished authoress of *Coquetry* and the *Beau Monde* had some kindness at her heart after all, and had always a smile to spare for her young guests when they came in her way: they were permitted to roam freely about the gardens and the conservatory; they were by no means hindered in their acquaintance with Rachel, whom Mrs Edgerley was really much disposed to bring out and patronise; and one of them, the genius or the beauty, as best suited her other companions, was not unfrequently honoured with a place in Mrs Edgerley's barouche—a pretty shy lay figure in that rustling, radiant, perfumy *bouquet* of fine ladies, who talked over her head about things and people perfectly unknown to the silent auditor, and impressed her with a vague idea that this elegant and easy gossip was brilliant "conversation," though it did

not quite sound, after all, like that grand unattainable conversation to be found in books. After this fashion, liking their novel life wonderfully well, and already making a home of that sunny little dressing-room, they drew gradually towards the end of their fortnight. As yet nothing at all marvellous had happened to them, and even Agnes seemed to have forgotten the absolute necessity of letting everybody know that they "did not belong to great people," but instead of a rural Hall, or Grange of renown, lived only in No. 10, Bellevue.

CHAPTER VII.—A TERRIBLE EVENT.

For Agnes, we are grieved to confess, had fallen into all the sudden fervour of a most warm and enthusiastic girlish friendship. She forgot to watch over her sister, though Mrs. Atheling's letters did not fail to remind her of her duty; she forgot to ward off the constant regards of Sir Langham. She began to be perfectly indifferent and careless of the superb sentinel who mounted guard upon Marian every night. For the time, Agnes was entirely occupied with Rachel, and with the new world so full of a charmed unknown life, which seemed to open upon them all in this Old Wood Lodge; she spent hours dreaming of some discovery which might change the position of the unfortunate brother and sister; she took up with warmth and earnestness their dislike to Lord Winterbourne. If it sometimes occurred to her what a frightful sentiment this was on the part of children to their father, she corrected herself suddenly, and declared in her own mind, with heart and energy, that he could not be their father—that there was no resemblance between them. But this, it must be confessed, was a puzzling subject, and offered continual ground for speculation; for princes and princesses, stolen away in their childhood, were extremely fictitious personages, even to an imagination which had written a novel; and Agnes could not help a thrill of apprehension when she thought of Louis and Marian, of the little romance which Rachel had made up between them, and how her own honourable father and mother would look upon this unhappy scion of a noble house—this poor boy who had no name.

This future, so full of strange and exciting possibilities, attracted with an irresistible power the imaginative mind of Agnes. She went through it chapter by chapter—through earnest dialogues, overpowering emotions, many a varying and exciting scene. The Old Wood Lodge, the Old Wood House, the Hall, the Rector, the old Miss Rivers, the unknown hero, Louis—these made a little private world of persons and places to the vivid imagination of the young dreamer. They floated down even upon Mrs. Edgerley's drawing-room, extinguishing its gay lights, its pretty faces, and its hum of conversation; but with still more effect filled all her mind and meditations, as she rested, half reclining, upon the pretty chintz sofa in the pretty dressing-room, in the sweet summer noon with which this sweet repose was so harmonious and suitable. The window was open, and the soft wind blowing in fluttered all the leaves of that book upon the little table, which the sunshine, entering too, brightened into a dazzling whiteness with all its rims and threads of gold. A fragrant breath came up from the garden, a hum of soft sound from all the drowsy world out of doors. Agnes, in the corner of the sofa, laying back her head among its pretty cushions, with the smile of fancy on her lips, and the meditative inward light shining in her eyes, playing her foot idly on the carpet, playing her fingers idly among a little knot of flowers which lay at her side, and which, in this sweet indolence, she had not yet taken the trouble to arrange in the little vase—was as complete a picture of maiden meditation—of those charmed fancies, sweet and fearless, which belong to her age and kind, as painter or poet could desire to see.

When Marian suddenly broke in upon the retirement of her sister,

disturbed, fluttered, a little afraid, but with no appearance of painfulness, though there was a certain distress, in her excitement. Marian's eyes were downcast, abashed, and dewy, her colour unusually bright, her lips apart, her heart beating high. She came into the little quiet room with a sudden burst, as if she had fled from some one; but when she came within the door, paused as suddenly, put up her hands to her face, blushed an overpowering blush, and dropped at once with the shyest, prettiest movement in the world, into a low chair which stood behind the door. Agnes, waking slowly out of her own bright mist of fancy, saw all this with a faint wonder—noticing scarcely anything more than that Marian surely grew prettier every day, and indeed had never looked so beautiful all her life.

"May! you look quite ——" lovely, Agnes was about to say; but she paused in consideration of her sister's feelings, and said "frightened" instead.

"Oh, no wonder! Agnes, something has happened," said Marian. She began to look even more frightened as she spoke; yet the pretty saucy lip moved a little into something that resembled suppressed and silent laughter. In spite, however, of this one evidence of a secret mixture of amusement, Marian was extremely grave and visibly afraid.

"What has happened? Is it about Rachel?" asked Agnes, instantly referring Marian's agitation to the subject of her own thoughts.

"About Rachel! you are always thinking about Rachel," said Marian, with a momentary sparkle of indignation. "It is something a great deal more important; it is — oh, Agnes! Sir Langham has been speaking to me——"

Agnes raised herself immediately with a start of eagerness and surprise, accusing herself. She had forgotten all about this close and pressing danger—she had neglected her guardianship—she looked with an appalled and pitying look upon her beautiful sister. In Agnes's eyes, it was perfectly visible already that here was an end of Marian's happiness—that she had bestowed her heart upon Sir Langham, and that accordingly this heart had nothing to do but to break.

"What did he say?" asked Agnes solemnly.

"He said——oh, I am sure you know very well what he was sure to say," cried Marian, holding down her head, and tying knots in her little handkerchief; "he said — he liked me — and wanted to know if I would consent. But it does not matter what he said," said Marian, sinking her voice very low, and redoubling the knots upon the cambric; "it is not my fault, indeed, Agnes. I did not think he would have done it; I thought it was all like Harry Oswald; and you never said a word. What was I to do?"

"What did *you* say?" asked Agnes again, with breathless anxiety, feeling the reproach, but making no answer to it.

"I said nothing; it was in Mrs. Edgerley's morning-room, and she came in almost before he was done speaking; and I was so very glad and ran away. What could I do?" said again the beautiful culprit, becoming a little more at her ease; but during all this time she never lifted her eyes to her sister's face.

"What *will* you say, then? Marian, you make me very anxious; do not trifle with me," said Agnes.

"It is you who are trifling," retorted the young offender; "for you know if you had told the people at once, as you said you would—but I don't mean to be foolish either," said Marian, rising suddenly, and throwing herself half into her sister's arms; "and now, Agnes, you must go and tell him—indeed you must—and say that we never intended to deceive anybody, and meant no harm."

"*I* must tell him!" said Agnes, with momentary dismay; and then the elder sister put her arm round the beautiful head which leaned on her shoulder, in a caressing and sympathetic tenderness. "Yes, May," said Agnes sadly, "I will do anything you wish—I will say whatever you wish. We ought not to have come here, where you were sure to meet with all these perils. Marian! for my mother's sake you must try to keep up your heart when we get home."

The answer Marian made to this solemn appeal was to raise her eyes full of wondering and mischievous brightness, and to draw herself immediately from Agnes's embrace with a low laugh of excitement. "Keep up my heart! What do you mean?" said Marian; but she immediately hastened to her own particular sleeping-room, and, lost within its mazy muslin curtains, waited for no explanation. Agnes, disturbed and grave, and much overpowered by her own responsibility, did not know what to think. Present appearances were not much in favour of the breaking of Marian's heart.

CHAPTER VIII.—AN EXPLANATION.

"But what am I to say?"

To this most difficult question Agnes could not find any satisfactory answer. Marian, though so nearly concerned in it, gave her no assistance whatever. Marian went wandering about the three little rooms, flitting from one to another with unmistakable restlessness, humming inconsistent snatches of song, sometimes a little disposed to cry, sometimes moved to smiles, extremely variable, and full of a sweet and pleasant agitation. Agnes followed her fairy movements with grave eyes, extremely watchful and anxious—was she grieved?—was she pleased? was she really in love?

But Marian made no sign. She would not entrust her sister with any message from herself. She was almost disposed to be out of temper when Agnes questioned her. "You know very well what must be said," said Marian; "you have only to tell him who we are—and I suppose that will be quite enough for Sir Langham. Do you not think so, Agnes?"

"I think it all depends upon how he feels—and how *you* feel," said the anxious sister; but Marian turned away with a smile and made no reply. To tell the truth, she could not at all have explained her own sentiments. She was very considerably flattered by the homage of the handsome guardsman, and fluttered no less by the magnificent and marvellous idea of being a ladyship. There was nothing very much on her part to prevent this beautiful Marian Atheling from becoming as pretty a Lady Portland, and by-and-by, as affectionate a one, as even the delighted imagination of Sir Langham could conceive. But Marian was still entirely fancy free—not at all disinclined to be persuaded into love with Sir Langham, but at present completely innocent of any serious emotions—pleased, excited, in the sweetest flutter of girlish expectation, amusement, and triumph—but nothing more.

And from that corner of the window from which they could gain a sidelong glance at the lawn and partial view of the shrubbery, Sir Langham was now to be descried wandering about as restlessly as Marian, pulling off stray twigs and handfuls of leaves in the most ruthless fashion, and scattering them on his path. Marian drew Agnes suddenly and silently to the window, and pointed out the impatient figure loitering about among the trees. Agnes looked at him with dismay. "Am I to go now—to go out and seek him?—is it proper?" said Agnes, somewhat horrified at the thought. Marian took up the open book from the table, and drew the low chair into the sunshine. "In the evening everybody will be there," said Marian, as she began to read, or to pretend to read. Agnes paused for a moment in the most painful doubt and perplexity. "I suppose, indeed, it had better be done at once," she said to herself, taking up her bonnet with very unenviable feelings. Poor Agnes! her heart beat louder and louder, as she tied the strings with trembling fingers, and prepared to go. There was Marian bending down over the book on her knees, sitting in the sunshine with the full summer light burning upon her hair, and one cheek flushed with the pressure of her supporting hand. She glanced up eagerly, but she said nothing; and Agnes, very pale and extremely doubtful, went upon her strange errand. It

was the most perplexing and uncomfortable business in the world—and was it proper? But she reassured herself a little as she went down stairs—if any one should see her going out to seek Sir Langham? "I will tell Mrs. Edgerley the reason," thought Agnes—she supposed at least no one could have any difficulty in understanding *that*.

So she hastened along the garden paths, very shyly, looking quite pale, and with a palpitating heart. Sir Langham knew nothing of her approach till he turned round suddenly on hearing the shy hesitating rapid step behind. He thought it was Marian for a moment, and made one eager step forward; then he paused, half expecting, half indignant. Agnes, breathless and hurried, gave him no time to address her—she burst into her little speech with all the eager temerity of fear.

"If you please, Sir Langham, I have something to say to you," said Agnes. "You must have been deceived in us—you do not know who we are. We do not belong to great people—we have never before been in a house like Mrs. Edgerley's. I came to tell you at once, for we did not think it honest that you should not know."

"Know—know what?" cried Sir Langham. Never guardsman before was filled with such illimitable amaze.

Agnes had recovered her self-possession to some extent. "I mean, sir," she said earnestly, her face flushing as she spoke, "that we wish you to know who we belong to, and that we are not of your rank, nor like the people here. My father is in the City, and we live at Islington, in Bellevue. We are able to live as we desire to live," said Agnes with a little natural pride, standing very erect, and blushing more deeply than ever, "but we are what people at the Willows would call *poor*."

Her amazed companion stood gazing at her with a blank face of wonder. "Eh?" said Sir Langham. He could not for his life make it out.

"I suppose you do not understand me," said Agnes, who began now to be more at her ease than Sir Langham was, "but what I have said is quite true. My father is an honourable man, whom we have all a right to be proud of, but he has only—only a very little income every year. I meant to have told every one at first, for we did not want to deceive—but there was no opportunity, and whenever Marian told me, we made up our minds that you ought to know. I mean," said Agnes proudly, with a strange momentary impression that she was taller than Sir Langham, who stood before her biting the head of his cane, with a look of the blankest discomfiture—"I mean that we forget altogether what you said to my sister, and understand that you have been deceived."

She was somewhat premature, however, in her contempt. Sir Langham, overpowered with the most complete amazement, had *yet*, at all events, no desire whatever that Marian should forget what he had said to her. "Stop," said the guardsman, with his voice somewhat husky; "do you mean that your father is not a friend of Lord Winterbourne's? He is a squire in Banburyshire—I know all about it—or how could you be here?"

"He is not a squire in Banburyshire; he is in an office in the City—and they asked us here because I had written a book," said Agnes, with a little sadness and great humility. "My father is not a friend of Lord Winterbourne's; but yet I think he knew him long ago."

At these last words Sir Langham brightened a little. "Miss Atheling, I don't want to believe you," said the honest guardsman; "I'll ask Lord Winterbourne."

"Lord Winterbourne knows nothing of us," said Agnes, with an involuntary shudder of dislike; "and now I have told you, Sir Langham, and there is nothing more to say."

As she turned to leave him, the dismayed lover awoke out of his blank astonishment. "Nothing more—not a word—not a message; what did she say?" cried Sir Langham, reddening to his hair, and casting a wistful look at the house where Marian was. He followed her sister with an appealing gesture, yet paused in the midst of it. The unfortunate guardsman had never been in circumstances so utterly perplexing;

he could not, would not, give up his love—and yet!

"Marian said nothing—nothing more than I have been obliged to say," said Agnes. She turned away now, and left him with a proud and rapid step, inspired with injured pride and involuntary resentment. Agnes did not quite know what she had expected of Sir Langham, but it surely was something different from this.

CHAPTER IX.—AN EXPERIMENT.

But there was a wonderful difference between this high-minded and impetuous girl, as she crossed the lawn with a hasty foot, which almost scorned to sink into its velvet softness, and the disturbed and bewildered individual who remained behind her in the bowery path where this interview had taken place. Sir Langham Portland had no very bigoted regard for birth, and no avaricious love of money. He was a very good fellow after his kind, as Sir Langhams go, and would not have done a dishonourable thing, with the full knowledge of it, for the three kingdoms; but Sir Langham was a guardsman, a man of fashion, a man of the world; he was not so blinded by passion as to be quite oblivious of what befalls a man who marries a pretty face; he was not wealthy enough or great enough to indulge such a whim with impunity, and the beauty which was enough to elevate a Banburyshire Hall, was not sufficient to gild over the unmentionable enormity of a house in Islington and a father in the City. Fathers in the City who are made of gold may be sufficiently tolerable, but a City papa who was *poor*, and had "only a very small income every year," as Agnes said, was an unimaginable monster, scarcely realisable to the brilliant intellect of Sir Langham. This unfortunate young gentleman wandered about Mrs. Edgerley's bit of shrubbery, tearing off leaves and twigs on every side of him, musing much in his perturbed and cloudy understanding, and totally unable to make it out. Let nobody suppose he had given up Marian; that would have made a settlement of the question. But Sir Langham was not disposed to give up his beauty, and not disposed to make a *mésalliance;* and between the terror of losing her and the terror of everybody's sneer and compassion if he gained her, the unhappy lover vibrated painfully, quite unable to come to any decision, or make up his mighty mind one way or the other. He stripped off the leaves of the helpless bushes, but it did him no service; he twisted his mustache, but there was no enlightenment to be gained from that interesting appendage; he collected all his dazzled wits to the consideration of what sort of creature a man might be who was in an office in the City. Finally, a very brilliant and original idea struck upon the heavy intelligence of Sir Langham. He turned briskly out of the byways of the shrubbery, and said to himself with animation, "I'll go and see!"

When Agnes entered again the little dressing-room where her beautiful sister still bent over her book, Marian glanced up at her inquiringly, and finding no information elicited by that, waited a little, then rose, and came shyly to her side. "I only want to know," said Marian, "not because I care; but what did he say?"

"He was surprised," said Agnes proudly, turning her head away; and Agnes would say nothing more, though Marian lingered by her, and tried various hints and measures of persuasion. Agnes was extremely stately, and as Marian said, "just a little cross," all day. It was rather too bad to be cross, if she was so, to the innocent mischief-maker, who might be the principal sufferer. But Agnes had made up her mind to suffer no talk about Sir Langham; she had quite given him up, and judged him with the most uncompromising harshness. "Yes!" cried Agnes (to herself), with lofty and poetic indignation, "this I suppose is what these fashionable people call love!"

She was wrong, as might have been expected; for that poor honest

Sir Langham, galloping through the dusty roads in the blazing heat of an August afternoon, was quite as genuine in this proof of his affection as many a knight of romance. It was quite a serious matter to this poor young man of fashion, before whose tantalised and tortured imagination some small imp of an attendant cupid perpetually held up the sweetest fancy-portrait of that sweetest of fair faces. This visionary tormentor tugged at his very heartstrings as the white summer dust rose up in a cloud, marking his progress along the whole long line of the Richmoud road. He was not going to slay the dragon, the enemy of his princess—that would have been easy work. He was, unfortunate Sir Langham! bound on a despairing enterprise to find out the house which was not a hall in Banburyshire, to make acquaintance, if possible, with the papa who was in the City, and to see "if it would do."

He knew as little, in reality, about the life which Agnes and Marian lived at home, and about their father's house and all its homely economies and quiet happiness, as if he had been a New Zealand chief instead of a guardsman—and galloped along as gravely as if he were going to a funeral, with, all the way, that wicked little imp of a Cupidon tugging at his heart.

Mrs. Atheling was alone with her two babies, sighing a little, and full of weariness for the return of the girls; but Susan, better instructed this time, ushered the magnificent visitor into the best room. He stood gazing upon it in a blank amazement; upon the haircloth sofa, and the folded leaf of the big old mahogany table in the corner; and the coloured glass candlesticks and flower-vases on the mantel-shelf. Mrs. Atheling, who was a little fluttered, and the rosy boy, who clung to her skirts, and, spite of her audible entreaties in the passage, would not suffer her to enter without him, rather increased the consternation of Sir Langham. She was comely; she had a soft voice; a manner quite unpretending and simple, as good in its natural quietness as the highest breeding; yet Sir Langham, at the sight of her, heaved from the depths of his capacious bosom a mighty sigh. It would not do; that little wretch of a Cupid, what a wrench it gave him as he tried to cast it out! If it had been a disorderly house or a slatternly mother, Sir Langham might have taken some faint comfort from the thought of rescuing his beautiful Marian from a family unworthy of her; but even to his hazy understanding it became instantly perceptible that this was a home not to be parted with, and a mother much beloved. Marian, a prince might have been glad to marry; but Sir Langham could not screw his fortitude to the pitch of marrying all that little, tidy, well-ordered house in Bellevue.

So he made a great bungle of his visit, and invented a story about being in town on business, and calling to carry the Miss Athelings messages for home; and made the best he could of so bad a business by a very expeditious retreat. Anything that he did say was about Agnes; and the mother, though a little puzzled and startled by the visit, was content to set it down to the popularity of her young genius. "I suppose he wanted to see what kind of people she belonged to," said Mrs. Atheling, with a smile of satisfaction, as she looked round her best room, and drew back with her into the other parlour the rosy little rogues who held on by her gown. She was perfectly correct in her supposition; but alas! how far astray in the issue of the same.

Sir Langham went to his club—went to the opera—could not rest anywhere, and floundered about like a man bewitched. It would not do—it would not do; but the merciless little Cupid hung on by his heart strings, and would not be off for al the biddings of the guardsman. He did not return to Richmond; he was heartily ashamed of himself—heartily sick of all the so-called pleasures with which he tried to cheat his disappointment. But Sir Langham had a certain kind of good sense, though he was in love, so he applied himself to forgetting "the whole business," and made up his mind finally that it would not do.

The sisters at the Willows, when they found that Sir Langham did

not appear that night, and that no one knew anything of him, made their own conclusions on the subject, but did not say a word even to each other. Agnes sat apart silently indignant, and full of a sublime disdain. Marian, with a deeper colour than usual on her cheek, was, on the contrary, a great deal more animated than was her wont, and attracted everybody's admiration. Had anybody cared to think of the matter, it would have been the elder sister, and not the younger, whom the common imagination could have supposed to have lost a lover; but they went to rest very early that night, and spent no pleasant hour in the pleasant gossip which never failed between them. Sir Langham was not to be spoken of; and Agnes lay awake, wondering what Marian's feelings were, long after Marian, forgetting all about her momentary pique and anger, was fast and sweet asleep.

CHAPTER X.—GOING HOME.

And now it had come to an end—all the novelty, the splendour, and the excitement of this first visit—and Agnes and Marian were about to go home. They were very much pleased, and yet a little disappointed—glad and eager to return to their mother, yet feeling it would have been something of a compliment to be asked to remain.

Rachel, who was a great deal more vehement and demonstrative than either of them, threw herself into their arms with violent tears. "I have been so happy since ever I knew you," said Rachel—"so happy, I scarcely thought it right when I was not with Louis—and I think I could almost like to be your servant, and go home with you. I could do anything for you."

"Hush!" said Agnes.

"No; it is quite true," cried poor Rachel—"*quite* true. I should like to be your servant, and live with your mother. Oh! I ought to say," she continued, raising herself with a little start and thrill of terror, "that if we were in a different position, and could meet people like equals, I should be so glad—so very glad to be friends."

"But how odd Rachel would think it to live in Bellevue," said Marian, coming to the rescue with a little happy ridicule, which did better than gravity, "and to see no one, even in the street, but the milkman and the greengrocer's boy! for Rachel only thinks of the Willows and Winterbourne; she does not know in the least how things look in Bellevue."

Rachel was beguiled into a laugh—a very unusual indulgence. "When you say that, I think it is a very little cottage like one of the cottages in the village; but you know that is all wrong. Oh, when do you think you will go to Winterbourne?"

"We will write and tell you," said Agnes, "all about it, and how many are going; for I do not suppose Charlie will come after all; and you will write to us—how often? Every other day?"

Rachel turned very red, then very pale, and looked at them with considerable dismay. "Write?" she said, with a falter in her voice; "I—I never thought of that—I never wrote to any one; I dare say I should do it very badly. Oh no; I shall be sure to find out whenever you come to the Old Wood Lodge."

"But we shall hear nothing of you," said Agnes. "Why should you not write to us? I am sure you do to your brother at home."

"I do *not*," said Rachel, once more drawing herself up, and with flashing eyes. "No one can write letters to us, who have no name."

She was not to be moved from this point; she repeated the same words again and again, though with a very wistful and yielding look in her face. All for Louis! Her companions were obliged to give up the question after all.

So there was another weeping, sobbing, vehement embrace, and Rachel disappeared without a word into the big bare room down stairs—disappeared to fall again without a struggle into her former forlorn life—to yield on her own account,

and to struggle with fierce haughtiness for the credit of Louis—leaving the two sisters very thoughtful and compassionate, and full of a sudden eager generous impulse to run away with and take her home.

"Home to mamma! It would be like heaven to Rachel," said Agnes, in a little enthusiasm, with tears in her eyes.

"Ay, but it would not be like the Willows," said the most practical Marian; and they both looked out with a smile and a sigh upon the beautiful sunshiny lawn, the river in an ecstacy of light and brightness, the little island with all its ruffled willow-leaves, and bethought themselves, finding some amusement in the contrast, of Laurel House and Myrtle Cottage and the close secluded walls of Bellevue.

Mrs. Atheling had sent the Fly for her daughters—the old Islingtonian fly, with the old white horse, and the coachman with his shiny hat. This vehicle, which had once been a chariot of the gods, looked somewhat shabby as it stood in the broad sunshine before the door of the Willows, accustomed to the fairy coach of Mrs. Edgerley. They laughed to themselves very quietly when they caught their first glimpse of it, yet in a momentary weakness were half ashamed; for even Agnes's honest determination to let everybody know their true "rank in life" was not troubled by any fear lest this respectable vehicle should be taken for their own carriage *now*.

"Going, my love?" cried Mrs. Edgerley; "the fatal hour—has it really come so soon?—You leave us all *desolés*, of course; how *shall* we exist to-day? And it was so good of you to come. Remember! we shall be dying till we have a new tale from the author of *Hope Hazlewood*. I long to see it. I know it will be charming, or it could not be yours; and, my love, you look quite lovely—such roses! I think you quite the most exquisite little creature in the world. Remember me to your excellent mamma. Is your carriage waiting? Ah, I am miserable to part with you. Farewell—that dreadful word—farewell!"

Again that light perfumy touch waved over one blushing cheek and then another. Mrs. Edgerley continued to wave her hand and make them pretty signals till they reached the door, whither they hastened as quickly and as quietly as possible, not desiring any escort; but few were the privileged people in Mrs. Edgerley's morning-room, and no one cared to do the girls so much honour. Outside the house their friend the gardener waited with two bouquets, so rare and beautiful that the timid recipients of the same, making him their humble thanks, scarcely knew how to express sufficient gratitude. Some one was arriving as they departed—some one who, making the discovery of their presence, stalked towards them, almost stumbling over Agnes, who happened to be nearest to him. "Going away?" said a dismayed voice at a considerable altitude. Mr. Endicott's thin head positively vibrated with mortification; he stretched it towards Marian, who stood before him smiling over her flowers, and fixed a look of solemn reproach upon her. "I am aware that beauty and youth flee often from the presence of one who looks upon life with a studious eye. This disappointment is not without its object. You are going away."

"Yes," said Marian, laughing, but with a little charitable compassion for her own particular victim, "and you are just arriving? It is very odd—you should have come yesterday."

"Permit me," said Mr. Endicott moodily. "No; I am satisfied. This experience is well—I am glad to know it. To us, Miss Atheling," said the solemn Yankee, as he gave his valuable assistance to Agnes—"to us this play and sport of fortune is but the proper training. Our business is not to enjoy; we bear these disappointments for the world."

He put them into their humble carriage, and bowed at them solemnly. Poor Mr. Endicott! He did not blush, but grew green as he stood looking after the slow equipage ere he turned to the disenchanted Willows. Though he was about to visit people of distinction, the American young gentleman, being in love, did not care to enter upon this new scene

of observation and note-making at this moment; so he turned into the road, and walked on in the white cloud of dust raised by the wheels of the fly. The dust itself had a sentiment in it, and belonged to Marian; and Mr. Endicott began the painful manufacture of a sonnet, expressing this "experience," on the very spot.

"But *you* ought not to laugh at him, Marian, even though other people do," said Agnes, with superior virtue.

"Why not?" said the saucy beauty; "I laughed at Sir Langham—and I am sure *he* deserved it," she added in an under-tone.

"Marian," said Agnes, "I think—you have named him yourself, or I should not have done it—we had better not say anything about Sir Langham to mamma."

"I do not care at all who names him," said Marian, pouting; but she made no answer to the serious proposition: so it became tacitly agreed between them that nothing was to be said of the superb runaway lover when they got home.

CHAPTER XI.—HOME.

And now they were at home—the fly dismissed, the trunks unfastened, and Agnes and Marian sitting with Mamma in the old parlour, as if they had never been away. Yes, they had been away—both of them had come in with a little start and exclamation to this familiar room, which somehow had shrunk out of its proper proportions, and looked strangely dull, dwarfed, and sombre. It was very strange; they had lived here for years and knew every corner of every chair and every table—and they had only been gone a fortnight—yet what a difference in the well-known room!

"Somebody has been doing something to the house," said Marian involuntarily; and Agnes paused in echoing the sentiment, as she caught a glimpse of a rising cloud on her mother's comely brow.

"Indeed, children, I am grieved to see how soon you have learned to despise your home," said Mrs. Atheling; and the good mother reddened, and contracted her forehead. She had watched them with a little jealousy from their first entrance, and they, to tell the truth, had been visibly struck with the smallness and the dulness of the family rooms.

"Despise!" cried Marian, kneeling down, and leaning her beautiful head and her clasped arms upon her mother's knee. "Despise!" said Agnes, putting her arm over Mrs. Atheling's shoulder from behind her chair; "oh, mamma, you ought to know better!—we who have learned that there are people in the world who have neither a mother nor a home!"

"Well, then, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Atheling; and she began to smooth the beautiful falling hair, which came straying over her old black silk lap, like Danae's shower of gold.

"Nothing at all—only the room is a little smaller, and the carpet a little older than it used to be," said Agnes; "but, mamma, because we notice that you do not think surely that we are less glad to be at home."

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Atheling, still a little piqued: "your great friend, when he called the other day, did not seem to think there was anything amiss about the house."

"Our great friend?" The girls looked at each other with dismay—who could it be?

"His card is on the mantelpiece," said Mrs. Atheling. "He had not very much to say, but he seemed a pleasant young man—Sir [Something—Sir Langham; but, indeed, my dear, though of course, I was pleased to see him, I am not at all sure how far such acquaintances are proper for you."

"He was scarcely *my* acquaintance, mamma," said Agnes, sorrowfully looking down from behind her mother's chair upon Marian, who had hid her face in Mrs. Atheling's lap, and made no sign.

"For our rank in life is so different," pursued the prudent mother; "and even though I might have some

natural ambition for you, I do not think, Agnes, that it would really be wishing you well to wish that you should form connections so far out of the sphere of your own family as *that*."

"Mamma, it was not me," said Agnes again, softly and under her breath.

"It was no one!" cried Marian, rising up hastily, and suddenly seizing and clipping into an ornamental cross Sir Langham's card which was upon the mantelpiece. "See, Agnes, it will do to wind silk upon; and nobody cares the least in the world for Sir Langham. Mamma, he used to be like Harry Oswald—that is all—and we were very glad when he went away from the Willows, both Agnes and I."

At this statement, made as it was with a blush and a little confusion, Mrs. Atheling herself reddened slightly, and instantly left the subject. It was easy enough to warn her children of the evils of a possible connection with people of superior condition; but when such a thing fluttered really and visibly upon the verge of her horizon, Mrs. Atheling was struck dumb. To see her pretty Marian a lady—a baronet's wife—the bride of that superb Sir Langham—it was not in the nature of mortal mother to bear without emotion of such an extraordinary possibility. The ambitious imagination kindled at once in the heart of Mrs. Atheling; she held her peace.

And the girls, to tell the truth, were very considerably excited about this visit of Sir Langham's. What did it mean? After a little time they strayed into the best room, and stood together looking at it with feelings by no means satisfactory, The family parlour *was* the family parlour, and, in spite of all that it lacked, possessed something of home and kindness which was not to be found in all the luxurious apartments of the Willows. But, alas! there was nothing but meagre gentility, blank good order, and unloveliness, in this sacred and reserved apartment, where Bell and Beau never threw the charm of their childhood, nor Mrs. Atheling dispersed the kindly clippings of her work-basket. The girls consulted each other with dismayed looks—even Rachel, if she came, could not stand against the chill of this grim parlour. Marian pulled the poor haircloth sofa into another position, and altered with impatience the stiff mahogany chairs. They scarcely liked to say to each other how entirely changed was their ideal, or how they shrank from the melancholy state of the best room. "Sir Langham was here, Agnes," said Marian; and within her own mind the young beauty almost added, "No wonder he ran away!"

"It is home—it is our own house," said Agnes, getting up for the occasion a little pride.

Marian shrugged her pretty shoulders. "But Susan had better bring any one who calls into the other room."

Yes, the other room, when they returned to it, had brightened again marvellously. Mrs. Atheling had put on her new gown, and had a pink ribbon in her cap. As she sat by the window with her work-basket, she was pleasanter to look at than a dozen pictures; and the sweetest Raphael in the world was not so sweet as those two little lovely fairies playing upon the faded old rug at the feet of Mamma. Not all the luxuries and all the prettinesses of Mrs. Edgerley's drawing-rooms, not even the river lying in the sunshine, and the ruffled silvery willows drooping round their little island, were a fit balance to this dearest little group, the mother and the children, who made beautiful beyond all telling the sombre face of home.

WAYSIDE SONGS.

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

"HOME-KEEPING YOUTH" were considered, in Shakespeare's day, to "have ever homely wits;" but at present we are so fond of going to and fro over the face of the earth, and of walking up and down upon it, that the home-keeper has become an object of wonder and even of respect. As it is the man who has *not* written a book that ought to be entered at Stationers' Hall, and largely pensioned from the Literary Fund, so it is he who has never travelled, and (rarer virtue!) has never described his travels, that ought to receive a large grant of money from the Geographical Society. The great increase of books may not tend greatly to increase human knowledge, because it dilutes the small particle of human knowledge into such huge hogsheads of supposed knowledge or folly, that the particle of knowledge is often lost for all good ends. In like manner, travel itself and books of travel may be serious obstacles to knowledge of this earth. How can geographical research be prosecuted with much enthusiasm when the explorer knows that his hard-won volume will be lost among a fleet of compilations professing to be original and spicy sketches, got up to suit the Cockney's idea of the matter?

This travel that is no travel, and description that is no description, should not be permitted, however, to raise any prejudice against the old idea of wandering as the completion of education—of the years of apprenticeship being fitly followed by the *Wanderjahre*. An American philosopher has expressed the opinion that it is the office of a wheel, rather than of a man, to go up mountains and down valleys; but he has himself informed us that it is his practice to re-enchant himself with a beautiful scene, by looking at it—a great moment in the life of a great man—bending down with his head between his legs. Now if a man may stand with his head between his legs—a position which is humbling, and, to persons of a certain tendency, even dangerous—in order simply to enjoy nature, much more may he, for the same purpose, go up mountains and down valleys—an exercise, in itself stimulating, healthful, and humanising. The fool at home is a fool in Rome, not only because he carries his folly about with him, but also because he carries his home, or his close circle of local habits and prejudices along with him. That kind of wandering which tends to remove prejudice and widen sympathy, will, most certainly, have the effect of conducting him in the direction of wisdom. Experience, according to the old proverb, teaches even fools. All trying and tutoring in the world is useful to man. The greatest benefit of travel is when it throws us into new circumstances; removes us from the beaten paths which we safely pursue without any effort of our own; and so excites independence of mind and character. To our ancestors, a couple of centuries ago, travel really signified trying, and tutoring in the world. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have a forcible illustration of this:—

"He wonder'd that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away:
Some to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
ANTONIO. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world."

Unfortunately there are no "islands far away" to be discovered now. The "studious universities" suggest ideas of paradisiacal innocence. Even war affords so little opportunity at present for the development of individuality, that it is of small use in the way of producing that desirable character more often sought than found, "a perfect man." A modern youth has only to live: for without any effort of his own, he may float about on the labours of others, and amuse himself by trifling only with the varied efforts of man. The true ideal of life seems to have been regarded, by our forefathers, as consisting in a stormy youth and a quiet old age. Storming away life in ancient times involved "a life o' sturt and strife" more than is attainable at present, except among the glens of the Atlas, and suchlike interesting nooks of the earth; but it involved also free and pleasant connection with nature—dwelling under the greenwood tree, wild rides and forays, and long pilgrimages. What enviable fellows the Three Archers were!

"We three archers be,
Rangers that rove through the north countrie,
Lovers of ven'son and libertie,
That value not honours or monie.

"We three good fellows be,
That never yet ran from three times three,
At quarterstaff, broadsword, or bowmanrie,
But give us fair play for our monie.

"We three merry men be,
At a lass or a glass under greenwood tree,
Jocundly chaunting an ancient glee,
Though we had not a penny of monie."

If the weather were always fine in these days, a lass and a glass always procurable under a greenwood tree, and ven'son in abundance, then we can easily believe that these fine fellows would not yield up their glorious privileges at the bidding of three times three; that to any monarch even each of them would answer in the words of the outlaw Murray,—

"Ere the king my fair countrie get,—
This land that's nativest to me,
Mony o' his nobilis sall be cauld,
Their ladyes sall be right wearie."

It may be questioned, however, how far making "nobilis cauld," and living in entire defiance of principalities and powers, be absolutely necessary to the fit development of the modern youth. In the ideal, that is to say, in his poems, spasmodic tragedies, and veracious autobiographies, he is well known to be a most formidable person; consumed by unutterable remorse; haunted by the spirits of innumerable lost females; with the weight of several very culpable homicides resting upon his head; and to have even, possibly, committed the unknown sin; but in the depressing atmosphere of the base actual, he has rather the appearance of one who requires to be encouraged, and to be reminded that a little practical extravagance in youth may be no impeachment to his age. No doubt,

under the guidance of Mephistopheles, or of Lucifer, or Zernebock, or even of plain Satan, he has visited, besides enjoying small excursions among the stars, all the wonderful parts of this *globoea*, as it is profanely called by a monkish poet; but having been unaccompanied by his body in these visits, it is possible that his descriptions may be wanting in a certain human element necessary to commend them to grosser minds. Much wandering (with the body) may not have the effect of enabling him, more grandly, in imagination, to strike the stars with his sublime head; neither will it, on the other hand, directly favour superiority in any special department of human effort; but while, on the one side, it may remove him from the region of mere ideas, on the other, it will widen his sympathies with humanity, and multiply his springs of life,—thus enlarging the possibilities of his existence, and enabling him (if aught can), to be made more one with Nature, to possess a larger inheritance on earth, and to enjoy more of the life of this our star. And really, on awaking in some other star, it will be unpleasant for any of us to confess that we have seen only a few square miles of this.

"Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it. . . . Prythee, think
There's livers out of Britain."

So said Imogen; apprehending, though a woman, that our inheritance in space is as fair as, and more real than, our inheritance in time; that it is ours to pass from clime to clime, from sea to sea, from range to range —to embrace the world as a whole, and as, in its totality, the inheritance of individual man.

"From the mountain to the champlaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a trampling—
Comes a motion as of song.
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight and brings good heed,
And thy striving, be't with loving,
And thy loving, be't indeed.

"Keep not standing, fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout hearts are still at home.
In each land the sun doth visit
We are gay, whate'er betide;
To give room for wandering is it
That this world was made so wide."

It is rough but stirring language, into which this, the finest of Goethe's marching songs, has been set by the translator of *Meister*, and more appropriate words can scarcely be obtained. Both its English and German versions recall many a long march on which they have been sung, many a halt from June suns in leafy woods or wayside hoastries, many a steep mountain-side, many a rich valley, and many a mountain pass, where still, let us hope, from younger lips,

"Da erklingt es wie von Flügeln,
Da bewegt sich's wie Gesang."

More softly we may give another poetical argument, suggested to us by a passage in *Faust*:—

Doth not the earth lie here below?
Doth not the vault of heaven arch o'er?
Do not the calm eternal stars
Beam friendly on us evermore?

Weaves not the All around the soul,
In motion strange and stranger rest?
The mystic meaning of the Whole
Be ours, and we are truly blest.

The only essential condition to understanding the mystic meaning is that sympathy with pure nature which enables a man, in the first place, to see objects as they really are, and then, to enjoy the life of these objects as if it were actually his own. It does not matter what it is we look at, provided only we see it as it really is. The false romanticism of vulgar fancy requires something pretentious and unnatural to gratify its taste; but to the true poet it is indifferent whether he look on the lily of the valley or on Solomon in all his glory. The song of the nightingale, as heard by the hearing ear and the understanding heart, belongs to the music of the spheres. *Homer* and the *Scottish Ballads* will always delight, because they are such clear, undistorted reflexes of the lives of Grecian and Scottish freebooters. Byron defined poetry as the creation, from "overfeeling good or ill," of an "external life beyond our fate;" but he himself came to see that this view was false, and was passing away from it in his *Don Juan*. Goethe has spoken much more accurately on the subject. True poetry, he says, announces itself thus, that, as a worldly gospel, it can by internal cheerfulness free us from the earthly burdens which press upon us. Like an air-balloon it lifts us, together with the ballast which is attached to us, into higher regions, and lets the confused labyrinths of the earth lie developed before us in a bird's-eye view. It does not elevate us into a higher region in order that we may there live a life beyond our fate, but only that, looking down, we may behold the wider plain in which the contradictions of earth appear reconciled, and all life vindicates its existence. Without apprehending something of the mystic meaning—without genial sympathy with all living things, travel would indeed be painful and unprofitable, for the more seen, the more would we be disturbed and pained. If all be "vanity and vexation of spirit," the less of it we see the better. But if the world does not so appear; if all things, rightly viewed, may put gladness into our hearts, and answer the question, "who shall show us any good?" if by sympathising with the individual we can rise to a comprehension of the general, and if our apprehension of the universal increases our love of the individual, then we may wander, with ever-increasing advantage, over the broad earth, in the sun-light or moon-light, or under the friendly stars. Such a life may, from its very nature, give us to see more of the brighter side of things. We may turn away into it from many sorrows, and of many an annoyance we may sing with that "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," the pleasant rogue Autolychus,—

"But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right."

"The earth-dust of the globe," says Jean Paul, "is inspired by the breath of the great God. The world is brimming with life: every leaf on every tree is a land of spirits." The Earth is always beloved of her more honest children. To the Greeks she was the all-nourishing mother. At this day the only oath which binds the Sumatran Rejangs is one they make by laying their hands upon the earth, and desiring that she may no more yield them nourishment after their promise is broken. In this life of

the earth there is a refreshing power, of the full force of which we are only conscious when in an enfeebled state —when, recovering from severe illness, we first begin to draw in the vital power of earth, and sea, and air. The following Morning Hymn is an attempt to express this consciousness.

I

My Temple is the Morning-sky,
My Altar is the Earth,
Where spring-tide gladness wingeth high,
And holy thoughts have birth.

II.

A thousand snowy mountain-peaks
Their incense upwards roll,
Whose purple glories calmly float
As from a blessed soul.
The cattle on a thousand hills
Their gladsome bells are ringing;
While, in the vales, full-hearted birds
Their wonder-songs are singing.
Earth gladdens, with a mother's joy,
At childhood's flute-like voice;
And fills her lap with early flowers
That it may more rejoice.
To sturdy manhood and to youth
The forest monarchs nod;
And maidens' feet cast snowy light
Upon the grassy sod.

III.

Still weakly life flows on again;
The knapsack presses sore,
From ills to which our flesh is heir,
And griefs which injure more.
The lower woods have changed to green
Since last I wander'd free,
Yet little solace to my pain
Their budding brought to me.
Men reckon'd in a stranger tongue
What fill'd my scanty scrip,
And woodmen's carols rudely rang
From woodman's rough-bark'd lip.
There was no aid, the while I lay
Upon a sharp-thorn'd bed;
No voice to scare the dark-cloud shades
Which wander'd round my head,—
The silent shades that gather'd round,
Whose awful figures fell
On blackness, streak'd athwart the gloom
As in a dim-lit hell.
I long'd but for that Lethal sleep
Which laps the Elysian'd soul,
Where, in some calm translucent deep,
No waves of sorrow roll:
Or but to hear the wild woods wave
Their heavy boughs afar,
Or dew-tranced flowers upon a grave,
Beneath a blood-red star.

IV.

But ever on the earth-born, thou,
O Earth! thy freshness pourest,
New soundness to the soul most soil'd,
And when its need is sorest.
In thee the conscious spirit may
Its jaded powers refresh,
Plunged in thy streaming, ever germing
Divine unconsciousness.

V.

Each step we take is over graves,
On which we careless tread;
For ever fresh-creative power
Glows in the quick and dead:
Not dead! the slime that greens the ditch
Is quick: a vital force
Coheres the stone, and rolls the star
Along its life-sprung course.
The purest flower, the proudest tree
In rottenness are planted,
And draw their tints and fragrant life
From what the gods have granted.
Man too, who, lonely, foremost stands
On Being's awful height,
Between Life's many-colour'd lands
And vasty plains of night,—
Man too, whose bold, light-beaming brows
Their light through darkness throw,
Springs from thick slimes and all foul things
Which writhe and seethe below;
And never, though his soul revolt,
Shall that connection cease,
Till, having fram'd a higher king,
The man-soul rest in peace.

VI.

Meanwhile, as soaring songsters fall,
And great thoughts sink to earth,
And noblest things will backwards turn
To where they had their birth,
So conscious man, when consciousness
Droops, in its lonely flight,
Its wings of sin and righteousness,
Falls through the golden light—
Falls back on the unconscious earth,
Upon its twofold sphere,—
One bath'd in light, the other sunk
In darkness and in fear:
The one, the fouler, darker swamp
Of procreative power,
Where, life untwining, loathsome life
Prepares creation's hour;
The other perfect, fair, life-fill'd,
In broad-thrown light of day,
Smiling, in open, fearless glee,
Its over-life away.

VII.

Thus the unconscious varying Earth
Her powers and knowledge lends us;
And so alternate, are reveal'd,
The terrors and the splendours.

Every part of the universe has its glorious time, in so far as life may be there in the ascendant, and its perfect completeness and beauty when the culminating point is gained. Goethe has a subtle poem in his *Zahme Xenien*, on this subject, on the balance of rest and motion, or *Nivritti* and *Pravritti* of the Buddhists.

Life from each star above is beaming—
Each star that wanders, brightly gleaming,
Along its chosen path of light.
Deep in the earth-ball beat the Powers
Which lead us to the shining hours,
Then backward to returning night.
And as into Infinity,
This Life, itself repeating, flies,
The mighty dome, close-bound, we see
In thousand firm-lock'd arches rise.
Life's joy from every star is flowing,
From small and great, from sky and sod,
While all the thronging, all the glowing,
Is rest, eternal rest in God.

The proper time for benefiting by travel and entering into the life of the earth is the season of youth, when we are neither exhausted as regards our emotions, nor affect to be so, when we are full of wonder, of ingenuousness, of varied sympathy, and of capability for enjoyment. He who has never wandered free over the earth in the days of his youth, is to be pitied as we pity him who has never known the delirium of youthful love. He has lost a chance which he can never have again. To him the Earth has not revealed itself in her wildest, yet divinest beauty; the skies have not beamed on him with their sweetest smiles; the winds have not whispered to him their rarest secrets; the stars have not swept before him in joyful dance through the gladdened deep. Happy he who, as Marlborough, looking up at his portrait, exclaimed, "That was a man!" can look back upon his youth and say, "That was a time!" It cannot, however, afford a satisfactory retrospect because of its enjoyment, unless that enjoyment was broken by the stern lessons of experience, and proceeded not so much from the absence of difficulties, as from difficulties overcome. There is nothing more absurd than young men feigning to be sad "from very wantonness;" but they will undoubtedly find enough to dispirit them at times. "Cuddy," says Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, not, that we are aware, meaning any special reflection in the address:—

"Cuddy, I wot thou kenst little good,"
So vainly to advance thy headless hood;
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose age penaunce,
And stoop gallant age, the host of grievaunce."

It may safely be said that he who has nothing to be ashamed of, can have nothing to be proud of; that he who has never fallen, has never learned to run; that he who has never been defeated, has never learned to conquer. And before the consciousness of victory is vouchsafed—when there is the consciousness of battle—when youth is in its "storm and stress period," wild and aimless wandering appears often to afford relief.

Through the woods storm-tost,
Darkness and tempest;
Through wild winds raging,
Breasting the rain,
Over the plain
Where wild war's raging;
Through fiery glow;
'Mid hail and snow;
In mist of mountains;
By palm-girt fountains;
Away, away,
No peace nor stay!

But in these lines we give only a faint echo of Goethe's

Dem Wind, dem Regen,
Dem Schnee entgegen:
In Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte:
Immer zu, immer zu,
Ohne Rast und ohne Ruh."

Still finer as a description of youth's unrest is his representation of Euphorion, in the second part of *Faust*, where that child of Power and Genius is seized by the longing to spring through all the heavens. The lightly gained pleaseth him not: of the maidens it is the most self-willed young one that he pursues over stock and stone, whose resisting bosom he presses to his own, and whose fair opposing lips he kisses. Though rocks and bushes close him in, yet will he not be narrowed:—

Yet am I young and fresh.
Tempests are roaring there,
Billows are foaming there,
I hear them afar,
And rage to be near.
Hear ye not thunder from the ocean,
Rolling its echoes high and low?
Host upon host in billowy motion,
Are thronging on to pain and woe;
To yield in fiery strife their breath,
Since the command requireth death.

Elsewhere he has a beautiful verse on the value of the experience and sorrows of youth, which we may loosely paraphrase thus:—

Over mountains to the ocean,
Ever wider o'er the deep,
Fancy waves, with mystic motion,
Like the curtain of our sleep.
New Experience brings the Morrow,
Though it doubt and trouble raise;
For the food of Youth is Sorrow,
Even tears are Songs of Praise.

Perhaps wandering is better fitted to relieve unrest and passion than it is to spirit away dejection. In one of Coleridge's finest poems, indeed almost the only fine poem he wrote after his twenty-sixth year, he complains—

"Ah! lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."

There are certain moods of mind, the psychology of which is little understood, that cannot be relieved by the freshness of nature or the happiness of others. Of one of these the following may be taken as an illustration, and, at the same time, as a view of Italy from the Alps:—

Vainly, alas! I dream'd that yet,
Amid these ancient Schweitzer hills,
This soul its burden might forget;
Or, that the snow-born, trickling rills,
Whose footfalls through the silence break,
Might cool my heavy brow and brain;
Or, that the mountain-girdled lake,
Glorious with blue, might ease my pain.

I hop'd the changing lights that played
Like smiles upon the Splügen's side,
And pierced within the deep-sunk glade,
Might cast a gleam *within*, to guide;
That, dawning gladly on my sight,
Some rosy morn might bid me live,
Some holy evening's fading light
A gentler melancholy give.

Would that amid this cloudy war,
I felt the madness of the fray,—
Could mount upon the storm-wind's car
To bear me from myself away,—
Could rise with mists that upwards curl
And break upon the mountains hoary,
Or, like that eagle, upwards hurl,
With snow-fleck'd back—beak, talons gory.

It is no wonder some have thought
The Infinite may dwell in Man,
Since souls may know a depth of sorrow
Man's consciousness can never scan;
Dark depths where thought shrinks back in awe,
Where brooding shapes and phantoms dwell,
Where Man, flung swiftly out of time,
Can realise the thought of hell.

O'er these dark steps my spirit broods,
Till, roused as from ignoble sleep,
And casting off its feebler moods,
It plunges down the cloudy steep;
Cleaving the brown and gloomy air,
Till feeling, action, thought and motion,
With all the rippling waves of time,
Are lost, as in a Polar ocean.

Now, from the desolation nigh,
Gladly my spirit floats away,
Embark'd on crimson clouds which lie
Upon the lessening streams of day—
The trembling stream of lessening day—
The rosy light which softly falls
O'er the snow-marbled, Alpine range,
Betwixt the rugged, dark cloud-walls;

Above the land whose darker hues,
Blent with the evening light which streams
On massy lines of Apennines,
Startle, as when fierce sorrow gleam

In passion from a woman's face,
When, mingled with her happiness,
Dread, pity, anguish, hate, and grace,
Troubling, increase her loveliness;

That land where over Lombard plains,
And over chestnut-rounded hill,
Now clouds retire and daylight wanes,
Two mighty shapes the distance fill:—
Beauty, in robes of summer light,
Trembling, submits with blushing grace,
As, vaster, in his garb of night,
Death clasps her in his calm embrace.

But day and tempest flee away,
And colder, sterner, still I view
Black cliff and snowy mount beneath
The calm of heaven's deepening blue;
Serene and passionless as Fate—
The All-embracer—leave her too:
What booteth mourning? love? or hate?
The day is falling:—*Immer zu.*

"Ever onwards" is likely to afford some relief, for the swifter we move the more forgetful are we of the tediousness and length of the way. *Reitet nur zu* was the very sensible answer of the Swiss peasant to the traveller who asked him, in a complaining humour, how far it was to Appenzell. And if we walk long enough, or ride long enough, we shall be sure to reach the traveller's bourne at last. As Friederich von Logau camped out in the German wars, he kept a case with pens and paper, besides his sword, at his side, and by the side of camp-fires wrote his innumerable versicles, which, in the after years, have cheered many a homeless wanderer; and among these, the following, of which we give our translation, may be selected as the most appropriate to our present purpose:—

"Hoffnung ist ein fester Stab,
Und Geduld ein Reisekleid;
Da man mit, durch Welt und Grab,
Wandert in die Ewigkeit."

Hope's a steady staff and stiff;
Patience as a cloak is given;
Through the World and Grave therewith,
Let us wander on to Heaven,

or elsewhither, as we may happen to be bound; for it will be observed that Friederich, with becoming modesty, by no means says, into Heaven, but only into *Ewigkeit;* and surely whatever place we may be destined to march into, it is right to advance thither as cheerfully as possible. The sword and the camp must have been great cheerers to the German poet, for the poetic melancholy is often relieved by fitting active life. The Minnesingers and Troubadours were only sad when in love, and when Shakespeare's young men looked sad, "it was for want of money;" but, as the world rolls, the poet's lot seems to become harder, and the poets themselves increase in bitterness, and, unquestionably, not without bitter reasons. There is no poetry more utterly sad than that of Shelley, although, as far as love and money were concerned, he was far from unfortunate. There is something pleasant in Byron's half-affected, half-real, and defiant gloom; but Shelley seldom wrestles with grief, and much of his verse is like a woman's "wailing for her demon-lover." When he does assert himself, however, there is a frightful sincerity in his language which Byron never reached, as in these lines:—

"To sit and curb the soul's mute rage,
Which preys upon itself alone;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fetter'd grief that dares not groan;
Hiding from many a careless eye
Its scorned load of agony."

Somewhat similar in tone are the poems of Heine, that great German poet, the jest of whose existence was ended at Paris a few months ago. His later writings, indeed, have been unsurpassed in grim sarcasm; but his earlier poems are often exquisitely pathetic, and the pathos is not dispelled by the slight, half-conscious tinge of the ludicrous with which they are coloured. As an excellent translation of his *Buch der Lieder* has been published lately, we shall only present here our rendering of his *Bergstimme*:—

A rider through a valley pass'd,
And slowly pick'd his way.
"Ah, leads this to my loved one's arms,
Or to my grave to-day?"
The Echo answer'd, "Yea,
To your grave to-day."

Then farther rode that rider on,
His breast with gloom oppress'd,
"Ah, must I then so very soon
Fall—in the grave to rest?"
The Echo said, "'Tis best
In the grave to rest."

The rider then let fall a tear
Down from his brimming eye.
"If peace be only in the grave,
Then it is good to die."
Deep was the Echo's sigh,
"It is good to die."

Those who agree with the Echo will find an apothecary in every street, and hydrocyanic acid obtainable with a little trouble, so they need not complain of the present days in which their lot has been cast. Strange, as Bacon remarks, how many attendants we have that can overcome death!—"Revenge triumphs over death; love slighteth it; honour aspireth to it: grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it." But useful as hydrocyanic acid may be as a weapon for overcoming all the ills of life, Heine himself gave the preference to jesting, and found it afford most valuable aid. When we are fully persuaded that all is vanity, there is nothing like accepting the fact and making the most of it, like the experienced and much-enduring hero of the German song *Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas!*—a song we shall attempt slightly to improve in translating:—

I've cast my care on nothing now:
Yuchhe!
So everything goes better now:
Yuchhe!
And who my camarade will be,
Must join in this along with me,
And then we shall agree.

The fair ones first were all my treasure:
Yuchhe!
But soon they plagued me out of measure:
Oh wae!

The false ones sought another mate,
The true ones made me quickly sate;
The best would always prate.

I placed my joy in goods and gold:
Yuchhe!
But their account was quickly told:
Oh wae!
The shiners wander'd here and there;
'Twas nought but grinding thought and care;
My pocket soon was bare.

I travell'd next by sea and land:
Yuchhe!
And wander'd from my fatherland:
Oh wae!
But little comfort could be had;
The bed had bugs, the cook was bad
Enough to set me mad.

For fame and honour much I bore;
Yuchhe!
But others ran away with more:
Oh wae!
And what myself I grudged to others,
Was grudged to me by all my brothers,
'Tis nought but thankless bothers.

I then took up the sword and shield;
Yuchhe!
To fight in many a bloody field:
Oh wae!
The castle's walls were overthrown;
I enter'd over ditch and stone,
And lost my left leg-bone.

But now my cap at nought I've hurl'd:
Yuchhe!
And so I've conquer'd all the world:
Yuchhe!
There's an end to feast and song;
But our drinking we'll prolong,
While wine is red and strong.

When men merely sip the enjoyment belonging to the various kinds of existence, they qualify themselves very prematurely for appreciating the vanity of human wishes. *Gebt mir zu thun!* is the constant wish of one German poet, the entire versicle being as follows:—

Give me to ACT—the best,
The richest gift for Man!
The heart can never rest:
Create it must, as ere it can.

In Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, Thenot says reprovingly—

"Leudly complainest thou, lazy lad,
Of Winter's wrack for making thee sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live to the lusty prime?

Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears,
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of summer's flame nor of winter's threat;
Ne never was to Fortune foeman,
But gently took that ungently came;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or summer they mought well fare."

It is he, usually, who has no flock to care for that complains of the heat of the sun, and of furious winter's rages, that becomes Fortune's foeman, or, as Dante expresses it, insists on butting against the Fates —(*nelle Fata dar di cozzo.*) Mr. Carlyle's recommendation that, in order to escape suffering, we should heartily do the work which lies nearest to us, is older than the days of Epictetus, and in modern times has been best and most quietly put by the great German in a few pregnant sentences :—How can man learn to know himself? Never through observation, but only through work. Seek to accomplish thy duty; so shalt thou learn what is in thee. But what is my duty? It is the demand of the Day. He has also some excellent lines on this subject, which we give in something like the familiar style of the original :—

There is but one way of rightly rounding life;—
Sack the past, leave it with its perish'd strife.
The most of it was lost, sin and tempest toss'd;
Leave it, be a child again, new-born by the Host.
Inquire particularly what should be done each day;
Each, if you ask of it, will readily say:—
Mind your own business, doing it right well,
Respecting that of others—that must tell:—
And, above all, nobody hate.
Work, work, work, and do not prate!

But to this gospel many serious objections may be taken. Perhaps it is not work at all, but something quite different, that men desire and require. The life of a gin-horse is not the highest ideal of existence; and work, regarded simply as such, affords no promise of any higher. The activity of all our faculties is essential to happiness, because any faculty we possess which is not gratified, revenges itself upon us. But these faculties simply desire to be gratified, and no "gospel of work" will affect them in one way or another. In so far as a man's position and development allow of fitting exercise for them all, he will be happy; and in so far as they are hindered in their natural exercise, he will be miserable. But out of his misery even comes good. The loss of the individual is nature's gain. And hence there are two considerations, not strictly belonging to any gospel of work, which may serve to relieve a man's pain. In the first place, he may know that the pain will reveal to him the source of the evil, and render it remediable. In the second place, he may (if he can) comfort himself with the thought that, in the great economy of nature, his individual failure will be certain to be, to a very definite extent, a guard against future failures of the same description. Let him not forget, also, that nature makes little provision for the individual, and that mental suffering springs invariably from excessive individual selfishness, an evil which nature appears to take considerable pleasure in grinding out of us. There is nothing, for instance, more painful than the feeling of remorse; and this feeling is a most selfish one, for it is simple grief because our present state is not such as it might have been. If we will be so selfish, we must just suffer accordingly; but if we leave the past to bury its past, and content ourselves with our poor present, nature will be kind to us, and allow us to sow future joys.

[illegible]

This character of the [illegible] many temporary resources in a [illegible] own [illegible] as when [illegible] moment for the [illegible] started into life on an emergence of their own charming, and for [illegible] years afterwards were [illegible] others. It is [illegible] selves learn to know the [illegible]

Who never sat with [illegible]
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Moving in such a spirit, the light-hearted wanderer need never, unless he chooses, be alone. Every nook and corner of the earth has companions for him, and on every path he will find a *vastocallia*, or a road-fellow, as the Indians phrase it. There are still many Highland girls whose beauty is their only dower; and dull must he be who cannot raise at least a theological disputation with Donald among the heather, or get tidings of some "man," whether a lifter of cattle or enlightener of souls

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Renews again the golden time.

In winter, again, there are innumerable sledgers; and in spring there is that strange character, the *Handwerksbursche*, to give us the history of his life and labours, to take us to his humble inn, and to introduce us to the circles of his craft. In Italy there is, every now and then, a convent, or monastery as we call it, where strangers are entertained; where the wine is better than it is to be found elsewhere; where the prior, or the librarian, will afford us abundance of gratifications, if we only allow him a little latitude on the subject of the *una sancta chiesa;* and where, if we are fortunate to light on some holyday when the bones of the founder are exposed to view, we may find the peasantry gathered, and delight ourselves with the beautiful oval faces of the girls of the higher Apennines. Once having obtained a sufficient knowledge of the language for colloquial purposes, and accepted the people as they are—two things not particularly easy of accomplishment—Italy cannot fail to afford constant recreation of the most pleasing kind. There is so much of life in the open air, so great a disposition to be amused by strangers, such excellent wines and beautiful country, and there are so many very pretty, and very simple, foolish maidens, that even a man who has been whipped out of court for some of his many

virtues, may, travelling in it, be again reconciled to humanity. Even the more sensuous gratifications of Italy lose the character of sensuality. All those persons have still something to live for who have never drunk Falernian among the narrow streets of the "city disinterred," or enjoyed the sparkle of Lacrima Cristi among the blue, white-fringed, dancing waves of the Bay of Naples,—never known the ices of the Albergo Reale, or the figs of Vesuvius, or washed down bundles of plain *Maccheroni al burro* with vast quantities of Tuscan Montepulciano. Then there are all the pleasant companions, strangers like yourself, in the beautiful land: the young Germans ecstatic with artistic enthusiasm, and getting intoxicated, every now and then, without being aware of it, or even discovering the fact, on the strong wines of the south; the elderly Germans who are profoundly read in Winkelmann, and able calmly to quote Hegel's Esthetische Vorlesungen before Niobe in all her woe; the Americans who walk in large parties through the galleries of the Vatican, one of their number reading Murray's descriptions, inquiring, after the close of a paragraph, "Have you all seen the Apollo Belvidere?" and concluding, as he strokes down energetically with his pencil, "Well, let us strike off the Apollo Belvidere;" substantial Englishmen, *once*, during their Italian visit, roused to enthusiasm, like one whom we remarked stopping before the Venus di Medici, and exclaiming, in a very audible whisper, "Well, I'm ————;" and warm-hearted, intensely national Scotsmen, one of whom astonished us, on a summer evening in the Florentine Café Donin, by raising "The Campbells are coming," loud above the flow of liquid Tuscan, and getting himself in consequence turned out into the street, where he found a fiacre, and replied to the driver's "Where to, Signor?" with a singularly quiet "Al inferno." The sacred pilgrims and Indian officers, the begging monks, the Maltese couriers, the knavish Greek and Smyrniote merchants, and the solemn Moslems of the Mediterranean and the Levant, make the voyager desirous to spend ten years, like Ulysses, rather than only ten days, on these fickle seas. Every pliant Nubian of the Nile boat, and every dusky scoundrel of the Egyptian caravan, will be but too happy to make you his particular friend, and to entertain you with the history of a life worthy of a place in the Arabian Nights. Close to the mud-walled Mahratta village, where you halt in the early morning to get a cup of boiled milk and a chat, in Hindustani, with the Patell, there are the wattle tents of some wandering tribe, relations of our European gypsies; while Mogul merchants have a tent not far off, and a miscellaneous crowd of fleas, bugs, and natives are beginning to stir in the *durrhumsallah*. In the most unfrequented parts—among the deserts and barren mountains of Central Asia, we meet with the caffilah of hardy Afghans; and when the circle of kneeling camels has been made, and the watch set, and the fire lighted in the centre, we may wonder at their rapid transitions from the wild humour of their conversation to the gloomy, fierce melancholy of their favourite songs. Not having, as yet, visited Tartary, we cannot speak from personal experience of the Usbecks, but have little doubt that they, too, will be found "rather jolly," to use a phrase which we heard applied, by a young Englishman, to the inhabitants of Jerusalem! To profit by intercourse with road-fellows, however, it is necessary to be in no hurry to arrive at home. Indeed, the perfect traveller ought to have no home, in the ordinary sense, and then he always makes one of whatever place he chances to be in. "When a traveller and his horse," says Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, "are in heart and flight, when his purse is full and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient, entertains his company there as agreeably as he can, but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art or of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on themselves and be d—d; he'll overtake them at the next town." There

should be even a spice of vagrancy, of blackguardism, in the true wanderer; and all our great travellers seem to have had, or to have, a little of this invaluable element in their composition. Individuals with green spectacles, air-cushions, potted meats, and respectabilities, may be of the excellent of the earth, and may write big books on the topography of Eden and the voyages of Ulysses, but they are not travellers; they have not seen anything truly, nor can they tell us of anything new.

Still we must not say that the wanderer is to make no abiding connections.

Forth rushes the water
And clouds o'er the land;
But the stars, in their courses,
Both wander and stand.
As with stars, so with love,
Which in true hearts for ever
Is wandering and moving,
But yet changeth never.

That little song, which we turn into English, from *Jerry und Vätely*, sufficiently expresses the proper spirit to be cultivated. It is much to know that there are a few hearts to which yours is bound for ever; that there are gentle eyes which your fancy pictures as beaming brighter than even the stars looking down on you through the clear desert air; that tears will be shed when you are laid low; or that some manlier friend will recall you, once perhaps, in the after years, and wonder, as he looks up to the starry paths, if he shall ever meet you there. For even in the presence of Azrael, it is well not to be entirely alone. Even sorrow and sadness are better than that awful black solitude of spirit, when no light of love glides before to guide us in the dark valley. The most frightful thing ever said of any man in this: "He was alone—always alone—and gnashing his teeth in the darkness;" but when this darkness is engulfed of that other darkness, what ray of light can penetrate to the human soul within? It is not good even to think of such a death. Much happier than he who thus dies, was Richardson, the late African traveller, when sick to death in the pathless desert, with no human being near but an old faithful dragoman; for even there he was not alone, since in his dying struggles, as he turned on the sand beneath the garish moon, he called incessantly on his far-distant wife. The more thorough vagrant may have the advantage in many small respects; but he must either be insensible to many things; or else furiously insane at bottom. The wanderer, also, rightly to fulfil his destiny, must have a "far-distant home" and recollections to think of and dream over in silence—in *Verschwiegenheit*,—a word which reminds us of a beautiful poem of Goethe's.

Lovely eyes in loved ones gazing,
Soul and beauty meeting there,
Gladly sings the poet, praising,
All the bliss and joy they bear;
But 'tis silence bringeth fulness,
Richer trust of heart in heart;
Softly, gently! in the stillness
Only speaketh heart to heart.
When the din of war's commotion
Calls the hero to the fight,
Where the foe, on land or ocean,
Fierce he slays with godlike might,
He can bear the crowds that meet him,
Fame and all its mad caressing,
If he knows one heart will greet him
With a thankful, silent blessing.

Happy we! united brothers,
In our circle fair and true,
Knowing what is hid from others,
That our songs are many too.
All our love and all our fulness
By no stranger's voice are praised;
Out of trusting, out of silence,
Is our sacred temple raised.

There was a Magazine article once published, in which the clause, "woman is the sharer of man's joys and happiness," was made by the misprint of a single letter, to read—"woman is the shaver of man's joys and happiness." Such a mistake, we need scarcely say, no true wanderer will ever fall into. He will conduct himself as if he were always among those Arab tribes who, when a stranger comes to them, judge of his quality, and determine on the respect which is to be paid to him, from the report of the female slave who is appointed to wait upon him; treating him as only worthy of a beggar's portion if she complain of his indifference—of a common camel-man's if she report of rudeness. White, and black, and brown, and yellow, will all please him as the climates change. He may wish that the little nostril of an Indian *bibi* were not deformed by a ring; or that the magnificent golden hair of the Bagdad Jewess could never be lifted off to the displayment of a little shaven skull; or that his Abyssinian slaves were of rather more slender shape; but instead of hinting at these defects he will profess to regard them as beauties. Delighted with every change, he must sing, like the German soldiers—

Nut-brown maids and bread that's white,
'Tis our lot to meet to-night;
Rosy maids and bread that's brown
Wait us in to-morrow's town.

Few women are indifferent to the admiration of the meanest of mortals, so no one need be particularly bashful if he has only a little love to give them, and can distribute it largely. "One woman," said Benedick, "is fair; yet I am well; another, virtuous; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well; but till all the graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come into my grace." So long as we are in this humour, and no sparkling Beatrice appears to tame the wild heart with her mocking hand, we may give the little love, and also get a little in return, without ceasing to be "well," and without doing any serious harm to others. A sailor has a sweetheart in every port which he knows; and without exactly adopting Jack's enlarged moral views, the wanderer will easily experience much greatly to endear to him many places he may visit. Besides the plentiful Philinas, there are many sweeter souls to make night more beautiful, and to whom he may translate Philina's song:

Sing not in that strain so dulful
Of the loneliness of night;
It is given, O thou Graceful!
For a friend and for delight.

As to man is given the wife,
As the fairest half by far,
So is the night the half of life,
And its sun the lover's star.

All the day our hands are working;
Heart and soul are plagued and riven;
Secret joys are round us lurking,
But for toil the day is given.

In the eve when toil is sleeping,
When the glimmering twilight flies,
Jests from lip to lip are leaping,
Love is lighting up the eyes.

Then the boy, so late a stranger,
Loving only mountain air,
Now with little gifts will linger
Round the maiden young and fair.

Then the nightingale to loved ones
Softly sings its dangerous lay,
Sounding only to the moved ones,
Something like their "Ah!" and "Pray!"

Wherefore, when the day is weary,
Then remember, sweet Delight!
Every day has joyaunce near it—
Each has troubles, each has night.

Perhaps it will be well for him to sing rather more softly than the above song of ours can be made to flow from human lips, but, at all events, that is the strain and the hour. Eve and spring-time are associated with love in every land. "O Night! O Night! —O Darling! I lie upon the sand, dying for the light of your face!" is the commencement of one Arab love-song. In the tropics, where there is no spring like ours, the voice of the bulbul and the budding of the jasmine remind the lover of his dusky fair. Even where the sands of Central Africa float, the maidens of Darfur walk, in the mild season, with their Hamitic noses raised a little higher in the air than usual. Prigging Autolychus seems to have had a similar opinion on this point, so far as we can judge from that glorious song of his—

"When daffodils begin to peer—
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

"The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay."

Why Autolychus chose his AUNTS, of all individuals in the world, to lie tumbling with among the hay, is susceptible of various explanations, of which let this one content us, that his tastes were peculiar. The picture of Spring and its pleasures needs to be completed only by that before the author of *Tam o' Shanter*, when he wrote—

"Now, Tam, oh Tam, had thae been queans
A'—"

et cetera, for we had nearly forgot the age in which we live, which knoweth none of these things. So completed, we say, the picture is perfect. What a mistake it is to suppose that only modern poets have learned to devote themselves to nature! Let us examine the second verse. Autolychus sees a sheet bleaching on a hedge, which suggests to him the pawnbroker, which suggests to him a small sum of money, which, again, reminds him of a quart of ale; but even as he approaches the sheet with

his pugging tooth on edge and felonious intent in his heart, a still deeper sympathy affects, and in the fulness of heart he breaks out into a

"Hey! for the sweet birds, O how they sing!"

It reminds us of a pious, converted Abyssinian whom we once heard declaring, that in his country all nature awoke, with the dawn, to praise God, and even the tiger and the snake came out of their holes, not so much to look for their breakfasts, as to join in the universal hymn. Then in the last verse, the youth, reclining with his aunts among the hay and listening to the summer songs of the thrush and the jay, presents a spectacle of the most exalted kind, and an example which young men of the present generation would do well to follow.

All the great poets have May Songs. Goethe's is very simple, and we attempt to imitate, not to translate it:—

How lordly smileth
Nature to-day,
While Heaven lighteth
And laughs away!

The buds are sprouting
On every tree;
While thousand voices
Are singing free;

While joy is flowing
Beneath, above—
O Sun! O World!
O Life! O Love!

O Love! O Loving!
Surpassing fair,
As crimson'd clouds
In morning air,

Thou blessest richly
The fruitful land,
Thou blessest us
Here, hand in hand.

O Maiden! Maiden!
I love but thee;
Star-bright of eye,
Thou lovest me.

As love the larks
Their song and flight,
Or blooming flowers
Great Heaven's light;

So do I love thee,
With throbbing heart,
Who gavest me virtue,
A nobler part;

And joy and dancing,
And choral song,
Moving ever
In love along.

Perhaps that is a little in the simple style, and too devoid of the surprising and the agonistic to pass for poetry in these days. The *Frühseitiger Frühling* will be thought quite as childish; but we are bound to admire, and do admire this version with which a young lady has favoured us:—

Day of delight,
And comest thou still,
Pouring gold sunshine
O'er valley and hill?

Wood-brook abundant
Whither away,
Ceaselessly flowing
By night and by day?

Freshness ethereal
Filling the sky!
Golden fish glancing
In clear water by!

Bright plumaged songsters
In groves rustling near!
Heavenly melodies
Ravish the ear.

Under the growing
Leaves soft and green,
Stealeth the wild bee
Their fresh folds between.

Quivering motion
Trembles in air:
Narcotic fragrance
Lulleth me there.

The feeling that life is pervading all things, which we experience in May, is far from being of a tumultuous nature. The freshness of the young earth, as its renewed life springs forth into myriad beauteous forms, the insects rising in conscious joy and beauty, the quadrupeds feeling their life and strength, even the motes floating in the quicker sunbeams, and the stars at night gleaming brighter in the dark blue, put gladness into our hearts, but it is gladness of a soft and chastened kind, resembling somewhat in its nature a holy joy, and leading the poet to express himself in words of beauty and thoughts of good. In our English poetry especially, how much sweetness has been drawn from the inspiration of Spring! But where all is sweet it is difficult to choose, and the singers on this subject from Chaucer to Shelley would delay us too long if we once began to choose. These lines, however, by a living poet little valued *quoad* his poetry, we must allow ourselves to quote from the *New Timon*:—

"Bright shone the stars o'er Earth's green banquet-hall.
You seemed abroad to see, to feel, to hear
The new life rushing through the Virgin Year:
The visible growth, the freshness and the balm,
The pulse of Nature throbbing through the calm,
As wakeful over every happy thing,
Watch'd, through the hush, the Earth's young mother—Spring."

And how much more conscious of the new life rushing through the Virgin Year, will he be who feels throbbing beside him the life of a virgin heart!—

Gently the mellow moonlight stream'd
O'er rustling palms and jasmine bowers,
While, hand in hand, we leant and dream'd
Away those voiceless, vanish'd hours;
Till soft and low, in silver flow,
Your rich sweet voice our silence broke,
And sung of "Time long, long ago,"
As if prophetic fears awoke.

And closer then our hands were clasp'd,
  And wildly then my arm was thrown
Around your form, and warmly prest
  Your heaving bosom to my own.
No word was spoken, but your song
  Died on the lips by kisses prest;
While throbbing blushes thrill'd along,
  Till life was love, and both were blest.

We knew that other hours were near,
  Whose truths would pale the joyous light
Of loving eyes, but future fear
  Fled from that dream of young delight.
O cruel Time! O waning Love!
  O Fate! that sets to each our bounds,
And coldly weaves her web above
  With varied touches, looks, and sounds.

It is the eyes of joy that we require to see the earth with, would we see it in all its beauty. Heine, among many others, expresses this in one of his early poems, of which the verse is peculiar:—

Ah! if thou wert mine own, love,
  How lovèd thou shouldst be!
For in my breast has grown, love,
  An image sweet of thee;
And by the light thy sweet eyes shed,
My only hope of bliss is fed.

Ah! if thou wert mine own, love,
  How fair the earth should be?
For not a wish I've known, love,
  That centres not in thee;
And by the light thy soft eyes shed,
I through the world, entranced, am led.

Every reader of poetry, we may assume, is acquainted with Shelley's exquisite song, commencing—

"I arise from dreams of thee
  In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
  And the stars are shining bright;"

and also with Byron's—

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
  With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
  Is thy sweet voice to me;"

or else we should quote them in full. Not greatly inferior to these is the following song, which a friend permits us to use, and which, he says, he has translated from the German,—our suspicion being that it is some fair face alone which has inspired him to sing so well—A Teutonic face, perhaps, for he is a man of truth:—

Oh, come to me when through the night
  Wander the starry host;
When gleaming in the moon's clear light,
  My boat lies near the coast.

The air is soft as love's first sigh,
  And soft the silvery sea.
My lute swells high and in thine eye
  A tender joy I see.

For loving is this midnight hour,
And loving thou and I.
No shadows on the heavens lower,
Asleep the waters lie.

And as they sleep our eyes express
What never tongue may say;
While lips to lips in kisses press
Until the dawn of day.

Oh! come to me, when through the night,
The hosts of heaven stray,
To find delight in sweet moonlight,
And float upon the bay,
In boat upon the bay,
Oh, come away! Oh! come away,
And linger to the dawning day!

While night has thus its more delightful rewards, morning also has its smiles for the wanderer who seeks it early and finds it. The gold and glory of sunrise on the ocean within the tropics, the swift but steady flow of red glowing light over the banyans and mangoes of an Indian plain, and the first gilding of snowy mountains—

"When at the break of day they stand
Like giants looking through the sky,"

are revelations of the splendours of the universe such as excite joyous worship in the soul. In northern countries one's journey never commences before morning; but in the south of Europe, and more especially in the East, we are often found, like Dante's bird on the tree-top, eagerly watching for the first streak of dawn, as we sit on the back of some slow-striding camel or cautious mule. Avoiding, as much as possible, the fiery sunlight of the day, we know exactly the hours of moonlight, and when the moon is hid or the waning smile on her face is too faint to dispel the frown on the brow of her gloomy lover, Night, we must start with the earliest rays of day, in order to accomplish the day's journey before the true tyrant of the East ascends far in his exceeding dazzling robes of light. In the North we leave the friendly shelter only when we can step out into the fresh blue morning, and we may in most glad humour arouse our companions with Shakespeare's morning song, or more fittingly, perhaps, with this our echo of it:—

Through golden eyelids now the Dawn
Peeps with her bright blue eyes,
On wooded hill and dewy lawn,
As with a glad surprise,—
As with a glad surprise to see
The gladden'd Earth and smiling Sea:
All slumber dies beneath the skies;
Up, Wanderer, arise, arise!
Up, Wanderer, arise!
Rise, rise!

These our remarks on How to Wander, and When to Wander, might be followed by an answer to Where to Wander, were not this last question easier answered if put in a negative form. Where shall we wander, but anywhere we can? The earth is not dull; and wherever we seek to know it, it will repay the labour of love. Those who eschew reading "Murray" on the decks of steamers, and hasting insanely on in railway carriages, will find but little difficulty in discovering the Promised Land. If wealth be at their disposal, then it is their own fault if they do not know the Usbecks, and, penetrating into Central Africa,

behold the shows of Kilimandjaro. Those who have only the arm of the Needy, which, as a Gaelic proverb assures us, is very long, must have faith that with it they will be able to fill their wallet on the way. Only, they must have two wallets, one to give from and one to stuff into, as the Germans say; but the first needs no goods or gold, only a light spirit and capability of some kind or other. Any medical student can visit Greenland and the South Seas, without expending money. In America and India there are newspapers to be edited; and on the Continent there are tutors and translators. The Abyssinian travellers have shown how money can be dispensed with. Albert Smith has shown how a few years, or even a few hours, may bring fortunes. Happy he, indeed, who has a natal Fortunatus cap, in which, with little trouble, he can move from place to place! but happy he also who has to learn how to find wings! The first of these may suit his own tastes, being quaint and curious to his heart's content. He may bring home spoils from all climes, and reckless of critics publish his Hunter's song:—

In blue waving mists and in the deep snow,
In the wild wood and the winter night,
I heard the hunger-howl of the wolf,
I heard the cry of the owl:
Ville vou, vou, vou,
Ville vo, vo vo,
Vito hu!

In pale wearied morning, in the fiery glow,
In the dark *kin* and the jungly brake,
I heard the blood-froth'd snort of the tiger,
I heard the hiss of the snake:
Una, hrew, hrew, hrew,
Une so, so, so,
Hito so!

In pale northern lights, in the sleepless day,
On treacherous ice and on trackless snow,
I heard the hate-chok'd growl of the bear,
I heard the plunge of the seal:
Ugrou grou, grou, grou,
Ugra sa, sa, sa,
Slobo sla!

In wild gloomy forest, on the northern snow,
In the black *kin* of the black ghauts,
I heard the death-charged crack of a gun,
I heard the blood dropping slow:
Pluffo pluf, pluf, pluf,
Plito plot, plot, plot,
Ploto plo!

We have been indebted to a *Zigeunerlied*, or gipsy-song, of Goethe's for the first verse of the above singular composition, but otherwise it is original. The other happy individual, again, will—if he ever reaches home, in defiance of the beautiful Scottish song which assures us that "the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie"—bring back deeper experiences, and be able, in a humbler spirit, and with a humbler accent, to sing somewhat after this fashion:—

I scarcely hoped again to see
Auld Scotia's shores upon the lee,
When, "dwyning in a fremit land,
Had feckless made baith heart and hand,"
When little reak'd of, lonely toil,
And poverty, held fast their coil,

When sair forfouchten, sick I lay,
And fear'd Auld Nick was near his prey,
That Death and ugsomme fell Auld Scratchy,
Wad pounce upon me in Kurrachee—
Were puffing up the het, het wind,
Upon the sandy shores o' Sind.

I scarcely hoped again to see
The mountains o' my ain countrie,
The hoary woods and heather braes
Fair in the light of early days;
But thought perhaps I'd find a grave
Where tamarind shadows wildly wave,
Where sandy *meidans* stretch away
Beneath the burning God o' Day,
And flame-clad mountains farther stan
On borders o' Beloochistan.

I never dream'd when I should see
The mountains o' my ain countrie,
When past the liquid depths of air
The southern oceans calmly bear,
And past the tossings and alarms
And weltering of that Cape o' Storms,
That these, the mountains which I knew,
The same that o'er the waters blue
Faded, should seem to have been cast
Out of that sunny, shining past,
To stand in grey, sepulchral light,
Like mountains of a land in night
And Hades sunk, but bearing yet
A ghastly semblance—gladless met.

'Tis so. Who suffers long shall feel
No more misfortune's cruel steel;
But having found that deadly calm
Which neither seeks nor needeth balm,
Finds he has lost the power to thrill
With love and joy; that every ill
And every blessing falls unheeded
Upon the soul where Feeling ceded
Her inner throne, to flee from sorrow:—

But let that pass. Behold, to-morrow,
The hour will come for which I burn'd,
The wanderer shall have return'd.
At least the stain of Scotland's earth
Shall tell them where I had my birth.
When, from this loneliness, I go
To meet the friendlier shades below,
To claim a loftier clanship there
Than Scotia's mountains now can bear.

If he of the Fortunatus cap has the advantage on the seas, inasmuch as, in his yacht, he may linger among Grecian and Eastern isles, the other wanderer has the advantage on the ocean, in so far as the conditions of his warfare may force him to make a close acquaintanceship with the realities of seafaring life. In Central Asia and on board ships, humanity reveals itself without disguise; and is seen to have more in it of wild-beast nature than the cant of civilisation will allow. But though such is the case, it also displays itself in a free, natural, satisfactory way, and so appears beautiful after its kind. Moreover, the circumstances in which

it is placed, when far out on the not always melancholy main, throw it into its proper insignificance as but a small portion of the great effort of nature. Goethe declared that he felt silenced and filled with awe when confronted with nature in the solitude of some venerable mountain; and still more impressive than the mountains are the two great expanses of sea and sky when all is calm, the steady flow of morning light over the horizon's rim upon the rising waves, the first dark gloom of the storm, when—

> "Waesome wail the snow-white sprites
> Upon the gurlie sea,"

and the mad trembling of the affrighted deep when the red line of lightning quivers between it and the frowning sky.

> Cable and shroud! the blast howls loud,
> And the foam'd white blue is a cold, loose shroud.
> The foot gives way, but the arm holds fast;
> No lubbers are we, and the main-top's past.
>
> Now for the cross-trees, rock'd in the wild breeze,
> Narrow is the footing. Up now and seize
> The slanting cable: your arm is able.
> Rest on the cross-trees, swinging but stable.
>
> Rest here for breath, since weakness is death,
> And a lurch of the ship on a wave beneath,
> May cast you quick, like a stone from a sling,
> Down to the wave, a vanish'd thing.

So long as great events are stirring —nations falling or forming; and wars raging—the traveller will have inducements to direct his steps in special directions. The thunder on the ocean is met by the peals from tower and wall; and, doubtless, the last also have their significance and value, which we attempt to indicate in the following verses:—

> Nation on Nation, Man upon Man,
> Throng up from darkness, in fury and fire;
> Dash into death, as they dare and they can,
> Clan after clan, and son after sire.
>
> Like the wave o'er the sea-sand, the horsemen dash on,
> Plunge foaming and roaring against the dark shore;
> White crests in their glory, bright armour that shone,
> Leap up, for a moment, then, curling, break o'er.
>
> Trains of artillery, rolling in thunder,
> Sullen and black, crash away o'er the earth,
> While the cries of the wounded, who fall and writhe under,
> Are drowned by the World-spirit's fierce-mocking mirth.
>
> Dark are the clouds, and above in their valleys,
> Fight the Ghosts of the Dead, from their swift dusky cars.
> Higher, the Titans and Demons and Angels,
> Storm in the Infinite, tossing the stars.
>
> Heavy accoutrements, dust, toil, and blood,
> Climbing, contending, and hasting about;
> Into the fire, and strait through the flood,
> Slack not, but on, ever on, with a shout!
>
> God help us! I see but the fury and battle,
> The smoke and the darkness, the fire and the hosts,
> The writhing of men; hear the snorting of cattle,
> The groans and the curses, the shouts and the boasts.

A friend is a foe, and a foe is a friend:—
"Death to thee, Brother!" "Now lean on this breast."
O'er mountains, through valleys, we wend and we wend,
Till, pale on our shields, we lie down to our rest.

Still, by the battle, the daylight is clouded;
The stars are made portents of fury afar;
Far in the cloud and the darkness is shrouded
The one mighty captain who rules o'er the war.

Him I see not, I may wonder and doubt,
But I see, in the fight, the white plumes of his staff,
As they gallop about, through the charge and the rout,
Giving his orders and opening a path.

Here, for the present, enough I should know,
That sorrow and toil are the cradles of Life,
That the Godlike springs forth from the bosom of Woe,
And a better than Peace is the offspring of Strife!

As wanderers, Scotsmen have been famed from the first generation, as the Irish say; *Natio Scotorum*, remarked a venerable saint, *quibus consuetudo peregrinandi jam pene in naturam conversa est.* Many a Scotsman was seen before and after the day of Sir David of the Mount,

"With scrip on hip and pykstaff in his hand,
As he had purpoait to pass fra hame;"

but however far they may pass, they generally return, even though it be to get only, as most unjustly befell Abyssinian Bruce, the reputation of being among the greatest liars in the country. Home, however, often fails to charm them, and they wander forth again. The unsettled habits which are formed in a life of wandering, cannot always be easily got rid of. Even in the midst of repose and plenty, the restless humour may again seize upon us, and drive us out to face the unknown. The wanderer will always be in danger of rising up and saying, like Tennyson's Ulysses,

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met.
. . . . . .
. . . . . Vile it were.
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning with desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

OUR TOUR IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CRIMEA.

IMMEDIATELY after the arrival of the news of peace, we determined to make an excursion into the interior of the country, a little corner of which we had inhabited so long, and where we had seen so many stirring scenes of war. The original intention of our party was to go to the Alma, and return by Simpheropol, Bakchi-Sarai, and Mangoup-Kalé; but as there were rumours that a grand review of the whole army was in contemplation, and the weather was still unsettled, it was deemed advisable to do such portions of the country as could be managed in the course of one day—such as the Alma, Mangoup, the forts of the north side, &c., and to wait for more settled weather and times for the grand tour, which we now proposed should extend to the south coast. Unfortunately, I was prevented by illness from joining in the excursions to the Alma and the other short trips, as well as from being present at the grand reviews of the French and English armies in the presence of General Luders.

On Saturday 26th of April it was arranged that we should start on the 29th with six days' leave of absence; accordingly on the evening of the 28th I dined with L. and some of our party, so that we might be ready to leave the camp early the following morning. The next day we were all up booted and spurred by five o'clock, but were a little discomfited to find the country covered with a dense fog, which gave us some uneasiness about the probability of our getting a drenching at starting: we plucked up courage, and by a few minutes past six, we were in the saddle and on our way. The party consisted of six persons; that is a good number for a similar excursion, as we were enough to vary the society. If the party is too small, you get tired of each other; and, on the other hand, if too large, there is apt to be a division of counsels.

As we approached the Mackenzie Heights the sun began to emerge, which made it hot work toiling up the steep ascent: on reaching the top we found the men of the 11th Division of the Russian army paraded for church, this being the third day of the Russian Easter week. Here we began to make anxious inquiries if our baggage and servants, that started about two hours before us, had been seen, for we feared they might have missed their way in the fog; but after two or three inquiries, addressed to people we met, we discovered they were on ahead about half an hour before us, so we pushed along merrily over the beautiful turf, admiring the scenery. We caught our baggage at the Belbek, and discovered that the servant of I., with a led pack-animal, had thought he knew the road better than any one else, and had gone astray in the plain of Balaklava, long before they reached Traktir bridge, the scene of the battle of August 16. Poor I. was much annoyed at this, and thought of returning, for in order to lighten his own horse, he had put all his things upon that of the servant and the pack-animal. At the Belbek were large Russian camps, partly deserted when we passed; there were, however, some batteries of artillery that appeared to be without horses; for though the guns were visible, no animals to move them could be seen. The valleys of the Belbek and Katcha are fine, and appear very fertile. The view of the valley of the Belbek, looking upwards from the bridge, is remarkable, from the number of isolated rocks that stand boldly out in fine relief against the background of verdant hills. Before reaching the bridge there is also a curious ruin of an old tower, which is ascribed, like everything else in this country, to the Genoese. What struck us as extraordinary was, that the greater part of the orchards appeared to be untouched, notwithstanding the large numbers of Russian troops that had been encamped in their vicinity during the war; and the Russian soldier is proverbially no respecter of private property when in want of firewood or other necessaries.

The town of Bakchi-Sarai lies as it

were in a hole; you cannot see it from the road till you are in it. Here we saw a large body of militia on the march northwards. The town itself is quite Oriental in character, and consists of one long and dirty street through the centre of a narrow valley, with queer little alleys and nooks running out of it. The inhabitants are chiefly Tartar and Karaite Jews, though at this time there were a great many Russian officers and soldiers to be seen about the streets. One of the latter addressed us in very good French; most probably he was a degraded noble. The only place to be seen is the palace of the ancient khans, the style of which is remarkable, and shows a good deal of taste, though of rather a rude kind. At the time of our visit this palace was filled with Russian sick. The way in which we discovered this was singular and characteristic. Just outside the gates of the palace is the only hotel in Bakchi-Sarai—kept by a German, I believe. There we met a Russian, who assured us that the small amount of sickness in the Russian army was extraordinary; that there were scarcely any cases of epidemic diseases. We asked him if visitors were allowed to go over the palace, as, if possible, we wished to do so. He advised us not to think of such a thing, as the place was full of sick, chiefly fever patients. Evidently our friend had forgotten the statement he had just made to us about the absence of epidemic diseases in the Russian army.

Having rested and baited our horses as well as ourselves, we again set out for Tchufut-Kalé, the ancient city of the Karaite Jews, who pretend to have settled here about four hundred years before the birth of Christ, and trace their history from that period down to the present time. They are a sect of the Jewish nation that claims to be the purest, as they have never acknowledged the teaching of the Talmud, and on account of their resistance to the false doctrines therein contained they separated themselves from the Jewish nation, and left Jerusalem about 545 B.C., and, after wandering about Persia and Media, they aided King Cambyse in the conquest of the Crimea, which he had undertaken for the purpose of revenging himself on Queen Talmira, who had murdered his father. King Cambyse, having succeeded, divided the country among his followers, who returned to Asia for their families, and finally settled here, the Karaites choosing Tchufut-Kalé for their headquarters, which it has continued to be ever since.

The distance from Bakchi-Sarai to Tchufut-Kalé is about two miles, and runs along the bottom of a narrow rocky valley, on each side of which are queer-looking little Tartar cemeteries, and in one place there is a village of Crimean gypsies, the inhabitants of which, in the hope of receiving a few copecks, insisted upon conducting us in triumph with the most discordant music imaginable. The remarkable feature of the place is, that on reaching Tchufut-Kalé the valley, hitherto exceedingly narrow, suddenly expands, with a long, narrow, isolated, and almost inaccessible rock in the centre, dividing it into two. To the right there is a Russian monastery, with cells, chapels, &c., hewn out of the solid rock; but as we were pressed for time, we did not climb up to it, but pushed on for the city of the Jews, which, from below, it appears impossible to enter, so precipitous are its sides; but at last we came to a zigzag path, and, leaving our horses below, began to toil up the steep ascent exposed to a hot sun, which was excessively fatiguing, heavily booted as we were. When you are within the place, which is entered by strong gates, the effect is most extraordinary, as you see long streets of dead walls paved with the solid rock, across which occasionally flits a veiled figure that would instantly disappear: these we supposed to be some of their fair ladies, no doubt prompted by curiosity to take a peep at the doughty warriors of the West. One of the wonders of this wonderful place, which appeared to me like a city of the dead, is a mausoleum to the memory of a young Tartar princess who was called Nenekedjan-Khanim, or "the habitation of the lovely soul." About this young lady, our guide, who spoke Russian, related the following

legend: The old khan, her father, having to fight some of his enemies, and being unable himself, from fat or old age, or both, to command his army, he intrusted it to his only child, the beautiful lady with the hard name above mentioned, who succeeded in defeating these enemies, said to have been the Genoese, but at the same time conceived a highly improper passion for one of her father's officers, who appears to have encouraged and taken pleasure in her advances; till the old gentleman, being informed of the circumstance by some envious individual about his court, caught them together, and slew them both with his own hand, erecting, or rather causing to be erected, this monument as a warning to all future lovers. Inside the mausoleum there is a large stone in the form of a sarcophagus, on which are inscribed sundry passages in Turkish, said to be from the Koran, and relating to the unhappy end of the possessor of this splendid tomb; but as none of us could read them, we were obliged to take it for granted, as we did the above legend.

The synagogue is a curious old place, and one is struck with the immense number of lamps and chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, some brass, but the greater part silver. There is also a large silver vase or cup, presented by the present Dowager-Empress, of which they seem amazingly proud; it is kept in a glass case on a pedestal, on which there is an inscription in Russian and Hebrew, relating the date and other particulars of this present, which, though I read it with great attention, I have quite forgotten. There are here some caves, said to be interesting, but as we wished to reach Simpheropol that night, we did not visit them. The cemetery, called the Valley of Jehosaphat, where some of the monuments are said to bear inscriptions dating more than a thousand years ago, is a beautiful spot. As a fortress, Tchufut-Kalé appears to have been impregnable, were it not for one thing—the want of water. That indispensable article the inhabitants are obliged to fetch from springs below, which must be anything but an agreeable occupation for the ponies engaged in it, especially during the winter months, when the steep rocky ascent is covered with ice and frozen snow. A subterranean passage is said to exist leading to the spring whence the inhabitants obtain their water, but we did not see it. In ancient times, they say, there were springs on the rock itself, but they are now dry. The number of houses in ruins strikes one; but they told us that there are now only a tithe of the original number of inhabitants, which at one time amounted to a thousand families.

We heard that there was a road from Tchufut-Kalé which we could take, that would lead us into the main road to Simpheropol at the Alma, and we had been promised a guide, but he was not forthcoming, so we pushed on alone, and managed to lose our way. My knowledge of Russian here stood us in good stead, for after a few inquiries, and a ride through some thick brushwood, we got right again, following the course of the river Bodrak which we forded and reforded at least a dozen times, as it wound from side to side of a narrow and rather precipitous valley. This continually wetting the legs of the horses, freshened them wonderfully, as they began by this time to show strong symptoms of fatigue; mine would insist upon trying the flavour of the water at each ford. We reached and forded the Alma, about twenty miles from the battle-field, opposite the post station, where we found a large body of Russian militiamen on their way home halted for the night. As it was growing dark, and we were yet ten miles from Simpheropol, a council of war was held as to the propriety of remaining for the night where we were—sleeping on the ground with our blankets, as there were no houses except those that were already overcrowded by the militia—or pushing on to Simpheropol. It was decided that we should go on, and I had volunteered to trot on ahead with any one else who liked to accompany me, in order to secure the best accommodation we could find, and then return to meet the rest of the party with the baggage, and convoy them into the desired haven. It was quite dark by the

time we reached Simpheropol; but, fortunately for us, it was the Emperor's birthday, and the streets were illuminated in consequence, which certainly saved our horses' knees, by enabling us to avoid the holes and ruts in the road. The first hotel we visited we were informed that they had excellent accommodation for us and our horses; but, upon minute inquiry, we found that they expected us to sleep in the public coffee-room of the house, where people were likely to remain till morning drinking champagne. Upon our suggesting that the arrangement did not conduce to our comfort, we were coolly informed that *ten other persons* were going to sleep in the same room! This decided us that, if we fared worse, we would go farther. We next called at the Golden Anchor, where they would not have us at all. I began to think I had undertaken a task that I could not execute, when we stumbled upon the Hôtel d'Odessa, where we were again refused admittance; but by dint of a little soft sawder to the master, a thorough Russian merchant, and a hint that he might expect to be well paid, he agreed to let us have one of the coffee-rooms, of which there were three,* to ourselves, and a stable for two horses, which was all we required. Leaving my horse, I took an isvoshtchick—a public droshky that supplies in Russia the place of cabs; the term "isvoshtchick" is applied to the driver or the whole turn-out—and started in quest of the remainder of the party, whom I found already in the town. When we again reached the hotel, the isvoshtchick tried to impose upon me—for cabby will be cabby all the world over; but a few words of most energetic Russian slang caused him to stare, and say that, though I was an English officer, I was as good as theirs. We obtained a very good dinner, and the prices, considering all things, were very moderate—champagne at £1, and porter at 10s. the bottle. After we had discussed our dinner, a number of Russian officers arrived from the theatre, evidently with the intention of making a night of it; they drank nothing but champagne, placing lighted candles in the bottles as they were emptied. I afterwards learned three of them were to leave the next morning for the interior, and to celebrate their departure this party was given. I was talking with a Russian officer, not of their party, and just thinking of the luxury of lying down after the ride of upwards of fifty miles that we had done that day, when I found myself suddenly seized by two of the party, while a third pushed me on behind, and, thrusting me into a chair, fairly installed me a member of their society, merely because they had heard me conversing in their language, which, to them, was extraordinary, as it is so little known out of the country. Not wishing to remain quite alone with these jovial fellows, I pleaded an excuse that I could not desert my party; this caused J. C. and K. to be invited to join us; L. and D. were in bed in the next room, though I suspect they got little sleep. There were already two Englishmen of the party who had been to the theatre with them. The cheering that followed each popular toast was astounding, and only equalled by the swelling tones of the organ that played incessantly. What was the quantity of champagne consumed I have no conception. I only know that the table was in a blaze of illumination that far surpassed what we had seen in the streets. Somebody said he counted the candles, and made nearly forty of them—this must be an exaggeration, as there were not more than fourteen of us. The soul of the party was a Russian colonel, Baron M., who insisted upon embracing and kissing everybody he could after each

* In one of these coffee-rooms there was a very good organ that had been in the hotel kept by the host in Sebastopol, where he had remained with the instrument up to the commencement of the final bombardment. He showed, with no little pride, a hole in one of the panes of glass in front of the organ, made by a minié ball; besides this it had received no other damage, though mine host assured us that several shells burst in his house.

toast, much to the annoyance of my friends, who did not like at first being hugged in this way; but they soon got used to it, and gave the Baron's health with three times three, which was followed by a polka to the music of the organ, and to the destruction of sundry glasses by the upsetting of a table. When order had been in some degree restored, the Russians proposed the health of Queen Victoria, to which we were not slow to respond, the Russians joining us in hearty and heartfelt cheers; and on my proposing, in return, the health of the lovely and accomplished Empress of all the Russias (the Emperor's health had already been drunk), my countrymen, observing the enthusiasm with which the Russians received my speech in their own language, and not understanding its import, nor having any knowledge of my intentions, broke into a roaring chorus of "He's a jolly good fellow!" Our friends did not exactly understand this, and asked me the meaning of the song, thinking it an impromptu "God preserve the Empress;" but on my explaining what it really was, and how it came to be sung so *mal apropos*, they laughed heartily at the *mal-entendu*, while my countrymen were still in the dark as to whom they had so noisily pronounced to be a jolly good fellow, and peals upon peals of laughter followed when they all learned the subject of the toast, which was afterwards drunk again with due honour and respect. What the hour was when we retired I know not; but after two or three ineffectual attempts to escape, I was obliged to sit it out. Even here I had a specimen of the Russian system. An officer, a stranger to the rest, drew me aside, and began expatiating on the evils of the Russian Government, when, notwithstanding all the *élan* and harmony of the meeting, another officer, one of the party, approached us, having overheard no doubt the subject of our conversation, and inquired the name and country of my interlocutor, announcing himself as an officer of police, and intimating that most probably my friend would hear the next day from that quarter.

The next morning I did not feel very fresh after the orgie of the night before; but we sallied forth to view the town, which is of the most uninteresting description, like nearly all Russian towns. We got out of it soon after two o'clock, without any regret, though I had had time to make the acquaintance of some agreeable people, who gave me most cordial invitations to return and stay at their houses. The ride from Simpheropol towards Alushta, along the course of the Salghir, was delightful, with the Chatir-Dagh and the mountains of the south coast inviting us on, as it were; but we resisted the temptation, having previously determined to pass the night at a village called Mahmut Sultan, the residence and property of a rich Tartar whom I knew slightly. On reaching the house, we found to our regret, that the master was at Simpheropol, but the steward or major-domo insisted on our remaining the night, introducing us to his master's son, a boy about twelve, who did the honours in a most gentlemanlike way; in fact we all agreed that the Tartars at home are in every respect perfect gentlemen, and it is only when the contact with the Russians has been too great that this manner, and, I believe, feeling, have become extinct. The major-domo provided stabling for all our animals, turning out a valuable horse of his master's to make room for ours, twelve in number; upon my remonstrating with him, he replied that his master would never allow his own horses to remain in the stable while those of his guests were left out. After the horses were properly cared for, we were ushered into a large room, with a sofa covered with splendid silk and brocade occupying two sides of it, while another side was occupied by a table and chairs in the European-Russian style. We were scarcely seated before coffee was produced; after partaking of that refreshment we went for a stroll in the rather pretty grounds, along the end of which runs, clear and rapid, the Salghir; from which there is a canal that, after passing and supplying the house, runs through and irrigates the garden, where it puts in motion the wheels of a small and exceedingly picturesque mill. The main feature

of the scenery is formed by the mountains in the distance, which are beautifully grouped. After wandering till dark, we were recalled to the house, which in itself is very picturesque, and L. had availed himself of the time to take two pretty sketches of it; we found tea ready for us, and all the notables of the village assembled, headed by our boy-host, to do us honour. They were all very curious to learn the events of the war, and anxious to know the terms of the peace, in regard to which we gratifiedthem in as far as we were able. They examined with much interest our swords, and appeared to consider the man whose sword was the sharpest as the greatest hero; but a revolver was the great object that attracted their attention and excited their surprise; they were desirous of knowing how many men had been shot with the one they were examining, &c. They were all so much pleased with this instrument that I promised to send one to our boy-host. At length, having satisfied their curiosity, these venerable people retired, and we were left to our meditations and hunger, for we had left Simpheropol with only a slight luncheon. After waiting for a long while, we concluded that the coffee and tea which we had had was all that we should get that night, and began to unpack our own provision stores. Observing this, the major-domo came to me, who served as the medium, and said that his master would be highly offended with him, if we did not partake of the supper that was being prepared for us, and which would be ready in an hour; so we nursed our appetites, and cracked jokes till the cloth was laid, when we were all on the *qui vive* to try the *chefs d'œuvre* of a Tartar *cuisinier*, and we were completely surprised at the delicious fare: some roast lamb was the *ne plus ultra* of delicacy and good cooking. The supper consisted of six or eight dishes, and ended with a sweep soup made of grapes, eaten with large antique silver spoons out of a bowl common to all. When we had finished this delicious meal, the major-domo apologized for offering us nothing better! Then the whole strength of the establishment was employed in bringing us in beds, which were made up on the sofas of the two rooms; the beds themselves were covered with silk and silken-quilted coverlets: the whole thing appeared most luxurious to us, who had only calculated on our blankets, with sometimes the bare ground, but at the best a plank and roof, during the trip. I doubt, though, whether those gentlemen "who live at home at ease," sleeping every night on down beds, would have appreciated as we did the luxury of these flock-beds. The next morning we one and all agreed that we had never slept better. The contrast of this night with the one we had spent at Simpheropol was most remarkable: here all was quiet, and remote from towns. We were astir betimes in the morning, and found again all the notabilities collected to have another look at us. I received, too, a polite message from the lady of the house, requesting me to write her a letter, that she might show to her lord on his arrival: with this request I complied with great pleasure, and wrote a most eloquent epistle to enlighten the inhabitants of the harem. We discovered that our horses had been as well cared for as ourselves, and that a most liberal allowance of hay and corn had been supplied them. Nor had the servants been forgotten, for they too had their share of the good things. For all this hospitality we were not permitted to pay anything beyond gratuities to the servants.

We started about eight o'clock in the morning, taking with us a guide to conduct us to the summit of the Chatir-Dagh; but on his proposing to take us over the mountain, we took pity on our animals, and decided to go over the Ongar Pass, and attempt to ascend on the side towards Alushta. The ride up the Ongar Pass is of the most interesting kind. At the entrance of this pass begins the Woronzoff Road, that terminates at Sebastopol, after traversing the south coast from Alushta to the Phoros Pass, and all who have seen it agree that it is a wonderful piece of engineering. The scenery as you ascend is magnificent: bold and rugged rocks, or mountains clad in forests to their summits, rise

on either hand. At the highest part of the Pass there is an obelisk with an inscription, to commemorate the completion of the road, which was begun in 1824, and finished in 1826, by Colonel Shipiloff. This obelisk is thirty-two versts from Simpheropol, and thirteen from Alushta. We halted about half a mile below the obelisk on the side towards Alushta, in a small clear place in the forest, with a beautifully crystal brook running through it. Immediately above us towered the Chatir-Dagh in all his grandeur; and from this spot we wished to ascend, but the guide said it would be utterly impossible, as the mountain was too precipitous on that side. Opposite us was the peak of the Elk-Dagh, which at the time we halted hid his head among the clouds, which, however, afterwards cleared away. After taking the saddles off our horses and feeding them, the operation of making a fire, and getting our camp-kettles on it, was instantaneous, and showed that we were old campaigners. In less than half an hour we sat down on the grass to a breakfast that comprised everything one could desire. Those who have never lived *al fresco* cannot understand the pleasure one feels at one's perfect independence in this gypsy life; and the loveliness of the spot where we partook of our morning meal was enough in itself to compensate for any amount of inconvenience. The Tartar guide was invited to partake of chocolate and milk, potted beef and other luxuries, which he seemed thoroughly to appreciate. Though he was a man of the ordinary class of Tartar peasants, he was perfectly well behaved.

After a good rest, three of us again volunteered to push on to Alushta, in order to provide accommodation for the night. At a short distance below the place of our breakfast we came to a handsomely constructed fountain by the roadside, with an inscription in Russian, stating that on this spot Kutuzoff lost his eye in a battle with the Turks; but there was no date on it. If the entrance to the Ongar Pass from Simpheropol was beautiful the exit was infinitely more so, as here the mountains terminate precipitously; looking back from Alushta, Chatir-Dagh, or the Tent Mountain, is seen on the left, and Demerdji, or the Blacksmith, rises to the right. The valleys, too, are lovely and very fruitful; we thought how happily one might live there, in one of the numerous villas which are to be seen by the roadside, or in sequestered or sheltered nooks. There were, however, many traces of the war to be perceived along this road, which had been mined in some places, and batteries had been erected to command difficult parts of it. On reaching Alushta, I found the only *inn* in the place was a most filthy hole, so began to look about me for something better, and met by accident a Greek officer, Captain Stamati, who had been a prisoner at the monastery of St. George. He sent us to the head Tartar, where we got stabling for our horses, a very small quantity of hay and some corn, both of which articles were extremely scarce—so much so, that many of our English tourists at Simpheropol found it cheaper to feed their horses upon bread. We paid at Alushta £2 for a sack of barley, the ordinary price of which would not exceed three or four shillings. Having seen our steeds cared for, and it being yet early, we went out to amuse ourselves while the dinner we had ordered was in the course of preparation. L. and myself went to view the place and make sketches, while the other four preferred bathing. The town, or rather village, of Alushta is a very extraordinary place; it is built against the side of a hill in terraces. All the houses have flat earth roofs, so that when you are in an upper street, these roofs, which are level with the roadways, appear to form part of the terraces, since nothing of the houses below can be seen; the only indications of the human dwelling below are the rude wicker and turf chimneys that are elevated about a foot above the surface. A traveller arriving at once on the top of the hill, wonders where the houses are, as he can see nothing but a succession of terraced roads. The view from below is equally curious. There are some picturesque ruins at Alushta

that appear very ancient, and they are said to be the remains of a castle erected in the time of Justinian. While L. was making a sketch of one of these ruins, I filled my pipe, and a pretty Tartar child, its hair dyed with henna, brought me a lighted charcoal, for evidently we had been watched by the women from the houses. The view of the mountains in the distance, with the lovely valley of Alushta as a foreground, formed a good subject for the pencil. Along the coast we could see as far as the Bay of Sudak, while the highland of Cape Meganom appeared like an island rising from the sea. Altogether, I think it impossible to find so many lovely views from one point as from Alushta. The heads of most of the mountains still showed patches of snow, which were, however, fast disappearing under the influence of the May sun. As we were riding into Alushta down the valley, the summit of Mount Babugan was surrounded by thin transparent vapours, through which could be seen descending its precipitous sides small silvery cascades, that shone brightly through the mist.

On reaching the beach, we found our bathers had not only performed their ablutions, but had also caught with their hands a dish of fish for dinner. Here the waves threw up a large quantity of a small kind of whiting, so that our party of four gathered enough for our dinner in about a quarter of an hour, and delicious they were. The Tartars say that sometimes the quantity thrown up is so great as to create quite a nuisance.

Our dinner consisted of fish, boiled eggs, and roast lamb, and after that tea and pipes. Our fare and lodging were certainly not so luxurious as on the preceding night, but all was clean and comfortable. In the morning we met two Russian friends from Simpheropol, who were going to visit an estate not far from Yalta; they strongly advised us to send the servants and baggage by the main road, while we took a guide and travelled along the coast, where, though the scenery was finer, the road was very difficult: this advice we took, while they travelled by the Woronzoff Road, with a promise to meet us at Nikita. Certainly we did not regret having taken the lower road, though in some places it was barely practicable, being at times nothing more than a narrow ledge in the face of a perpendicular hill, with the sea-beach below, while at others it was the beach itself, composed of loose round boulders, and very tiring for the horses. The scenery along this coast is the most lovely it is possible to conceive, the vegetation is luxuriant, and the fruit-trees, that here abound, were then just in blossom; all conduced to increase the natural beauties of this fine country. The wines grown on this coast are very delicious, though they all have a peculiar flavour, which is not, however, at all disagreeable; they will not bear transporting. At Partnit we were hospitably invited to enter the house of a German steward, of which invitation four of us availed ourselves, while the other two rode on with the guide; we were regaled with Easter cake and wine, which we found very refreshing after our ride in the hot sun. We spent here an hour, and then started to overtake our comrades, which was no easy matter, as the roads were very bad, and there were several of them; but we were fortunate enough to hit off the right one, which ran at the back of the Aiyu-Dagh, or Bear Mountain, so called from its singular appearance, being that of a bear drinking in the sea. While passing the Aiyu-Dagh we had a slight shower, and discovered that I. was missing; but we knew that if he had taken a wrong path it must lead him on to the Woronzoff Road so we were quite easy about him. We caught the rest of our party at the village of Oursuf, where we were again invited to taste the wine. As this is one of the most celebrated places for good wines on the south coast, we could not refuse, though, for my part, I think the wine at Partnit was the best, but that might be because I wanted it more. After a short halt, we again started and soon got upon the Woronzoff Road which brought us to Nikita, where there are botanical gardens and vineyards belonging to the government. Here we found our

Russian friends of the morning, who had informed the superintendent of the gardens and vineyards of our intended visit; but he had sent to excuse himself, as he was ill in bed, but begged of us to try his wines, of which he sent us a dozen bottles as samples; they were chiefly of the vintages of 1837 and 1838, and were really by far the best of any we tasted during our trip. These wines were claret, of a body and crust like old port, and muscat, the flavour of which was delicious.

After a good luncheon, two of us again pushed on to provide quarters for the night at Yalta; but as we had heard there was an excellent house kept by a Frenchman, with an English wife, we thought we should have no difficulty in finding what we wanted; on arrival, however, we found the house full of English officers, who appeared to have occupied the place in force. After a little talk, however, the proprietor agreed to take in our horses, and to give us some unfurnished rooms, which were all we wanted, especially as they had plenty of hay, and there was some prospect of a dinner of fried turbot and stewed beef, which were ready by the time the others arrived and we had made the horses comfortable. After dinner I went down to see our hostess, whom I found I knew; and while we were talking over old times, an officer came in to know if he could have any oysters, for which Yalta is famous; but on being told that the boats had returned without any, so that he must wait till morning, he insisted that he had a right to some, since he had brought as a present to the hostess two oyster-knives, and an *Army List*, of which articles he said he had conceived she must be very much in want. In vain she assured the British sub. that she should only be too delighted to let him have some, could they be procured—he still insisted on the knives and Army List. But the most amusing part of this little scene was that he insisted on talking English to mine host, a Frenchman, and very indifferent French to his good lady. Having sufficiently enjoyed this extremely ludicrous scene, I was obliged to come to the rescue of our fair friend by assuring the gentleman of the oyster-knives and Army List that I had a prior claim to his, since I had known the lady ten years before, but that, notwithstanding our old acquaintance, I had been unable to procure any oysters, as there were none. After a cup of very good coffee we retired, not to bed but to the planks, where, rolling ourselves up in our blankets, with our saddles for pillows, we were soon fast asleep, little dreaming of what was before us on the next day.

We were up betimes in the morning, and went to the river to wash, taking our horses to water with us. At six o'clock the breakfast was ready, and about seven we set off towards Alupka, but as there were several places to see on the road, we sent on the servants with the baggage, telling them to await us at Alupka, distant about ten miles.

The country about Yalta is perhaps the most beautiful of the whole coast: the town of Yalta is situated at the mouth of a lovely valley running down from the Yaila Mountains, which form a background; down this valley there winds a beautiful stream, in which we performed our ablutions, and which is crossed close to the sea by a handsome stone bridge. The ride from here to Alupka is most interesting, for the coast is studded with the villas and seats of the Russian nobility, of which the first for good taste, though not for size, is Livadia, belonging to Count Pototski. The site of this residence is admirably chosen, as the views from it are magnificent; from this spot the peculiar form of the Aiyu-Dagh can be traced with wonderful accuracy, and the best view is obtained of Yalta, with the valley behind it. The grounds belonging to this house are of almost park-like dimensions, and are laid out in a picturesque style, as well as kept very clean; while the house itself, though still unfinished, is in equally good taste with the grounds. The greater part of the furniture was removed at the beginning of the war, but still enough remained to show that the proprietor is a liberal patron of

the fine arts. The chapel in the house is decorated in a chaste and simple style, quite in accordance with the idea of a place of domestic worship, which is there carried on, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic faith, during the time the owner resides at his marine villa. The man who showed us the house said that once during the war the French landed a few men at Yalta, who, as the inhabitants had left their homes, commenced plundering the place, while some of them wandered up the country—one coming to Livadia, where he selected such articles as took his fancy among the furniture and books, and insisted upon having transport provided to Yalta. Our guide, not wishing to promote his ill-will, gave a waggon and pair of oxen, which the Frenchman filled with *loot*, and made the best of his way back to the ship with his booty. The next place is Orianda, belonging to the Empress-Dowager of Russia. In this there is great magnificence displayed, but very little artistic judgment. The building is a square block, with a pretty Pompeian court in the centre: in the rooms there is a great deal of splendour, to which the man who showed us over the place expected we should pay as much respect as if the *Tzaritza* were actually present in person. Some of the chimney-pieces are good specimens of Crimean marble. The grounds are extensive, and enclose some very fine bold rocks, and a part of them is laid out as a deer-park that seems pretty well stocked. On the whole, this imperial residence, to view which we were obliged to get cards from a Major Somebody, the superintendent, did not please us nearly so well as the *Bijou* we had seen just before. Orianda is not yet quite finished, and the imperial owner has not yet, I believe, seen it; the spot it stands on was once occupied by an enormous isolated rock.

Along the road we met a great number of officers from our army, some on horseback, others mounted on the miserable bat-ponies, known in the camp by the not inappropriate name of *animated hair-trunks*, which they had great trouble to get along, and others were on foot. These latter were chiefly officers of the Highland Division, who wore their kilts, much to the astonishment of the natives. I don't remember meeting a single French officer on the south coast, while our countrymen were there in shoals; here as elsewhere it was shown that the passion for travelling is inherent in the nation. At Simpheropol there were crowds of Englishmen, some of whom had no reason to speak well of the honesty of the Russians. One Highlander had his dirk stolen out of the sheath during a public promenade; a party of three officers, who were at Simpheropol during the Easter festival, had everything stolen out of their room at the hotel while they were at church on Easter Eve, so that one of them was obliged to be left behind as a hostage, while the others returned to camp in order to obtain the necessary funds to pay the hotel bill. Complaints of this were made to the Russian police; but though it was said the thieves were in custody and the property recovered, nothing was returned, till at last the hostage went to the governor of the town, who soon arranged the affair, nor would he permit the hotel-keeper to charge for the time the hostage was living in his house.

After Orianda, we pushed on towards Alupka, in the hope of there finding our baggage and luncheon, of which we now began to stand in need. About a mile, however, before we reached Alupka, we were stopped by a *provençal*, who stood at the door of his house and invited us in to try his wines, which, from his appearance, he had done with every one who passed that way since morning. He told us that he had been in the country for some years as *vigneron* to several large proprietors, and that, having saved some money, he was very anxious now to return to France. He sang us *provençal* and *patriotique* songs, much to the disgust of a Russian bailiff or overlooker who was in the room, and evidently understood the import of the songs, though the words were to him unintelligible, as they nearly

the place not exactly what a sanitary commissioner would have chosen for a sleeping apartment. We slept, however, soundly till the sun was high above the horizon, and on awakening felt none the worse, except perhaps a little stiff from the exercise of the previous day.

The ride back to camp from Baidar was not very interesting, since all the camps and villages were deserted. The view from the villa of Count Perovsky, at the end of the valley, was fine; it embraced nearly the whole of that fertile country surrounded by mountains, but this was now rendered an uninhabited desert, for during our absence the exodus of the Tartars had taken place, and it is to be hoped that these harmless men will be better treated at the hands of the Turkish authorities than they have been by the Russians. It is strange to hear the Russian inhabitants of the Crimea complain of the want of *gratitude* of the Tartars. They ought to be grateful to the Russians for spoiling them of their birthright, for at the present time the best parts of the Crimea are in the hands of the conquerors. The only Russian liked by the Tartars is Prince Woronzoff, for whom they are all ready to lay down their lives, because the Prince has always treated them kindly and justly. At Alupka, when he was building his chateau, he wanted the ground occupied by their mosque, but he would not take it without the consent of the inhabitants, promising to build them another and finer place of worship, and to commemorate the ancient one by a verse in Arabic from the Koran in that part of the chateau where it stood, which promise he most religiously kept; and on the spot formerly occupied by the mosque there is a fine portico with an inscription in Arabic, to the effect that "there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." He is, however, much blamed for this treatment of the Tartars by his countrymen, who say that it tends to make them refractory. As we approached the camps, the old sounds of drums and bugles made us feel like schoolboys returning to school after the holidays, and I must say like them, most unwillingly, for we had had a delightful trip, and by far the most successful of any that were undertaken out of the camp, with the exception of the last day. But we all agreed that we would not be disappointed, and resolved to go and pass a night at the turreted house of Count Perovsky, which we had missed through the stupidity of our servants.

MR. BUTTLE'S REVIEW.

MANY clever people have written excellent Histories of English Literature. They tell us a great deal about Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespeare,—about styles of composition, and the changes of taste,—but they never yet have told us what Literature is. What is Literature? Is a play-bill literature, even when it contains laborious antiquarianism, deep geographical inquiries as to the outline of Bithynia and disquisitions on the Pyrrhic Dance, or the length of petticoat of the Virgins of the Sun? Is a sermon published "by request" of a decent congragation—which fell asleep before it could hear the end of it—literature? Is an indignant letter (paid for as an advertisement), wherein Brutus Junior threatens a village churchwarden for refusing him a sitting in church, literature? Are the letters, marked respectively 1, 2, 3 and 4, up to the round dozen, in the hostile correspondence between Swiffins, stockbroker, Fulham, and Snodge, drysalter, Muswell Hill, literature? Why did they quarrel about that Newfoundland dog, which came out all dripping from the Serpentine, and shook itself in the most snobbish manner over the apparel of a young lady, "whose name it is needless to introduce in this very unpleasant affair"—(but which we know to be Sophia Groby—old Groby's daughter, Fleet Street)—and after a week's angry interchange of epistolary amenities, with fiery allusions to pistols for two (and no coffee)—end by discovering that the sagacious Ponto meant no personal disrespect either to Swiffins or the interesting young lady, whose name, &c.; and that even if he had, he was not the property, and therefore not under the control, of Snodge of Muswell Hill. Is this Literature? I suppose it is; for, judging from my own experience, most writings of the present day are literature, and most of the people you meet are literary men.

I am a literary man. I never wrote anything but once,—long ago, in my nonage,—and when I knew no better. I composed a poem—rather a long one—in blank verse, and on an everyday kind of subject. I don't mind mentioning the title, as it is very descriptive of the contents, and you may judge of the sensation it might perhaps have created if it had appeared in print. It was called, "Summer Enjoyments, or the best method of spending a month or two at the Sea-side pleasantly, with a description of the Ryde Regatta, and a visit to Plymouth Dock." I tell you it has lain for five and twenty years in my desk. I never showed it but to two friends. Both are since dead. I don't insinuate that it was in consequence of what they read, but it certainly happened that they both died within two years. Their verdict was not satisfactory, and I meekly bowed. I left Parnassus to the more ambitious creatures who are content to browse on the scanty herbage at the root of that barren elevation, and betook myself to other pursuits. I came down in ten or twelve years to the village in which I still reside; the poem was still in my drawer. I had not looked at it myself since the premature demise of my two critics; but an evil influence was upon me. I mentioned one evening, quite by accident, at the tea-table of the Miss Whipsties, that I had written a poem, about four times the length of *Paradise Lost*, and from that hour my fate was sealed. I was a literary man. I said it was four times as long as *Paradise Lost*. I could not have been looked on with more respect if it had been four times as good. I was the referee,—the guide; the final judge in all affairs literary and poetical to the whole village. It even changed my name. I used to be Mr. Buttle of the Ashes—there was a rumor that some time or other, before the memory of man, three of those graceful trees had stood upon my lawn—and I thought it sounded very well. But now I was only known as Buttle the Poet, "Our Bard"—"our Inspired Neighbor," or more simply "Buttle," as if that great name conveyed all that

was required, like Pope or Dryden, were the modes of designating my humble self. I was positively ashamed of the adulation of the whole parish. I read the *Life of Hayley*, and thought how contemptible I must look; I, who had not even written the *Triumphs of Temper*, and yet was cotooed more reverently than that hero of twaddle and tea. And my fame spread. There was not an aspiring genius in the county, who published his poems by subscription, who did not call on me, as an elder and more successful brother in the tuneful art, and make up his mind to my contribution for half-a-dozen copies. Nobody had ever read my work—how could they? It was tied up in lots of brown paper, and was always under lock and key. Nobody had ever heard its name, or knew its subject, and yet the great fact was impressed upon them all that I was a distinguished author—a recognised poet. They had faint recollections of a flaming panegyric in the *Quarterly;* they thought even I had been favourably noticed in *Blackwood*. I was one of England's lions—in fact, I was a literary man. What was the use of resisting? Was I to go and tell every one I met that I was nobody? Was I to sink contentedly into plain Mr. Buttle of the Ashes again, and quit the glorious company of the Byrons, and Scotts, and Campbells: to exchange a designation, derived, I confess, from works which had no existence, for another which was also derived from some supposed trees, which in all probability had never existed either? No. I rejoiced in the double imposture, and sat on my airy throne, a poet without a poem, and proprietor of the Ashes, without a branch or leaf.

Our village is very beautiful, and in the summer people come from all parts of the country to enjoy its bracing air. There are lodging-houses by the dozen which are empty all the rest of the year, but make hay while the sun shines during the four months of hot weather. Our neighbourhood has a good number of curiosities, which it is indispensable to see. There are the ruins of a Roman villa, consisting of the end of a cow-shed; and a Runic inscription on a flat stone, which appears to me to be very like the first efforts of a juvenile mason practising epitaphs on a broken tombstone. Then there is an echo at one of the hills, which repeats any name you call to it seven times at night and nine times during the day. And at last I plainly perceived that I myself was considered one of the curiosities of the place, no less than the villa or the inscription. Foolish-looking people — gentlemen in shooting-jackets, and ladies in enormous hats (and all with sketching materials in their hands)—stood constantly at my gate; and when I happened to walk down to the grocer's or to the post-office, a gratified whisper was interchanged. "That's the Bard!" with a pause of admiration from the lady. "Is that the Old Cove?" with a tone (sometimes) of disappointment, from her dirty-bearded, foreign-looking companion. I walked on with the utmost composure. I was not a bit puffed up, but rejoiced in seeing that admiration (the healthiest and most enjoyable of all states of mind) was not quite extinct in this sneering, depreciating, self-satisfied age of the world. What did it matter to them, poor souls! that this tribute was paid to the wrong man? They were as happy as if they were expressing their appreciation of the greatest of poets. I looked on myself as a mere emblem or representative. When I met a gaze of gratified wonder, and saw a flush of pleasure on the cheek of some fair enthusiast of eighteen, I put them down to the credit of Tennyson or Macaulay. I considered things of that sort as honours paid to literature in the abstract; and perceived what a reading, poetising, fanciful generation we still are, in spite of railroads and joint-stock banks,—as you can judge of the loyalty of the people by the applause bestowed on "God Save the Queen," even when played on the poorest of fiddles.

But this position of dignity and honour was not without its drawbacks. It entailed a great deal of trouble in reading the vast numbers of little volumes sent to me by the carrier's parcel every week. The few flattering words in the note accom-

panying these presentation-copies, generally gave a broad hint that "the opinion of so well-known a master of the lyre (sometimes 'harp,' and once 'Muse's reed') would be treasured as a memorial of condescension, and studied as a lesson for future efforts." So I had to read with attention innumerable lines which had no sort of meaning, and then frame a reply such as not to shock my own sense of truth, or break the juvenile aspirant's hopes. There has nothing so much surprised me, in my large experience among the small fry of the present day, as the diffusion of poetic feeling, with the total absence of poetic power. You read a volume of faultless versification without a thought in it from beginning to end. You feel perfectly assured that the author has taste, feeling, sentiment, ten fingers, and an admirable ear; and yet that he is no more of a poet than a cheesemonger. What are you to say to such a person? The man has poetry in him; he has filled his mind with the purple tints of clouds, the scent of dying roses, the glimmer of distant stars. With all these constituents of poetry, are you to be a hard-hearted, truth-speaking, old inquisitor, and tell the poor fellow he is not a poet, any more than a painter's pallet is a picture, or a bunch of grapes a bottle of champagne, or a square yard of wind in a Highland bagpipe the "March of the Cameron Men?" Not I. I am not going to damp youthful aspirings by any such sentence as that. It is better to write namby-pambies, and fancy yourself immortal, than to keep a yacht and a meerschaum, and believe (which is not far from being the case) that you have no intellect at all. Therefore, scribble on, my good fellow; it at all events improves your spelling, and it is just possible you may hit on a line, or a stanza, or even a poem, which will give you real fame; for there seems a good deal of luck in literature, as in everything else. Page after page disappears under your contemptuous thumb; and then all of a sudden, in the middle of a dreary desert of sand and barrenness, you hear the waving of green leaves and the gush of water. You have lit upon an oasis, and feel certain that the water and the trees burst forth by the merest chance. Pause and refresh yourself on the unexpected grass, for the wilderness is all around you. You will not find another blade during the whole of your pilgrimage, till you reach the Mecca of the last word; and don't perplex yourself by asking why the man who wrote these ten lines did not write all the rest as good, or by wondering how the man who wrote such quantities of unredeemed rubbish throughout the remainder of the volume happened to light upon these. These are mysteries which it is impossible to explain; but, at the same time, they will not be very difficult to exemplify. Here, for instance, is a work submitted to my superior judgment by a person—to me unknown, who merely had had the pleasure of seeing me once or twice as I strolled to the butcher's, during her residence at the water-cure establishment at the upper end of our village. HER residence; so it was a lady, and at the water-cure establishment; so her judgment is not of the best, and the collection she sent me was evidently written under the influence of the heavy douche, alternated with attacks of delirium tremens; and sometimes, too—for there is no denying the man has both power and pathos—under the purer influence of true feeling and the tenderest inspiration. His name is Charles G. Eastman, a Yankee of the most nasal utterance and undoubted breed; who has written, as you shall see ere long, platitudes broader and flatter than our proverbial philosophy can number, and charming little lyrics such as no American author has surpassed. First, for the douche. Can any amount of cold water tumbling on your naked shoulders, or wet sheets enveloping your shivering body, account for the infinite inanity of Isabel?—

Are thy thoughts upon the sea,
Isabel?
Are thy thoughts upon the sea,
Isabel?
All day sitting,
Thinking, knitting,
Scarcely ever looking silly up as formo
at me;
Where's thy chatter?
What's the matter?
Isabel?

Are thy thoughts upon the sea,
Isabel?
With a lover on the sea,
Isabel?
Poor aunt Lizzy
Was so dizzy
When the symptoms made appearance of this maiden malady!
And the labours
Of the neighbours,
Isabel!

Are thy thoughts upon the sea,
Isabel?
With "that fellow" on the sea,
Isabel?
That poor hoddy,
That nobody,
Have you ever seen him noticed by the first society?
Mind thy mother,
Love another,
Isabel!

Are thy thoughts upon the sea,
Isabel?
Are they still upon the sea,
Isabel?
Hear thy betters!
Burn his letters!
Let thy very kind relations make a proper match for thee.
Cash and station—
Rich relation—
Isabel!

If thy heart is on the sea,
Isabel,
And thy thoughts are on the sea,
It is well.
Round thy lover
Let them hover
Though thy mother says old Skinflint has more mortgages than he!
Thy lips' honey—
Sold for money—
Isabel!

The indignant reader, unless he had my experience in the detection of diamonds, would throw away the whole heap as only consisting of mud. Let him beware of doing any such thing; the Koh-i-noor is not far off. Listen to this dirge—

1.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying of a broken heart.

2.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

3.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last;
Gently!
While you're weeping
She to Heaven has past!

With some affectation in the break of the lines this is very sweet. But after this we travel through intolerable jungle, with miry pitfalls (intended apparently for jokes), and begin to despair of ever coming into a civilized country again, when all at once we come upon as wild and vivid a picture of a real American snow-drift as ever was painted, and perceive, for the second or third time in the course of our peregrinations, that Eastman is of the right stuff, and has in him smeddum enough to put the maunderings of *Hiawatha* entirely out of fashion. Compare the monotonous drivel of that unreadable narrative with this "Scene in a Vermont Winter:"—

1.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with his wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the winds come forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

2.

All day the snow came down—all day—
As it never came down before,
And over the earth at night there lay
Some two or three feet or more.
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows block'd and the well-curb gone;
The haystack grown to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile looked like a monster-drift
As it lay at the farmer's door.

3.

As the night set in, came hail and snow,
And the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a sullen blow
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther! see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts along the plain, Ho! Ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

4.

Such a night as this to be found abroad
In the snow and the stinging air,
A shivering dog, in the field by the road,
When the hail through his shaggy hair
The wind drives hard, doth crouch and growl,
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;
Then to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,
Pray, what does the dog do there?

5.

His master came from the town to-night,
And lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with main and might
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last o'er a log had floundered down,
That deep in a huge drift lay.

6.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,
She made in the heavy snow;
And her master strove till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb'd, and had lost their might;
So he struggled back to his sleigh again,
And strove to shelter himself in vain,
With his coat and his buffalo.

7.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
He strives for a while with a wistful cry
To catch but a glance from his heavy eye;
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap
The skirts of his coat across his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

8.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er,
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes and bends no more
In the rush of the mighty blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of ledge, and tree, and ghostly stump,
On the silent plain are cast.

9.

But there are they—by the hidden log—
Who came that night from the town—
All dead! the man and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown!
He sits in his sleigh—his face is bland—
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand;
The dog with his head on his master's feet,
And the horse half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down!

Of a still higher order of the incongruous is another little volume, which I found on my table one morning, entitled *Death's Jest-Book*, of which at first I was inclined to consider the second title, *The Fool's Tragedy*, the more appropriate name. *Death's Jest-Book* is a play of the most impossible construction. Talk of ghosts in a country churchyard!—talk of ghouls in the *Arabian Nights!* There are more hideous apparitions and revolting incidents in this drama than in the wildest imaginings of superstition or romance. There are people who die—apparently as dead as the deadest of door-nails—in the middle of an act; and in some succeeding scene, when nobody expects anything but a jolly celebration of their funeral obsequies, their bodies, borrowed for a while from the grave, come boldly upon the stage, and gibber and gloom, and utter hollow sounds, till the hairs of your head—those of them that don't fly out of your skull in the first burst of your terror—dress up like "frightful porcupines," and you have no breath left in you even to laugh. There is Wolfram, a knight—and Isbrand, the court-fool, who is his brother—and a Duke of Munsterberg—and Ziba, an Egyptian slave—and Homunculus Mandrake, a Zany. This latter is not the author of the play; nor is he, indeed, in any respect, a greater zany than any of the other personages, and might be left out altogether without any perceptible diminution of the absurdity of the whole thing. What has happened before the curtain rises we find it difficult to discover; but this is the plot: Wolfram—no, Isbrand—no, somebody else—has been in love with somebody; and she—no, the Duke—or, let me see, is it Ziba the Egyptian? The fact is, it is a little difficult to make out what it is all about. But the Duke slays Wolfram, and Ziba brings him to life again. Then there seems to be a considerable amount of enmity, as might be expected, between the dead man and his murderer. Then two or three other people die, and Death *in propria personâ* comes in and dances a kind of saraband; funeral processions cross the stage, and Isbrand, the fool, says a few comic verses, and

at the end Wolfram, who begins to be tired of the upper air, gives the Duke his arm, and the last stage direction is, "Exit with the Duke into the sepulchre." These are mere dreams of lunacy and infatuation — full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Wait a little before you throw the book out of the window and consign the author to Hanwell. In this mad and plotless play there are finer passages than any living dramatist has composed. There is grandeur, tenderness, and a power of description totally unequalled by the second-hand Elizabethans. What do you think of this portrait of the object of Athulf's love?

So fair a creature! of such charms compact
As nature stints elsewhere; which you may find
Under the tender eyelid of a serpent,
Or in the gurge of a kiss-coloured rose
By drops and sparks — but when she moves, you see,
Like water from a crystal over-filled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her, and lave
Her fair sides to the ground. Of other women
(And we have beauteous in this court of ours),
I can remember whether nature touched
Their eye with brown or azure; where a vein
Runs o'er a sleeping eyelid, like some streak
In a young blossom; every grace count up,
Here the round turn and crevice of the arm—
There the trees-bunches, or the slender hand,
Seen between harp-strings, gathering music from them.
But where SHE is, I'm lost in her abundance,
And when she leaves me, I know nothing more
(Like one from whose awakening temples rolls
The cloudy vision of a God away)
Than that she was divine!

But it is in the short, brilliant, almost epigrammatic phrases with which the play is studded, that we find this writer's strength. A man in the agony of some great expectation speaks in in a strain beyond the comprehension of his auditors. He finds no response to his thoughts in the more prosaic hearts of his companions. How does he express this?

"I utter
Shadows of words, like to an ancient ghost,
Arisen out of hoary centuries,
Where none can speak his language!"

The Duke determines to get rid of his quondam friend, and now his rival, Wolfram, by assassination. A thought, dim at first, but which shakes his being with the hideousness of its presence, comes upon him when he least expects it. He is almost quelled by the horror of the dark idea.

"Ha! what's this thought,
Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,
Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,
And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak?"

When at last the dreadful thought fully reveals itself, and his strong determination is taken to go through with the murder, he steps more freely. His mind is made up. He calls his confederate. "Hush," he says,

"How still, how full, how lightly,
I move, since this resolve about the place,
Like to a murder-charged thunder-cloud,
Lurking about the starry streets of night,
Breathless and masked,
O'er a still city sleeping by the sea."

It does not the least matter who is the speaker. Our friend the fool talks wisdom and high philosophy; the knightly Athulf talks an infinite deal of folly; and from either—from Sibylla, a very ill-used young lady, who seems to be the cause of all the mischief without meaning it,—from Adalmar, a chivalrous gentlemen, or from Homunculus Mandrake, proceed the most unexpected sentiments. Here is a condensation of past and present which is very picturesque, but not very much in keeping with an Egyptian bravo:—

"When these, our ruined towers, were in the rock,
And our great forests which do feel the sea,
With storm-soul'd fleets lay in an acorn's cup."

Here is an account of the many dangers besetting our path, enunciated by the murderous Duke, but which would be more appropriate in the character of a sanitary commissioner.

"If man could see
The perils and diseases that he elbows
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes,

Then he would know that Life's a single pilgrim
Fighting unarmed amongst a thousand soldiers."

Finally, in the midst of the most ludicrously misplaced merriment, songs which have neither music nor sense in them, and attempts at versification which would blunt the edge of a saw, we come upon this exquisitely worded dirge, as soft and melodious as anything in Herrick or Ben Jonson's Masques.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In Eastern sky!

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die!
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rosebank to lie dreaming
With folded eye,
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In Eastern sky.

But here is a very different volume also left for my critical appreciation, redolent of common sense and tender feeling, as the other was of extravagance and madness. A packet, sir, says Mercury, and lays it on the table —a rose-coloured note accompanies it — a soft, gentle, feminine hand; "the poems," it says, "are in a peculiar dialect. The book is scarcely known beyond the limits of our county; but if it receives the approbation of Mr. Buttle—of the distinguished author of such admirable compositions, the pride of Dorsetshire will be placed on a solid foundation." Ha! let me see—She did not name my compositions. That is lucky—nor state their nature — perhaps she thinks me a musician — but no matter, she only echoes the words of all the rest of the neighbours, and gives one other proof of what slender materials are sufficient to build up a reputation. "The Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset dialect, by William Barnes," are delightful, and very soon dispelled any feeling I had against the idea of a provincial language. Jeffrey maintains, in one of his essays, that Burns's poems take higher rank than any mere local verses could do, because they are in a tongue which is still national, and not the *patois* of a district. Now the fact of the Scottish language continuing distinct arises only from its being left behind in the march of improvement. At a certain point of its development it stood still, and what is commonly called English took new forms, adopted new phrases, and made itself what it now is, the richest, the most flexible, the grandest language under the sun. Dorset, Devon, Somerset, and Hampshire, also all stood still at a certain period of their course. Scotland talks the language (nearly) of Elizabeth and Cecil. Dorset talks the language of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third. Provincialism, therefore, does not arise from the degrading effect o deterioration or oblivion of what was once excellent and refined, but from a persistence in what was once the best. The West keeps a grammar and a vocabulary of its own. It has proudly shut its ears to the alterations going on in other quarters;—it is the Tory of languages, and has positively refused all new-fashioned importations of which it is not quite sure of the goodness, and looks on the high-flown niceties of our modern tongue as some broad-acred squire whose manor-house rose in the reign of the Edwards looks on the sumptuous "villas" and speck-and-span new "Parks" of a set of rich manufacturers. "We cannot wonder," says Mr. Barnes, "at the purity of the western dialects, as we must see that the minds of the rustic families of west Saxony, the proper title of the contracted 'Wessex,' were as little exposed to the leaven of the old French of the Norman Court, as they have been in later times to that of the Latin of the learned, or the so-thought elegant French of the polite; and so while the land holding Norman families, whether Harcourts, Percies, Nevilles, St. Los, or others, retained their Latin-French tongue, the wood-girt and hill-sheltered *tuns* (or country houses) of the West were

still vocal with the purest Saxon in which the Norman Conquest itself was recorded in the Saxon chronicles." Alas! for the Steam-ship, and the Railway, and the modern march of mind! for Antiquity will everywhere disappear. The resident in the wood-girt tún who retained his softened *z*, and broad sound of the *â*, and said a picture was well *drawed*, and that he *knowed* it; who *runned* and *drowed* a *stuone*, but never ran and threw a stone,—this time-honoured gentleman will yield at last to the flood like his neighbours, and all his peculiarities will vanish. Lindley Murray and Walker's pronouncing Dictionary will banish his local volumes; his wife will sing Italian songs and his daughters ornament their conversation with phrases from the French. But Mr. Barnes's book professes to be a presentment of a language actually in use—and a very pretty language it is, and admirably adapted to all the purposes to which he applies it. It laughs and cries and describes sorrow and enjoyment with equal ease. But like all doomed things it seems to have a foreboding of its fate, and sinks naturally into the pathetic. Niggers with a death in slavery before them —Scotch Highlanders with their lands getting gradually absorbed by the Southern,—Irish peasants on the eve of quitting the Green Isle; all these give natural utterance to the sorrow of their hearts. All their songs are sad, and even in their mirth there is a touch of melancholy. The Dorset tongue has got its warning. The Great Western Railway carries Eighteen hundred and fifty-six into quarters where the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are still roosting among the owls. Cockney tourists can reach Sherborne in four hours from St. Paul's. The Battle of the Alma reached Shaftesbury in a week. Why should Hengist and Horsa remain?—Let them sing their last song and give place to Brassy and Peto—But very tender, very poetical, and very true, is the last song of the old Saxon minstrel. The volume, instead of being an embodiment of the present, will soon be an antiquarian curiosity; so while the living breath is still in it, and a human heart still sends fresh blood through its veins —let us listen to its music—and how pleasant this strain is of "The Woodlands."

O spread agen your leaves an' flow'rs,
Luonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Here undernêath the dewy showers
O' warm-aired spring-time, zunny woodlands
As when in drong or oben groun'
Wi' happy buoyish heart I foun'
The twitteren birds a-builden roun'
Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands!

Ye gi'ed me life, ye gi'ed me jây,
Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands!
Ye gi'ed me health as in my play,
I rambled droo ye, zunny woodlands!
Ye gi'ed me freedom var to rove
In sery meâd or shiady grove,
Ye gi'ed me smilen Fanny's love,
The best ov all o't, zunny woodlands!

My vust shill skylark whiverod high,
Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands!
To zing below your deep-blue sky
An' white spring-clouds, oh! zunny woodlands,
An boughs o' trees that once stood here
Wer glossy green the happy year
That gi'ed me oon I loved so dear,
An' now ha lost, o' zunny woodlands!

O let me rove again unspied,
Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands!
Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide
As then I rambled, zunny woodlands!
An' where the missen trees once stood,
Or tongues once sung among the wood,
My memory shall make them good
Though you've a-lost them, zunny woodlands!

A country place without a ghost would be like a knight without his ladie, and the expiring language has a sort of affinity with the inhabitants of the tomb. What dialect did the "Weeping Lady" use when alive? Did she speak the pure words of Cedric the Saxon, or condescend to the almost unintelligible phraseology of John of Gaunt? But sad at all events is the language she now gibbers beneath the moon; yet easily understood by all who can enter into her feelings. A great old house, deserted and silent, fallen upon evil days, and left to the slow processes of decay and ruin, is the scene of the legend—

When liate o' nights, above the green
By thik (that) wold house the moon da sheen,

A lady there,—a hangen low
Her head's—a waken to an' fro,
In robes so white's the driven snow.
Wi' one yarm down, while one da rest
All lily white athirt the breast,
O' thik poor weepen lady!

The whirlen win' and whistlen squall,
Da shiake the ivy by the wall
An' miake the flyen tree-tops rock,
But never ruffle her white frock;
An' slammen door, an' rattlen lock,
That in thik empty house da zound
Da never seem to miake look round,
Thik ever downcast lady.

A lady as the tale da goo
That once lived there, an' loved too true,
Were by a young man cast azide,
A mother sad but not a bride;
An' then her father in his pride,
An' anger offered one of two,
Vull bitter things to undergoo
To thik poor weepen lady!

That she herself shood leave his door
To darken it agen no more;
Or that her little playsome chile
A zent away a thousan' mile,
Shood never meet her eyes to smile
An' play agen; till she in shame
Shood die an' leave a tarnish'd name,
A sad varsaken lady!

"Let me be lost," she cried, "the while
I da but know var my poor chile:"
An' left the huome ov all her pride,
To wander droo the wordle vide,
Wi' grief that vew but she ha tried,—
An' like a flower a blow ha broke,
She withered vi that deadly stroke,
An' died a weepen lady.

An' she da keep a comen on,
To see thik father dead an' gone;
As if her soul cood ha' no rest,
Afore her teary cheek's a-prest
By his vorgiven kiss! Zoo blest
Be they that can but live in love,
An' vind a pliace o' rest above,
Unlike thik weepen lady!

There is a very pretty poem on "Zunsheen in the Winter," from which I will only quote one stanza, with the pleasing reflection, that England, or at least Dorsetshire, possesses one Poet more—

The birds da shake wi' playsome skips,
The rain-draps off the bushes' tips,
A cherrupen wi merry sound,
While auver all the grassy ground
The wind da whirdle round an round,
So softly that the day da zeem.
Muore like a summer in a dream,
Than Zunsheen in the winter!

For a long time I felt a little uneasy at the very undeserved deference paid to my literary judgment. I consoled myself with the reflection, that an unpublished poem had a much better claim to the admiration of the world, than half the volumes that are poured upon the public every month. Who would exchange the unknown glories of his unwritten lucubrations, for the brayings and glorifications of our rising poets? It is high time for us who have never troubled the press, to vindicate our position against the presumption of the authorlings who rush so innumerously into print. Who is Pinks of Aberdeen? Who is Blethers of Bathgate? Isn't it a greater proof of genius never to have written at all, than to have slavered a thousand lines like these unfortunate individuals? It must, indeed, be pleasing to the greatest ass of our acquaintance when he fixes his lack-lustre eyes upon the infantine sillinesses of —— (oh reader, supply the names for yourself!) to see that there are longer-eared animals in the world than himself. I perceive a vast increase in the national vanity, since the death of the great of old. And no wonder — when Scott and Wordsworth, Campbell, Crabbe, Byron, Coleridge, Wilson, and Southey, walked in glory and in joy, people were respectful and quiet, because they knew there were giants in the land. They felt they weren't above the ordinary height, and looked up to those sons of Anak with an acknowledgment that a tall man might stand comfortably under their elbows, —but now there is no measurement by which to convince those little, tiptoe-standing, high-heel-shoed, neck-stretching, head-lifting mannikens that it won't do — that in spite of straining, pushing, stretching, they will never reach the common size, but continue dwarfs and abortions to the end of the canto. See what they would gain if they never lifted a pen—seen at all events what they would escape. They might continue as silly, as vain, as unidea'd as at present, but nobody would find them out. The waiter at the club who poured out their small beer, frothy and thin, wouldn't sneer at them as the "gents that tried to come it strong, and couldn't." The tailor measuring them for those diminutive

tweeds with which they intend to delude him into the notion that they are off to the moors, wouldn't snigger with ill-concealed disdain at the authors of those ineffable Sonnets and Madrigals which he sees laughed at in the Penny Trump. But higher rewards might come — their fame might rise in the inverse ratio to their productions. By dint of mighty silence, they might be considered sensible men—and by rigidly abstaining from pen, ink, and paper, grow at last the arbiter of others' fate, instead of being suppliants for their own. Here, in complete justification of what I have said, comes a parcel directed in an elegant Italian hand, "Au célèbre Buttle," nothing more—"To the celebrated Buttle;" no Mr., no Esquire, not even England, and yet it finds me! It is a poem—it is a French poem, and not more remarkable as a literary work than as an index of the public mind in France, in one of the most interesting subjects of the time. Convents, nunneries, and even the hermit's cave, have been too long overlaid with the rich colourings of poetry and romance. Taking the veil has too long been looked on as a moving ceremony, where a farewell is said to the pomps and vanities of the world; and the nun, once received within the walls of that holy enclosure, is thought for ever save from the passions and weaknesses that make the misery of the outer world. With a truer perception of the falsity of these appearances, Madame Colet has published a poem in which the "Cry of the Human" pierces that hideous mockery of repose—a cry which must find a responsive echo at many a fireside, which superstition has robbed of its best and dearest. It is well that a woman should come forward and tell the tale of the sufferings of women. The poem, of which these revelations form a part, is one in which the female character is pourtrayed as Peasant, as Servant, and in this third division as "La Religieuse." These are to be followed by three more—"the Princess," "the Bourgeoise," and the "Woman-Artist."

Each of these forms a separate and independent poem; and, collected, they are to constitute "Le Poeme de la Femme," the name by which the work is known.

The parts already published have been crowned by the Academy, and this last is not less worthy of a chaplet than the others. It commences with the reception of a nun, and the effects it produced on the spectators. The picture is sombre enough, and very unlike the descriptions we have read of it elsewhere—

'Twas not a Gothic convent grand and old,
With broken arch and cloisters dark and cold,
Whose sad yet holy aspect lifts on high
The sorrow-broken heart and tearful eye;
One of those drear abodes where love retires
To brood o'er passion's unextinguished fires,
Where fair La Vallière and Rancé fled,
And living hearts were silent as the dead.

In a flat champain, sunless, rockless, bare,
Where English mists make thick the Picard air,
Near a grey lifeless town, four walls of stone
Flanked a square building all with moss o'ergrown;
And o'er the single doorway, strait and rude,
Christ and our Ladie in their niches stood.
And on a sunless day which sent the chill
Of winter forward, though 'twas autumn still,
As Death sends forth a feeling of the tomb
To the sick sufferer in the lightless room,
On that dull day, a holy hymn was sung
In accents clear, by voices soft and young,
Which shook the air like the glad noise of wings,
And vanished in the cold walls' echoings.

'Twas in a chapel bare as all around,
Rough-walled and coarse, that rose the thrilling sound.
No pictured window gave its holy light,
No bell-tow'r rose, no tracery charmed the sight,
Yet all within was brilliant. Tapers glowed
Upon the altar: streams of incense flowed
From censers swung as rose the Host on high,
While a grave Prelate stood majestic by.
Along the walls the nuns within the rails
Hid their bent faces 'neath their simple veils,
And beat their bosoms. On the middle floor
A coffin stood, with black pall covered o'er,
And 'neath its folds a voice appeared to rise
Broken and crushed, to join the litanies—
Fresh happy girls were gathered in the aisle
And toned the prayers with many a joyous smile;—
For them, 'twas plain, the gates would soon unclose.
Among them one fair face so radiant rose

That the eye lingered on its features fair—
The soft brown cheek, the long luxuriant hair,
The deep blue eye in rapturous dream subdued:
While music — perfume — all — her senses wooed.
Then while before the altar clearly heard
The Prelate's voice gave forth the mystic word,
And God himself was near, and trembling now
The coffined novice spoke the binding vow;
That lovely maid had let her fancy stray
And soothe her heart with its delicious play.—

She saw a church beneath a glowing sky
Adorned and dressed for some festivity,
She stood before the altar—as a bride,—
And he — she knew him well — was at her side.

Then rose the hymn—not sad and cold like this,—
But clear and high to celebrate their bliss.
The dreamy girl with eyes of hidden flame
Saw rich processions pass, and heard her name.

Then dance and song (where Florida puts forth
Woods, plants, and flowers unknown to the chill north)
Rose on the balmy night—the soft Creole
Shook 'neath the thoughts that rushed upon her soul.
How dark the convent glooms—how sad—how drear,
Yet comes the thought to chase that bursting tear,
That soon will come the hour that sets her free—
Hark! 'tis her Mother's voice—they cross the sea
To her far home — the bridegroom waits — she weds.
Sunshine, love, rapture glow above their heads—
Thus through its glittering course her dream has run—
The novice speaks the words — and all is done!—

Alas! for the glowing anticipations of the beautiful Creole. Instead of her mother, a letter comes, announcing her sudden death, the loss of the family fortune, and the destruction of all her hopes. The bishop, who is still on a visit at the convent, is called into council by the abbess, who is aunt of the unfortunate beauty, and they decide upon the fate of Naomi (so the Creole is called by the sisterhood), and of her brother, a rattling, gay young "laddie," still at school. Naomi is to be a nun! the boy to be a priest! — no question asked, no preparation made — two old fogies settle for ever the fate of the dreamer of sixteen, and the schoolboy of twelve.

Of these two children sunk in misery,
They thought how happy now the lot would be.
"They'll serve the church, they'll have their daily bread.
Peace upon earth, and joy in heaven," they said,—
"What want they more?" They want their orient skies,
They want their mother's kiss — the thoughts that rise
To childhood's heart — love, happiness, in sooth;
All the quick throbs that fill the veins of youth!
Oh, morning blossoms which you tear away
Ere they have shed their perfume on the day,
As winter nips the bud with envious cold,
Ere the young almond can its flowers unfold!

The abbess, the sisters, the confessor, the bishop, are all too much for the heart-broken Naomi. They impress her with a mystical expectation of something able to fill up the void in her heart. They use eloquence, flattery, threats, promises, and all on a dreamy sensitive girl of sixteen, who has no mother — who is disappointed in the hope of her life. What can she do? She mutters the irrevocable words, and behold! the convent doors are closed on her for ever! There her struggles begin. A tedious uniformity of life cannot still the beatings of her heart. Mechanical observances cannot for a long time subdue the natural longings for liberty, the open air, converse with her equals in age, and, above all, the sad reminiscences of her early days. She thinks over all the happiness of her childhood — her negro nurse that drest and ornamented her with such care — her birds of such glorious plumage — her bath — her garden — her friends and playmates — and now! She sinks in good time into the apathy of the rest. She is so beautiful that her confessor is displeased with the sweetness of her smile, the brilliancy of her eye, the loveliness of her complexion, as odious in the sight of heaven. So she submits to the necessities of her position.

No joyous home for her, where sunbeams fell,
But the damp walls of her sequester'd cell;

No loving nurse to bathe her limbs of snow
In perfumed bath, or swing her to and fro
In silken hammock 'neath the blossom'd bough,
Joys of her youth. Oh! all are vanished now,
Her wasted form unwash'd — her tresses gone—
Her cheeks sunk in, her features worn and wan,
In dirt and ugliness new claims she sees
To Heaven, which health and beauty cannot please.
The priest prescribes them, so the humbled nun
Sinks fibreless, like flowers without the sun,
Hates her own charms, and soon to grief a prey,
Charms, hopes, and all things winning pass away;
Each day takes off some outline, some sweet grace,
And leaves new marks of ruin in their place,
As the cold rains of our tempestuous clime,
Make southern sculptures old before their time!

And at thirty Naomi is ugly enough to please the most exacting of priests. She is getting on, too, in the hierarchy of the convent, stoops ungracefully, and is highly respected; — and walks without a remnant of her former gazelle-like motion, and is Mother Prefect of the society. How has her brother prospered, whom we saw so kindly taken in hand by the bishop? Is he also a successful instance of the effects of the absence of soap, and a complexion beyond the reach of Kalydor? Not he. One morning he heard the drum beating its rat, tat, tat, when he was labouring in vain to get his lesson by heart, — and ever after, when he was hopelessly counting his beads, or shrilly singing the praises of some saint, the inspiring sound was in his ear; and it chanced when he was seventeen years of age, and nearly six feet high, that his three-cornered hat and greasy old cloak were left upon pegs in the dormitory, and the Emperor was in possession of a soldier ready to march to the world's end, all to the music of the rat, tat, tat. To the world's end he probably marched, taking Moscow in his way; and now in the peaceful days of the Bourbons, when the three-cornered hat and greasy old cloak might have been more valuable than the trim uniform, and brilliant medals of the sergeant (for to this grade the young man had risen, as one of the first stages to the marshal's baton), a meeting takes place between the brother and sister, who have been separated for fourteen weary years. Madame Colet, the accomplished authoress, does not stick at trifles in order to show the denaturalising effects of a forced seclusion on the female mind. She presents the consistent character of a person of Creole birth—warm affections and dreamy temperament—forced into a dull disregard for existence by the mere pressure of the little cares and debasing duties of her position; and then all of a sudden, when a glimpse of the real world is given her—such real world, too, as is lived in by a wild and rollicking French soldier — we see her with all her youthful fancies restored. Shocked as she is at some particulars of her brother's conduct, when she visits him suffering from a wound — I can't enter into what they are, but whatever they may be, they fill Naomi with confused remembrances of a happier time when she also hoped to be beloved. A comrade of her brother dispels these vain hallucinations, for she overhears him laughing at her worn appearance, her dingy complexion, and throwing out insinuations against the desirableness, even in a spiritual point of view, of untidiness, and disregard of the washing-stand. Driven in upon itself by this unexpected blow, the heart of the recluse finds refuge in increased austerity, and transfers all the warmth of its feelings to the inanimate objects of its adoration. She rises into mystic visions. She falls into trances — and only when she has exhausted her energies in the painful services of her convent — when convinced at last that she is doomed never to feel the happiness open to all the rest of the world, of sympathy with one other human soul (for by the rules of her order even friendship is forbidden as injurious to the undivided love due to heaven), she spreads over the poor, the sick, and the needy, the glowing affection which she is not permitted to concentrate on one—and she becomes a nurse at the Hôtel Dieu during a pestilence—

Among the dead with tranquil step she goes,
With noiseless hand the needful care bestows;
Between the beds where, grief lies down to die
She glides at night to bless the closing eye,
And soothe with prayer life's latest agony.
The dying faintly smiled as she drew near,
And poured their secrets in her bent-down ear:
It is a mother who, with anxious look,
Confides her simple ring and well-worn book
(Her Bible) for her son;—a sailor he
Careering gaily over many a sea.
Or 'tis a girl who tries with blushing brow
To name a name,—never pronounced till now—
And gives a ringlet of her long, fair hair—
And dies. The sister understands her prayer!
'Tis an old man who leaves to some true friend
The favourite pipe he cherished to the end—
Thus all in dying bless and trust the nun
Who cares for all. But now her course is run.
None live to mourn her loss. Her brother's dead—
His comrade gone—her visions all are fled;
And as she walks the sounding corridor
Her heart counts up the joys that are no more.

But at this time, when Naomi is old and feeble, her aunt the Abbess in Picardy dies, and she is unanimously elected to supply her place. Thus we see the whole cycle of conventual life. The novice of the first scene becomes the dignitary of the last. But Naomi's rule is too indulgent. The community falls into disorder for want of a firmer hand to keep the sisterhood in subjection; and at last it is a positive relief to the mind to read of the death of the good and gentle Naomi. We saw the sad spectacle of the reception of a sister in the beginning of the poem; we see the conclusion of the strange eventless history in the last lines. Naomi is dying. Naomi the ardent Creole — the crushed enthusiast — the hospital nurse — the dignified abbess — the poor and broken in heart—is dressed in coarse sackcloth, when death draws near, and listens for the last time to the chanted service for the dying, and inhales for the last time the odour of incense. Some thought — whether arising from the past or the future—throws a momentary glow on those withered features—

And all at once unto that gentle face
(Pale reflex of her long forgotten grace),
A bloom returned; and thus her spirit passed,
As if she smiled to reach repose at last!
Shrieks rose, and cries that an indulgent Heaven,
In that last smile, miraculous aid had given.
A saint, the sisters cried, and clutched with care
Shreds of her dress, locks of her snowy hair,
And all that touched the Holy Naomi.
And midst the clamour there at peace lay she!
They laid her fondly in her narrow bed—
The psalm was sung, the parting prayer was said,
Beneath the churchyard trees a grave she found,
And sleeps unknown beneath the grassy mound.

FAMILY HISTORY.

We are a very patient race, we British people. To tell plain truth, we receive abuse with a certain complacency, and are never better pleased with our Mentors than when they set us down — in the abstract — as guilty of all the faults and meannesses under the skies. We are always glad to make the most of our national foibles, and the man who denounces his fellows boldly, and with just a little discretion, is your true popular orator. In pursuance of this characteristic tendency, we have very generally given in to the idea that we are the greatest snobs in Christendom, holding our title as something half divine; yet this is by no means the fact, though a great many people say it; and Mr. Thackeray draws a very unphilosophical conclusion when he makes out his verdict after this sweeping fashion. We are not snobs—pure snobbishness is a vice of "society," and "society" is a plague almost exclusively belonging to London. Yet even in town, and even among people who love peerages, and read with relish the column of fashionable intelligence, the pervading spirit, we are bold to assert, is not the spirit of a snob. Larger, warmer, more human, most admirable satirist, is the curiosity which inspires *our* breast. Do you suppose we would not be very much more edified could we ascertain all about the family, income, prospects, and connections of Mr. Jones next door, than by all our scraps of information concerning the Right Honourable Earl or the noble Marquess? But unfortunately, after all due and legitimate exertions, we are obliged to confess that we know nothing about Mr. Jones, who his wife was, and who his visitors are, and what were those parties in which he was wont to recreate himself during the season, disturbing our sober slumbers by the noise of his return—even where he has gone to now, when the season is over, and he has closed up all his shutters;—all these things are a secret and a mystery beyond the reach of finding out, and neither blue book, nor red book, nor Post-office Directory, can give us any information more satisfactory than that his name is Robert instead of John. Then that gay old couple over the way, who also have closed up their shutters, but who, to the evident testimony of our eyes and observation, have not gone out of town — what are they doing over there in their dark drawing-room, these ancient, festive, kindly old people, who look so gay in their childless solitude? Why don't they go out of town? and wherefore make believe that they do? If we could but be satisfied on these points, do you think we would take the trouble to concern ourselves about the princely movements of Sutherland House or Belgrave Square?

It is our own fate to dwell in a neighbourhood of the intensest respectability. When we take our humble mid-day walk (not now, dearest reader—only, we beg you to observe, at the proper season when it is proper to be in town), amusing and amazing it is to mark that procession of most comfortable broughams, with their quiet liveries and sleek brown horses, turning out of all the mysterious back regions in an uninterrupted line. But who is about to drive out in these respectable vehicles, who it is who drives a pair, who rejoices in the greys, and disturbs the sober atmosphere of quiet wealth with liveries white and red,—that, alas! unless we devoted our life to the inquiry, we must never hope to know. Even those Croydon baskets full of children, trundling along on their low wheels with the quiet pony which mamma can manage, and the blue-coated man, evident major-domo and family man-of-all-work, hanging on, a sad overbalance, behind, puzzle and defeat all our inquiries. Our excellent neighbours wrap themselves up in the impervious veil of respectability. There is no getting at them save by introductions and "mutual friends," morning calls and evening parties. No safety-valve remains for our most natural, laudable, and human curiosity, yet we remain curious notwithstanding, and what can we

do but turn to the only possible gossiping within our reach? It is hopeless to ascertain what watering-place is graced by the presence of Mrs. Jones, but we can find out where the Countess of Gaunt has established *her* autumnal retirement, and a good deal about her amusements and occupations, and who has joined her "distinguished circle," not to speak of a glance by the way into the private affairs of Lady Arabella and Lord Charles. We repeat, we are not snobs, but with candour we confess that we love an "interior," and rejoice in a chance glimpse within doors, be it of a cottage kitchen bright with firelight, or a wayside parlour where the candles are being lighted, and before the attendant John or Mary has drawn down the blinds. There is no benevolent Asmodeus to open for us the houses of our neighbours, no charitable Burke to let us in, in kindly sympathy, to the family history of the excellent people next door and over the way. And if we console ourselves with a stray glance now and then into the domestic concerns of those greater folk who are accustomed to be looked at, and who feel themselves a proper and laudable object of curiosity to all the world, are we for that innocent reason to be elevated to the pillory of Mr. Thackeray? No! We love gossip, we confess. We do not love the man who does not love gossip, we are bound to acknowledge, in general, and as a matter of taste we prefer talking about our neighbours to any more abstract discussion, and we are decidedly of opinion that it is better to look in at the palace windows than to give up the chance of any "interior" at all.

Fortunately, however, the past lies open to us with all its stores; and the most enlightened critic in the world cannot find fault with our delighted eagerness when we hasten to look into the Castle of Balcarras, the mansion-house of Jerviswood, or the ancient family circle of the Lairds of Caldwell in the west. Within these volumes of delightful gossip lie the makings of history, Yet better than that, for our purpose and pleasure, who are not historical students—a wealth of character and manners—of old world wisdom, learning, simplicity, and foolishness—of tender family affection—family courage, honour, wit, and nobleness, seldom equalled, and nowhere to be surpassed. Family history, come at it how you will—yes, dearest reader, if it be even in the way of gossip, history which is in the making, the story of to-day, is one of the most delightful of all studies—stranger, quainter, more out of the way and unusual than all the inventions of fictions — full of real vicissitudes and actual providences more wonderful than the wildest chances of romances, and varieties of human thought and feeling, which the greatest imagination in the world could not devise. Which of us is there who has not smiled aside at those expedients of the story-teller which we ourselves were the first to condemn as against probability, while we yet remembered well how much stranger and less probable were the real turning-points of our own or of our brother's fate. But we cannot carry our story to the world for its instant conviction—that world which in its secret heart is as conscious of the truth as we are. The household history lies buried under mountain weights of love and pity and tenderness, and the bravest hearts of the domestic circle hide their own heroisms and sufferings more jealously than crimes. The heartbreak of the mother, were it known, might leave a blight on the good fame of the child—the self-sacrifice of one brother, were it told aloud, might show only too clearly the self-seeking of another, and the family heroes hold their peace, and the family historians dare not speak. We say again and again, every one of us, that truth is stranger than fiction, but no man among us ventures to proclaim how he knows it to be so.

A chance reference in quite another department of study threw into our hands, some time ago, a little volume very little known, which, though we remember to have seen it several times quoted, is, we are sure, to the general public, very near as good as manuscript. It is a brief account—not a memoir nor biography, being too short for either—of two remarkable people of the period of the Revolu-

tion—Grisell Baillie, born a Hume of Polwarth, and her husband, Baillie of Jerviswood. The instant association which suggested to our own mind at sight of this tiny volume the larger and more important work of Lord Lindsay,* requires no explanation. Lord Lindsay's book, though it bears ballast of heavier metal, is, in its most delightful episode, so much akin and alike to the modest production of the younger Grisell Baillie, that we glance instinctively from the one to the other as kindred portraits fitly placed together. We have no excuse of novelty—not even the apology of a new edition—to justify us in any attempt at a critical review of these works, nor have we any such intention; but we are perfectly assured that many a reader, tired at once of story-telling and philosophy—of the marks which veil the face of the present time, and of the sad attempts it makes at self-elucidation—will be glad to glance back with us, even though it be into the eighteenth century, into those hearts and homes of antique fashion, whose simplicity neither family pride, old-world etiquette, conscious rank, nor half-conscious genius could lessen or destroy.

First of all, and to begin with, let us state our conviction—which conviction we cast boldly a glove of defiance in the face of Sir A. Alison, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, Earl Stanhope—all and sundry the historians of the day. They do very well in their own way, and within their own standing-ground, these accomplished gentlemen, but your true domestic chronicler, your real historian of homes and manners—let nobody deny it—is a woman. Lord Lindsay, though few men write better, and though his archaic knowledge and amount of study was, we have no doubt, tenfold greater than her ladyship's, is fairly worsted and beaten within the pages of his own book by that Lady Anne, to whose melodious title we are not disposed to add any surname—the Lady Anne of Auld Robin Gray; and we have no esteem for the man who would not throw aside the most brilliant pictorial sketch of the most popular of writers for Lady Murray's picture of her mother—so noble, so unaffected, so tender and true. A series of such pictures—and many such, we do not doubt, exist unrevealed in family records and private memoirs—would do more to expound the real character of a country—above all of such a country as Scotland—than all the statistical accounts, and all the political movements in the world.

It would almost seem as if the Scottish female character—no disparagement to maiden or to matron in the earlier stages of development—effloresced into its fullest bloom and beauty in the old lady. Who does not know, or has not known, some living example of that fair old age—so fresh, so sweet, so pure—of which Lady Murray says, "She was middle-sized, well made, clever (*Anglicè*, active) in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon . . and to her last had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen?" Eyes as dewy and as bright as the eyes of youth, cheeks as soft in their sweet wrinkles as the cheek of a child, the silver-white hair a crown of glory, and every touch of age a touch of tenderness. Who does not recall some such figure as this, some one in whose presence every man who had ever loved the name instinctively thought upon the mother of his own heart? It would be easy to enlarge the picture: the "kindly Scots," idiomatic and expressive, refined out of all vulgarness—the withered shapely hands, whose touch of kindness was like a blessing—the breath of arbitrariness and authority, the tone sometimes a little peremptory and dominant—the habit of rule which gave precision and individuality to the character, and preserved it from the bland perfection of mere love and gentleness. Is the race fading out of the world it blessed and brightened? or is it only our own ideal and exemplar of one, that we fear to look for the kindred face which might remind us too sadly of all that we had lost?

And then the old unwedded ladies

* *Lives of the Lindsays.*

of the same period and kind; those whom it was the interest of the world to keep unwedded — such friends, counsellors, and aids they were, nearer than kindred. Old ladies, sometimes with harsh enough angularities of character, sometimes very plain in speech, yet somehow preserving about them a certain subtle bloom of maidenhood, the hidden delicate atmosphere in which they carried safe into old age the purified romance of youth—are there any such old maids now as Doctor Anne Keith, the Mrs. Martha Bethune Balliol of the *Chronicles of the Canongate?* We do not know; but we can still come at her veritable presence — and still enter the company where the old Countess of Balcarras smiles to tell how at ninety every one compliments her on her good looks, thanks to the intermediate agency of Lord Lindsay. We do not know whether these domestic records move other readers as they do ourselves; but for our part, we confess our heart warms to the tale, and we are not only proud of the blood and the nation which produces this vision and reality of good women, but cannot help identifying our mother-country herself, Scotland — noble, homelike, and kindly, with such names as those of the Ladies of Balcarras, of Anne Keith, and of Grisell Hume.

There is little opportunity nowadays, so far at least as the world knows, for the valour and the self-command, the ready wit, the entire devotion and self-sacrifice, the desperate expedients and the agonies of endurance, by which times of revolution and great public vicissitude developed the greatest faculties in the tenderest hearts. Our energies are no longer taxed to the utmost to conceal the hiding-place or aid the flight of our dearest friends. We are no longer oppressed, and no longer under the temptation of using oppression towards others, at least in any public fashion. In the quiet course of modern life there are few hairbreadth escapes to startle our natural powers into full action, and few emergencies in which these natural powers are all we have to trust to, under Heaven, for life and safety. The shock of distant battle, the concussion of great events, do not affect as first causes our daily life. A sudden edict of supreme authority can no longer make us fugitives, or set a price upon our heads. These are great blessings; yet, perhaps, while we fully appreciate these, we do not at the same time quite understand what a noble culture that was, and how danger, poverty, and exile, the heroic uses of adversity, quickened the intellect and strengthened the character of even the secondary personages who had share in them. The eighteenth century certainly was no great result to be elaborated out of the struggles and sufferings of the preceding age; yet, debased in art and poor in literature, the beginning of this eighteenth century was, notwithstanding, as wealthy in character as any age of history. Individual faces, most distinct and recognisable, brighten through the haze on every hand. There was little genius in the high places; but there were great powers, great individuality, a very remarkable number of able people, capable of distinction themselves, and most worthy of awarding it, in the grades below. We have little to do with London and its brilliant gossipy collection of coteries, where society, if a little more piquant and original, and a good deal less innocent, was at least as false as society is now. That this period should have attracted the special favour and attention of two of the most brilliant "wits" of our own day, Macaulay and Thackeray, is an odd enough testimonial in its favour. But in Edinburgh, and in such hereditary houses as that castle which Lady Anne Lindsay, with a touch of the prevailing mannerism of the day, delights to call the *chateau* of Balcarras, we recognise with delight not only the fulness and variety of character which distinguishes the larger world, but with manners of a quainter old-world simplicity, and individual peculiarities still odder and more peculiar — an atmosphere simpler, sincerer, and better, and a standing-ground more tangible and evident of the old piety and the ol faith.

Grisell Hume of Polwarth,* the eldest daughter of a Scotch gentleman of note among the persecuted Presbyterians of his time, and who afterwards attained to an earldom and high office in the State, though she lived until after the '45 to pity and to aid the sufferers in that wild adventure, was born very soon after the Restoration of the Stuarts. She was the eldest of a large family; and her father (who has been so unfortunate as to fall, in those latter days, under the ban of Mr. Macaulay) was a man of restless and energetic spirit, active in all the enterprises of his time. Born of this parentage, this brave and "clever" young messenger, so little likely to be suspected of carrying treasonable communications, makes a very early appearance on the historic scene. At twelve years old, an envoy from her father's house in the country to the prison of the father of her future husband in Edinburgh, the little traveller accomplished her singular mission, which was "to get admittance to the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his (the prisoner's) hand of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could," so well, that her daughter quaintly adds, "From that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence was put in her, and the activity she naturally had, far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was intrusted with." A most significant morality, full of meaning. The young Grisell could and would do what was given her to do, and henceforward there was little leisure for her in a world where so many hard things have to be done, and so few have the will to do them. There is a wonderful interest always in these innocent heroisms of children, half conscious, done chiefly in loyal obedience because the father or the mother ordained it so; and one can imagine so well the stout little heart trudging along the lengthy country-road, drawing near the old town and its prison, too innocent for fear, yet fluttering at the thought of the grave saint and patriarch to whom these young hands carried words of consolation. Girls of twelve years old, though they have a thousand privileges unknown to this one, have few such ennobling and generous errands now.

Then Sir Patrick Hume himself fell into trouble, and had to remain in careful hiding, often pursued and searched for. In this emergency, his refuge was in the family burying-vault under the church of Polwarth, whither came this same child at midnight, night by night, with her head full of all the ghostly stories of the countryside, and her ears wakeful and eager, taking every rustling leaf less for a spectre than a soldier, and afraid of nothing so much as those wandering parties of troopers, who might discover, unlikely though it was, her father's hiding-place. The sheep's head, stolen into her lap in secret from the family table, that no one might suspect there was another mouth to feed—the "haill sheep's head," which the dismayed little brother accused Grisell of eating. The little maid, "stumbling over the grass every night alone," troubled by the barking of the minister's dogs, terrified to be seen by some untimely passenger, yet making "great entertainment" to the gaunt hermit in the family vault by "many a diverting story" of these devices for his nightly provision. These are pictures not to be looked at save with a swelling heart and a full eye. We might quote this little book entire, did we follow in every particular its noble and touching story, yet we cannot refrain from one full-length sketch of a most interesting household scene. The house of a banished Scottish plotter, an extreme Presbyterian, one of that gloomy and terrible sect of Calvinists on whom, in these days, it is proper to look with a certain fashionable horror—a family of exiles waiting on Providence for the slow-coming opportunity which might carry them back to the home they loved, and the lands of which they had been despoiled—living in poverty, even their honourable name disguised among

* *Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grisell Baillie.* By their Daughter, LADY MURRAY of Stanhope. Printed at Edinburgh, 1824.

the friendly Dutch at Utrecht, while King James blundered on to his destruction in London, and sombre William pondered on coming fortune at the Hague. At this momentous time, the pause of fate, and under these circumstances, it is pleasant to see how these Scottish gentlefolks, proud, poor, and religious, kept house in their exile; and this is how the story goes:—

"Their great desire was to have a good house, as their greatest comfort was at home; and all the people of the same way of thinking, of which there was great numbers, were continually with them. They paid for their house, what was very extravagant for their income, near a fourth part; they could not afford any servant but a little girl to wash the dishes. All the time they were there, there was not a week my mother (Grisell) did not sit up two nights to do the business that was necessary. She went to the market, went to the mill to have their corn ground—which it seems is the way with good managers there—dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and in short, did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother, and the rest who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord for little money, but is a *Rucar* now in my custody, and most valuable. My aunt played and sang well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning, before six, my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him (he was ever a good sleeper, which blessing, among many others, she inherited from him); then got him, what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small-beer, with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the receipt. Then she took up the children and brought them all to his room, where he taught them everything which was fit for their age—some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c., and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school: and my mother, when she had a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs, of her writing when there, many of them interrupted, half-writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family, when she could come at it without neglecting what she thought more necessary.

"Her eldest brother, Patrick, who was nearest her age, and bred up together, was her most dearly beloved. My father (Baillie of Jerviswood) was then, forfeited and exiled, in the same situation with themselves. She had seen him, for the first time, in the prison with his father, not long before he suffered; and from that time their hearts were engaged. Her brother and my father were soon got in to ride in the Prince of Orange's guards, till they were better provided for in the army. They took their turn in standing sentry at the Prince's gate, but always contrived to do it together. Though their station was then low, they kept up their spirits. I could relate many stories on that subject. My mother could talk for hours and never tire of it, always saying it was the happiest and most delightful part of her life. Her constant attention was to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress; they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expenses was in dressing him as he ought to be.

"As their house was always full of unfortunate banished people like themselves, they seldom went to dinner without three or four or five of them, to share with them; and many a hundred times I have heard her say she could never look back upon their manner of living then, without thinking it a miracle; they had no wants, but plenty of everything they desired, and much contentment, and always declared it the most pleasing part of her life, though they were not without their little distresses; but to them they were rather jokes than grievances. The professors and men of learning in the place came often to see my grandfather. The best entertainment he could give them was a glass of allerbest beer, which was a better kind of ale then common. He sent his son Andrew, the late Lord Kimmerghame, a boy, to draw some for them in the cellar; he brought it up with great diligence, but in his other hand the spigot of the barrel. My grandfather said, 'Andrew, what is that in your hand?'

fore he got there: this occasioned much mirth, though perhaps they did not well know how to get more.

"It is the custom there to gather money for the poor from house to house, with a bell to warn people to give it. One night the bell came, and no money was then in the house, but an orkey, which is a doit, the smallest of all coin. Everybody was so ashamed, no one would go to give it, it was so little, and put it from one to t'other; at last my grandfather said, 'Well then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have.' They were often reduced to this by the delay of the ships coming from Scotland with their small remittances; then they put up the little plate they had (all of which was carried with them) in the Lumber, which is pawning it, till the ships came; and that very plate they brought with them again to Scotland, and left no debt behind them."

If this little book were more generally known, we should feel it incumbent upon us to excuse ourselves for so long an extract; but the story is not lengthy after all, and will not bear abridgment; and we trust it will teach some one to look through the Dutch mist of the Revolution, and through the unlovely veil which many prejudices have thrown over Scotland at the same period, with a warm heart and a kindly eye at this brightest of family pictures. For our own part, we confess it freely, not even Lady Jane Grey, reading Plato in her window-seat, is to ourselves a prettier picture than Grissell Hume lighting the fire in her father's study, or "getting up" her young brother's point-lace ruffles; and we have not a moment's doubt that she did both these homely offices with the grace of a noble and refined gentlewoman as she was. We have all said and heard a great deal in recent days about Sydney Smith and his delightful household economics, brightest and cheeriest of modern thriftiness; but not even the odd happy parsonage at Foston among the clays comes up to the pleasant shifts and straits of the Scottish exile, with his ten children — the house, in Dutch Utrecht, of Sir Patrick Hume.

We cannot help glancing aside at an odd companion picture and contrast with the family of Caldwell, whose letters are to be found in the interesting papers collected from the records of that house, and published a few years ago under the auspices of the Maitland Club. Mrs. Scott, the lady in question, writing from Hanover, where her husband seems to have held some diplomatic post at the court of the Electress Sophia, a generation later than the Dutch experiences of the family of Hume, has by no means so pleasant a picture to present to her friends at home. Troubled with the advent of babies and the misdemeanours of servants—dismayed at the "divisions" of the court, and the general want of religion — vexed on every hand by "those Dutch boors" who will not "go out of their way" so much as to set up her bed to her satisfaction, it is not wonderful that this unfortunate gentlewoman's temper, doubtless a little irascible to begin with, should now and then give way. The calmness of exasperation with which she speaks occasionally is very amusing—as for example,—

"It's no wonder one inclines to be melancholy here. For beside the alienation they have to the Brittons, y^re^ is no possibility to keep their company without gaming; nor is their conversation worth a farthing, since, besides dressing, painting, and a court courtesy, few of them know anything. And yet they believe themselves a standard that mankind should be guided by. I don't distrust God's providence, who either will send better or give us contentment with what we have; but to live among a parcel of brutes who value you more for a fine suit, and throwing your money away at play, than for managing yourself like a reasonable creature!"

And again,—

"If the weather with you be such as we have had, it may be wondered any keep their health; for here we have had two months daily rain, and now such excessive heats that the very dust and all becomes living insects. It is like y^e^ plague of flys the Egyptians was molested with—and so desperately they bite that boiles is occasioned by them; but this is nothing here! . . . . You cannot imagine what a parcel of cheating brutes the workpeople is here. . . . . Pray, don't

forget to send me two pairs of candlesticks, for here they are ill, and triple price. I tell you we live in a town destitute of all things (that is to be found everywhere) but rich broccards. . . . . I part with my mademosell (a nurse who had been falsely recommended to her) when I enter my house. I understand her reputation is such that for two years she was refused the Sacrament; but when she was to be recommended to me they admitted her, that they with a better grace might put her in my hands. You see what hopeful folk we live among, and how complaisant they are—that even the things most sacred and holy in other places are distributed in ordinary charity."

The afflictions of the court lady make a very good poise for the homely content of the exiles in their poverty. Mrs. Scott, however, we are glad to say, becomes more satisfied after a time, congratulates herself that "I am now free of all those narrow ways of thinking I formerly had"—makes many shrewd, clever, and somewhat dogmatic remarks about education and things in general, and in one of her late letters shows an amusing sparkle of temper, and characteristic motherly impartiality. Writing to Mrs. Mure, she says, "I never had those letters you mention, nor any from my brother, save one in August last, wherein he was pleased to find fault in a very wrong place—to wit, my education of Lerty, *which, if I may judge by the success, was irreproachable.*" This is extremely good, and as natural and lifelike as possible. The Caldwell papers show a decided lack of gossip and femininity—they are too weighty, important, and historical to be ranked as merely family history; but among the press of more important matters, it is quite pleasant to meet with the little grievances, judicial deliverances, and spafks of temper of Mrs. Scott.

When the trials of the Revolution were over, when the exile of Utrecht was Chancellor of Scotland, the family of Hume enriched and ennobled, and the brave Grisell, married to her early love—he to whom her heart had been engaged since the two young consolers met in the prison of the aged hero and martyr, the first distinguished Baillie of Jerviswood—was in the second period of her eventful and vigorous life, undertaking "the whole management of the affairs of her brother Lord Polwarth," as she had once undertaken his cravat and his ruffles, a young James Lindsay of Balcarras, tempted into the rebellion of "the Fifteen" by the handsome, gay, fickle, extravagant Earl Colin of Balcarras, the youth's father, was getting pardoned by the influence of Argyll and Marlborough, and the exertions of his friends. This Earl Colin, the same Lord Balcarras who figures among the foremost Jacobite intriguers of the period in the recent volumes of Mr. Macaulay, though a man of weight, influence, and boldness, and one of the very few among James's friends who ventured to speak plain truth to that unhappy prince, is one of those men whose exploits we invariably speak of and hear of with a smile. A Scotch nobleman of long descent, born with the gay and reckless spirit which we instinctively call Irish, his lucklessness never does him much damage, and his good fortune yields him no advantage. Beginning life at sixteen in the court of Charles II., and ending it nearly threescore years after in the patrimonial castle, in the reign of the first Dutch George, this patriarch looks just as young, as hairbrained, and as rash at one period as the other, and rushes into that mad and hopeless attempt at rebellion with the impetuosity of a boy. His second son and ultimate successor, James, is of a different temper. Earl Colin had "no end of wives;" and Lord Lindsay wisely refrains from any attempt at description in detail of the many ladies Balcarras who shared the fortunes of his gay and gallant ancestor. But Earl James, out of an active and strangely-varied youth—at one time a naval officer in the service of the established government—at another, a rebel leader in the attempt against them—and once more, with no great interval of time between, holding a commission in the British army—settled down out of this eventful beginning to a long period of ill health and valetudinarianism, chiefly distinguished by a most tender and affectionate correspondence with an only sister in still

all Earl Colin's intrigues and vagaries, it is strange to fall into this family lull, in which, one might have supposed—represented only by an invalid brother and sister, both growing old, unwedded and childless, and united by one of those romantic and devoted fraternal attachments which so frequently prevent the formation of other ties—the house of Balcarras was fading towards its end. But the good Lady Betty died, and her brother was left to his own resources. Then he served another campaign, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy; but finding no advancement possible to a rebel of "the Fifteen," returned home to Balcarras to his books, his farming, and his country neighbours—no very exciting society for the soldier and traveller. Then at sixty, a courtly and dignified old gentleman, Earl James fell in love; and by dint of very genuine passion, overpowering disappointment, and a real fever occasioned by the same, managed to marry, somewhat against her will, a pretty young lady, by whose means the waning race of Balcarras sprang up from its ashes like a phœnix, and dispersed to all the airts again in the exploits of eight bold Lindsays the renown of its ancestral name. The old man, one must suppose to his own extreme surprise as well as jubilation, after sixty years of solitary bachelorship, found himself surrounded at last by a family of eleven children—three daughters, beautiful and witty, and eight brave boys.

We do not think there exists a more delightful sketch of family life than that of this household of Balcarras, as recorded by the sprightly pen of Lady Anne, the eldest of the band. The countess, one of the long line of admirable mothers with which—a blessing beyond computation—the house of Lindsay seems to have been favoured for many generations, was somewhat arbitrary and harsh in her treatment of her young children, according to their historian; but not even the confinement in the red-curtained room, which established for the heir of the house, during his whole life, a connection between red curtains and naughtiprompted one earnest petition—"Oh my lady, my lady," said little Robert, "whip me, and let me go, if you please!" seems to have had any injurious effect upon the spirit and courage of those delightful little Lindsays. The young rogues, however, planned, and partly executed, a flight from the domestic despotism; here it is:—

"As we conceived the tasks of languages, geography, arithmetic, under which we laboured, were harder than those laid on the children of Israel, which produced a revolt, Margaret, who had a taste for public speaking, taking the lead, assembled us one day in our favourite temple, and proposed an insurrection.

"She complained of hard laws and little play, and assured us, if we would be ruled by her, that she would carry us to a family, where she had once spent a week after the hooping-cough very agreeably indeed. She was certain they would receive us kindly, and as they had no children of their own, they would make us welcome to live with them, which would be much better than the 'horrious' life we lived at home.

"This being the only word in the course of Margaret's life that she was ever known to slip-slop, I am glad to transmit it against her to posterity.

"The proposal was agreed to with acclamations of joy, and we instantly set out on our journey, intending by forced marches to reach the neighbour's house that night, as it was but three miles distant, and by the side of the sea; but as we could not think of leaving little James behind, who had not yet got into breeches, it considerably retarded us, as we had to carry him by turns. Our flight was discovered by old Robin Gray, the shepherd. 'All the young gentlemen, and all the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady!' A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate but to bring us back *nolens volens*, the six criminals were carried before the countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb, to teach us to stay at home."

But the house contained a somewhat miscellaneous company beside the young Lindsays. Lady Balcarras seems to have had a taste for eccentricity. There was Lady Dalrymple, quaint, gentle, and indolent,

the grandmamma of the house, of whom Lady Anne tells some wildly-absurd anecdotes, and quotes one kind and beautiful grandmotherly letter. Then there was an extraordinary *lusus naturæ*, a middle-aged gentlewoman, known as Miss Sophy Johnston, who ought to have been born a fox-hunting squire, and was the unfortunate victim of a parental experiment, which shows us, among so much good, one of the very bad features of the times. Her father, the kind of man "commonly called an odd dog," persuaded his complaisant wife to join with him in a vow, that this poor child was to be taught nothing; and never to have her spirit broken by contradiction. The consequence was, that Miss Sophy grew into "an odd dog" herself; hunted, wrestled, played on the fiddle, worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than a smith, had a private forge fitted up in her boudoir, was by no means delicate in her tastes or language, and, worst of all, lived and died an infidel. This is the shadow in the picture, otherwise so bright. But in contrast to Miss Sophy appears a fantastic romantical little woman, the governess in everything but name, of the young ladies, a penniless protegé of Lady Balcarras, who very nearly breaks her heart at the idea of salary, and is one of the oddest instances of sentiment, temper, pride, and lovingness imaginable — an admirable type of an ancient family dependent, liable to fits of the most dire and sudden offence for fancied slight or injury, standing desperately upon her dignity, killed by the offer of remuneration, yet ready and capable of doing anything for love. The society of Balcarras was further graced and enriched by the presence of Mrs. Cockburn, "a woman of genius,"—the writer of the beautiful "Flowers of the Forest," with which everybody is acquainted — a lady, however, who in spite of the warm and affectionate panegyrics of Lady Anne, and a still greater authority, Sir Walter, strikes us as just a little "strong-minded" and David Humish in her tone. Let us add to these the dignified and womanly presence of Anne, countess of Balcarras, the beautiful young wife of an old man, one of those impersonations of pure and graceful matronhood, self-sustained and almost solitary in her unequal marriage, which appeal to our imagination almost more than wives more fitly mated; and the patriarchal old head of the house, a chivalrous old paladin whom the very thieves refuse to rob because his doors are always open; who waxes warm after dinner over the beauty and the wrongs of Queen Mary, and "never meets a carriage without stopping it to inquire whether he could be of service to the ladies;" and their eleven fair children, full of character, spirit, and variety, and we cannot help thinking it an extremely judicious opinion, what was, as Lady Anne says, "indeed a sort of creed in our family, that it was impossible anybody at Balcarras could wish to be anywhere else."

Earl James, who loved his namesake the Apostle, and had peculiar "delight in his catholic Epistle, as that emphatically of a gentleman, a term implying, in his acceptation of it, all Christian excellence and perfection," and whose chivalrous mind and "distinguished personal manners" it is impossible to doubt, died, in the course of nature, after but a few years' enjoyment of this family life, leaving the memoir of his own times to his children. And Lord Lindsay gives an extract from a letter of the odd little governess, which conveys a very touching picture of the old man's contemplation of his end. She says, after protesting that "I think much less of that momentary thing death than most people,"—"Perhaps my ease in this affair may proceed from having been these fifteen years accustomed to speak of it almost without ceasing; for Lord Balcarras, with as great coolness, used to speak of things he would have done after he was dead, and for his amusement, I may say, used to write his will, and consulted us all about it, without either one or another lamenting: in short, his dying was so much spoken of by himself and those that loved him most, as prevented its surprising either his lordship or his family when the event happened." Quaint

and pathos too; and how fine is this willing and cheerful conclusion of the prolonged patriarchal life!

And now we enter upon the fortunes of the children, those generous, affectionate, sprightly brothers and sisters, whom it is refreshing and good to look at, and whose story must have recalled to many a member of many a scattered family the freshest and most pleasant time of their own lives. As they all branch off one by one to their several fortunes, the young earl and three of his brothers to the army, the little Robert, who desired to be whipped and let go, to India, which he reached in that happy time when it was possible to make fortunes there, and one to the church, and two to the sea, we come into more direct personal acquaintance with Lady Anne, and her beautiful sister, Lady Margaret —she who "had a turn for public speaking," and led the childish insurrection long ago. Lady Margaret, though she too could write sprightly letters, seems to have been one of those pensive and tender spirits, "most gentle, most unfortunate," whom Providence seems sometimes to select to make a life of sorrow and privation lovely. She had a husband, who not only ruined but disgraced himself, a clouded widowhood, disturbed by some unexplained troubles, and died early. In the depression caused by her departure after her marriage, Lady Anne, alone at Balcarras, made the little poem, the single and exquisite production of her life which has conferred upon her name a pleasant immortality. The young lady was dull and sad without her favorite sister—doubtless moved at the heart by that strange sense of change and breaking up which comes into a family with the first marriage —and wanted words for a favourite old tune which was not wedded to fit verse. From these two very ordinary circumstances came the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," one of those perfect and unimprovable works of genius which throw all critics *hors de combat*, and which the whole world receives into its heart. How anything so exquisite and complete as this could be the single production though not quite unparalleled; for our other heroine, Grisell Baillie, struck one note too, and only one, from the universal harp, in that ballad, much less known than Lady Anne's, and much less perfect in expression, which yet conveys so wonderful and subtle an expression of the sick heart—"Werena my heart licht I would dee." There are lines in Lady Anne's ballad unparalleled, so far as we are aware, in depth of insight and perfect simplicity of expression — as, for instance, what words of passion ever did or ever could express the womanly despair and heartbreak like these, most touching, most significant—"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin"? The whole little history—the unhappy combining of circumstances, no one being to blame—the woeful pity for herself and her true love, of the pure-hearted girl who "darena think of Jamie, for that would be a sin"—the forlorn resolution to be a good wife—the melancholy and exquisite touch of gratitude to the old husband — make up a picture so complete and moving, so "pure womanly" and true to nature, that we cannot but repeat our surprise to find it the only work of its writer. Very remarkable in the history of literature are these single songs—the costly aloe-blossom which comes once in a lifetime—the concentration and soul of poetry blooming strangely, once and never more, out of a mind which is not, by natural right, the mind of a poet. The old friend and correspondent, Mrs. Cockburn, has in some degree a reputation like that of Lady Anne; but "I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling," although fine verses, are in no way to be compared to the living and breathing story of the other ballad. Lady Wardlaw altogether strikes a bolder note; and perhaps the one ballad of Grisell Baillie comes nearest, after all, to the solitary song of Lady Anne. We are no *fanatics* in musical matters, yet for the love we bear its author for all the associations connected with her name, and for its own most touching and pathetic sake, we should feel greatly grateful to any one who would put within the

reach of the public the genuine air of Lady Grisell's song, "Werena my heart licht, I would dee."

Coming back to Lady Grisell for a moment—while the young Lindsays are making their fortunes, we find her going on upon her way, clothed in strength and honour, the very woman of the Proverbs; and indeed it is impossible to look at her life without thinking of that beautiful picture, which, let manners change as they will, never grows old. What was true of Grisell in her childhood, remains true of her till her last day. There is an honest and evident reality about everything she has a share in; and it is enough to know that she has undertaken a duty, to be perfectly confident of its accomplishment. The moral of her admirable life is this, what she has to do she will do, be it hard or easy, pleasant or painful: the pressure of the *must* is strong upon her; she makes no reasonings with necessity—never runs away from anything, and is not scrupulous in inquiring whether another person ought to do the work laid on her full and willing hands. We all of us know very well by experiment how many lay down their burden, and will not bear it—how many throw their own cares upon the shoulders of others—and how popular is that philosophy which teaches how to avoid doing, rather than how to do. How many a man, full of idle strength, big limbed and minded, stands looking on at life, philosophically waiting for something to be done for him! But intellectual superiority, after all, does not show itself in superiority to ordinary duties; and the tools of life are ever for those who *will* handle them, as well as for those who can.

We cannot avoid one other extract, showing a virtue, not very common in these days, of quaint and downright honesty, perhaps remarkable enough even at that time. Lady Grisell, old and widowed, is in London with her family—her two daughters, widowed like herself, one by unhappy circumstances, and one by death; and her grandsons, the children of Lord Binning, and ancestors of the present noble family of Haddington—the year is "the 'Forty-five"—the Highlanders are in possession of Edinburgh, and s supplies from Scotland are cut o "When the situation of things mac it impossible to get any money fro Scotland, and what she had w at an end, she sent for her butche baker, brewer, &c., whom she reg larly paid every month—told the she could not then do so, and pe haps never might be able to pay the at all; of which she thought it ju to give them warning, that the might choose whether they wou continue to serve her. They all d sired she would be in no pain, but tal from them whatever she had occasic for; because they were sure, if ever sl was able to pay them, she would; ar if she was not, she was very welcome which was the least they owed for suc long punctual payment as they had g from her."

Let any one imagine a fashionab lady in Belgravia calling a levee astonished tradesmen, to make similar communication; how tl amazed Cockneys would open the eyes!

In leaving this little book, let recommend any one who entertai the common prejudice against tl gloom of Scottish religiousness, ar the revengeful spirit exhibited l the once oppressed Presbyteria when they came into power, to mal himself acquainted with this bri sketch of real life before he le loose his opinion. Let such a o observe how Baillie of Jerviswoo the son of a martyr, after ineffectu pleading for the victims of the rebe lion of 1715, shut himself up on tl occasion of their execution. "Wh the two lords suffered, he stirr not out of his room, nor dress himself for some days; and sent tl rest of his family to assist and co fort the near relations of those wl had suffered;" and when nothi else could be done, procured at lea the last honourable rites of buri for the condemned Jacobite, t leader of his own political and pe sonal enemies. Let such a crit also ponder Lady Murray's touchi explanation of her father's gravit "He stood the hardest trial of l courage and resolution at the age nineteen, in seeing the execution of most tender father, whom he dear loved. I have often heard it w

said by his mother and aunts, that it ever after gave that grave, silent, thoughtful turn to his temper, which before that time was not natural to him." Few men worthy of entering upon such an argument would, we believe, refuse to be moved by so valid and worthy a reason. Last of all, we humbly recommend this tiny volume to the perusal of Mr. Macaulay, who, thoroughly versed as he is in the reign of Queen Anne and all its productions, does not seem to have ever come across this modest and tender family monument—a story more moving than any romance.

It is impossible, in even a cursory glance at the lives and fortunes of six or seven young brothers dispersed in all the different quarters of the world, to avoid learning a good deal of public and general history, as well as the experiences of the family and the individual; and the rank and circumstances of the Lindsays make this incidental teaching still more considerable. Earl Balcarras, for instance, fought in the American War, contributed to some of the more important successes of our army there; was a prisoner for some time in New York, and saw the end of our national relationship to that most considerable and important of colonies; while Lady Anne, his elder sister, was one of the diplomatic party which took possession of that other troublesome colony at the Cape on its cession by the Dutch, and seems to have done as thorough good service in the way of conciliating the disaffected Boors, who were not very amiable subjects for conciliation, as her brother did in fighting the Yankees, who were too nearly of our own blood and mettle to be conquered. And Robert, the second brother, lets us into the economics of British India, the government of the "Company," tricks of officials, and wiles of natives; the primitive cultivation of these remote Asiatic rice-fields, the most primitive circulating medium, the best way and means of maintaining authority and friendliness with the wild tribes of the hills—and his own honourable, persevering, and successful efforts at making a fortune; while his younger brother John reveals to us a dismal and heart-rending picture, the miserable dungeon at Seringapatam, where he and his brave comrades endured all that savage cruelty, neglect, and persecution,—all that physical destitution and suffering could do to brave men—how little they could effect, after all,—and how the undiscouragable hope, the noble patience, and stout heart, alike of officers and men, stood out against all their horrible and long-continued trials, an Eastern captivity of nearly four years—it is pleasant to read after our own late experience of the undiminished spirit of our own brave defenders. At the same time James Lindsay died gallantly in battle at Cuddalore, and Colin stood manfully in defence behind the rocky ramparts of Gibraltar. No inconsiderable circle, as our readers will perceive, of historical events of the first importance, are embraced within this brief epitome of the family chronicle—the American War and the war in India—the once dreadful names of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib—the siege of Gibraltar—the cession of the Cape of Good Hope. We are very glad to have our memory aided, and our general view of the history of the period enlarged, by remembering that in these events, so wide and diverse, the members of one family took active part.

Nor is it less pleasant to find, in the lively contemporary record, an animated presentation of matters bearing upon our own national history with which we have been acquainted—if, indeed, we knew them at all—only as dry historic facts. As, for example, in Lord Balcarras's manly and admirable speech, delivered in support of a bill for restoring the forfeited Jacobite estates, introduced into the House of Lords in 1784, we have a more direct instance of the surviving force and potency of the feeling of clanship in the Highlands than we were before acquainted with. After relating the eagerness with which the Jacobite exiles holding distinguished rank in the armies of foreign princes accepted inferior commissions in our own, he proceeds to say:—

"My Lords, it is here I take up the first name that presents itself on the face of this bill, which is that of Lord M'Leod, who was a major-general in Sweden, and

invested with the order of merit by his Swedish majesty. It was no sooner reported that Lord M'Leod was to return to his country, than two thousand five hundred Mackenzies offered their services, provided his majesty would appoint Lord M'Leod to be their colonel. The king was pleased with the generosity of the offer, and granted their request. They were immediately embodied. One battalion of them were sent to the East Indies; and we had late accounts of the poor shattered remains of that corps, worn down by repeated campaigns in that noxious climate, with the same ardour and unabated zeal storming the lines of Cuddalore. The other battalion went to Gibraltar under the command of Colonel Mackenzie, brother to Lord M'Leod. I am not going to make a panegyric on that battalion; your lordships have made it before me; they received the thanks of every branch of the Legislature, and when they landed at Portsmouth, were received with the acclamations of the people for the distinguished defence they made of Gibraltar. The clan of Macdonalds performed equal services under Colonel M'Donnell.

We are not particularly acquainted for our own part, with this period of general history; and perhaps the interesting individuality which this statement gives to our general abstract knowledge, that Highland regiments were formed, and did good service, may not be so fresh and new to many of our readers as it is to ourselves; but we are sure there must be many more who will share with us in the pleasure of refreshing our general and vague *information*, by the personal and graphic narrative which takes a hold, so much more equable and lasting, of mind and memory.

So much for general history. Human life and character, which do not change nor grow old, are still more pleasantly represented in the lives and stories of these brothers. Robert, the prosperous agent of the Company, far away in the remote interior of India, making ventures which are constantly blessed, and developing the riches of his province, alike for his own benefit and that of his subjects,—Robert makes a communication to his young brother James, which James describes thus to the head of the house: "I had letters from Bob a few days ago; he seems to be highly pleased at some success he has had in trade, and he says h now begins to think himself a ma worth money. He has written to m that he means 'to assist me in th purchase of a majority,' and desire me immediately to draw on him fo £1500, that I may remit it to Europ for that purpose." Capital Bob! hi own satisfaction with his prosperity overflows shortly after, in the sam fashion, in notes addressed to hi agent in England. Thus:—"Dacca 29th July, 1783.—My dear sir, I have the pleasure to inform you tha my fortune continues to accumulat daily, in such a manner as neither I nor my friends will ever be ashame to own. As my circumstances wil now admit of it, I have requeste my mother to accept of an annuity of £250 per annum, which you wil please to carry to my debit according as it is paid." "16th Dec. 1783.—Whatever sums of money belonging to me are realised in England ove and above the sum I mentioned in a former letter as appropriated to my mother, I request may be applied to wards paying off the debts upon my brother Balcarras's estate." This i a method of expressing one's persons pleasure in one's own good fortun as uncommon as it is delightful. I the Lindsay's had been less rich tha they are in family excellences, thi one open heart alone seems enoug to justify the affectionate family prid of a whole race.

Of Colin, "the soul of honour," whom his companions are said t have named Don Quixote, a paladi and a man of chivalry like his fathe it is amusing to have one very od incident to record, throwing a whim sical glance of light into a beleaguere garrison. Colin, the Bayard of h house, did actually undertake, for base consideration of payment, a other man's quarrel; and this is ho the story goes:—

During the siege of Gibraltar, "a a time when provisions were scarc and every article in the way of com fort was exorbitantly dear, and pound of tea cost a guinea, a litt ship from Crail in Fife contrived t elude the vigilance of the blockadin squadron, and run in under prote tion of the guns of the fortress. Th skipper or master of the vessel ha no sooner landed than he had th

was challenged to fight a duel. He had no acquaintance in the place, but knowing Captain Lindsay by name and country, he waited upon him, and, opening his grief, asked him to stand his friend and be his second, 'and if ye will,' he added, lowering his voice, 'I'll gie ye a pound o' tea.' 'Make it two,' return Colin with the like significance, 'and I'll fight your duel for you.' The bargain was struck; Colin called on the offended officer, and told the story; both laughed heartily; the officer was easily induced to beg the skipper's pardon and shake hands with him; and the same evening Colin invited them both to meet a party of brother officers in his quarters, and regaled them with the two pounds of tea."

Could one but have seen that oddest of tea-tables! But it would take something more than even John Leech to do justice to its union of the comic and the kindly, keeping full in view that "provisions were scarce," and that the guns of the besiegers were thundering through it all.

Lady Anne's adventures at the Cape, her success in fascinating the Dutch, and her odd waggon-journey of pleasure among the Boors and Hottentots of that savage African interior, are of course the most amusing of the personal narratives left by these faithful children of Earl James, who began the memoir-making of the house, and enjoined it as a family custom on his descendants after him. But perhaps we have already said enough of Lady Anne, who married late but happily, though she did not, as it seems, make a match quite equal to her rank and fascinations. Only one, indeed, of the three sisters seems to have married "well," as people say; and Anne and Margaret, the witty and the beautiful, were both alike childless. But we hasten to conclude our family picture with a closing scene, which gives it one of its greatest charms—the last days of the old Lady Balcarras, the mother of this band. The old Lady Balcarras, the young, beautiful, somewhat severe Countess Anne of the preceding chapters, the Angiolina of a purer and more peaceful romance than

giving an account of all her sons, and all their fortunes, to a relative, writes thus: "I have great reason to be thankful. Most of my sons are now afloat, and with a fair wind. Balcarras heads the van, with colours flying. I pray God no reverse may stop a progress so well begun, and really so justly deserved, for young men free of capital vices are rarely now to be met with. If Bob live a few years, he may acquire a reasonable and easy fortune. Glory and laurels must content the sons of Mars; and—shall I confess it?—I think it very substantial food. A brave man is a welcome guest everywhere, and a captain is better fed and clothed than a little laird with three hundred a-year; and he can transmit to his posterity, all but the eldest, the same fortune—viz., the world before them, and Providence their guide."

So says the brave old lady, a fit mother of soldiers. And she is now established in Edinburgh, in the society of her cousin and lifelong friend, Mrs. Anne Keith, she who told Sir Walter half his stories, and was very sure of the identity of the Author of Waverley by this same certain sign —"Do ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among ither folk's kail?" And we do not think that all the records of private or of public history contain a more beautiful picture of extreme old age than that presented to us here of the Lady of Balcarras by her own hand and that of her children. She who seems to grow happier every day as she grows older, and loses her memory after such a happy fashion that the sweet oblivion seems to veil her round from the everyday pains and trials, leaving only love, and the heaven which comes so close and near, behind. The pretty old figure knitting, and drawing "castles in the air," as Mrs. Anne calls them, though those castles had their foundations in the heavenly country, the holy and true *Chateau d'Espagne* of old age — the tender heart and simple imagination, separated by this forgetfulness from all the outer world; living among Bible stories and visions of heaven, another life of their own. The picture is very

charming—embodying, in the tenderest form of human weakness, that state, sometimes too high for common realising, — "Our conversation is in heaven." Of herself, at eighty-two, Lady Balcarras writes: "I, of all the daughters of mortality, have least reason to complain, having enjoyed during a long life every blessing and comfort: my health is good, and, what is rather laughable, I am looking, for a girl of my age, really handsome. It makes me smile, when I am complimented on my charms, to think that I cannot recollect the name of the person who does so, or of the most intimate faces I circulate amongst every day. But in other respects I am in perfect health, and my beloved husband, Anne Keith, thinks and does everything for me that can be desired."

"She is happy with her knotting, her calculations, and her little castles in the air which she is knotting," writes this "beloved husband," "and so entranced with her Bible and the lives of the Patriarchs, that I pronounce her the happiest human being I ever knew." At the same time, the old lady retains "a little sparkle of repartee;" and when handed into dinner by her little grandson, five years old, "does not feel quite happy if she has not a few compliments paid her on her dress and good looks." On her ninetieth birth-day,—"Her health was drank by a numerous circle—too numerous for her to be present; but we opened the doors between the dining-room and her bedroom, that she might hear the cheers, with three times three. When our sounds ceased, her fine gay spirit drank her bumper-toast to us, with three cheers from her venerable self." We cannot conclude this beautiful sketch better than with one of those electric touches, which are beyond the reach even of genius, too tender and lovely for anything but real life and nature, and which, coming on it suddenly, surprises us to very tears. It was often the case with her, that "this world was lost in the prophecied happiness of the next. And then," as she said to me, "we shall all be young together again, Annie!" After such a climax, who could find another word to say?

Such were our mothers in the past generation; not only Lady Grisell and the Countess Anne, but many of humbler name and equal spirit, as many a heart must swell and beat to testify. Honour and dear remembrance, however, to those cherished memories, which "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!"

Lord Lindsay's book is far from being a new book, yet we have gone over it in detail; and still further from newness is the little work of Lady Murray: all the more gratitude do we, in our own humble opinion, merit from our readers, by recalling to their thoughts these delightful family stories, so fresh and full of life. We do not doubt that the very rank of the heroes and heroines of these volumes, besides placing them in more direct and immediate contact with historical events, adds a certain charm to the simplicities, poverties, and exertions of their life. Yet we are equally persuaded that records as pleasant, as graphic, and as profitable, must exist in many a family of less station and pretensions. Would not some one undertake to renovate that popular cheap literature of ours, which begins to run to seed in the "original novels" of half-a-dozen particoloured series, by such true, historical, and domestic narratives as these — narratives which might illustrate every county in the kingdom, as well as every period in its history? Look up the papers of your respectable forbears, dearest reader! Look up, we beseech you, with especial care and tenderness, the feminine portion of the same; take care to preserve the memoirs of your admirable old ancestor, but let the ancient gentlewomen have their will. We offer you our own most valuable services *con amore*, and the good word of Maga. And if you but do your duty as we pledge ourselves to do ours, we venture to promise that, half-a-dozen years hence, nobody will be able to say, as we do now, on laying down Lord Lindsay's three big volumes, and the tiny tome of Lady Murray, that these family histories, so full of noble exertions, courage, success, and endurance, are quite unique and unrivalled in their delightful kind.

PART III.

Do you ever send live animals through the Post-office? The question may startle, perhaps, but the thing is often done. Only three days ago a brother naturalist sent me a couple of dozen sea anemones, stowed among weed in a tin canister, which formerly contained a powder sold as coffee. Thus the process is simple enough when tin canisters are at hand, little as the excellent Rowland Hill contemplated such an adaptation of his postal reform to the exigencies of naturalists; but the process is less simple when you are temporarily abiding in a place so utterly provincial that little in the nature of tin boxes is to be had for money, and nothing at all for love. Such a place is Tenby.

But, first, let me tell you what made me desiderative of tin boxes, and indignant with Tenby for its want of resources. At Ilfracombe the orange-tentacled and orange-disked anemones, by Mr. Gosse christened *Actinia aurora* and *Actinia venusta*, are unknown, and, of course, prized all the more on that account. Is not everything valued for its rarity? We should value Tupper — if we could not read him. There is, however, not many miles from Ilfracombe, a terrible reef running far out into the sea, bearing the sombre name of the Morte Stone, on which many a tall ship has been wrecked, and which, inaccessible from the land, is only visited by naturalists and gulls. We — I mean the naturalists, not the gulls—found Morte Stone well worth the visit; and while scrambling over its desolate ridges, the spray of a heavy sea dashing from either side in our faces, and a noonday sun pouring down its fierce passion upon our heads, as we clambered over rocks so black with mussels that you could not for yards have inserted a penknife between them, B., with his coat off, emerged from under a ledge, meeting T., no less jubilant, both holding up specimens of the orange-tentacled anemone, hitherto supposed to belong exclusively to Tenby. This was the first time I saw the sunset-flame on the tentacles of this anemone; and when at Tenby, remembering the delight with which T. carried home the novelty, it was natural that I should wish to send him a few of the beauties expanding their tentacles in my vases. But how? One cannot wrap a moist and mucose animal in note-paper, and expect it to reach its destination like an invitation for dinner, or the request for a "trifling loan;" and the damp sea-weed which will keep the animal alive, requires some covering to keep it damp. I tried a card-board box, well padded with weed, wrapped it in paper, and committed it to the tenderness of a paternal Government and a reformed Post-office, with this warning inscribed in majestic calligraphy—

WITH CARE: LIVE ANIMALS!

I thought the Lacedemonian brevity and the note of admiration might have their effect. But, it is painful to confess, Post-office clerks appear to be imperfectly versed in the rudiments of zoology; or perhaps they pay slight attention to the literature of inscriptions; at any rate they stamped my "missive" with a vigour which completely squashed the card-board box.

The next time I determined to follow my friend's advice, and send the animals in a tin box, which, of course, seemed the easiest thing in the world, until the trial was made. I ransacked Tenby in vain. I asked everywhere—I asked at impossible shops —I even tried the bootmaker; he could not supply me. I offered money, and hinted love; no tin box could Tenby produce. The article was mythical. Tenby had mustaches and parasols in prodigal abundance; pony-chaises and sailing-boats obtruded themselves at every corner; the streets were full of formidable young gentleman from the fashionable parts (of Bristol), and nurserymaids

with prize babies: these and much more that was sublimely useless, Tenby had at your service; but a tin box it knew not, except by vague report. Tenby has not even a banker; to get a cheque changed you must ride to Pembroke; why, then, expect that it will have a tinman? Imagine my impatience, my disgust! I'm afraid I used strong language. At last a brilliant conception made my pathway clear. In a grocer's there were cases of ginger-nuts for sale; these cases were of tin; they were larger, much, than my requirements, but this was no occasion for drawing fine lines. The nuts were edible, the case transportable. An investment was straightway made, and my agitated mind was once more at peace.

The case was large enough to contain, besides a quantity of anemones, a wide-mouthed bottle, in which I had consigned a fine specimen of that boring bivalve named *Pholas dactylus*, three of which had been brought to me in a lump of wood, wherein they had bored themselves a local habitation and a home. Although these molluscs live in rocks and wood, they seem to flourish perfectly when removed, and left in sea-water. I risked one in the experiment, and was uneasy, next morning, at finding he had elongated himself to more than half again his original size; but observing the currents still active from his siphon, and, moreover, that on being touched he shrunk to his original size with great sensitiveness, I concluded he was healthy,—a conclusion supported by observing precisely the same phenomena exhibited by the two *Pholades* still in the wood. As, therefore, the Pholas lived out of his woody home, and as I had three specimens, I could do no less than send one of them to the friend who had always been so liberal to me; and thus it came that I despatched the wide-mouthed bottle in the tin case, which arrived without accident at my friend's house. After keeping my two borers for some time, one of them fell a victim to anatomical curiosity; as for the third, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, and I dissected him also.

I have been quietly assuming that the reader has heard about the boring molluscs, of which there are several different kinds, all curious to the philosopher, but none very interesting to keep. One species, the *Teredo navalis*, is a formidable fellow, unloved of shipowners, since many a ship has been known to split in the open sea, no one on board having suspected that the planks had been thoroughly drilled through and through by this patient borer. The hardest oak, nay, even teak and sissoo woods, are no obstacles to this mollusc. The chemical process which protects timber against decay, is no protection against the Teredo. The animal always tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, and if in its course it meets with another gentleman engaged in the same process, it alters the direction of its course, so that a piece of wood attacked by many Teredos becomes completely honeycombed. In dockyards the defence has been to cover the woodwork under water with iron nails; and you may imagine how necessary protection is, since not only have docks been perforated, but many years ago Holland was thrown into terrible alarm by discovering that the piles of her embarkments had been riddled by these silent molluscs, and all Europe thought that the United Provinces were doomed. Other borers choose rock for their operations; and many a solid-seeming mass is so perforated by them that the dashing of a stormy sea may scatter it in fragments along the coast. The fact of boring is familar enough to every one who has noticed the Rednose (*Saxicava rugosa*) peering from a thousand holes in the hard limestone, and squirting water as it retires at the first application of the hammer; but while the fact is accepted undisputed, the source of the animal's power is still an unsettled question.

How these bivalves bore their way has been a mystery mainly because zoologists have allowed themselves to be thrown off their balance by contemplating the stupendous results produced by creatures so insignificant. But after learning the history of the formation of choral reefs and islands, we begin to appreciate the influence of minute agencies continued through long spaces of time.

The Teredo and the Pholas have no powerful organs, but they have patience; and, as far as I understand the matter, it is clear, that the disputes on this subject have been perplexed by the desire to bring forward some organ so powerful as at once to explain the animal's success in boring. Thus the latest writer, M. Aucapitaine,* imagines he explains the phenomenon, by bringing forward the hypothesis of a phosphorous acid secreted by the animal, which corrodes the rock or wood, and which is then rasped away by a slow rotatory motion of the shell. The boring is thus a combination of chemical and mechanical agencies. There is, however, one little difficulty in accepting this explanation, which the author has overlooked, as speculators are wont to overlook fatal objections: the *existence* of this acid has yet to be proved; at present it is hypothetical. And when we have got tangible hold of the acid, we must prove that, while it has the property of attacking wood and rock, it has *not* the property of attacking the calcareous shell of the animal. Very different, and far more philosophical, is the explanation of Professor Owen, whose opinion on all points carries authority. He shows† that the combined action of the muscular disc and the valves of the shell will produce the phenomenon. It may be paradoxical, and you will probably shake a dubious head on seeing the cavities bored by these molluscs, and on being told that the soft muscular disc of the animal perforated them; you have no conception that, by licking limestone with never so much energy, you could wear it away; and yet, as Owen quietly remarks, "it is certain that the perpetual renewal of a softer substance will render it capable of wearing away a harder one, subject to the friction of such softer surface, and not like it susceptible of being repaired." Yes, here lies the whole mystery: the soft muscular disc is perpetually renewed, and the hard limestone has no self-renovating power; and thus, just as falling water wears away granite, by the incessant repetition of gentle blows, so do these molluscs excavate rock or wood by the incessant repetition of muscular friction.

Mr. Muggeridge, the shipowner, who does me the honour to relax his serious mind over these pages, here declares himself supremely indifferent to this anatomical discussion. What does it signify to him *how* the Teredo bores into the wood? He is none the better for that. It is enough for him that the nasty beast *does* it, and unless he can be told how it is to be prevented, he wants to hear nothing about the matter. Mr. M. is a practical man, and wants practical applications; as for "theories," he doesn't care a silver fourpence for them. I have so much regard for Muggeridge—a man of liberal dinners, and perfect Port—that I will not turn round and humiliate him, by proving that of all blind theorists none are so blind as the "practical men;" but will rather captivate his confidence, by showing him how the result he so carnestly desires is only to be obtained after a remote excursion into the obscure regions of science. *He* need not make the excursion, but he must wait till it be made; for it is amusing to think that even so simple a matter as the destruction of these vermin defied all ingenuity, until Embryology came to our aid. Imagine Muggeridge being told that his practical aim was to be reached only through Embryology! What *is* that? Never heard the name; supposes it is Metaphysics, and "leads to Atheism." As I have an eye to his Port, I carefully abstain from mentioning the unusual term in his presence, but address a question to him:—

"Are these animals of separate sexes?"

He looks rather huffed, as he replies: "How should I know? and what does it matter?"

"It matters everything. And for your satisfaction I can tell you that they *are* of separate sexes."

"Humph!"

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* *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 4ième série, 1854, vol. ii. p. 367.

† *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, vol. i. p. 520. Second edit.

"A French naturalist, Quatrefages by name, has found that at certain seasons the female carries the eggs in the folds of her respiratory organs."

"The deuce she does!"

"And there they remain till the milt of the male, floating in the water, is washed over them, and there fecundates them. Now, this same Naturalist has brought his knowledge to bear upon the very question you are so interested in. He finds that a weak solution of mercury thrown into the water destroys this milt, and consequently *prevents* the fecundation of the eggs, nipping the young molluscs in the bud. By thus becoming a zoological Herod, and destroying the innocents wholesale, in a few seasons you may clear the docks of every individual Teredo, and your ships will be safe."

I see by the intelligent twinkle of his eye that he has seized this notion with decisive approbation, and from this moment begins to think there may be some use, after all, in Natural History. I almost feel tempted to show him my Pholas, although it is not a very interesting animal to watch. There is a somnolent lethargy, an otiosity of do-nothingism in its demeanour, surprising in one who bores through rocks as we tunnel the Jura. He will not even bore now. I have tried him in vain. He lolls his great length at the bottom of the pan, and declines the lump of wood placed before him. In fact, he does nothing but suck in the water at one tube of his siphon, and squirt it out of the other. Do observe that siphon or double tube, like a double-barrelled gun, the lining membrane of which is covered with vibratile cilia. The incessant action of these cilia draws the water in at the orifice of the upper and larger tube, along which it passes and reaches the gills, where the blood is aerated; and then the water makes its exit from the under tube, in a steady current, visible to the naked eye. How this is performed is to me a mystery, for my dissections wholly failed in tracing *any* direct communication between the two tubes; but that there must be some indirect communication is certain, since the evidence of the two currents, or of entrance and one of exit, is unequivocal. Here is a problem for the anatomist. Moreover, it is doubtful to me whether this apparatus is properly called a siphon. When you inspire at one nostril and expire at the other, you do not consider your nose a temporary siphon. But never mind the name, look at the orifice of the upper tube, what a beautiful arborescent fringe encircles it! You may see a picture of it in Mr. Gosse's *Rambles on the Devonshire Coast* (Plate II.) very well delineated. "The tentacular filaments," he says, "are numerous, such forming a little tree with pinnate branches, bearing no small resemblance to the flower of feather branchiæ that expands round the mouth of a Holothuria. These branched tentacles are ordinarily bent down across the mouth of the tube, the longest of them just meeting in the centre; alternating with these are placed others of similar structure but inferior size; and the interspaces are occupied by other smaller still, and simply pinnate; so that when the whole occupy their ordinary transverse position, the smaller ones fill up the angles of the larger, and the branches of all form a network of exquisite tracery, spread across the orifice, through the interstices or meshes of which the current of entering water freely percolates, while they exclude all except the most minute floating atoms of extraneous matter." On dissection I found these parts to be highly vascular, and to have much the appearance of branchiæ."

The boatman has just called to say the boat is ready, and the Dredge at our service. In the previous papers, hunting on the rocks, and picking up what gales might have thrown upon the shore, were described in detail; and the amateur generally contents himself with these resources, unless his desires, enlarging with his knowledge, urge him, as they did me, to follow more ambitious naturalists, and try dredging. He knows that in depths never laid bare by retiring tides there are animals of price. He knows that the oyster-beds are hunting-grounds

where a single venture will bring him more than a month can properly examine. It is true that he may also know he will be sick; but, as Schiller says—

"Es wächst der Mensch mit seinen grössern Zwecken;"
(Our stature heightens with our heightening aims),—

and the hope of molluscs makes man's stomach equal to the occasion. Our boatmen told us of one well-known Anatomist, who went out every day during his stay at Tenby, dredging as if dredging were his daily bread, always sick, no matter how calm the sea; always suffering, but never daunted by wind or storm. Very amusing it was to notice the puzzlement of these honest boatmen at what they evidently considered a sort of inexplicable eccentricity in our thus throwing away our days, our money—and our breakfasts—in the pursuit of worms, oyster-shells, and weeds. Had we gone fishing, they could have entered into our hopes and enthusiasm; had we sought for pearls in the oyster-shells, their sympathy would have been ready; but that any sane man should be anxious for the rubbish which they nightly threw away when their nets were hauled in, and not to eat the worms, not to sell them, but to put them in vases, and finally cut them open, *that* was inexplicable. As we sailed through the sparkling waters, wafted by a pleasant breeze, we talked to the men, and tried to make them understand the kind of things which they might always bring us, and be certain of purchasers; but although willing to oblige, and not at all indisposed to accept silver for a little trouble, although one of the men had once picked up a bunch of sea-grapes (eggs of the cuttlefish), for which a gentleman gave him half-a-crown (a mad gentleman, clearly), these stolid fellows always fell back upon their ignorance. "Ah! if we only knowed the things." In fact, no bribe will move them. They cannot release to themselves the conception that what they have for years thrown away as rubbish, can possibly contain anything worth money. I repeatedly urged on them these simple instructions: Bring me *anything* live (except fish) that you find in the net, and the chances are that I shall buy it. Nothing ever came.

We have reached the oyster-beds, and the Dredge is dropped into the water, plunging some fifteen or twenty fathoms, like a diver knowing what is required of him. On we sail, the line running out, the dredge raking the oyster-beds, and considerably retarding our progress in spite of a stiff breeze. At length it is time to haul in, and the men pull strenuously, till the dredge appears, and a portentous mass of oyster-shells, dirt, stones, and sea-urchins is emptied in the bottom of the boat. We pounce on it, while the dredge is once more cast into the water. Up to this moment we have been superb seamen; Britons are the boys for ruling the waves! The colour has not changed on the cheek of the lady naturalist, who, astonished at her own fortitude (of stomach), declares dredging preferable to hunting on the rocks. But suddenly a change comes. This stooping to examine our treasures disturbs our pleasant serenity, and the well-known head-swimming and nausea which ensue, categorically tell us that, let Schiller declaim as he will, poetry won't control the liver; and however successfully Britons may rule the waves, the waves are extremely disrespectful to their rulers. *Que voulez-vous?* The brain may be confident, but the liver is upset; heroism is futile against a chopping sea. We can't pretend to be superior to these weaknesses, and so we resign ourselves to sitting quiet, while the boatmen turn over the mass, and hand us objects for inspection, upon which we decide whether they shall be placed in the bucket of sea-water, or returned to the oyster-beds.

Very droll it was, even in my languid state, to observe Jack stooping and fumbling among the oyster-shells, not knowing what his insane party might possibly think worth carrying home, and for his part thinking the whole as big a heap of rubbish as ever he saw.

"This here any use, sir?" he inquires, handing me a huge oyster with an unexpressed sarcasm in the question. I turn my green countenance towards it, and suddenly forget the qualms, exclaiming—

"Use, my dear fellow! of course it is. Why, it is a perfect colony of animals."

"Well, sir, of course you knows."

And he drops it into the bucket, plunging his hands once more among the mass. That oyster, besides the polypes and sponges growing on it, bore at least a dozen Terebellæ, an Ascidian of exquisite colour, innumerable Serpulæ, and a beautiful Sabella.

"Stop! what is that you're going to throw away?"

"Only a bit of dirt, sir."

"Let me see it. I have known bits of dirt turn out to be curious animals."

Jack, now fairly bewildered, and expecting probably that the next thing he will be asked to hand me will be a bubble of foam, stretches out his honest fist, and places on the seat a small lump of sand, having no definite shape, and looking no more like an animated creature than the mud-pie which ingenious youth delights to construct. I know it at a glance to be an Ascidian (*A. conchifera*), for only last week, while scrambling over the rocks, I looked into a shallow pool, on the sandy bottom of which there was one of these sand-lumps alone in its glory. I cannot tell what made me suspect it to be an animal. The mind sees what the eye cannot. Do we not distinguish a friend by a certain undefinable something long before he is near enough for us to distinguish his dress or his features? With the same mental perception one learns to distinguish an animal, even when one has never seen it before. I had never seen or read of this Ascidian. I did not know it to be an Ascidian; but, detaching it from the rock, I popped it in my bottle, convinced that it was an animal of *some* kind; and on coming home, I began to scrape away the sand till I came down to a membrane. I then cut the mass open, and found an Ascidian, which had so completely coated itself with sand, that sand became its integument.

Having turned over the heap, and shown me one by one every shell or weed, Jack now began to clear the boat, and to haul in the dredge once more. After a few hauls, our bucket was sufficiently stocked, and we sailed homewards, skimming the face with a net in the hope of turing some jelly-fish, but none peared. We ought to have been high spirits; but whatever cons tion may have been in the thou of the bucket, we were not hilari I pledge you my word, as we scud along, green and silent. We reac the pier-steps at last. Jack car the bucket after me, and the perpl ed vassal at the lodging-house bri down a foot-pan, into which the tents of the bucket are emptied. should not like to inquire too clo into that vassal's private opinion me and my pursuits. The next when I meet Jack, he is gratifie learn that the result of our dredg has been highly satisfactory, as ind it was; for besides abundance known animals, I had found entirely new genera of Annelids, which I might descend to poster if my ambition took that cours which it doesn't.

Sea-sickness is not an agreea sensation. While enduring it, all vow never again to brave it wi out urgent necessity; and yet next day we forget our resoluti and step lightly on board, ments singing—

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> I am where I would ever be!"

And, if we do this merely for the s of running to France or Germa where we have been before, it n be expected that the more powe attraction of marine treasures entirely conquer hesitation. fact is, the sea is a passion. fascination, like all true fascinati makes us reckless of consequenc The sea is like a woman: she lu us, and we run madly after her; ill-uses us, and we adore her; be tiful, capricious, tender, and terrib There is no satiety in this love; there be in true affection? The is the first thing which meets my e in the morning, placidly sunning h self under my window; her ma voices beckoning me, her gently he ing breast alluring me, her face bea ing with unutterable delight. through the day I wanton with h and the last thing at night, I see long shimmering track of light fr

the distant beacon thrown across her tranquil surface — dark now, and solemn, made more desolate by the dark and silent hulls of anchored vessels, but beautiful even in her sombre and forlorn condition. I hear her mighty sighs answering the wailing night-winds. She lures me to her. I cannot go to bed. Let me wander along the sands and gaze upon that solemn gloom, stretching mysteriously afar. I walk down to the quay; all is silent, except in one boat, where a knot of men are just about to start for their night's fishing. They will be out all night toiling through the terrible waters to gain a few shillings. I bid Jack bring me a cuttlefish if he can. "Good night, sir."—"Good night, and good cheer." And away the boat speeds into the night. It is soon invisible; the plash of the oars ceases to reach my ears. There is something pathetic in the thought of these men nightly braving what they brave, and totally insensible to the poetry of their situation, which might make it something better than a mere venture for a few pence. My thoughts are sad to-night. I wander on, and the waves come to greet me, but the image of that boat disappearing through the darkness will not leave me. Life seems so sad, so transitory, so ineffectual, and Nature so pitiless and calm.

The next morning all such thoughts have vanished like uneasy dreams. Nature is joyous, clear, sunny; my mistress yonder is sparkling and singing in the light; white sails dot the distance; the busy hum of men rises on every side. I go out on the sands, and at my feet the tide throws a Calamary (*Loligo*) with which I rush back to my lodgings in great glee. A pie-dish of sea-water receives the welcome cephalopod; but he is dead, and will show none of his ways. What is this? the colour-specs are coming out on the skin, like stars appearing at night, and now the whole surface, which was pearly-white, is of a variegated hue. I had heard of this before, but actual observation gives one very different feelings from those of mere acquiescence in a fact. The colour-specs continued to come and go much to my puzzlement; nor could I gain much light from any books at hand. M. Alcide d'Orbigny, who has studied molluscs for twenty years, especially the Cephalopoda, ought, of course, to be consulted, and you shall hear what he says: "The colour is as unchangeable as the diverse impressions of the animal. It consists of a complicated system of globules of various colours, red, brown, and yellow, placed under the first layer of the epidermis. These globules have each a pupil which contracts and dilates, forming now a large irregular spot and now diminishing to a mere point. It is easy to understand, therefore, how the animal which, when the globules are dilated, is of a dark colour, becomes almost white when these globules are contracted. The contractability of these globules *therefore always depends* on the will of the animal; and he varies his colour from brown to white with remarkable vivacity according to his own will."*

Your attention is called to this passage, as one among the numerous illustrations of that serious want of a doctrine to guide investigations, which is the greatest obstacle zoology has now to contend with. The mass of facts which has been accumulated is of astonishing extent; but the philosophy which should be evolved from them, which should coordinate them, and serve as a torch to guide zoologists in all inquiries, is still in the most meagre condition. To confine ourselves, for the present, to the case before us, is it not remarkable that a man so eminent as M. d'Orbigny should have written, and other men acquiesced in, a passage so preposterous as the one just cited? Where was the biological philosophy which could conceive the contractility of pigment globules as dependent on the "will of the animal;" [especially when such a leap in logic had to be taken as is taken at the "therefore?" Physiologists are, indeed, extremely facile in their admission of "the will" to explain what they do not understand; but we must marvel that direct observation did not

* D'ORBIGNY: *Mollusques vivant et fossiles*, p 113.

hundreds must have *seen*, if they did not *observe*, what most attracted me in the matter, namely, the appearance and disappearance of the colour-specs in the skin of the *dead* animal; and even the most metaphysical of zoologists would hardly attribute volition to a corpse. The observation of this one fact might have led to further investigation. On placing a small strip of the skin under the Microscope, I was surprised to find two or three of these colour-specs expanding and contracting with great vigour. At first I thought it must be an optical illusion, but on close attention it became too decided for doubt; and not suspecting the truth, I concluded that some animalculæ were imbedded in the tissue, and that their movements produced this apparent activity of the globules. To settle these doubts, another and then another strip underwent examination: in both of these, all, or almost all, the specs were in activity, shooting out prolongations, and retracting again — very like *Amœbæ*— two specs sometimes seeming to run into one, but really overlapping each other, and sometimes a point not bigger than a millet seed expanding to the size of a sixpence, growing fainter in colour as it expanded. This was decisive. If the globules in a strip of skin taken from the dead animal manifest precisely the same contractions and expansions which they manifest on the living animal, it is clear that their activity does not depend upon the "will"—a conclusion which elementary principles of Biology ought to have made self-evident *a priori*.

But it is not in Zoology only that Logic is courageously assaulted by our "large discourse of reason." If "reasoning correctly on false premises" is the true definition of madness, we are all more or less madmen; although we are "astonished" at the insanity which we do not share. Last evening this was brought before me in half-sad, half-ludicrous aspect. We were smoking our Latakié, in the indolent beatitude of digestion, when a choral howl disturbed the quiet of the evening air. P., lolling

sweep the horizon in search of the yacht which was to fetch him away informed us that the howling came from three itinerant preachers about to edify a group of fishermen on the quay. I begged him to shut the window; this being my protection against the outrage of a German Band, which daily for six weeks had played "Partant pour la Syrie," "The low-backed car," "The Red and the Blue," and "God save the Queen" — never anything else, and always pitilessly out of tune. But P.'s sense of the ludicrous overcame his musical susceptibility, and condemned us to hear the hymn. Shortly afterwards, the preaching began, and as we ascertained that it was Mormonism then being expounded, we resolved to go out and be edified. It was worth the effort. Standing on a chair was a young man, scarcely above twenty, swinging his arms about, and flinging forth in harsh ejaculations a torrent of repetitions and abstractions, quite distressing to listen to, from the total want of anything that could arrest the interest of his audience. Open-air preaching is meant to coerce the attention of those who will not go to church but this Mormon preacher never once alighted upon a phrase which could awaken an idea in the minds of those he addressed; so that we marvelled why he should have been chosen as a preacher of a doctrine which addresses the worldly interests. On each side of him stood an Elder— and I wish I could paint the portraits of these caryatides of imbecility. One was a well-washed middle-aged man, who may have been a sentimental tailor; he rested his elbow on the chair which served as a pulpit, and, inclining his head, allowed his finger to indent his cheek. The other was a short, tawny, grey-haired man, who must have been a cobbler troubled with metaphysical misgivings. It is to be presumed that they were edified by the preacher's rhapsodies and repetitions; the audience was utterly unimpressed. Indeed there was what P. called a "troublesome foreground" of boys and girls, fighting, laughing, jeering,

beating tin kettles, and otherwise exhibiting the moderate sensibility of their *fibre religieux;* but the background of men and women (of course with babies) was more orderly.

The next evening we were in our boat, enjoying the cool air after the intense heat of the day, and as we skimmed the surface with our nets, we talked to the boatmen of Mormonism, and its progress in Wales. They gave us a bad account of it. One of them, a fine handsome fellow, with a frank yet serious manner, greatly interested us by his remarks; and we were glad to see that he felt the deepest disgust for the whole system.

This is a digression, and has nothing to do with the imperfect logic of Zoologists, a subject on which, if I had greater authority, I would discourse at length. Not that I suppose Zoologists to be less logical than other men; but simply that the Science of Life being so much more difficult than any of the Physical Sciences, it is more in need of a rigorous code of principles; whereas at present the Astronomer, the Physicist, and the Chemist, are subject to restraints which the Biologist seldom condescends to regard. No speculative Chemist is allowed to call a substance an acid which will unite with no base, which exhibits none of the properties of an acid; no Physicist is allowed to assume the existence of electricity, where none of the conditions of electricity exist, and none of the phenomena (except those to be explained) are manifest. But we who study Biology in any department, whether Physiology, Zoology, or Botany, are allowed by the laxity of current practice, and the want of a doctrine, to call a coloured spec an eye, in the absence of all proof of its having the structure and properties of an eye; we are allowed to assume the existence of nerves, where no trace of a nerve is discernible; we are allowed to drag in "electricity" or the "will," as efficient causes of anything we do not understand; and we fill Text-books and Treatises with errors which give way before the first sceptic who investigates them.

We are very sheep in our gregariousness in error. When one bold or stupid mutton takes a leap, all leap after him. It is rare to find men doubting facts, still rarer to find them doubting whether the facts be correctly co-ordinated. Our books are crowded with unexamined statements, which we never think of examining. Do we not all believe that the magnificent Cleopatra, regardless of expense, dissolved in her wine-cup a pearl of great price, as if it had been a lump of sugar? Is not the "fact" familiar to every one? Yet, if you test it, you will find the fact to be that pearls are *not* soluble in wine; the most powerful vinegar attacks them but very slowly, and never entirely dissolves them, for the organic matter remains behind, in the shape of a spongy mass larger than the original pearl.

"Forewarned, forearmed." Students once having their attention called to the necessity of scepticism in Zoology, will soon find abundant occasion for its exercise. We should as much as possible keep the mind in a state of loose moorings, not firmly anchoring on any ground, unless our charts are full of explicit detail; not *believing* (but simply acquiescing, and that in a provisional way) in any fact which is not clear in the light of its own evidence, or which, in default of our having verified it for ourselves, has the trustworthy verification of another. This sounds like a truism, but it is not my fault if it be necessary to enforce a truism. The adoption of such a rigorous scepticism would revolutionise Zoology. It will not be adopted by the majority, because it will give great trouble, and men dislike trouble; but the more restless and rebellious spirits, of which there is always a proportion in every sphere, will "scorn delights and live laborious days," in subjecting accepted statements to rigorous verification.

I came down to the coast as an amateur, ignorant, but anxious to learn, and not simply to seem to learn. It was necessary for me to have distinct and reliable knowledge, such as could assist my researches in general physiology. For this purpose, it was not enough that I should know what was said respecting the

understand the grounds on which each statement was made. Many and many an hour was spent, but not uselessly, in verifying what every tyro knew to be the fact; but many an hour was also spent in making clear to myself, not only that certain accepted facts were errors, but how they became accepted. In the preceeding paper, I indicated the suspicions respecting the current views on the respiration of Annelids, which were forced on me during my investigations, although those investigations are as yet far too incomplete to warrant more than the expression of a doubt; and if you will now give me your attention, I will lay before you the results of some labors on the respiration of sea-slugs (*Eolids*), in the prosecution of which I was favoured by fortune as not many are favoured, namely, by having abundance of material to work on.

There had been a heavy gale all night, and the wind was still high, when T. proposed that we should go down to the Tunnel Rocks and watch the tide come in. It was a glorious sight; that impetuous sea plunging upon the shore with ever-accelerated velocity, rising in wrath, and leaping over the reefs with mighty bounds, roaring, hissing, groaning, sighing. We stood with our backs leaning against a wall of rock, the spray leaping up into our faces. At length a black mass appeared upon the swelling height, to be lost again in the ridge of foam and then to reappear; onwards it came, struggling with the waves which tossed it and tumbled it to and fro, till we descried it to be a bit of wreck. In one instant the sense of the picturesque was submerged by a rush of zoological expectation. We sprang down on the shore, anxiously awaiting till the prize should be flung at our feet. It turned out to be the bit of an old cask, which must have been long under water, for it was as black as ebony, and literally covered with Polypes and eggs of Eolids. You may be sure it was welcomed with jubilant shouts, as were the masses of weed thrown up at the same time, also covered with Polypes and fetched; the black fragment is sawn in twain, and T. and I depart with the feelings of men who have just heard of a legacy. Next morning I found the treasures greater than expectation; not only were there thousands of ova, but scores of delicate and tiny Eolids of different species were found floating in the water, or crawling among the Polypes. It took hours to remove these delicate creatures into separate vases and bottles, and then to contemplate them with hungry enthusiasm; which you will appreciate if you have been ever fascinated by the study of development, and suddenly seen abundant material within reach; or if you have been anxious to solve some problem which only abundant observation could help you to solve. I was troubled about the respiration of the Eolis, not feeling at all satisfied with what is taught in the schools; and here were more Eolids thrown into my hands than most men ever see in a lifetime.

The Eolis is a sea-slug, but in spite of this ill-sounding name, the sea has few creatures more elegant in form, more exquisite in colour. In size it ranges from one-tenth of an inch to three inches in length. The commonest and least handsome species, *E. papillosa*, is about an inch or an inch and a half long, the back being densely studded with slate-coloured, club-like projections, called branchial papillæ, so like in colour to the rock it crawls over, that often only an experienced eye can detect it. The more elegant species, such as *Eolis pellucida*, or *elegans*, or *Lansbergii*, should be sought for every Aquarium, care being taken to keep them out of the way of the Anemones, which they mercilessly attack. Believe in no woodcut representations of these exquisite creatures; all woodcuts are libels. The plates of Alder and Hancock's magnificent monograph approach as near to the beauty of nature as can be expected of plates; but even they necessarily fall short of the delicacy of tissue and witchery of colour often displayed by these animals. There is nothing but actual possession which ought to satisfy you; and possession is not difficult. Order Mr. Alford Lloyd—that enterprising

specimens, and it will not be long before your eye is delighted with the beauty of the animal I am now about to dissect in your presence.

We delicately lay open the back to expose the stomach, which lies on the dorsal, not the ventral surface. We shall find the Eolis rejoicing in a digestive apparatus as perfect as that of Alderman Smith, but somewhat different in structure. Stomach, properly so called, it can hardly venture to claim, for that pyriform pouch which you observe, is rather an expansion of the intestinal tube than a distinct organ. Observe how this tube is continued along the whole length of the body; in some species it is wide and tapering, in the one before us it is more constricted; and be particular in noticing how this tube gives off pairs of branches, which again subdivide into smaller branches, and run up into those clublike projections called dorsal or branchial papillæ, the cavities of which they almost entirely fill, sometimes as mere dilatations, sometimes with shrublike arborescence. Having thus traced the stomach, the intestine and its ramifications, we must now look out for the next important organ of the digestive apparatus, the Liver. How is this? *Non est inventus.* The liver is absent. It is useless our seeking for it; the Eolis has not reached that state of animal development which imperiously demands a special biliary organ; it can transact all digestive requirements by the aid of biliary vesicles scattered along the lining membrane of those intestinal branches which we saw filling the cavities of the papillae. In a word, we here meet with the rudimentary and initial condition of the liver, nothing more than a few hepatic cells.

You understand, therefore, that these papillæ covering the back, and which bristle up like quills upon the fretful porcupine when the Eolis is irritated, are hollow tubes containing prolongations of the intestine and biliary cells. By many anatomists is is thought that these tubes are biliary ducts, and perhaps in some species this may be so, but that some Polypes under the microscope, when my attention was diverted by something granular, contractile, indistinguishable in shape. On extricating it from the branches of the Polype, I found it to be a white oblong jelly-like creature, about the size of a pin's head. Replacing it under the microscope I saw that it was an Eolis, but whether of a yet undescribed species or only the young of some known species, my very imperfect knowledge did not enable me to decide. The extreme transparency of its tissues was such that I could observe it with satisfactory precision. It had only eight papillæ on either side, but these were very large, each of the central ones measuring at least a sixth of the whole animal. This was another fortunate circumstance, enabling me to detect the passage of the dark granules which almost filled the cavities, to and fro from the intestine, with which these cavities were in direct communication. All doubt was impossible: there was the food oscillating from the intestine into the papillæ, and back from the papillæ into the intestine; and this oscillation, I observed, did in nowise depend on the contractions and expansions of the papillæ, but wholly on the contractions and expansions of the body; for sometimes the granules ran up into the cavities when the papillæ expanded, but sometimes they remained in their previous position.

You see that the papillæ are gastrohepatic organs, or, to speak less technically, that they are parts of the intestinal and biliary apparatus; but you see nothing to warrant the accepted notion that they are respiratory organs. I certainly saw nothing of the kind. It was a doubt which early forced itself upon me. Zoologists class the Eolis among Nudibranchiates, but I could detect nothing like a gill in these said naked-gilled molluscs; and a series of dissections served to transform doubt into a conviction, and satisfactorily proved the term "branchial papillæ" to be altogether erroneous. These papillæ have neither the speci-

* Mr. Lloyd's address is 19 and 20 Portland Road, Regent's Park.

fic structure nor the anatomical connection of gills. Various as gills are, they have uniformly a system of vessels carrying the blood to them for aeration, and a system of vessels carrying the aerated blood from them. Have the papillæ of the Eolis such vessels? Nothing of the kind. The blood they receive, which is no more than other parts of the body, is received into sinuses, as it is in the peritoneal cavities; and it is not more aerated there than it is in every other part of the mantle from which the papillæ rise. If, therefore, we can detect in these papillæ neither the ordinary structure of gills, nor the vessels which carry blood to and from gills, it is eminently unphilosophic to call them gills, and to class the Eolids among Nudibranchiates.

Do but examine one of the other Nudibranchiates—say a Doris—and you will there find the very characteristics wanting in the Eolis. It has a gill, distinct, unmistakable, although even here the gill performs but a small part in the aeration of the whole blood. According to Alder and Hancock, only that portion of the blood which supplies the liver-mass goes to the gill; but small as the part may be, the organ is distinctly recognisable, and to compare it with the dorsal papillæ of the Eolis is to demonstrate that two such dissimilar organs cannot play the same part. Indeed, the Doris seems to me higher in the scale of organisation than the Eolis, although less active in its movements. It has a specialised liver, a more perfect vascular system, the commencement of a respiratory system; and it has *not* the arborescent intestines which the Eolis has in common with the *Planariæ* and *Pycnogonidæ*. I should propose, therefore, to remove the Eolis from the Nudibranchiates, and call it Abranchiate.

How, then, does the Eolis breathe? He does not breathe at all. But less this paradox should disturb you too much, I will soften the blow by adding, that when we talk of an animal breathing we mean, or ought to mean, that it employs an organ, or group of organs, for the aeration of its blood; and when the animal is of so simple an organisation that it possesses no such organ, the aeration takes place quite as well, but in a different manner. Respiration as an *animal function*, and Respiration as a general *property of tissue*, are incessantly confounded in our loose language; but the distinction should always be borne in mind. The ultimate fact of Respiration is the interchange of gases, and this may be effected in many way; but although the final result is similar, there is great difference between the property which all living tissues, animal and vegetable, have of exchanging carbonic acid for oxygen, and the function of the special apparatus by which the exchange is brought about; just as there is a wide distinction between the general property of *assimilation*, and the special function of *digestion*. The Eolis we are considering must have its blood aerated; but the means by which it is aerated do not come under the term "breathing." In many of the lower animals respiration is performed entirely by the surface, the air or water directly bathing the delicate tissues, and bringing to them the necessary supply of oxygen, without the intervention of any special apparatus; just as food is brought to their tissues without the preparatory labour of arduous digestion. The Eolis has not only a delicate surface, covered with vibratile cilia, which permits the aeration of all the blood circulating at the surface, but it has also a system of aquiferous pores round the margin of its broad foot, or fleshy disc, through which water is carried into the peritoneal cavities and there aerates the blood,—at least I assume this latter part of the description to be true of all Eolids, as it is of the Doris, although I only observed the pores in one species, not having thought of seeking them until my last animal was under the scalpel.

Having made this much clear to myself, I found that I was not so heretical as I fancied, but that, for the main facts on which my argument rested, I could claim the authority of even Alder and Hancock. These admirable authors distinctly say, "the respiratory function appears to be partially specialised in the dorsal papillæ, which, usually exposing a large surface, are covered with strong and vigorous vibratile

of the foot, however.] But as the blood in its return to the heart appears to pass almost entirely through the skin, which is thin and delicate, and also covered with cilia, there can be little doubt that the *whole surface of the body assists in aeration*." After this, it seems to me that these authors need only reflect a moment on the absence of gill-structure in the papillæ, to perceive at once the impropriety of designating those organs as branchial, and of including the Eolis among Nudibranchiates. For although the papillæ expose a large surface to the air, they only do so in common with the rest of the integument; mere extent of surface does not constitute a gill; nor will a merely respiratory surface constitute one. The frog for example, respires by the skin, as well as by the lungs, but we do not call its skin a lung, because a lung has a specific structure, widely differing from the structure of the skin.

All this was written, when I turned to Owen's *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, and found, to my great satisfaction, that he had already made up his mind respecting the absence of any respiratory organ in the Eolis; for although he gives no reasons, his statement is explicit enough, in the three lines which he awards the subject: "In certain small shell-less marine genera, *e.g.*, *Rodope*, *Tergipes*, *Eolidina*, no distinct respiratory organs have been detected; these form the order *Apneusta*."* It was pleasant to find so great an authority thus summarily disposing of an error which it had cost me so much labour to disprove; for I felt that the objections and arguments coming from an amateur would be treated with the scorn which is usually the payment of amateurs who differ from professors; but now that I have Owen's authority, I am quite at ease.

I must no longer trespass on the reader's patience. If these Papers have amused him, and been of the slightest assistance, either in awakening a desire for sea-side studies, or in giving practical hints for their prosecution, their object is attained. Before parting, however, it may not be

become ornaments of the drawing-room in town and country. There is still a great deal to be ascertained respecting the best methods of preserving the animals alive and healthy; and only the experience of many observers can furnish this knowledge. At the meeting of the British Association in Cheltenham, as I read in the *Athenæum*,

Dr. Lankester inquired of those engaged in dredging, what method they had found best adapted for keeping marine animals in aqua vivaria.—Mr. M'Andrew said the best rule was not to put creatures together which were likely to devour one another.—Dr. Ball described an apparatus which he had used with great success in Dublin. It consisted of a tube, at the end of which was a pair of bellows; from the tube, branch tubes passed into each aqua vivarium, so that every stroke of the bellows sent a quantity of fresh air into each tank. the amusement of pumping the air into the tanks was so great, that they had never had, in the Dublin Zoological Gardens, occasion to employ a man to do it, as the visitors were very fond of the occupation. On one occasion a cuttlefish had died, which they had kept for three months, and on examining into the cause, it was found that the bellows were broken.—Mr. Bowerbank stated, that a good plan was to have two vessels, and to change the creatures from one vessel to the other every day. This answered with small moveable animals. —The Chairman said that *exposure to light was very injurious, and he had found that in all cases the aqua vivarium needed to be protected from the strong light of the sun*.—The Rev. H. H. Higgins said, that he had found, in moving animals from one place to another, that it was best the vessels should be quite filled, and not partially so.

My own experience, as well as that of a friend whom I consulted, is directly opposed to that of the Chairman. *A priori* we might imagine, that to imitate as nearly as possible the natural conditions would be the proper plan with an Aquarium; and inasmuch as the animals, for the most part, seek obscurity in a state of nature, we ought not to expose them to strong light in our tanks and vases. But unhappily we cannot

* Second Edition, vol. i. p. 540.

effect of those omitted, only direct observation will instruct us in the best methods. Now, if my experience and that of the friend spoken of, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, can warrant a conclusion, it is one unequivocally in favour of sunlight. The anemones are the best tests, because they seek obscurity in a state of nature; yet morning after morning I observe them closed until placed in the direct rays of the sun, when the oxygen bubbles begin to hang like jewels among the weeds, and the anemones expand their tentacles, rejoicing in the stimulus. To syringe the water is also an excellent the sun must not be allowed to make the water tepid; the blind should be drawn down as the sun approaches the meridian. But you will have no difficulty in ascertaining the amount of exposure which is beneficial; all I wish to intimate, is the advantage of direct sunlight as a stimulus. And now, like the Gracioso in the Spanish plays, I step forward to the footlights, lay my right hand on the place under which popular anatomy supposes the heart to be, and persuasively exclaim :—

"Con que tin el autor da
A esta historia verdadera;
Sus defectos perdonad."

A NEW UNA.

On a bit of English lawn—under the shadow of some half-dozen of those benevolent and magnanimous trees, which do not refuse to grow to their full height and flourish in their full verdure amidst all the dust and noise of London—the sober September sunshine falls at this present writing upon one of the oddest and most picturesque groups that ever delighted a painter's fancy. Through the leaves one catches continual gleams of colour—colour which has not the shallow brightness of European dyes, but rich full tones, subdued and tempered in the glowing looms of the East—and masses of dazzling white, which bear as little resemblance to the airy feminine draperies which we are accustomed to see, as they do to anything in the sombre suit of English wear. Then those dark figures—slender, straight, and supple—gliding about singly, with something of a tragic stride, gathering in graceful groups upon the grass, or squatting in a knot upon the dry gravel, which safe seat they prudently prefer to the softer and damper greensward; the black elf-locks, the turbaned heads of some, the minute white skull-caps and immense muffling veil in which the head and shoulders of others are smothered; the bright-coloured slippers, and naked legs and arms of polished mahogany,—make up a *tout ensemble* more animated, strange, and curious than any which London streets or London sightseers have seen for many a day. The scene altogether reminds one something of the old picturesque accounts of "Muscovy ambassadors," in days long prior to the time when Muscovite diplomates and soldiers began to be linguists and cosmopolitans, and of wild Czar Peter driving his coach over Evelyn's trim hedges at Saye's Court. But these orderly and good-humoured heathens ride down no hedges; on the contrary, they bear the observations of a continual mob around their gates with perfect temper and friendliness—exhibit enviable mouthfuls of white teeth in the broadest smiles—shake cordial hands with their tormentors—make friends with the very boys, happily unaware of their unintelligible "chaffing," and turn admiring looks upon the rosy wondering English babies—bright little groups from the adjacent park, brought here to stare and marvel, whose strange infant beauty seems to touch some universal chord of nature in the strangers' hearts. It is pretty to see the dark liquid Indian eyes brighten at sight of the Saxon bloom of the little children, and throws a certain sentiment of kindness even upon the curious, and by no means courteous, crowd.

The house which contains these

erably large enclosure, and surrounded by a high wall, so that the overflowing household has a little room to breathe. Perhaps a more singular family establishment never was sheltered by an English roof. A miniature court—a little kingdom — embracing every rank, from the grandee to the slave, and called by the name of an invisible personage, who never by any chance, even within the enclosing wall of her own domain, makes the smallest attempt to breathe fresh air, or to see how the sun shines and the winds blow, in this region of barbarians. It is possible to see the princes, who reflect her dignity, and to recognise the nobles of their suite, no less by the rich dress than by the fine step and higher bearing; but nothing in the shape of woman ever makes itself visible amongst those picturesque groups. Even that odd Asiatic figure, supple and nimble, clothed in one primitive garment, and only one, whose dark-brown chest and shoulders scarcely look naked in the polish and colour—he who does his bleaching so carefully, spreading his washing on the green, a conscientious laundry-maid — is a man; and not a female figure appears of the party, though the whole make their appearance under the name of their Queen. For a queen it is, distressed and disinherited, who comes in the old fashion of romance to claim mercy or justice, "a boon, a boon," from the conqueror. Yes, gentle reader, with a difference, it is Una come to the court of Gloriana, to tell the tale of her wrongs, and gain, if she can, a knight-deliverer to slay her dragon and restore her kingdom. It is "an errant damozel of old" come into the heart of the nineteenth century, into the stronghold of laws and constitutional rights, on a forlorn mission of romance, as if the times were when the pity of a queen, or the relenting heart of a prime-minister, could whirl the whole world round again, and undo the great events of fate. It must be hard enough beyond doubt to impress upon the fervid Eastern imagination, used as it is to the far more picturesque and graceful sway of absolute power, which concerns itself no more with the appeal of a queen than with the grievance of a slave, and, far more absolute in its truth and reasonableness than any individual will, takes no heed of the pathos of discrowned majesty, and could hear even the poet's Una, in all her beauty, purity, and sadness, weep out her tears, and cry her cry in vain. Nobody, we presume, has attempted to teach the poor Indian lady the vanity of personal propitiation, or how little individual compassion and sympathy can affect the inexorable course of law — so here she comes with her Oriental wealth to dare the English winter, the November fogs, and the London tradesmen; and very pitiful it is to suppose that courage so venturesome should be spent in vain.

And for so unusual an embassy a stranger dwelling-place could not have been chosen. Past the closed gates night and day loud London hastens Cityward, gaining that goal after two or three miles' journey of unbroken noise, traffic, and merchandise; striking off at right angles, languid carriage-wheels roll into the heavy echoes of the shut-up streets of fashion — a world not long deserted, and deserted only to be filled up again by wealth, magnificence, and luxury greater by far than the barbaric pomp of the Indian princess. Just then, too, in another direction, comfortable competent people by the score and hundred stream out to pleasant suburbs and houses of undemonstrative wealth; behind them a peaceful crowd, of which no man fears his neighbour, sun themselves on the fresh green sod of the Regent's Park. Everywhere the continuous hum of modern life which knows no pause—the tumultuous and eventful existence which scarcely can be quiet even in the dead of night, and day by day, neither apprehends nor experiences any interruption of its continual stream—pours past the slender enclosing wall which protects a people, a race, a royalty, and an errand, whose natural place is thousands of miles away, and at least two centuries back. Wrapt in their strange

picturesque draperies, and bound on their old-world romantic mission, one would suppose them scarcely out of place at those gorgeous ceremonies lately enacted at that old capital of the North, where the young Emperor might, if he would, signalise his beginning of empire after the old princely fashion by granting a kingdom to a woman's prayer; but Heaven save the poor souls where Lords and Commons, Chancellors and Courts of Law, even the *Times* and public opinion, are more omnipotent than king or kaiser — where Una herself, were she in presence, instead of claiming a knight, must fee a barrister—and where there is nothing but a gaping crowd to press round the door of the temporary palace, and pry into the state of the dusky queen!

In the mean time, there can be no doubt that in these dull days, when everything but business is suspended, the establishment of the Queen of Oude is as pretty a spectacle as people imprisoned within dusty streets and walls of brick would desire to see. As many British men in hats and frock-coats, with no brightening trace of womankind among them—what a tame crowd they would be! But not so these many-coloured Orientals, with their glowing shawls, their bright robes, their perpetual variety—a variety so great, that no two figures are alike, and that the same individual, by a sudden trick of his arm, or motion half involuntary, alters his own appearance in a moment, and changes out of his identity to another man. The shawls which wrap round him loosely and gracefully, "anyhow" and anywhere, shoulders, hand, or waist, as the fancy may be, and the great white enveloping veil, one of the most original of vestments, older than the plaid of the Highlander or the blanket of the Arab, the primary use of which seems to be, to shield the head from the stroke of that sun which does *not* shine in England,—admit of innumerable changes, and a constant and most picturesque diversity. With our formal and regulated costume, it is almost impossible to understand, without seeing it, the perfect ease of the Eastern in his flowing garments—how the end of his robe flings over his shoulders if it chances to be in his way, or droops over his arm if it is not; how these same lithe arms slide out of the closer-fitting tunic as their pleasure serves, fastening the robe over the brown breast, and leaving the empty sleeves to dangle, by no means inelegantly, by their side; how the square white plaid, hanging over the head, coils about the neck by a rapid movement—an instantaneous disguise. The action, the ease, and the variety of these miraculous folds is quite inimitable. An English copy, we are persuaded, would elaborate this constantly-changing outline into something fixed, rigid, and systematic. Everybody must have seen some hapless townsman, Scotch or English, as the case might be, bandage himself up, like a broken limb, in a plaid, which the South-country shepherd, or Highlandman to the manner born, threw over him with a careless grace, not to be imitated; but neither the mauds of Galloway nor the tartans of Inverness would bear comparison with the "veils" of the East — and the dark faces looking out from those white mantles, the gleam of the side-long half-savage eye, and glistening brown of the naked arms, give something wild, striking, and magical to the general effect. Even the dark-coloured tunics and loose cloaks which sometimes appear among them, turn out bits of bright lining, rich and harmonious in tone, and define themselves with lines of coloured and embroidered binding, which show the truest skill in costume, and a thorough natural aptitude for that old, old "cut of dress," which we in these days, making a virtue of necessity, hand over, as their undisputed prerogative, to our wives and sisters. We are grieved to be obliged to confess that all these pretty draperies stand somewhat in the way of ordinary occupations — that the unloading of the railway vans which conveyed the goods and chattels of these picturesque people was the most amazing scene of "muddle" we have had the fortune to see. And in the midst of all—a climax to the amusement of the bystanders — one willing member of the splendid party quietly and deliberately unwound himself, cast off his bright plumage

since in a moment shrank out of all the grand and flowing amplitude of his fine garments, a polished, glistening, supple figure, with only the scantiest scrap of clothing besides his own brown skin to make him presentable: perhaps he was our friend the laundry-maid; for it is hard to recognise these dark faces on a far-away inspection like ours.

As a balance, however, to this amusing vignette comes an illustration of the princely splendours of our singular visitants. The princes of Oude themselves are about to drive out—on what, if the commotion it causes be any index to the importance of the occasion, ought to be a visit of state. Their highnesses considerately choose an open carriage, in which the elder sits, bland and amiable, with a head-dress of gold, or of some gold tissue, extremely like a crown, and robes of scarlet and ermine, in which he looks like nothing so much as a medieval king setting out in state to feast with his loyal subjects, or to open his unruly parliament; while the younger, in a dress of dull but glistening yellow, which a stray gleam of sunshine betrays to be cloth-of-gold, and with a sort of helmet, golden or gilded, covering a handsome young head, sits by his side, looking a little impatient and impetuous, the fiery heir-apparent of the same. But for the Anglo-Indian on the box, guide, interpreter, and bear-leader, as we presume to the strangers, and two extraordinary attendants in the seat behind, fanning with snowy napkins their highnesses below, the two princes themselves might have taken their place in any pageant as European royalties, or figured in a historical masque as Henry Beauclerc and one of his fiery sons.

But while everybody else appears in everyday humility sometimes, and sometimes in robes of state—carrying in homely domestic provisions and vulgar bits of furniture, prostrated on squares of carpet performing their devotions, busy about the duties of the laundry, or stalking about idly, with their arms folded in their many-coloured mantling, and that stride which we are in the habit of calling tragic, and which our own opinion has hitherto held the distressed princess, the dusky Una, the discrowned and suppliant queen. Poor lady, shut up in one of those unseen apartments, we do not suppose the Irish applewoman under shelter of her wall envies the unfortunate majesty within, or that one of the humble women who stand about her door, and hold up their hands at sight of her meanest attendant would change places with this fabulous and invisible princess. How this impenetrable seclusion is compatible with her errand, or how, supposing the Queen of these realms were to give her audience, the Queen of Oude could reach even Buckingham Palace, without breaking her heart, and the hearts of all her immediate retinue, under the gaze of London, we are not able to guess. There she sits, unseen in her unchanging atmosphere, in the very centre and midst of us, to whom every wind brings something new, and every day brightens with unthought-of vicissitudes. Strange Eastern world, so fickle, yet so obstinate, shutting its heart against amelioration! strange conquering triumphant restless West! strange contrast bringing the two together in this errand, which places our own constitutional sovereign in the seat of some antique Queen of Love and beauty, turns all our impenetrable statesmen into eager knights waiting for missions of danger, and stakes the welfare and independence of a distant kingdom upon a lady's petition. It is impossible to look without regret upon the fond and mistaken enterprise which makes an appeal of chivalry to the sober and solemn tribunals of our modern life; but a prettier spectacle never was exhibited to the amusement-lacking world, and it is very strange, and wonderfully interesting, by dint of looking over a prosaic wall of brick in commonplace London, to enter by a sudden leap into a life so glowing, primitive, and Oriental, and come into immediate contact, amid all our modern arts and exigencies, with ideas, beliefs, and customs so out-of-the-way and foreign, carrying our imagination afar to deserts and jungles, and leading us back in the history of humankind a thousand years.

AFRICAN TRAVEL.

If exploratory travel continues to be as popular a pursuit among the adventurous youth of our own country as it has recently become, before the close of the century they will have exhausted the source from which so much interest and excitement is at present derived, the few geographical problems still remaining will have been solved, no portion of the earth's surface will have been unvisited, and, like the pages of a well-thumbed book, not a leaf will be left uncut.

We attribute the achievement of these important results to "the adventurous youth" of our own country, because we believe that, of late years, that rapidly-increasing class has contributed in a greater degree to geographical discovery than mere scientific men; indeed, we are well assured, that while here and there a German professor, with spectacles on nose, armed with his butterfly-net and geological hammer, may be poking into the natural history of distant lands, there are at this moment scores of our own countrymen, armed with revolvers, skimming the rivers of North America in bark canoes, *rambling* and *scrambling* across the Rocky Mountains, taking a personal inspection of the Central American difficulty, or galloping across the Pampas. Some are living on damper in the wildest bush of Australia, others sailing among South Sea Islands, shooting Himalayan pheasants or Thibetian goats, ascending Mont Blanc or Mount Ararat, journeying in Cape ox-wagons, following on the backs of uneasy camels the winding caravan across the infinite sands of Arabia, camping out on African deserts, or mayhap lying in some walled city, the prisoners of a suspicious and fanatical ruler in Central Asia. The object which has impelled these gentlemen to place themselves in these various attitudes of discomfort and danger, has, in the majority of cases, been simply "the fun of the thing"—a love of adventure, which seems to be a more powerful motive in the minds of Englishmen than a love of science, and which has the merit of increasing in intensity in exact proportion as the chances of existence diminish. That this characteristic is almost purely Anglo-Saxon, is proved by the fact that no other country produces a similar race of travellers. Foreigners regard with astonishment men who, with wealth and position at home, leave their own comfortable firesides to encounter unknown perils; while the contempt which we feel for so great a want of enterprise on their part may perhaps in some measure account for that unpopularity which we enjoy abroad, arising from a dislike which is not unnaturally felt by those who shun danger towards those who court it.

Undoubtedly the most promising field for developing the energies of this class of our countrymen is at the present moment Africa. We have no reason to complain of a want of enterprise in this direction, but still much remains to be done. Within the last few years a great deal of light has been thrown upon this interesting country. Livingston has bisected its southern extremity as far as the ninth parallel of southern latitude, and crossed over from Loando to Quillimane; Galton has discovered and lived amongst the Ovampo; Gordon Cumming has shot upon the banks of the Limpopo; Barth has navigated Lake Tchad, and spent nearly a year at unvisited Timbuctoo; Baikie has forced a steamer into the unexplored waters of the Binüe; Werne has traced the White Nile to the base of snow-clad mountains; and Mansfield Parkyns has been naturalised in Tigrè; Krapf and Erhardt, from behind Zanzibar bring us astounding news of the enormous reported extent of the unknown lake Nyassi; and Mr. James Hamilton has given us an account of his explorations amid the ruins of the Cyrenaica and Agharme; while

First Footsteps in East Africa, or an Exploration of Harar. By Richard F. Burton.

in the volume before us we have Mr. Burton's visit to Harar, the Timbuctoo of Eastern Africa, a city which, though often attempted, had never before been visited. "The ancient metropolis of a once mighty race," says Mr. Burton, "the only permanent settlement in Eastern Africa—the reported seat of Moslem learning—a walled city of stone-houses, possessing its independent chiefs, its peculiar population, its unknown language, and its coinage—the emporium of the coffee-trade—the birthplace of the kat-plant, and the great manufactory of cotton cloths, amply, it appeared, deserved the trouble of exploration."

That Mr. Burton was successful in this important enterprise, was due not only to the prudence and courage which, under various trying circumstances, he displayed, but also to that perfect knowledge of the religion, language, and manners of those amongst whom he was thrown, and which, as our old friend Hadji Abdullah, he exhibited in so eminent a degree during that pilgrimage to Mecca, which has made his name famous, and given him a position equal to that most celebrated of Eastern travellers, Burckhardt.

In describing the unscientific explorers, to whom we aver that geography is so much indebted, we would scarcely include Mr. Burton. He seems, on the contrary, to be an Admirable Critchon; he has taken his degree as a Master Sufi—sufi-ism being the Eastern parent of free-masonry—and is a Mahometan theologian of no mean pretensions among Mussulmans. He ranks high in their estimation as a pundit, for, in addition to three or four Eastern tongues which he knows thoroughly, he has a smattering of as many more, while he is as much at home in European as in Asiatic languages. He gives us very fair specimens of his poetry, and is as ready to take a sketch as to make an observation. He is skilled in the use of drugs, having practised as a physician at Cairo; knows something of botany, and a good-deal of geology; is an expert swordsman, and a good shot; in fact, he unites a multitude of those accomplishments which are most indispensable to a traveller, and of the value of which he is evidently thoroughly aware. At one moment we find him discussing with a learned man, upon whom he thus brings his divinity to bear with great effect:—

"The gerad, after polite inquiries, seated me by his right hand upon the dais, where I eat kat and fingered my rosary whilst he transacted the business of the day. Then one of the elders took from a little recess in the wall a large book, and, uncovering it, began to recite a long dua or blessing upon the Prophet. At the end of each period all present intoned the response, 'Allah bless our Lord Mohammed, with his progeny and his companions, one and all!' This exercise, lasting half an hour, afforded me the opportunity—much desired—of making an impression. The reader, mislead by a marginal reference, happened to say, 'Angels, men, and genii;' the gerad took the book and found written 'Men, angels, and genii.' Opinions were divided as to the order of beings, when I explained that human nature, which, amongst Moslems, is *not* a little lower than the angelic, ranked highest, because of it were created prophets, apostles, and saints; whereas the other is but a 'Wasitah,' or connection between the Creator and His creatures. My theology won general approbation, and a few kinder glances from the elders."

Sometimes he deals in charms and incantations, to the satisfaction and edification of the natives, and effects thereby his own release from divers troubles. This proceeding is not always, however, unattended with inconvenient results. On one occasion an old gentleman is importunate for a charm to cure his sick camel. "Having obtained it," says our author, "he blessed us in a set speech, which lasted at least half an hour, and concluded with spitting upon the whole party for good luck." On another occasion his progress is arrested by about fifty Bedouins, "who declared that all which was ours became theirs, to whom the land belonged. We did not deny the claim, but simply threatened sorcery death, by wild beasts and foraging-parties, to their camels, children, and women. This brought them to their senses, the usual effect of such threats; and presently arose the senior, and spat upon us for luck's sake." Occasionally he resorts to his sword or revolver to procure him that respect which a skilful use of such weapons never

ary English traveller that these accomplishments are displayed; for the guise in which our quondam pilgrim made his dash into Africa, we will quote his own words:—

"I am a Moslem merchant—a character not to be confounded with the notable individuals seen on 'Change. Mercator in the East is a compound of tradesman, divine, and T. G. Usually of gentle birth, he is everywhere welcomed and respected; and he bears in his mind and manner, that, if Allah please, he may become prime-minister a month after he has sold you a yard of cloth. Commerce appears to be an accident, not an essential, with him; yet he is by no means deficient in acumen. He is a grave and reverend signior, with rosary in hand and Koran on lip; is generally a pilgrim, talks at dreary length about holy places, writes a pretty hand, has read and can recite much poetry, is master of his religion, demeans himself with respectability, is perfect in all points of ceremony and politeness, and feels equally at home whether sultan or slave sit upon his counter; he has a wife and children in his own country, where he intends to spend the remnant of his days; but 'the world is uncertain;' 'fate descends, and man's eyes seeth it not;' 'the earth is a charnel-house;' briefly, his many wise saws give him a kind of theoretical consciousness that his bones may moulder in other places than his fatherland."

Such, then, is Hadji Abdullah, the merchant and pilgrim; and we have been at some pains to describe him to our readers, that they may thoroughly appreciate the character in whose eccentric company we propose to show them Harar, and they may congratulate themselves upon having found so remarkable and able a guide.

A few words may be necessary to describe the object of the expedition. On his return from his pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, Mr. Burton conceived the idea of reviving the Somali expedition, a project which had at various former periods been entertained, but which had for divers reasons always fallen to the ground. In August 1854, the author, together with Lieutenants Speke, Stroyan, and Herne, of the East India Company's service, received permission to undertake the principal expedition, which was intended to penetrate from Berbereh to Zanzibar, it was deemed necessary that the winter should be employed in making experimental trips, and acquiring as much local information as possible. Lieutenants Herne and Stroyan were consequently sent to Berbereh; Lieutenant Speke made an expedition to the eastward of that town, into the Somali country, and Lieutenant Burton went to Harar. This town is situated in the Galla country to the south of Abyssinia, and is about two hundred miles distant from the shores of the Indian Ocean. Our author determined to proceed by way of Zayla, a port not far to the south of the Straits of Babelmandeb, and which contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and to return by Berbereh. His route thus forms a triangle, of which the coast of Africa is the base, and Harar the apex. On the last day of October 1854, he arrived at Zayla in a small native craft from Aden, accompanied by three Somali servants, whom he had engaged at that place, and was hospitably received by the governor, Hadji Sharmakay, a dependent of the Turkish pashalic of Hodaydah. Mr. Burton remained a month at Zayla, whilst a route was traced out, guides were propitiated, camels were bought, mules sent for, and all the wearisome preliminaries of African travel gone through. But let not the reader suppose that during this interval, spent by himself in a miserable collection of hovels tenanted only by Bedouin Arabs and savage Somalis, existence was a burden to our friend the Hadji; on the contrary, no sooner does he find himself ensconced in his new abode, "a long room with shutters to exclude the light, floored with tamped earth, full of evening-flyers (the Somali name for bats), and destitute of furniture (except mats and cushions), than he enthusiastically exclaims, pious Moslem that he is, on hearing the melodious chant of the muezzin, "After a peep through the open window I fell asleep, feeling once more at home." Nor, to judge from his account of the manner in which he

passed his days, does there seem any affectation in this assertion. In the morning he ascends to his house-top, ostensibly to pray, but really to ogle two young ladies on a neighbouring roof. They are sisters by different mothers.

"The daughter of an Indian woman is a young person of fast propensities. Her chocolate-coloured skin, long hair, and parrot-like profile are much admired by the elegants of Zayla, and she coquettes by combing, dancing, singing, and slapping the slave-girls whenever an adorer may be looking. We sober-minded men, seeing her, quote the well-known lines:—

Without justice a king is a cloud without rain;
Without goodness a sage is a field without fruit;
Without manners a youth is a bridleless horse;
Without lore an old man is a waterless wady;
Without modesty a woman is bread without salt.

The other is a matron of Abyssinian descent, as her skin, scarcely darker than a gypsy's, her long and bright blue fillet, and her gaudily-fringed dress denote. She tattoos her face; a livid line extends from her front hair to the tip of her nose; between her eyebrows is an ornament resembling a fleur-de-lis, and various beauty-spots adorn the corners of her mouth and the flats of her countenance. She passes her day superintending the slave-girls and weaving mats, the worsted work of this part of the world. We soon made acquaintance, as far as an interchange of salaams. I regret, however, to say, that there was some scandal about my charming neighbour, and that more than once she was detected making signals to distant persons with her hands."

After this our Hadji breakfasts on sour grain cakes and roast mutton, and then receives visitors, who crowd daily to sit at his feet. Sometimes the conversation becomes intensely intellectual, sometimes they dispute religion, sometimes politics, at others history, and other humanities. When his visitors are Arab, the Hadji good-naturedly reads aloud to them a tale from the thousand and one Nights; generally the society is Somal, "who talk in their own tongue, laugh, yell, stretch their legs, and lie like cattle upon the floor, smoking the common hookah, which stands in the centre, industriously cleaning their teeth with sticks, and eating snuff like Swedes. Meanwhile I occupy the kursi or couch, sometimes muttering from a book to excite respect, or reading aloud for general information, or telling fortunes by palmistry, or drawing out a horoscope."

"It argues 'peculiarity,' I own," says our author naively, "to enjoy such a life. In the first place, there is no woman's society." For a man who despises this latter inestimable blessing, the Hadji, according to his own showing, seems a somewhat unnecessarily regular visitant to his house-top. After the morning calls comes the dinner, and our traveller "enjoys" "mutton stews of exceeding greasiness, boiled rice, maize cakes, sometimes fish, and generally curds or milk." In the afternoon he plays chess, shoots at a mark, throws the javelin, leaps, or engages in gymnastic exercises, in company with his jabbering, yelling, smoking, greasy, teeth-cleaning, snuff-eating friends and companions. After dinner, under the influence of this society, he becomes poetical, and naturally again repairs to the roof,—this time, however, "to enjoy the prospect of the far Tajurrah hills and the white moonbeams sleeping on the nearer sea. The evening star hangs like a diamond upon the still horizon; around the moon a pink zone of light mist shading off into turquoise blue, and a delicate green-like chrysoprase, invests the heavens with a peculiar charm. The scene is truly suggestive. Behind us, purpling in the night air, and silvered by the radiance from above, lie the wolds and mountains tenanted by the fiercest of savages, their shadowy mysterious forms exciting vague alarms in the traveller's breast. Sweet as the harp of David, the night breeze and the music of the water come up from the sea, but the ripple and the rustling sound alternate with the hyena's laugh, the jackal's cry, and the wild dog's lengthened howl,"—and then the pilgrim bursts into song, and translates, with much sweetness and feeling, a melancholy lay by the celebrated poet Abd-el-Rahman-el-Burai, and his companions become

imaginative and superstitious, a black slave from Sawahil reads his fortunes on his rosary, and ghost-stories are told, and omens discussed, till the company at last disperse, and Hadji Abdullah's shaven crown reposes for the night upon a dwarf pedestal of carved wood with a curve, which serves for a pillow. On Friday he goes to church, where his devout comportment, and the unctuous twang with which he recites the Koran, procure for him in Somali society a high reputation for sanctity.

At last he is provided with that indispensable accompaniment to Somali travel, an Abban or protector, whose office seems to be to place in the way of his protégé every possible obstacle, and always to leave him in times of difficulty and danger; and the mules arrive, and the camels are bought, and their drivers engaged, and they sing the song of travel, which sounds pleasantly in the ears of the pilgrim, for it is significant of loading:—

"O caravan men, we deceive ye not, we have laden the camels!
Old women on the journey are kenned by their sleeping;
(O Camel) canst sniff the cock-boat and the sea?
Allah guard thee from the Mikahil and their Midgana."

And his bosom-friends and boon-companions accompany the wanderer on the first mile of his march. "Here we exchanged affectionate adieus, received much prudent advice about keeping watch and ward at night, recited the Fatihah with upraised palms, and, with many promises to write frequently and to meet soon, shook hands and parted. The soldiers gave me a last volley, to which I replied with the Father of Six." We whose only experience of Somalis has been at Aden, where they first burst upon the astonished gaze of the overland passenger as he looks over the ship's side, in the form of an entirely new species of amphibious humanity, whom he might mistake for gigantic frogs, did they not keep up an incessant shout for *backsheesh*, and whose frizzled brickdust-coloured polls now dance upon the surface of the water, and anon disappear under the ship's quarter as they dive for halfpennies, may well congratulate Hadji Abdullah upon the intimate and affectionate relations he has cultivated with the most unprepossessing race of savages the traveller is likely to encounter between this and Feejee, and upon a freedom from prejudice with regard to the sons of Ham which we would recommend to the notice of our Transatlantic brethren. He complacently remarks, "in every corner where fate drops him for a month," he finds "a friend of the soul," "a moon-faced beauty." At present the friends of his soul wear locks dripping with rancid butter. "The colouring matter of the hair being usually a bluish black, which is removed by a mixture of quicklime and water, or in the desert by a lessive of ashes, this makes it a dull yellowish white, which is converted into red permanently by henna, temporarily by ochreish earth kneaded with water." These friends sometimes wear perukes of crimsoned sheepskin, sometimes a white or black scratch-wig. "They have broad turned-out lips, chins projecting to the detriment of the facial angle, the teeth projecting as in the negro, but not so good, while the habit of perpetually chewing coarse Surat tobacco stains them, the gums become black and mottled, and the use of ashes with the quid discolours the lips." "Curious to say," remarks the Hadji, "throughout the Somali country kissing is entirely unknown." We don't wonder at it under the circumstances, when we add to the tobacco-stained ash-begrimed lips of the Somali maiden "massive rounded features, large flat craniums, long big eyes, broad brows, heavy chins, hair parted in the middle and plaited in a multitude of hard thin pigtails, or on festivals twined with flowers, while the head is plastered with a red ochre,"—we must say that the Hadji's notion of a "moon-faced beauty" is only a degree less original than that of the Hottentot.

But we must follow the fortunes of our traveller, as, having reluctantly torn himself from so much charming society, he jogs his weary way over the arid wastes of Somali-land. He gives a humorous description of his

plain is an expanse of waving sunburnt grass, so unbroken, that from a distance it resembles the nap of yellow velvet. With the exception of a false alarm, and the presence of a huge lion in the middle of the party, which the Hadji put to flight with his rifle, he met with no adventure. Shortly after passing this dangerous tract, he finally quitted the desert and its inhabitants; a rich, well-watered country, with a settled population, burst upon his delighted gaze, and more than rewarded him for his toils and hardships.

"Suddenly, as though by magic, the scene shifted: before us lay a little alp, the second step of the Ethiopian highland; around were high and jagged hills, their sides black with teak and Somali pine, and their upper brows veiled with a thin growth of cactus; beneath was a deep valley, in the midst of which rose a serpentine of shining waters, the gladdest spectacle we had yet witnessed; further in front, masses of hill rose abruptly from shady valleys, encircled on the far horizon by a straight line of blue ground, resembling a distant sea. Behind us glared the desert. We had now reached the outskirts of civilisation, where man, abandoning his flocks and herds, settles, cultivates, and attends to the comforts of life. The fields are either terraces upon the hill-slopes or the sides of valleys, divided by flowery hedges, with lanes between, not unlike those of rustic England; and on a nearer approach, the daisy, the thistle, and the sweetbrier pleasantly affected my European eyes. The villages are no longer movable; the kraal and wigwam are replaced by the gambisa or bell-shaped hut of middle Africa; circular cottages of holcus-wattle, covered with coarse dab, and surmounted by a stiff conical thatch roof, above which appears the central supporting post, crowned with a gourd or ostrich egg."

And so he passed along these smiling valleys, where the boys were perched upon reed platforms in the trees to drive off thieving birds; where the men were thrashing and the women stacking the yellow corn; where the song of the harvest-home sounded pleasantly in his ears, and the hum of man's habitation was a music to one who had pitched his tents for more than a month in the silent desert. In this fairyland he was hospitably entertained by the Princess Sudiyah, who, in the absence of her husband, placed the resources of her capital at his disposal. "She was a tall woman, with a light complexion, handsomely dressed in a large Harar tobe, with silver earrings, and a necklace strung with little silver bells." Here the Hadji, like a wise man, finding himself in good quarters, rested from his journeyings, and employs his time in collecting materials for an account of his home among the settled Somal, which is doubly interesting, because he was the first European who had ever visited them, but which we have not space to notice, if we intend to get to Harar itself. Whether Mr. Burton would ever do so, depended in a great measure upon the good offices of the husband of the lady with whom he had now taken up his abode, and who in due time arrived, surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of an influential chief. "Adan Bin Kauchan," says our traveller, "was in appearance a strong wiry Bedouin; before obtaining from me a turban, he wore his hair dyed dun; about forty-five years old, at least six feet high, with decided features, a tricky smile, and an uncertain eye. In character he proved to be one of those cunning idiots so peculiarly difficult to deal with." It is in the management of such men that the experienced traveller may exhibit that quality upon which the success of his explorations chiefly depends. An enduring frame, undaunted courage, and indefatigable energy, are valuable attributes, but of small avail if not combined with one still more essential—*tact*. That Mr. Burton possesses it in an eminent degree is shown in his treatment of the Gerad Adan, and still more in his intercourse with the Amir of Harar. When the Gerad heard of his intention to visit that city, "he confessed fear of his Harari kinsman, and owned that he had lost all his villages in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. I asked him, point-blank, to escort us; he as frankly replied, that it was impossible." This was not encouraging; and as if still more to perplex and daunt the

able destruction awaited him within the walls. His servants took alarm, one of them refused to go; in fact, matters looked as unpropitious and disagreeable as they well could. Under these circumstances, Mr. Burton hit upon the following notable plan: "I wrote," he says, "an English letter from the political agent at Aden to the Amir of Harar, proposing to deliver it in person, and throw off my disguise. Two reasons influenced me in adopting this 'neck-or-nothing' plan. All the races amongst whom my travels lay hold him nidering who hides his origin in places of danger; and, secondly, my white face had converted me into a Turk, a nation more hated and detested than any European, without our prestige." Then, leaving the greater part of his baggage with the most timid of his servants, and a letter addressed to Lieut. Herne at Berbereh, directing him how to act in case of necessity, the undaunted Hadji mounted his ass, and, accompanied by some of the Ghiri tribe, whose escort he had prevailed upon the Adan to grant, and two of his own servants, proceeds to place his head in the jaws of the lion. After a thirty miles' ride, through a rich well-watered country, the object of his aspirations appears in sight. "About two miles distant, on the crest of a hill, stood the city, the end of my present travel, a long sombre line, contrasting strikingly with the whitewashed towns of the East. The spectacle, materially speaking, was a disappointment; nothing conspicuous appeared but two grey minarets of rude shape; many would have grudged exposing three lives to win so paltry a prize. But of all that have attempted, none ever succeeded in entering that pile of stones. The thoroughbred traveller will understand my exultation."

A couple of hours more and he is in the palace court, surrounded by Galla courtiers, and seated near a low building, which the clanking of fetters argued to be a state prison. At last he was roused from the agreeable reflection which this circumstance was likely to engender by a summons to the royal presence, and, following long single-storied windowless barn which served as a palace. The Amir sat on a raised cot in a dark room with whitewashed walls, decorated with rusty matchlocks and polished fetters. He was not more than twenty-five, plain, and thin-bearded, with a yellow complexion and protruding eyes.

"I entered the room with a loud 'peace be upon ye,' to which his highness, replying graciously, and extending a hand bony and yellow as a kite's claw, snapped his thumb and middle finger. Two chamberlains, stepping forward, held my forearms, and assisted me to bend low over the fingers, which, however, I did not kiss, being naturally averse to performing that operation upon any but a woman's hand." Then followed the cross-examination and delivery of the fictitious letter, and an elaborate explanation by the Hadji of the affectionate interest which the English generally, and the agent at Aden especially, feel in the Amir of Harar, which caused a propitious smile to light up the countenance of that dignitary, and he retired in high favour, much to the astonishment of the world at large, who never expected to see him reappear. After this comes a visit to the Vizir, then the presentation of a revolver to the Amir, and the installation of the party in a clean house set apart for them, where the traveller lay down to rest, "worn out by fatigue, and profoundly impressed with the *poësie* of our position." Considering that he was under the roof of a bigoted prince, whose least word was death, and amongst a people who detest foreigners, "the poetical," as enjoyed by the Hadji, must be an acquired taste.

During the ten days the traveller spent at Harar he obtained a fund of information which he has pleasantly given to the public; for the history of the town, the origin of the Amir, the character of its language, we must refer the curious to the work itself. The city contains 8000 extremely ugly inhabitants, to judge from Mr. Burton's description of them; they are fanatic Moslems, and very exclusive. The flowing gar-

surrounding the city is peopled by Gallas, amongst whom Mr. Burton heard of traders who had visited the far west, traversing for seven months a country of pagans wearing golden bracelets, till they reached the salt sea, upon which Franks sail in ships. He also made the acquaintance of a man who had visited the source of the Blue Nile from Harar. The houses are mean, and generally built of Holcus stalks and dab; the furniture a few skins, stools, coarse mats, and Somali pillows, wooden spoons, gourds, &c.; the exports slaves, ivory, coffee, tobacco, tobes, for the manufacture of which Harar is very celebrated; sheep's fat and tallow of sorts. Three caravans leave Harar every year for the Berbereh market, and there can be no doubt that, were greater security offered to traders, an important commerce might be developed. It has a coinage peculiar to itself, consisting of a diminutive brass piece, with "the coinage of Harar" on one side, and the date on the reverse. The greater part of the Hadji's time, as usual, is occupied in receiving visits from a most diverse assortment of callers. And he becomes an adept in the art of masticating kat—a narcotic grown only in perfection in the neighbourhood of the town, but renowned throughout the East. The people of Harar eat it every day from 9 A.M. till noon, when they dine, and afterwards indulge in millet-beer, and mead.

The second interview accorded by the Amir to the traveller is scarcely so satisfactory as the first. He was asked whether it was his intention to buy and sell at Harar: the reply was, "we are no buyers or sellers; we have become your guests, to pay our respects to the Amir, whom may Allah preserve! and that the friendship between the two powers may endure." Mr. Burton then went on to say, that, the air of Harar being too dry for him, he requested permission to depart. The Vizir said, "the reply would be vouchsafed," and Mr. Burton retired to contemplate "the poetry" of the position, and to vary the even tenor and listening to the reports and rumours of visitors." His stay at Harar was assuming the character of imprisonment, when fortunately the medical skill of the Hadji came to his assistance. The Vizir was suffering illness. "I had distinguished his complaint, chronic bronchitis, and, resolving to make a final impression, related to him all its symptoms, and promised on reaching Aden to send the different remedies employed by ourselves. He clung to the hope of escaping his sufferings, whilst the attendant courtiers looked on approvingly, and begged me to lose no time." The result was a final audience with the Amir, in which he received permission to depart, which was responded to by the Hadji in a short prayer, the gist of which was that the Amir's days and reign might be long in the land, and that the faces of his foes might be blackened here and hereafter.

Three days after this we find the Hadji passing out of the gates of Harar, moralising, as he bestrides his ass, upon the shadowy and unsubstantial nature of success. He reaches the villages of the Gerad Adan, finds there his servants and baggage, and, after the usual delays, at last effects a start for Berbereh. After crossing the Marar Prairie, Mr. Burton determined, on account of the weakness of the camels, and the danger of the country he was about to travel, to send them back to Zayla, and make a forced ride himself to Berbereh, accompanied by a few of his attendants. "It was not without apprehension," he says, "that I pocketed all my remaining provisions—five biscuits, a few limes, and sundry lumps of sugar. Any delay or accident to our mules would starve us. In the first place we were about to traverse a desert; and, secondly, where Habr Awal, where they would not sell meat or milk to Habr Gerhajis." It was a bold measure, and had nearly terminated the wanderings of the intrepid pilgrim.

"For four-and-twenty hours we did not taste water; the sun parched our brains, the mirage mocked us at every turn, and the effect was a species of

image unconnected with the want suggested itself—water ever lay before me—water lying deep in the shady well—water in streams bubbling icy from the rock—water in pellucid lakes inviting me to plunge and revel in their treasures. Now an Indian cloud was showering upon me fluid more precious than molten pearl—then an invisible hand offered a bowl for which the mortal part would have gladly bartered years of life—then, drear contrast! I opened my eyes to a heat-reeking plain, and a sky of that eternal metallic blue so lovely to painter and poet, so blank and deathlike to us, whose καλον was tempest, rain-storm, and the huge purple nimbus. I tried to talk—it was in vain; vainly to think, every idea was bound up in one subject—water!"

Now that Mr. Burton has returned in safety to tell the tale, we can scarcely regret that he should have undergone an experience which has afforded him an opportunity of describing in such impressive terms that great bugbear of the African traveller,—thirst.

The art of chronicling his observations and adventures is indeed not the least of the varied acquirements of our author. We are struck at every page with the extent and variety of the information which, during his short sojourn in Somaliland, he has managed to obtain. To one not curious in African dialects his disquisitions upon the languages of the country are even wearisome, but show an indefatigable industry. He has collected a vocabulary of Harari words, and given us a short account of the grammatical construction of the language.

His careful observations of the physical aspect of the country, its productions and resources, are full of interest. Occasionally the scenery affords an excuse for warmer terms than those which usually apply to Africa. The descent to the sea is thus described:—

"This ravine, the Splugen of Somaliland, led us, after a few hours' ride, to the Wady Duntu, a gigantic mountain-cleft, formed by the violent action of torrents. The chasm winds abruptly between lofty walls of syenite and pink granite, glittering with flaky mica, and streaked with dykes and veins of snowy bed were wonderfully twisted around a central nucleus, as green boughs might be bent above a tree. Above, the hill-tops towered in the air, here denuded of vegetable soil by the heavy monsoon, there clothed from the base to brow with green trees, whose verdure was delicious to behold. The channel was now sandy, then flagged with limestone in slippery sheets, or horrid with rough boulders; at times the path was clear and easy, at others a precipice of twenty or thirty feet, which must be a little cataract after rain, forced us to fight our way through the obstinate stones that defended some spur of ragged hill."

Our space will not allow us to follow Mr. Burton in his minute description of the manners and customs of the various tribes through which he passed, in which he tells of their quaint superstitions and barbarous punishments, of their poets and prophets, of their laws of government and laws of marriage. One specimen of the latter will suffice for our fair readers. "On first entering the nuptial hut, the bridegroom draws forth his horse-whip, and inflicts memorable chastisement upon the fair person of the bride, with a view of taming any lurking propensity to shrewishness." Four is the usual allowance of wives in Somaliland: polygamy, according to Mr. Burton, being indispensable in a country where children are the principal wealth. "I would not, however," philosophically remarks the Hadji, "advise polygamy amongst highly-civilised races when the sexes are nearly equal, and where reproduction becomes a minor duty." The sooner the Hadji returns to Somaliland the better. His opinions are much too advanced for "the highly-civilised race" amongst whom he is at present sojourning. Indeed, in his capacity of pilgrim, Master Sufi, experienced soothsayer and dispenser of charms and talismans, he is thrown away in a London club. Let him follow the bent of his natural instincts, and anoint himself. "At first," he says, "the sensation of grease annoys; after a few days it is forgotten, and at last the pat of butter is expected as pleasantly as the pipe or cup of coffee." Let him then go forth greased into the wilderness; he need

ness in the desert air" there. It is upon the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall" that his perfume is not properly appreciated; and let him send home from thence more pleasant accounts of his eccentric wanderings, and graphic descriptions of his discoveries and adventures.

At last, worn out with fatigue, Mr. Burton reached Berbereh, having accomplished the journey from Harar in an incredibly short time. Here he found Lieutenants Herne and Stroyan, and after visiting some of the points of interest near it, he returned to Aden to prepare for the grand expedition. About the same time Lieut. Speke arrived at Aden from his experimental trip through a tract of the Somali country formerly unvisited by any European, and which lies between Berbereh and Cape Guardafui. Although he failed in reaching the Wady Nogal, the principal object of his expedition, owing to the treachery of his Abban or protector, he penetrated for some distance into the interior, and gained a great deal of interesting information with respect to the tribes inhabiting that portion of the country. A resumé of Mr. Speke's observations is appended to Mr. Burton's work, but it lacks the interest of a personal narrative; and we much regret that the experiences of one whose extensive wanderings had already so well qualified him for the task, and who has shown himself so able an explorer, should not have been chronicled at greater length, and thrown into a form which would have rendered them more interesting to the general reader. Mr. Speke landed at a place called Las Kuray, a collection of twenty or thirty huts, but which derives its importance from three large and six small forts which command it, and from its being the residence of the sultan or chief of the Warsingali tribe, of whose territory it is the capital. The jealousy of this man, and the connivance of the Abban or protector in his schemes of opposition to Mr. Speke, operated as an insurmountable obstacle to the prosecution of the expedition beyond thirty or forty miles from the coast. At this point the traveller discovered some extensive ruins. Some of these

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The tents were pitched in line, M

Messrs. Herne and Burton occupied one in the centre, and Mr. Speke slept in one on the left.

"Between 2 and 3 A. M. on the 19th April (writes Mr. Burton), I was suddenly aroused by the Balyuz (captain of the caravan), who cried aloud that the enemy were upon us (the attacking party was afterwards said to be 350 strong). Hearing a rush of men like a stormy wind, I sprang up, called for my sabre, and sent Lieutenant Herne to ascertain the cause of the foray. Armed with a Colt, he went to the rear and left of the camp, the direction of danger, collected some of the guard, others having already disappeared, and fired two shots into the assailants. Then finding himself alone, he turned hastily towards the tent; in so doing he was tripped up by the ropes, and as he rose a Somali appeared in the act of striking at him with a club. Lieutenant Herne fired, floored the man, and, returning, he declared that the enemy was in great force, and the guard nowhere. Meanwhile I had aroused Lieutenants Stroyan and Speke, who were sleeping in the extreme right and left tents. The former, it is supposed, rose to defend himself, but, as the sequel shows, we never saw him alive."

The battle now commenced in earnest.

"The enemy swarmed like hornets, with shouts intended to terrify, and proving the overwhelming odds that were against us. It was by no means easy to avoid in the shades of night the jobbing of javelins, and the long heavy daggers thrown at our legs from under and through the opening of the tent. We three remained together; Lieutenant Herne knelt by my right, on my left was Lieutenant Speke guarding the entrance. I stood in the centre, having nothing but a sabre. The revolvers were used by my companions with deadly effect. Unfortunately there was but one pair. When the fire was exhausted, Lieutenant Herne went to search for his powder-horn, and, that failing, to find some spears usually tied to the tent-pole. Whilst thus engaged he saw a man breaking into the rear of our tent, and came back to inform me of the circumstance."

To avoid beng entangled in the falling tent, Mr. Burton now gave the word for escape, closely followed by his two companions. Fortunately the day before a small native craft had come into the harbour, and anchored off the camp, and Mr. Burton native master. They determined, therefore, to make for the shore, in the hope of getting on board the vessel. It was "sauve qui peut," and the three companions were soon separated in the melée. Mr. Burton cut his way through the enemy, whose war-clubs worked without mercy, and reached the shore as by a miracle, not, however, until a javelin had pierced both cheeks. Here he found himself alone in the darkness, and spent the interval before dawn wandering in search of his comrades, and lying down when overcome with faintness and pain. As day broke he found his way to the head of the creek, and was carried on board the vessel. Lieutenant Herne, meanwhile, had made for the now deserted town, using the butt-end of his discharged revolver as his weapon. More fortunate than either of his companions, with the exception of sundry stiff blows with the war-club, he escaped unhurt, and remained concealed among the empty huts until daylight enabled him to steal his way to the friendly craft where his comrade had already found an asylum. Lieutenant Speke's escape was so miraculous that we quote it at length:—

"Sallying from the tent, he levelled his Dean and Adams close to an assailant's breast. The pistol refused to revolve. A sharp blow of a war-club upon the chest felled our comrade, who was in the rear, and unseen. When he fell, two or three men sprang upon him, pinioned his hands behind, felt him for concealed weapons, an operation to which he submitted in some alarm, and led him towards the rear, as he supposed, to be slaughtered. Then Lieutenant Speke, who could scarcely breathe from the pain of the blow, asked a captor to tie his hands before instead of behind, and begged a drop of water to relieve his excruciating thirst. The savage defended him against a number of the Somal, who came up threatening and brandishing their spears; he brought a cloth for the wounded man to lie upon, and lost no time in procuring a draught of water. Lieutenant Speke remained upon the ground till dawn. During the interval he witnessed the war-dance of the savages—a scene striking in the extreme. The tallest and largest warriors marched in a ring round the huts and

most solemn tones the song of thanksgiving. At a little distance the grey uncertain light disclosed four or five men lying desperately hurt, whilst their kinsmen kneaded their limbs, poured water upon their wounds, and placed lumps of dates in their stiffening hands. As day broke the division of plunder caused angry passions to arise. The dead and dying were abandoned. One party made a rush upon the cattle, and with shouts and yells drove them off to the wilds. Some loaded themselves with goods; others fought over pieces of cloth, which they tore with hand and dagger; whilst the disappointed, vociferating with rage, struck at one another, and brandished their spears. More than once during these scenes a panic seized them. They moved off in a body to some distance; and there is little doubt that, had our guard struck one blow, we might still have won the day. Lieutenant Speke's captor went to seek his own portion of the spoil, when a Somal came up and asked him, in Hindostani, what business the Frank had in their country; and added, that he would kill him if a Christian, but spare the life of a brother Moslem. The wounded man replied that he was going to Zanzibar, that he was still a Nazarene, and therefore that the work had better be done at once. The savage laughed, and passed on. He was succeeded by a second, who, equally compassionate, whirled a sword round his head, twice pretended to strike, but returned to the plunder without doing damage. Presently came another manner of assailant. Lieutenant Speke, who had extricated his hands, caught the spear levelled at his breast, but received, at the same moment, a blow from a club, which, paralysing his arm, caused him to lose his hold. In defending his heart from a succession of thrusts, he received severe wounds on the back of his hand, his right shoulder, and his left thigh. Pausing a little, the wretch crossed to the other side, and suddenly passed his spear clean through the right leg of the wounded man. The latter, smelling death, then leapt up, and, taking advantage of his assailant's terror, rushed headlong towards the sea. Looking back, he avoided the javelin hurled at his back, and had the good fortune to run, without further accident, the gauntlet of a score of missiles. When pursuit was discontinued, he sat down faint from loss of blood, upon a sandhill. Recovering strength by a few minutes' rest, he proceeded on his way, and met where some old women directed him t us. Then, pursuing his way, he fell i with the party sent to seek him, an with their aid reached the craft, havin walked and run at least three miles a ter receiving eleven wounds, two which had pierced his thighs."

"A touching lesson," remarks Haji, "how difficult it is to kill a man i sound health." Poor Stroyan's corps was afterwards brought on board. A spear had traversed his heart; anc ther had pierced his abdomen, and frightful gash, apparently of a sword had opened the upper part of his fore head. The body had been bruise with war-clubs, and the thighs show ed marks of violence after death They buried their lamented comrade and then, with heavy hearts, set sai for Aden; and after two tedious days carried to their friends there the new of unexpected disaster.

From the foregoing description o the treachery and ferocity of thes savages, the hazard of the enterpris so ably accomplished by Mr. Burto will be better appreciated than i would otherwise have been; and afte such an experience we might hav supposed that he and his friend would have been cured of their lov of African exploration. So far fro this being the case, the Eastern pro verb that "disappointment is th salt of life" seems to hold good wit them; for, says our author, "Th writer has had the satisfaction of re ceiving from his comrades assurance that they are willing to accompany him once more in the task of Africa exploration." Meanwhile two of th East India Company's ships are a this moment blockading that part o the Somali coast which was th scene of the tragedy, and 15,000 dol lars have been offered by the na tives as indemnity for the outrage but by these measures nothing is gain ed—trade is hindered, and ill-feel ing maintained between the native and Franks, which will only render any further attempt to travel in thei country more dangerous. Our rea policy under such circumstance would be that advocated by Mr. Bur ton, of forming an agency at Ber

bereh, and thus not only would the trade of the country be developed, and the teeming resources of the interior find a large and safe market, but friendly relations would be cultivated with the natives, and be productive of mutual beneficial results. "The natives of the country," says Mr. Burton, "are essentially commercial, and offer a favourable contrast to their kindred, the Arabs of Aden—a race over whom as yet we have never succeeded in acquiring any influence. Berbereh is the true key of the Red Sea in the opinion of our author, the centre of Eastern traffic, and the only safe place for shipping between Suez and Guardafui. Backed by lands capable of cultivation, and by hills covered with pine and other valuable trees, enjoying a comparatively temperate climate, with a regular although thin monsoon, this harbour has been coveted by many a foreign conqueror. Circumstances have thrown it, as it were, into our arms, and if we refuse this chance, another and a rival nation will not be so blind." By establishing an armed post here, we should not only protect the lives and property of Englishmen wrecked on the coast, but put a stop to that extensive traffic in slaves which is now carried on from this port. According to travellers who have visited both places, the climate of Aden will not bear a comparison with this place, which is equally on the route to India, and a convenient stopping-place for steamers. We trust that the attention of Government may be directed to the advantages which it holds out for a permanent settlement, and that the favourable moment for forming a new and most valuable mercantile connection will not be allowed to slip away. A growing tendency has been manifested, of late years, to shrink from what is termed aggression upon savages, but there are cases where the interests of humanity demand the interference of some civilised power. We have had no reason to complain of our aggressive policy hitherto; it has placed us where we are in the scale of nations, and contributed to the welfare and happiness of millions who otherwise would have been the victims of a savage despotism. We thoroughly agree with our author in his views. "The philanthropist and political economist," he says, "may fondly hope, by outcry against 'territorial aggrandisement,' by advocating a compact frontier, by abandoning colonies, and by cultivating equilibrium, to retain our rank amongst the great nations of the world. Never! The facts of history prove nothing more conclusively than this: a race either progresses or retrogrades, either increases or diminishes—the children of Time, like their sire, cannot stand still."

What is the use of those bold spirits of ours, who, like the men of no other country, "with their lives in their hands," dare everything to open up to the enterprise of their countrymen the hidden resources of unknown lands, if our Government will not profit by their hardy exploits? Our Burtons, and Spekes, and Stroyans are the pioneers of civilisation, and are made of very different stuff from those timid politicians who regard with dread the acquisition of every acre of new territory. We trust, therefore, that something beyond a mere blockade will be established at Berbereh. Meantime we are glad to hear that the Hadji himself starts this month for his favourite quarter of the globe; we can wish him no nobler reward to his indefatigable enterprise than that his *First Footsteps in East Africa* may be the track which will ultimately become a highway for nations.

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The Art of Cavilling, ...

Notice to Editors and Caution to the Public.

Will our Editorial friends caution their readers against a man, presuming to be a *deaf mute*, and forging our name to printed subscription bills, got up by himself, expressly to cheat the Public? *We have no deaf mute in our employ.* We have heard from this man's victims chiefly in the Western States, but he will doubtless go wherever he can be most successful in his villany. We therefore wish to check and expose him at all points of his operations, and hence this request from Editors with whom we exchange. It is not for our benefit, but for that of the Public, that we ask the favor, for we know that this scamp is doing a large business with other Publications, as well as our own. He has, in one instance, given the name of "Brodbeck," but all the receipts we have seen are boldly signed "Leonard Scott & Co.," without even an assumed name as Agent. Please pass him around.

L. S. & Co.

P.S.—One of his victims, writing from Illinois, describes him as "quite thick set, black hair, sallow complexion, German cast of countenance, wore spectacles with steel rims, limped considerably, and was well dressed." His deafness, &c., is probably feigned.

BLACKWOOD'S

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MR. RUSKIN AND HIS THEORIES—SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

THIS volume "of many things" is equally calculated to instruct, to astonish, and to mislead. It instructs by carrying the mind upwards and onwards toward the contemplation of the highest truths that can concern art or humanity. It astonishes by the dogmatism of its assertions, the fearlessness of its denunciations, the paradox of its truths, the originality of its errors. It misleads by an eloquence, specious, impetuous, and ornate; by an elaboration of florid word-painting, rendering all thoughts, whether right or wrong, all topics, lofty or mean, alike decorative and seductive. It misleads, further by an earnest truth-seeking, uniformly sustained amidst fallacies however glaring, contradictions however self-destructive, and, finally, by the presence at all times, even when encompassed by error, of earnest conviction and undoubted honesty of purpose. This volume, in short, fully sustains Mr. Ruskin's well-earned reputation as a critic, a dogmatist, and an honest sophist, and as such is well calculated to instruct the wise, alarm the timid, and mislead the weak. We propose, in our present notice, to deal with both its wisdom and its folly.

The volume opens with a disqui tion upon "High Art" and t "Grand Style" abounding in muc valuable thought, notwithstanding wordy diffuseness and an over su tlety of distinction, often degeneratir into mere ingenious trifling. We a told that Poetry, and consequentl by inference, all other forms of A essentially consist in "the suggestio by imagination, of noble grounds f the noble emotions." A work therefore "high" and "grand" ju in proportion as it gives expressic to noble thoughts—thus becoming i self the originating cause of nob emotions. This teaching, if not alt gether new, is at least sound an important: it at once establishes scale and standard by which art ma be measured and classified; it plainl tells the artist that it is in vain t attempt the highest walks unless an until he is impelled by lofty thought and it casts at once under the d signation of "low art," every wor which fails to kindle this "nobl emotion." Written or spoken word musical notes, painted or sculpture forms, are but the varied languag through which the highest though and the noblest impulse obtain manifold expression, being in tur

Modern Painters, vol. iii., containing Part IV. "Of Many Things." By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., Author of "The Stones of Venice," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65 Cornhill. 1856.

lest that the "Grand Style" is literally grand and great; that all that is little and mean and low must be exorcised from the spirit of him who would aspire to the rank of the poet-artist, and so, through the insight and creative power of imagination, make subjects of religion, history, or nature conspire to noble emotion. Topics of minor import and narrower range do not necessarily demand the full resources of man's nature, or specially imply mental purity and elevation. Jan Steen found the talking of an ale-house favourable to his painting of pot-house brawls. But on the other hand, it is the glory and justification of high art that it cannot be gathered off a corrupt tree, neither can it be nurtured as the laboured product of sterile ground. Like all that is great and good, it is heaven-endowed; it is a gift, an inheritance, and cannot be acquired by purchase. The greatest men come into the world with the fewest antecedents; and it is a favourite and not wholly unfounded notion, that the highest genius leads to universality. Thus great works, such as Giotto's frescoes at Padua, and Orcagna's "Last Judgment" at Pisa, apparently without adequate historical antecedents, take their origin in grand ideas, and become in turn the efficient grounds for "noble emotions." Such works, too, are the greatest, not merely because of their creative originality, but likewise by virtue of the universality in their range. They are no partial or one-sided product of human nature, but the full, free, and earnest expression of the entire compass of a wide embracing genius. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is this, that the highest art, the grandest style, is that which, in the language of Mr. Ruskin, contains "the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

He proceeds to show that the "Great Style" demands the "choice of noble subject" — the "love of beauty," "sincerity," and, lastly, "invention." We shall, under these heads, limit our inquiries to the philosophy of the Beautiful therein implied. Mr. Ruskin opens the second

teristic of the great school of art is, that it introduces in the conception of its subject as much beauty as is possible consistently with truth" (p. 33). We are glad to find that Mr. Ruskin maintains the positive existence of essential beauty possessing a reality as distinct and actual as truth itself. We do not demur even to the further proposition that these two elements and attributes are independent one of the other; that beauty is not truth, and truth is not beauty. The distinction between the two may be thus stated—Truth is utilitarian, beauty is decorative; truth lies within the province of the intellect, beauty of the emotions; truth sinks its foundations deep, beauty carries high the crowning pinnacle; truth is the strength of materials—the stability of the arch, the sustaining power of a buttress; beauty is the acanthus which grows round the capital—the figures which decorate the pediment. Nevertheless, we must seriously object to the art-deductions which Mr. Ruskin proceeds to draw from these premises. It is not the first occasion on which he has placed in antagonistic opposition these two elements which nature is ever striving to join together. The fact is, that for some purposes, and from some points of view, the two are separated, from others united. It would, we think, tend greatly to the elucidation of apparent anomalies and contradictions, if a distinction were taken between what is a fact and what is a truth; "fact" standing as the all-inclusive term for whatever exists, whether good or bad, true or false; and "truth" holding a restricted signification, standing only for what is essentially true. It is a fact that the devil is at work as well as God; that creation bears the seal of evil as well as of good. These are "facts," but not "truths." Now, when the word "truth" is associated with "beauty" and "goodness," something which is in itself *divinely true* must, we think, always be implied; a truth which we are bound to revere as one of God's attributes, and love as one of His

We therefore think, as we have said, it would be wise in the conduct of these inquiries to limit the word "truth" to that which exists by divine right or appointment.

In this sense, accordingly, evil is not a truth, but a simple fact. A statistical table of crime, setting forth and classifying crimes of passion or calculation, of ambition or despair, the circumstances of time and place, contrasting town with country, the erratic errors of youth with the desperate conflicts of maturer manhood, analysing motives, causes, and results; all this morbid anatomy, this mental pathology of man, are simple facts—the errors, not the truths, of his nature. Such statements and investigations relate to the great conflict ever waged between evil and good, between the work of Satan and the providence of God. Their import does not lie in or for themselves; they are but means to an end, and that end is the overthrow of all this error, this corrupt mass of devil's facts into the ultimate supremacy of God's truth. In contrast to the statistics of crime, let us turn to a tabular view of the motions and phases of a planet and its satellites in the general solar system. Here opposing forces are resolved into balanced harmonies, a passionate career of headlong power submitting to the calm guidance of self-control—means the most simple attaining results the most complex; and, again, phenomena the most intricate assignable to causes the most simple, all combining into one perfect mechanism of planets, satellites, suns, systems, working in undeviating precision. Now, in contradistinction to the statistics of crime, we are here in the midst of divine truth, inherent, infallible, and supreme; and while, as we have seen, Satan for a season divides the government of earth, God alone reigns in the heavens.

Now, it will be found that a truth is always beautiful just in proportion as it is divine. The motion of the spheres is divine, and therefore beautiful; the statistics of crime devilish, and consequently not beautiful. As long as Creation remained perfectly

much the inherent law of di
creation, and as inseparable from
divine existence and operations,
either truth or goodness. Healt
beauty neither begins nor ends wi
itself. It is the flower which b
soms on that tree which has give
man a shelter, and yields him f
Uses and beauties intermingle.
tree which shaded the wayfarer
the noonday heat adorns the l
scape, and the flower which furnis
honey to the bee sheds its perf
on the air. Nature is at once u
tarian and transcendental. A l
no less than a flower, fulfils the fu
tions of life, ministers to the nece
ties of man, yet clothes itself,
adorns the earth, in tapestries ric
than the robes of kings. Were
work of man alike perfect, it wo
be no less comprehensive and c
plete. The builder and the archit
the stone-mason and the sculp
would be one: the builder and
mason turning out the humblest w
in so perfect a fashion as to ren
it beautiful; the architect and
sculptor, on the other hand, mak
the most decorative portions of
design subserve some useful e
Thus whenever beauty is violat
either in creation or by man, demo
and not the angels of God, have d
the work.

Hence organic deformities, hum
beings distorted in form, or mean a
low in type, are not to be clas
among the truths of creation, but
errors; and their origin must dou
less be assigned not to an obse
ance, but to the violation of
truths or laws of Providence. Th
we see that the departure from
beautiful originated in the violati
of the true. In like manner,
highest examples of humanity,
most perfect in form, the m
healthful in function, are beauti
just in proportion as they attain
the true idea of man. Again, if
turn from the organic structure
man's invisible nature, we shall fi
that that mind is the most beauti
which is to itself most true; t
mind, which fulfils most truthful
and therefore most nobly, the high
functions, which attains both in c

temptation and in action to the truest truths. A truth, indeed when it is complete, compact, and perfect, either in the unity of its simplicity or the harmony which governs a greater complexity, becomes by virtue of this utmost perfection, itself beautiful. A scientific truth, as we have seen, is thus eminently beautiful; a truth of the intellect becoming a beauty to the emotions. A steam-engine, in its construction, contrivance, adaptation of means to an end, knowledge constituting indeed power, is in all respects so perfect a mechanism, as to be at once the highest exemplification of scientific truth, and among the most striking manifestations of the beautiful. Even a mathematical demonstration, conducted with exquisite precision, solving perplexities into their dependence on simple and elementary axioms, is truth so perfect and so pure as to become itself supremely beautiful. Law, order, truth, are all rhythmical. The melody of well-ordered thought, the harmony of well-proportioned form, all law-ordained symmetry, scarcely less than the melody and harmony of sound, thrill the chords of being, and fill with the rapture of beauty.

The conclusion, therefore, of the whole argument is this, that while truth is not beauty, yet neither is it deformity; that while both are different, they are yet indissoluble; that while truth, beauty, and goodness take their origin in the God of truth, error, deformity, and sin are involved in that mystery of mysteries, the origin of evil. The reader will now be able to understand why we objected to the proposition in which Mr. Ruskin states, that "the second characteristic of the great school of art is, that it introduces in the conception of its subject *as much beauty as is possible consistently with truth.*" Now, if the "truth" here meant be what we have called "God's truth," the proposition which implies that that truth can be inconsistent with the utmost possible beauty, is, as we have shown, utterly false. If, on the contrary, the word signify what we have designated devil's facts, Mr. Ruskin's proposition resolves itself into this, that "the great school of art" "introduces in the conception of its subject as much beauty as is possible, consistently with" *untruth*. We shall hereafter, however, attempt to show under what circumstances, and in what manner, untruth and deformity may enter into the service of art.

Mr. Ruskin, as usual, works out his question through a series of contradictions, and the true doctrine is reached, if at all, by the instrumentality of conflicting errors. There are, nevertheless, passages such as the following, which imply a clear insight into the relations subsisting between the true and the beautiful. "For although truth and beauty are independent of each other, it does not follow that we are at liberty to pursue whichever we please. They are, indeed, separable, but it is very wrong to separate them."—(P. 33, note.) The essential unity between truth and beauty is here recognised. The one, indeed, overlaps the confines of the other—each is permeated by each.

Having entered into the needful preliminary investigation, we are now in a position to protest against one of Mr. Ruskin's most favoured art dogmas, one of his most specious fallacies. The sum and substance of this dogma may be thus stated: That true art primarily concerns itself with truth; that false art sacrifices truth to beauty. Now, does Mr. Ruskin suppose that we are ready to incur the absurdity of asserting that true art should seek what is untrue? It is a gross mistake to imagine that the real question is, whether "high art" and the "grand style" should portray truth or untruth. The only question that can be agitated among those at least who, through study, are entitled to a hearing, is as to the form and fashion which the truth should take. The only controversy assuredly must be, whether high and true art should concern itself with high truth, or with that which is low; whether it should seek the truth which is deformed, mutilated, corrupted through the presence and curse of evil; or that truth which, as we have before said, is divine, pure, holy, and consequently beautiful. Now, we hold it to be all but a self-evident position that the highest

with the highest manifestations of the true. We, therefore, as we have said, are among the last to call in question the position that true art should primarily concern itself with truth. On the contrary, we enforce the doctrine when we add that the truest art should seek for the highest, the truest truth. It is, however, in making this addition that we come in collision with Mr. Ruskin. Accordingly, by an unaccountable paradox, he inculcates, under the garb of "the true ideal," the most literal naturalism. He teaches that the artist who would strive after the "grand style," need not search the earth to bring together the noblest and the best; but that the evil no less than the good, the fallen and the mean no less than the great, must be transcribed just as they exist. "We now enter," says he, "on the consideration of that central and highest branch of ideal art which concerns itself simply with things as they *are*, and accepts in all of them alike the evil and the good." —(P. 81.)

Now, Mr. Ruskin, although perhaps of all men least likely to take alarm at the boldness or broadness of a contradiction, does on this occasion appear somewhat astounded by the above self-imposed "consideration." He, therefore, we think not at all unreasonably, proceeds at once to ask himself and his reader "how the art, which represents things simply as they are, can be called ideal at all?" Perhaps we cannot do greater justice to Mr. Ruskin's argument, or better convey to the reader our own opinion of the manner in which this remarkable problem is solved, than by quoting the following equally remarkable passage. After speaking in reprobation of "the careless habit of confining the term 'ideal' to such representations" as are ideal, and asserting that "Thersites is just as ideal as Achilles, and Alecto as Helen," he gives the historical painter the following novel subject, strangely original, as an exemplification of "high art" and the "grand style."

"If the next painter who desires to illustrate the character of Homer's Achilles, would represent him cutting pork chops for Ulysses, he would enable the

better than they have done for se
centuries. For it is to be kept in
that the *naturalistic ideal* has alwa
it, to the full, the power expresse
those two words. It is naturalistic
cause studied from nature, and idea
cause it is mentally arranged in a ce
manner. Achilles must be represe
cutting pork chops, because that wa
of the things which the nature of A
les involved his doing; he could
be shown wholly as Achilles if he
not shown doing that. But he sha
it at such time and place as H
chooses."—(P. 83.)

We would suggest as still bett
that "he shall do it at such time
place as" Mr. Ruskin "chooses."

After our preceding examina
into the nature of the True, we s
now the more easily test the a
racy of the position that "false
sacrifices truth to beauty." We w
again refer the reader to the dist
tion already drawn between tr
which are divine, and therefore in
respects, true, holy, Godlike—and
truths which originate in evil,
come from beneath. Now, it is m
fest that it is not "false art,"
true art, which is bound to sacri
these untruths and evils. The vi
tion of law and order on the ea
the transgression of commands, n
rally ordained or divinely revea
man's departure from rectitude,
the continual enacting of evil: t
are fatal untruths which the pu
and highest art is bound to sacri
or at least overrule by a higher go

We will now further inquire
far the seeking after beauty is in
self legitimate, and what limits n
be assigned to its pursuit. Now,
the first place, it may be worthy
remark that, when beauty comes
existence, it makes itself a tr
We would ask, then, why an artis
enjoined specially to study and t
scribe truths which are unpleas
while beauties, or, in other words,
fections not less true, are deemed
compatible with the grand style.
would ask, further, in what way d
the pursuit of beauty tend to "
corruption of the schools of high ar
(P. 34.) Is beauty so low an elem
in creation as to be found disseve
from law and order, wholly unc
nected with thought, without mea

ing "noble emotion?" Is it a mean, small thing that every leaf in the forest, every flower of the field, and each living creature, peopling earth, air, and sea, is in itself a world of impenetrable beauty? No object that breathes or lives is so forsaken of God, so exiled from his providence, as to be deemed unworthy of this evidence of his creating hand and preserving care. Can it be said that the study of this beauty tends to the corruption of the mind? We therefore again ask in what way does its pursuit lead to "the corruption of the schools of high art?"

Let us retrace, for a moment, our former steps. We have already shown that the highest, the most perfect forms of truth, necessarily include the beautiful; in like manner, it has been seen that the highest manifestations of the beautiful include the true. As we have before said, aberrations from the beautiful originate in violations of the true. The departure from the perfect type of beauty in man arises in the infraction, through a long series of successive generations, of the laws or truths imprinted on his organic and mental constitutions. Hence it is that deformity and ugliness, in their varied manifestations, originate in the equally varied multiplicity of evil and untruth. Hence, likewise, it is manifest this typical beauty can be restored only in proportion as man again conforms to the laws implanted in his being. We therefore once more ask, how can the pursuit of beauty involve "the corruption of the schools of high art?"

Truths may be classified according to their essential dignity, and we think if Mr. Ruskin, instead of placing Beauty in antagonism with Truth, had attempted in like manner to distinguish between that beauty which is worthy and that which is comparatively worthless, he would have conferred on the philosophy of art a greater service. Now, we are willing to put this question to the test of the axiom which Mr. Ruskin has himself laid down, and which we have already adopted. We hold, accordingly, that beauty is worthy just in proportion as it becomes the "grounds for noble emotions." The spiritual, is robed in beauty: there is no schism in the mighty body, and yet some members are appointed to greater honour, and differ as one star differs from another star in glory. Now, beauty will in general take rank just according to the position held by that kingdom in creation to which it may belong. Thus the beauty of inorganic nature necessarily takes rank at the base of the series, while the beauty of the spirit world of angels and archangels, principalities and heavenly powers, will crown the summit. Between these two ultimate limits successively range organic beauty and moral beauty. The beauty which is of the inorganic world may be termed comparatively soulless; while religious beauty—that belonging to or dependent on the world of spirits—is essentially soul-like. We were about to call inorganic beauty soulless. But it will be found, however, that the phases and operations of inorganic nature are for the most part beautiful just in proportion as they are the expression of law,—that is, as they imply governing thought and present soul. We come, then, to this probable conclusion, that outward beauty takes rank just in proportion as it expresses thought and spirit existence; or, in other words, as it becomes the manifestation of God in creation. All beauty therefore is expression—ranks according to the essential worth of the thought expressed, and consequently is noble just in proportion as it becomes the ground for noble emotion. Again, we therefore ask, how can the pursuit of the Beautiful involve the sacrifice of the True, or in what way can it tend to "the corruption of the schools of high art?"

It is needful, however, that we now enter on a line of argument which will modify, though not contradict, the above conclusions. In a previous article on "The Poetry of Christian Art," we insisted on the necessity of high typical beauty as the essence of the noblest art. We did not then stop to inquire how, when, and why this perfected beauty must be modified, and in some sense marred. The completion of the argument in which we are here engaged

upon this question. The origin and existence of evil in God's world has ever constituted a perplexing anomaly, and the introduction of like evil into the field of art gives rise to questions scarcely less difficult. The early Christian painters eluded the difficulty by excluding the evil from their works. In the "Crucifixion" by Fra Angelico in San Marco at Florence, and in "The Taking Down from the Cross" by the same painter in the Academy of that city, the outer unhallowed world of turmoil and iniquity is excluded, and the sainted few alone stand around in awe-struck sorrow gazing and musing on the mighty woe. In like manner the schools of Giotto, of the Memmi, and of Perugino, for the most part, concern themselves with beatific bliss and holiness, and portray, with timidity, reluctance, and corresponding incapacity, man under the dominion of passion, or the world as marked by iniquity. It is clear that such art is necessarily partial and one-sided; that it deals more fitly with saints than men; its sphere is rather heaven than earth. Even when dedicated to the saints in the rise and progress of their Church, it is fitted for their triumphs rather than for their trials —suited to become the chronicler of the Church triumphant rather than of the Church militant. It is, in short, abundantly evident that art cannot ignore the existence of evil. How, then, is it to be dealt with? The legislator, in his sphere, recognises and probes it in order to bring the remedy; the philanthropist and the minister of religion studiously acquaint themselves with its forms and ramifications for the purpose of removing it; and in like manner must the artist scan and study it that he, in his special sphere, may overrule it for good. The perfect type of the true, the beautiful, and the good, the artist must, after all, employ sparingly and with judgment, and he will require not less fitting examples of the conspirator and the character of Judas, than of saint and patriot. If he need a Satan, it may, indeed, be necessary that he should know somewhat of archangels and heavenly powers, but he must not

"The Expulsion," he may do well remember that Eve was the fairest women, and Eden the most lov of gardens; but, above all, he m specially know how to cast over angel form the shadow of sin, s throw into her aspect the tragedy her doom. She is driven from sunshine of paradise, where the voi of angels whispered in the grove wanderer through the wilderness, sky in tempest, flowers withering her tread, fruit turning to ashes her taste, and the writhing serp forms of every tree upbraiding the curse inflicted through her f But with that fall there came a p mise. It was said that the seed the woman should bruise the s pent's head. Thenceforward, th two powers warred upon earth mastery; and the evil to this day still contending against the go From that moment when Eve w driven from paradise, the whole pect of mundane art and philosop suffered revolution: the perfect ty was marred, and thenceforward, ev to our own times, it becomes the p blem of philosophy, art, and religi how best this vision of perfection m be restored.

We return, then, once more to t question, How ought the existence evil to be traced by art? We belie that the introduction of evil can justified only so far as it is overrul by a paramount good. Morali have been in all ages sorely p plexed by the existing aspect of t world. When they have seen t wicked flourish as the green bay tr while the righteous are in troub they have, in order to reconcile th apparent anomalies with the justi of the divine government, been c strained to look beyond the prese stage of being, and appeal to the r tribution of a future state. Eth and theology are thus compelled draw upon an indefinite future order to explain and resolve the s parent contradictions of the prese Now, art not being limited to one a the same amount of time, cann avail herself of a like expedient. therefore becomes desirable that ea canvass should contain within its ov

resolution of evil into good, that it should thus justify the ways of God to man, and vindicate the mode of the divine government on earth. A work of art in which evil reigns supreme is as intolerable as it is pernicious. It is in itself the commission of a fresh sin, and thus adds to the amount of existing evil. The sin thus committed it is difficult to estimate. Works executed with low motives, or without any motives whatever; works showing no sense of responsibility, no love of the noble and the good; works which, in the lowest sense, adorn a tale, but point no moral;—all such works to use Mr. Ruskin's own words, take rank somewhere in the abyss.

It will be remembered that we have already ventured to divide truth into God's truths and devil's facts, and that we have not hesitated, in contradiction to Mr. Ruskin, to assert that "high art" may sacrifice the latter. We have now shown upon what plea and justification facts which, in themselves are evil, may be employed. They must be made subservient to a greater good: evil may for a season be let loose, provided that in the end it be the more securely bound; error for a while may prevail, on condition that ultimately it tend to the supremacy of truth. Earnest and practical men are compelled to take the world as they find it; but they do not, after their life's work, hope to leave it as they found it. They seek to fashion it anew—to make it better, and bring it nearer to that perfection towards which they themselves are striving. It was reserved for Mr. Ruskin to be content with things as they exist; and to tell us, as we have before seen, that the "true ideal" "concerns itself simply with things as they *are*, and accepts, in all of them, alike the evil and the good."—(P. 81.)

We have already shown that the pursuit of the truest truth necessarily includes the attainment of the purest beauty. But when we admitted into the confines of art that lower range of facts which, it has been seen, are in reality untrue, we are inevitably compelled, at the same time, in some measure to allow concomitant deformity and ugliness, however, can never be otherwise than an evil, and like all the forms of untruth, can only be tolerated in the transition to a greater good or beauty. The deformed is a foil to the perfect—a shadow to throw sunshine into the highest light—something that it is well to see, that we may loathe it, and so love beauty the more. Therefore it becomes more than ever difficult to understand how the pursuit of beauty could "tend to the corruption of the schools of high art." We speak not now of the lower schools, which may justly claim within their sphere a legitimate though lower vocation. We have concerned ourselves with that art which is called high, and have endeavoured to ascertain whether and in what way it may be so exalted as to take an equal position with poetry, philosophy, and other agencies which have for their end the refining, the instructing, and so the exalting of our species. The highest art does not represent chaos, but creation, and the creating power is the genius of the artist. He studies nature, that he may create in the spirit of nature; carry out, not contradict. The man of science, the statesman, collect facts in order to marshal them, and thus reduce the confused mass into a system; and by like process the artist at length builds up, out of the rude material of vulgar models, the laws and matured examples of beauty and artistic truth. The further the student-artist pursues such investigations, the more will they lead to unity, teaching him, as we have already shown, that at no distant point all diverging lines meet at a focus; that all truths, all beauties, have a common source; and that in art, again, they subserve to one common end — expression; the expression of all that is great and worthy in nature — all that is noblest in man. The perfect existing unity of which we speak will give to the student a confidence that, rightly pursuing the laws and workings of his own mind, he unconsciously anticipates the higher results in nature. He will thus fearlessly pursue his impulse towards the

the more it will become the interpreter and expression of all that is highest, and best, and true in nature: he at least will have no misgiving of the danger of falling into that art which is supposed "to sacrifice truth to beauty."

This supposed subordination of beauty to truth is a crotchet appearing in Mr. Ruskin's writing so frequently, assuming such varied forms, and vitiating so many conclusions, that we have thought it worthy of deliberate examination and refutation. By its aid he frequently, for example, misconstrues art-history, in the assertion that the early Italian painters, up to the period of Raphael, pursued truth as their primary object, while the successors of Raphael in like manner became the worshippers of beauty. Thus, in the Edinburgh Lectures, he says:—

"When the entire purpose of art was moral teaching, it naturally took truth for its first object, and beauty, and the pleasure resulting from beauty, only for its second. But when it lost all purpose of moral teaching, it as naturally took beauty for its first object and truth for its second."—(P. 208.) "In medieval art, truth is first, beauty second; in modern art, beauty is first, truth second. The medieval principles led *up* to Raphael, and the modern principles lead *down* from him."—(P. 215.)

Now, our knowledge of Italian art in the galleries of Europe, although far from perfect, is yet sufficiently matured to enable us confidently to state that no such sweeping conclusion can be maintained. We believe, on the contrary, that beauty dawned on Christian art in Italy prior to the knowledge of the true. Herein, indeed, lies a marked distinction between the early German and Italian schools. The works of the Van Eyck of Memling, Lucas van Leyden, and others, as seen in the galleries of Munich, and other cities north of the Alps, can boast of an accuracy and minute study in the drawing and articulation of the head and hands, an elaboration in the texture and enrichment of draperies and other accessory objects, wholly unknown to the cotemporary Italian schools; art there is an utter indifference the value and the charm of bea In studying such works, it has o struck us that Mr. Ruskin and clients, the English pre-Raphael have committed a great blunde appealing to the early Italian sch in corroboration of their princi The works of "the brethren" h little or nothing in common v an Italian ideal; while the lit labourious realism of their pietr and the microscopic vision of Ruskin, find in early German their best fulfilment.

In contradiction to Mr. Rusk assertion, we believe that the e Italian painters were specially s ten with the love of the beaut If the reader will refer to the gravings from Giotto's "Chapel Padua," as published by the Aru Society, he will find that the fen heads throughout, and especially "The Espousal of the Virgin Ma and "The Return to her Home," considering the immature infancy art in the fourteenth century, markable for their well-formed tures, their thoughtful and expres beauty. The frescoes of Orca again, in the second half of the s century, both at Florence and Pisa, contain heads of the hig spiritual elevation and beauty; w his well-known failure in the re sentation of "l'Inferno" sufficie proves the incapacity of his age nature for the treatment of the tortions and penalties incident moral obliquity. Coming down the fifteenth century, we would r refer to frescoes by Benozzo Goz the pupil of Angelico, which may taken as generally characteristic the school of art-spiritualists. Ku speaking of Benozzo, says that all the Italians he was precisely painter who seems to have b first smitten with the beauty of material world and its various pearances. His pictures overf with the delighted sense of beauty: he was the first to cr rich landscape backgrounds, v trees, villas, cities, with rivers richly-cultivated valleys, with l rocks," &c. We would particul

the Riccardi Palace, Florence, one of which represents angels in prayer in the midst of a garden of roses. It is, indeed, a sacred poem, in which heaven and earth are blended. Angels of pure, placid loveliness walk in joyous companies, conversing and chanting as they gently tread among flowers bright and beauteous as their own spirit-being. Others, floating on outstretched wings, decked in rainbow plumes and flowing robes, hasten down from their sky abode to unite in the general assembly of angel-worshippers. With hands meekly folded on their breasts they join together in holy prayer, praise, and song. Again, such pictures as "The Adoration of the Magi," by Gentile da Fabriano, "The Annunciation," by Lorenzo Monaco, both in the Academia delle Belle Arti in Florence, and the fresco in the Church of S^ta^ Croce in Gerusalemme at Rome, by Pinturicchio, are all eminently the offspring of a fervent and actuating love for a spirit-originating beauty. The beings with which these works are peopled in an eminent degree fulfil the injunction of worshipping the Lord in the *beauty* of holiness. It never seems to have entered the mind of saint or artist that beauty could be deemed an unholy thing; on the contrary, art in these earlier centuries sought to honour God, and to manifest the love it bore for the saints of its worship, by clothing the chosen of heaven in raiments the purest, the brightest, and the most costly, and by adorning the countenance, and throwing into the whole aspect and bearing that beauty induced by holy beauteous thought—by habitual converse with the spirit world—and by that peace and resignation which flow from reliance on God's providences and promise.

In opposition, again, to Mr. Ruskin's doctrine, we believe that in the early Italian art beauty was, in fact, circumscribed by the very limited knowledge of truth. Beauty was pushed to its utmost possible attainment consistent with the comparative ignorance of nature. These early men had a greater love of the beautiful than their knowledge of

Their art was emotional rather than intellectual — the product of the feelings more than of the understanding, and therefore was almost necessarily an art of beauty rather than of truth. Will Mr. Ruskin, with his love of the startling, maintain that a picture is true in proportion as it is immature and ungainly? In what sense, then, can medieval art be said to be eminently truthful, when it is false in perspective, violates anatomy, and is ignorant of the structure of the earth and the forms of organic life? Is it true because Mr. Ruskin finds himself able to botanise in the foreground of the picture? In proof of our position that the early works are not eminently truthful, we beg again to refer the reader to the Arundel engravings from the Chapel of Giotto. Inaccuracies in perspective, and ignorance in the treatment of draperies, he may find indiscriminately throughout the series. For trees, laughably grotesque, we would refer, among others, to "Joachim Retiring to the Sheepfold," and "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem;" for card-built rocks, something between a mountain and an iceberg, turn to "The Flight into Egypt," and "The Baptism of Christ;" and for the animal creation in general, to "The Angel appearing to Joachim," and "The Expulsion from the Temple." Let the reader contrast these woodcuts with engravings from the Carracci School, from Gaspar Poussin, Claude, or Salvator Rosa; let him compare the truth in the one with the truth in the other, and then believe, if he can, Mr. Ruskin's assertion that "in medieval art truth is first, beauty second; in modern art beauty is first, truth second;" that "the medieval principles led *up* to Raphael, and the modern principles lead *down* from him."

It may be urged, perhaps, that although these early works are false, yet that the artists themselves were truthful; a plea which, in fact, amounts to this, that in the spirit of truth they painted error. We reply that both Mr. Ruskin and ourselves are speaking of works, not of men; and that even if it were a question,

not of art, but of artists, it would be more appropriate to laud these early painters, not for truth, but for sincerity, honesty, and goodness of intention. Now, that the early Italian works are eminently sincere, honest, and well-intentioned, cannot be doubted. We readily admit that, with a sincerity quite charming, they paint trees which never grew, water which will never find its level, and human bodies so put together that they could barely act or live. All this may be done with a simple honesty which it is quite delightful to look on; yet we must confess that we do not understand why, of all things else, these men and works should be specially singled out for their abounding truthfulness. Is it in order to make a case for our English pre-Raphaelites? The argument appears to be this; the English pre-Raphaelites sacrifice beauty to what they call truth, therefore the Italian did the same;—a new example of the argument *a posteriori*.

Mr. Ruskin is equally in error when he asserts that the works of the post-Raphaelites are specially characterised by the presence of beauty to the prejudice of truth. The Carracci School, for example, with the exception of Guido, cannot certainly boast of any large revelation of the beautiful. In the well-known sonnet containing a statement of their art-creed, the painter is told, among other things, to acquire the terrible manner of Michael Angelo, the truth and nature of Titian, with a *little* of the grace of Parmigianino. The opposing school of the naturalists in Naples was still more completely freed from the supposed contamination of the beautiful. Prophets taken from the corners of the streets — apostles chosen from the lazzaroni, or gangs of bandits — the dregs of a mob populace thrust as saints into holy places — do not, assuredly, in the works of this school, evince traces of that sickly debility or ultra-refinement which is supposed to accrue from a too fond devotion to beauty. In like manner Luca Giordano and Pietro Cortona, men of impetuous hand, and of a genius florid and fertile to excess, executed works maddened by every passion save a love for the beautiful.

Let it be remembered likewise that during the lives of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael—that under the subsequent sway even of the eclectic and naturalistic schools, reaching down to the close of the sixteenth century, all that belonged to technical truth, and to the knowledge of organic nature, became extended and matured. There cannot be a doubt that the works of the Carracci contained more truth—we do not say higher truth—than the paintings of Giotto, Orcagna, or Angelico. Early art is more the offspring of intuition—later art the worked-out product of knowledge; early art is a gift, the late an acquisition. Thus art became, in fact, more and more something that could be taught and handed down—a chartered knowledge to be presided over and possessed by academies, professors, and corporations. Now, we do not say that this was in all respects desirable. It was, on the contrary, in some measure most undesirable, and fatally pernicious. Yet it originated as the natural consequence of the accumulation of art knowledge, and the clearer definition of art truths —the inevitable result of successive and successful trials made by the greatest men through succeeding generations, whereby fundamental laws were established, so that the art which was once a skilful guess, a happy hazard, approached at length to certainty, governed by a science and a system; and thus that art which in earlier ages came, if at all, an unbidden and unlooked-for guest, a visitant, but no tenant of earth, at length became acknowledged as a naturalised denizen, and was bound down to the laws and ordinances of constituted society.

We believe that Italian art in its decadence is inferior to that art in its rise, not by the prevailing presence of truth in the one, or beauty in the other, but by the higher character of the truth and the beauty which is found in the earlier times. What the early men attempted and attained, was more limited, but their works are nevertheless nobler, because the truths and beauties, though circum-

thought and deeper emotion. The schools of the decline possessed a wider range of knowledge, and consequently had the command of truths more extended—beauties more varied and complex. But art fell because the motive became low. Was it possible that mental levity, or the off-hand dash and brag of a besom brush, could extemporise works of high aim and maturing, such as those of Lorenzo di Crede or Fra Bartolomeo? Vasari boasts that in his day a few hours sufficed to execute what once was the labour of years. In like manner the church of San Martino, overlooking the town and bay of Naples, contains a ceiling fresco of Judith, with the head of Holofernes in the midst of a crowd of upwards of one hundred figures, all the extemporised impromptu of Giordano in forty-eight hours. With not less wonder and disgust do we regard the astounding effrontery manifested by Guercino in a picture at Bologna, of 'God the Father'—a grand impromptu painting, done in a single night, and put up in the morning. Now these and such like works are not reprehensible, because they possess much or little beauty, much or little truth, but because they are wholly wrong and misguided. It was no renunciation of truth which induced Andrea del Sarto repeatedly to introduce the woman who became the curse of his life, the ruin of his reputation, as the Madonna in Holy Families. Neither did he select her in disregard of beauty, for he had taken her to wife on no better ground, it would seem, than that she was handsome. The reason was, that art, in this the early commencement of decline, had abandoned the spirituality, high meaning, and noble teaching of its first estate—was content with a truth representatives of low ideas, with a beauty carnal and of the earth, and thus ceased to be "high" and "grand," because it was no longer "the noble ground of noble emotion."

Now, for what purpose does Mr. Ruskin squander his vast accumulative knowledge, his eloquence and ingenuity, in substantiating these startling historical anomalies? Why that the highest ideal is the most literal real—an ideal "which concerns itself simply with things as they are," which neither alters nor improves nature? For what great end does he (at p. 125) throw the reader down on his breast upon a bank with leaves and grass clustering to his face—"a mystery of soft shadow in the depths of the grass, with indefinite forms of leaves, which you cannot trace nor count?" What justification can he show for the insult cast upon historical art in the dogmatic assertion that "there does not exist, as far as I know, in the world a single example of a good historical picture"?—(P. 93) Why does he not care to find any better reason for this supposed failure in historic art than "the universal endeavour to get *effects* instead of facts"? (Ib.)—as if sunsets, and sunshine, and twilight were not facts no less than effects—facts which are called effects because they specially affect the mind, and through the expression of grand ideas become "the ground of noble emotion." Why is no opportunity lost for depreciating the works of Raphael? With what animus are we told that whatever "thoughtful persons" "could have fancied for themselves about the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender, infinitely varied veracities of the Life of Christ, was blotted out by the vapid fineries of Raphael"—(p. 55): and again, that "Raphael ministered, with applause, to the impious luxury of the Vatican, but was trampled under foot at once by every believing and advancing Christian of his own and subsequent times"?—(P. 56.) And lastly, why are truth and all other Christian virtues denied to those artists who came subsequently to the Italian pre-Raphaelites, so that after their days and the assumed apostasy of Raphael "thenceforward pure Christianity" and "high art" took separate roads, and fared on, as best they might, independently of each other"?—(P. 56.)

For all this parade of eloquence and richness of material the reason, though often veiled, is throughout but too apparent. In an unguarded moment, a clique of gifted youthful enthusiasts, in no way disposed to underrate the

importance of their self-imposed mission, took to themselves the appellation of "pre-Raphaelite Brethren." Appearing before the world under a misnomer, it is perhaps but natural that their productions should now be justified by misconstrued history and mistaken philosophy. The English Brethren emphatically called themselves pre-Raphaelites; it was, therefore, in the outset, necessary to justify the *pre*, and, accordingly, continued attempts are made to show that the world for three centuries has been the victim to a pernicious predilection in taking the works of Raphael as patterns of "High Art" and the "Grand Style." The English Brethren pursue what they call truth, even to servility: it is needful, therefore, to discover that truth was the distinguishing characteristic of the Italian pre-Raphaelites. The English Brethren are enamoured with countenances and forms which are ugly and ungainly: it therefore is now attempted to be shown that beauty was not sought after till art had fallen into decline. The Brethren will sit in a lane for weeks to copy a brick wall—in a field to identify with the details of a photograph a smouldering heap of "Autumn leaves"—or in a ditch to paint the sodden weeds which grow in its bottom; and, accordingly, their champion, Mr. Ruskin, directs the reader, as we have seen, to "lie down on" his "breast on the next bank" he "comes to," when assuredly he shall see "a mystery of soft shadow in the depths of the grass, with indefinite forms of leaves, which you cannot trace nor count."—(P. 126.) The works of "the Brethren" are, for the most part, destitute of what is technically termed "effect," while they are crowded with all but infinite detail, and we are accordingly told that historical art has always failed because of the "universal endeavour to get *effects* instead of facts," which we are further told is "the root of false idealism."—(P. 93.) The Brethren copy implicitly what is before them: they diligently seek in actual life for a living example of the character they require, and, when found, set themselves accurately to transcribe what is before them without alteration or attempted amendment. This is to them the highest ideal. Mr. Ruskin consequently lays it down, that "high art" "consists neither in altering nor in improving nature"—(p. 35); that "ideal art" "concerns itself simply with things as they *are*, and accepts in all of them alike the evil and the good."—(P. 81.) Finally, Mr. Ruskin loads great names with obloquy, refutes established truths, glories in unheard-of discoveries; insults, as we have seen, all previous historic efforts, to reach at length, in "Hunt's Light of the World," the consummation of his hopes and teachings, the crowning climax to six centuries of vain struggling!

It may be desirable, and but fair, that Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Hunt, and his brethren, as well as our own readers, should enjoy the honour and advantage of such passages as the following, in which things both old and new, true and false, are blended with a confidence and grace which we fear have with many carried conviction:—

"The perfect unison of expression, as the painter's main purpose, with the full and natural exertion of his pictorial power in the details of the work, is found only in the old pre-Raphaelite periods, and in the modern pre-Raphaelite school. In the works of Giotto, Angelico, Orcagna, John Bellini, and one or two more, these two conditions of high art are entirely fulfilled, so far as the knowledge of those days enabled them to be fulfilled; and in the modern pre-Raphaelite school they are fulfilled nearly to the uttermost. Hunt's 'Light of the World' is, I believe, the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world has yet produced."—(P. 30.)

Again, in the chapter treating of the Religious False Ideal, it is thus written:—

"All the paradises imagined by the religious painters—the choirs of glorified saints, angels, and spiritual powers, when painted with full belief in this possibility of their existence, are true ideals; and so far from our having dwelt on these too much, I believe, rather, we have not trusted them enough, nor accepted them enough, as possible statements of most precious truth. Nothing but unmixed good can accrue to any mind from the contemplation of Orcagna's 'Last Judgment,' or his 'Triumph of Death;' of

Angelico's 'Last Judgment,' and 'Paradise;' or any of the scenes laid in heaven by the other faithful religious masters: and the more they are considered, not as works of art, but as real visions of real things, more or less imperfectly set down, the more good will be got by dwelling upon them. The same is true of all representations of Christ as a living presence among us now, as in 'Hunt's Light of the World.'"—(P. 59.)

Lastly, in that eminently original chapter on the Naturalistic yet True Ideal, after speaking of the inanity of historic art, Mr. Ruskin dashes across several centuries and countries within the limits of a few lines, and arrives at our own favoured time and country, where art, it would appear, is happily likely to reach the desired consummation among "the Brethren."

"True historical ideal," he says, "founded on sense, correctness of knowledge, and purpose of usefulness, does not yet exist; the production of it is a task which the closing nineteenth century may propose to itself."

"Another point is to be observed. I do not, as the reader may have lately perceived, insist on the distinction between historical and poetical painting, because, as noted in the 22d paragraph of the third chapter, all great painting must be both."

"Nevertheless, a certain distinction must generally exist between men who, like Horace Vernet, David, or Domenico Tintoret, would employ themselves in painting, more or less graphically, the outward verities of passing events—battles, councils, &c.—of their day (who, supposing them to work worthily of their mission, would become properly so called, historical or narrative painters); and men who sought, in scenes of perhaps less outward importance, 'noble grounds for noble emotion,'—who would be, in a certain separate sense, *poetical* painters, some of them taking for subjects events which had actually happened, and others, themes from the poets; or, better still, becoming poets themselves in the entire sense, and inventing the story as they painted it. Painting seems to me only just to be beginning, in this sense also, to take its proper position beside literature, and the pictures of the 'Awakening Conscience,' 'Huguenot,' and such others, to be the first fruits of its new effort."—(Pp. 93–4.)

As Mr. Ruskin without compunction contradicts himself, it is a light thing that he should, in the further progress of this volume, contradict what we have said of him. Eloquence is in him so redundant, enthusiasm so irresistible in its career, that, once fairly started in a topic, his previous opinions are lighter than chaff before the wind, and he mercilessly at once fells his opponent and annihilates himself. In his second volume, for example, the eloquence which he devotes to the enunciation of "The Superhuman Ideal," is no let or hindrance to such passages as the following:—

"So, then, there is in trees no perfect form which can be fixed upon or reasoned out as ideal; but that is always an ideal oak which, however poverty-stricken or hunger-pinched, or tempest-tortured, is yet seen to have done, under its appointed circumstances, all that could be expected of oak."—(3d edit., p. 103.)

"It is usual to hear portraiture opposed to the pursuit of ideality, and yet we find that no face can be ideal which is not a portrait."—(Ib. p. 116.)

In the present volume, in like manner, after having, as we have seen, assured us that the literally natural was the truly ideal, he subsequently breaks forth in rapture as he discourses on "inspired ideals," and gives free rein to that strain of noble thought, that subtle penetrative insight into higher truths, which must ever give to his writings, notwithstanding their extravagance, a fascination and imperishable value. Accordingly he speaks of "the dangerous realism which makes the imagination languid," and tells us that "the difference between a noble and ignoble painter is in nothing more sharply defined than in this,—that the first wishes to put into his work as much truth as possible, and yet to keep it looking *un*-real; the second wishes to get through his work lazily, with as little truth as possible, and yet to make it look real."—(P. 144.)

Pursuing, according to his wont, a thought when once started to its most ultra inferences, he in no way hesitates to lay down the doctrine that "it is another infinite advantage possessed by the picture, that in these various differences from reality it becomes the expression of the power and intelligence of a companionable human soul. In all this

choice, arrangement, penetrative sight, and kindly guidance, we recognise a supernatural operation, and perceive not merely the landscape or incident as in a mirror, but besides, the presence of what, after all, may perhaps be the most wonderful piece of divine work in the whole matter—the great human spirit through which it is manifested to us." That "although to the small, conceited, and affected painter, displaying his narrow knowledge and tiny dexterities, our only word may be, 'Stand aside from between that nature and me,' yet to the great imaginative painter, greater a million times in every faculty of soul than we—our word may wisely be, 'Come between this nature and me — this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me: temper it for me; interpret it to me; let me see with your eyes and hear with your ears, and have help and strength from your great spirit.'" All this is admirably put, and is not less true than eloquent. With what bounding freedom he careers through his subject, unfettered by previous passages equally eloquent and convincing to the contrary. He thus, in the following terms, continues further to enforce these transcendental doctrines: "All the noblest pictures have this character: they are true or inspired ideals, seen in a moment to *be* ideal; that is to say, the result of all the highest powers of the imagination, engaged in the discovery and apprehension of the finest truths, and having so arranged them as best to show their preciousness and exalt their clearness."—(Pp. 144–5.) Now, it is for just this doctrine that we have contended. In a previous paper on *The Poetry of Christian Art*, we attempted to show the art relations which rightly subsist between the outward truth of nature and the spiritual truth of man's inner being. The laws and functions of genius are no less true than the laws and operations of the material universe; the God who formed and governs the one fashioned and guides the other; and thus a great and divinely endowed mind, being itself the spirit-antitype of the outer universe, is ever receiving, and yet giving—growing rich, and yet enriching—becoming part of nature, and yet a fellow-worker and worshipper; being in turn effect and cause — a created being, and yet a power of creating.

> 'We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

We rejoice when we find Mr. Ruskin the champion of this the highest, because the truest, art-philosophy; and perhaps he may be consciously confident in the occupation of a mental position so commanding that he can presume to look down with indifference on the low charge of "inconsistency." Yet he will do well to remember that the highest minds, although rightly in some sense regardless of inconsistencies, are yet unconsciously consistent; that, giving to the impulse of genius the utmost fling, they yet, amidst a lavish variety, preserve a consistent unity. The man who is inconsistent may be honest, but he cannot be trustworthy. He may contradict what he has once upheld, reverse his decisions, show himself in each character, and as the successive partisan of opposing factions, brilliant, ingenious, and honest of purpose. But no one can ultimately maintain such a career without prejudice to his reputation. He will be sought after and listened to as the skilful advocate, but distrusted as the authoritative judge; and the party which, in hope, relied on his zeal, will at length, in fear, distrust his discretion. As a public instructor he will be unsound—as a public leader, unsafe; he may, as we have said, instruct the wise, but he will assuredly confound the simple and mislead the weak. We have sometimes, indeed, been ready to believe that Mr. Ruskin belonged to that order of original minds whose fate it is to remain for a season misunderstood; coming in advance of their age, and apparently, to the lowly dwellers on the earth, involved in eccentric contradictions. We have thought that, could the reader, throughout the perusal of chapter after chapter, volume upon volume, maintain a rapt ecstatic vision, he might at length discover that point in the firmament where the positive and negative poles in the grand battery unite, thus completing the

into one system the centrifugal forces and erratic bodies which had spread consternation through the heaven. Unfortunately for Mr. Ruskin, a reader sufficiently gifted, endowed with requisite patience and zeal, has not, so far as our information extends, yet been found. No one, perhaps, but Mr. Ruskin himself possesses sufficient interest in the question to prompt to the investigation, and no one but himself may possess the necessary means for the decision of a question so directly involved in his own personality. Every one, unfortunately, himself excepted, must suffer under the disadvantage of arriving at his doctrines through his written words; and as these are contradictory, the decision must, as we have said, be left in his own hands. He has, however, by anticipation, relieved the reader and the public at large from this difficulty. In their perplexity they will be glad to find that at least he himself entertains no doubt upon the question. In the preface to his present volume he thus writes:—

"And of one thing he [the reader] may be certified, that any error I fall into will not be an illogical deduction. I may mistake the meaning of a symbol, or the angle of a rock-cleavage, but not draw an inconsequent conclusion. I state this, because it has often been said that I am not logical, by persons who do not so much as know what logic means. Next to imagination, the power of perceiving logical relation is one of the rarest among men; certainly of those with whom I have conversed, I have found always ten who had deep feeling, quick wit, or extended knowledge, for one who could set down a syllogism without a flaw; and for ten who could set down a syllogism, only one who could *entirely* understand that a square has four sides. Even as I am sending these sheets to press, a work is put into my hand, written to prove (I would from the depth of my heart, it could prove) that there was no ground for what I said in the *Stones of Venice* respecting the logical probability of the continuity of evil. . . . . .

"No less intense and marvellous are the logical errors into which our best writers are continually falling, owing to the notion that laws of logic will help it instinctively, and takes leaps over intermediate syllogisms by the score, yet never misses his footing at the end of the leap; but he who cannot instinctively argue, might as well, with the gout in both feet, try to follow a chamois-hunter by the help of crutches, as to follow by the help of syllogism a person who has the right use of his reason. I should not, however, have thought it necessary to allude to this common charge against my writings, but," &c. &c.

"Of other various charges I need take no note, because they are always answered the one by the other. The complaint made against me to-day for being narrow and exclusive, is met to-morrow by indignation that I should admire schools whose characters cannot be reconciled; and the assertion of one critic that I am always contradicting myself, is balanced by the vexation of another at my ten years' obstinacies in error."—(Preface, pp. 10, 11.)

Again, Mr. Ruskin silences criticism, and declares his own oracular infallibility in these words:—

"I have great personal regard for Mr Roberts, but it may be well to state at once, that whenever I blame a painting I do it as gently as is consistent with just explanation of its principal defects. I never say half of what I could say in its disfavour; and it will hereafter be found that, when once I felt it my duty to attack a picture, the worst policy which the friends of the artist can possibly adopt will be to defend it."—(*Notes on the Royal Academy*, 1855; 3d edit. p. 36.)

After such passages as the above, perhaps it would be wisest for critics in future to surrender the care of Mr. Ruskin's reputation into his own keeping. Nothing they can say of him can be so destructive as that which he thus says of himself. Leave him in his own hands, he will escape the punishment due to murder by committing suicide.

By a strange coincidence, which would almost indicate that the theories were written for the pictures, or the pictures painted to fulfil the theories, there is throughout this volume, as we have already seen, a marvellous correspondence between Ruskinism and English pre-Raphaelitism. The reader might have imagined, in perusing the glowing passage we have before quoted on "true or inspired

ideals," that Mr. Ruskin had at length winged himself to heights to reach which his earthborn brethren would vainly struggle. It would seem, however, that whether Mr. Ruskin consents to sink, or in ambition soars, he but ephances their glory, while he works out his own destiny. It was needful that the temple of his art-philosophy should fill the heavens, not only that it might remain to latest times a monument of his own genius and constructive skill, but that it should worthily enshrine the idols of his worship. In this last constructive effort he rears the sky-piercing dome which crowns his mighty edifice. After telling us, as we have seen, what is the "greatest art," he next shows us, in one of his most effective and concentrated passages, what is "the lowest."

"Then this being the greatest art, the lowest art is the mimicry of it—the subordination of nothing to nothing; the elaborate arrangement of sightlessness and emptiness; the order which has no object; the unity which has no life, and the law which has no love; the light which has nothing to illumine, and the shadow which has nothing to relieve." —(P. 145.)

The following foot-note appended to this passage, although a digression from our subject, we cannot refrain from quoting, as a striking example of that consummate literary skill by the aid of which Mr. Ruskin too frequently carries the reader captive:—

"'Though my pictures should have nothing else, they shall have chiaroscuro.' —(CONSTABLE, in Leslie's Life of him.) It is singular to reflect what that fatal chiaroscuro has done to art, in the full extent of its influence. It has been not only shadow, but shadow of death, passing over the face of the ancient art, as death itself might over a fair human countenance, whispering, as it reduced it to the white projections and lightless orbits of the skull, 'Thy face shall have nothing else, but it shall have chiaroscuro.'"

After this slight digression we resume the case of the pre-Raphaelites. It will be remembered in what terms Mr. Ruskin had just extolled the "greatest art," and stigmatised "the lowest." Observe now how ruthlessly for the moment he handles his "brethren," and then by a master-stroke rescues them from perdition, and crowns them with laurels:—

"And then, between these two comes the wholesome, happy, and noble—though not noblest—art of simple transcript from nature, into which, so far as our own modern pre-Raphaelitism falls, it will indeed do sacred service in ridding us of the old fallacies and componencies, but cannot itself rise above the level of simple and happy usefulness. So far as it is to be great, it must add—and so far as it *is* great, has already added—the great imaginative element to all its faithfulness in transcript. And for this reason I said, in the close of my Edinburgh lectures, that pre-Raphaelitism, so long as it confined itself to the simple copying of nature, could not take the character of the highest class of art. But it has already, almost unconsciously, supplied the defect, and taken that character in all its best results," &c.—(P. 146.)

We are doubtful whether "the brethren" thus become objects of envy or commiseration—whether all this elaborate laudation ought to be regarded as the reward or the penalty attendant on their good works. The more sensible among their ranks we are persuaded will feel much in common with Turner when he said, Mr. Ruskin knows much more of my pictures than I do myself, and sees in them merits which I never intended.

The first volume of *Modern Painters* was written expressly to show, that the world had been wholly misguided in their admiration of Claude and Gaspar Poussin, and that Turner was the most truthful and the greatest of landscape artists. This, the third volume, seems specially designed to prove that mankind have been equally led astray in their reverence for Raphael, and that the English brethren, coming in the fulness of time, inherit the wisdom of the past and inspire the hopes of the future. It naturally has become the cause of some astonishment and cavil, that two schools which, to all outward seeming, would appear to occupy the opposing poles, have been deemed by Mr. Ruskin worthy of the same superlative praise. His answer to the charge, if partial, is at least plausible. It is this: "'Turner is

truth and finish; and the whole duty inculcated upon the artist is that of being in all respects as like nature as possible."—(P. 134.) It is evident at least that the pursuit of "truth and finish" has led these men, as it has assuredly misled Mr. Ruskin, into somewhat startling and antagonistic opposition. If there were not, in the truths found in Turner, little in common with the truths manifested in the pre-Raphaelites; if there were not truth which each have missed that others have attained; if many of the works of Turner had not, in lieu of the advantages incident to "finish," all the disadvantages of apparently undefined and careless execution; if, on the other hand, the works of the pre-Raphaelites did not frequently suffer from a painful over-finish; if, in short, these two schools were not to all intents and purposes wholly dissimilar—the public might contentedly accept the answer which Mr. Ruskin now offers, and allow him the caprice of adorning his chosen favourites in all the trappings of glittering rhetoric, while he throws dirt on the fair fame of others who have laboured not less earnestly and truthfully. The public at large, without caring to implicate themselves in the ingenious finesse of hair-splitting—without involving themselves in the intricacies of endless divisions and distinctions—will probably submit this question of supposed similarity between the works of Mr. Turner and those of "the brethren," to the simple evidence of their senses, and explain the apparent contradiction in Mr. Ruskin's advocacies quite on other grounds from any latent analogies in the works themselves. They may by this time have come to the conclusion that Mr. Ruskin's mind is eminently idolatrous, and that it is absolutely necessary that he should find somewhere an object for his excessive wonder and worship. They may further have marked that, while he intuitively clings to idolatry, he as instinctively abhors all semblance to Polytheism or Pantheism. He proves his aversion to the latter by his shunning the universal in an exclusive devotion to Polytheism by his unbounded eulogies of one, and his dread anathemas against the many. It would, however, be pushing the consistency of Mr. Ruskin's worship to extremes were we to demand that he should remain for ever true to the one object of his choice; the largeness and versatility of human nature require successive change. It is therefore a virtuous license, perhaps even a progressive career, which prompts him successively to abandon one idol for another. Not, indeed, that he can ever wholly forget the earlier object of his love, or break in pieces the image before which he once has knelt. Accordingly, while the chosen of the moment receives supreme honours, the others pass into tutelary divinities. We do not presume to say that the above conjectural explanation of Mr. Ruskin's apparently contradictory career is absolutely correct; we only surmise that the public may adopt some such hypothesis rather than distrust the evidence of their senses. The conjecture, however, is not wholly without substantiating facts. We trust we are not rash or premature in stating that Turner has already passed his zenith, and that his worship is on the wane. But he is now evidently not above the reach of criticism, and therefore can scarcely reign among the gods. It is true that Mr. Ruskin still finds in the exhaustless mine of Turner's genius ever new riches; and therefore this worship claims the special advantage of combining at once the associations of the past with the excitement of ever-recurring novelty.

In a chapter discursive and inclusive, comprising disquisitions on modern literature, German philosophy, English and French novels, together with metaphysics, he institutes an elaborate comparison between Turner and Scott. The world, he says, does not want "thinkers," but "seers;" and these two men saw something, and tell us what they "saw, in a plain way." They were humble, "the first test" of the truly great; and "among the men of the present age," Mr. Ruskin is not sure if humility "is not in them alone." They had no

"assumption of manner," although "they are mannerists both." "In these men," likewise, there is the total absence of affectation; and excepting them, Mr. Ruskin tells us: "I hardly know any other literary or pictorial work of the day which is not in some degree affected." He further continues, "I know no painters without it (affectation), except one or two pre-Raphaelites (chiefly Holman Hunt), and some simple water-colour painters, as William Hunt, William Turner, of Oxford, and the late George Robson." Mr. Ruskin, who would appear to hold the destiny of the artist in the hollow of his hand, then proceeds with the confidence of authority to assign to these men their true position. "But these last have no invention, and therefore by our fourth canon, chap. iii. sect. 21, are excluded from the first rank of artists."—(Pp. 266–7.) We now return to the question, whether Turner be in decadence? The above abstract might easily have been prolonged even to weariness, did we not think that what has been already quoted is sufficient for our purpose. The eulogy on both painter and writer is doubtless abundantly extravagant—the baseless fabric of a vision; yet when compared with the passages in his previous writings, in which Turner suffers continued apotheosis, is exalted with Verulam and Shakespeare—the third among the sons of light—this bare equality with Scott—humble, sincere, telling what they see in a plain way—prognosticates a fall. Accordingly, towards the close of this volume, speaking of the influence of Claude on Turner, he thus concludes: "As I said, Turner never recovered the effects of it; his compositions were always mannered, lifeless, and even foolish; and he only did noble things when the immediate presence of nature had overpowered the reminiscences of his master." Again: "Finally he painted many pictures in the manner of Vandevelde (who was the accepted authority of his time in sea-painting), and received much injury from him. To the close of his life, Turner always painted the sea too grey and too opaque, in consequence of his early study of Vandevelde."—(Pp. 330–1.)

Then came the time when Mr. Millais was caught up into heaven, and felt, no doubt, uncomfortably dizzy and perplexed as he gazed from his starry heights. He now, in the present volume, is passed by in silence, and fortunately may be allowed, we hope, henceforth to occupy just that position to which the high character of his works will entitle him. At the present moment, as we have seen, the spring-tide of adulation is bearing Mr. Holman Hunt triumphantly on its flood; and this volume, representing the third phase in the critic's mental growth, may be regarded as a grateful tribute to his genius. Thus much for the past and present. The expectation of the future must be sought in the visions of prophecy. For Turner is reserved a posthumous work. For the whole art company, living as well as dead, in a combination of all the talents, there yet remains a glorious office. We are told "that religious art, at once complete and sincere, never yet has existed." No, never; not, it would seem, even in Leonardo, Bartolomeo, or Raphael. But, says Mr. Ruskin hopefully and confidently, "It will exist; nay, I believe the era of its birth has come, and that those bright Turnerian imageries, which the European public declared to be 'dotage,' and those calm pre-Raphaelite studies, which, in like manner, it pronounced 'puerility,' form the first foundation that has been ever laid for true sacred art."—(P. 60.) We presume that in these religious works, surpassing all the world has yet seen, Mr. Turner will supply rainbow glories, and fire and brimstone backgrounds, while "the Brethren," as usual, will gather the saints from the highways and hedges.

Let it not be supposed that we desire to speak irreverently of Turner. The public, although not endowed with Mr. Ruskin's microscopic or telescopic critical insight, have long decided on the merits of Turner's genius, and by that verdict we are willing to abide. We are anxious, likewise, that the apparently antagonistic position we have taken in speaking of the English pre-Raphaelites should not be misunderstood. We have been opposing Mr. Ruskin's inordinate claims, not deprecating their un-

doubted merits. We believe that in many ways they have done, and are doing, important service in the cause of art; yet we are firmly persuaded that, as we have attempted to show, they have in many respects fallen into practical no less than theoretical delusion. Their best works are precisely those in which they have in great measure freed themselves from their distinguishing eccentricities, and again approached those schools, ancient or existing, which Mr. Ruskin and they themselves so virulently attack. They cannot now at least complain of neglect. Their works obtain in the exhibitions the best places, and command certainly all the attention that they merit. We will say more. Such pictures as those of "Claudio and Isabella," of the "Huguenot," the "Light of the World," the "Order of Release," and "The Scapegoat," can never be forgotten. When the history of British art during the latter half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, works such as these, whatever may be their defects, will claim an honourable mention. But when that time shall come, one thing we do hope, no less for their sakes than for our own, that Mr. Ruskin will not write their epitaphs.

It is perhaps scarcely needful that we should defend Raphael from the attacks of Mr. Ruskin. At one time the dangerous position into which Raphael was thrown occasioned us some uneasiness. That time has now happily passed over. When Mr. Ruskin held undisputed command of the public ear, we thought it not impossible that Mr. Hunt's "Light of the World" might speedily be received as a greater work than Raphael's "Transfiguration," and the "Fire Brigade" of Mr. Millais be held superior to the "Incendio dell Borgo," or the "School of Athens." But both Raphael and the English public are now delivered from the pressure of this danger. Between the Italian pre-Raphaelites and the post-Raphaelites still reign, we trust, in undisturbed supremacy, those great names which the world has for three centuries held in reverence. The attempted revolution in the art of this country soon took somewhat the aspect of a conspiracy, and has now sunk into a faction. The leaders, throwing off in great measure, as we have seen, the alarming eccentricities of their first schism, are gradually forming into the established ranks, leaving to the revolutionary party that casual accession to their numbers which is ever furnished by that order of men who usually rush into revolt—ambitious minds, discontented minds, eccentric minds — men whose hope of fame may be in notoriety and singularity, who would rather break into the sheepfold than enter by the door. For a season this attempted innovation shook in some measure established doctrines and authorities—led to wholesome sifting and weighing—to the winnowing of tares—to the assaying of the current coin; but after much noise and some modification, we believe that the verdict of Europe stands confirmed, and that Leonardo, Raphael, and even Michael Angelo, yet reign secure in their ancient thrones. Mr. Ruskin's work, however, is not ended; he evidently still believes that to deliver the public mind from cherished servitude yet remains a portion of his unaccomplished mission.

Accordingly in the present volume Mr. Ruskin thus writes: "Whatever thoughtful persons" could have fancied for themselves about" the "infinitely varied veracities of the life of Christ, was blotted out by the vapid fineries of Raphael." In this renewed attack the great onslaught is reserved for Raphael's cartoon of the "Charge to Peter." As a counter-effort of genius, Mr. Ruskin draws up his own notion of what the picture might and should have been. If this new cartoon should ever reach completion, it will merit to be hung as a companion work to Mr. Ruskin's equally grand picture from Homer: "Achilles Cutting Pork Chops."

"A figure stood on the shore of Galiloe. It asked them [the Apostles in the boat] simply, if they had caught anything. They said no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is, at last; and poor

Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees on the beach."

"Well, the others get to the beach too in time, in such slow way as men in general do get in this world to its true shore," &c.

"They sit down on the shore, face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire,—thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of His,—to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then, take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy, Raphael's cartoon of the 'Charge to Peter.'" —(P. 54.)

We think that the new religious school which is about to rise will have more reason to dread the task which Mr. Ruskin here sets them, than Raphael have cause to fear any such criticisms. "Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you." Try to paint that, ye pre-Raphaelites, and when you fail, learn the limits of your art. "Poor Simon," too; try to paint him, as he "tightens his fisher's coat," "dashes in over the nets," swims "those hundred yards," and staggers "to his knees on the beach." Yes! ye Brethren, try to paint him "all dripping still, shivering, and amazed." Yes, paint it all, without omitting a single detail of time, place, or circumstance—paint it just as it took place. Then, O Brethren, to you will belong, in the words of Mr. Ruskin, the honour of having formed "the first foundation that has been ever laid for true sacred art." Well has it been said "that religious art, at once complete and sincere, never yet has existed."—(P. 60.)

But, notwithstanding all that may be urged to the contrary, Mr. Ruskin is a great man, and this volume is a great work, not less by virtue of the import of its truths than by the magnitude of its errors. Both Mr. Ruskin and his works prove themselves to possess specially the stamp and vitality of genius, in that extravagances, which would assuredly have annihilated an ordinary writer, throw around him and his speculations an alluring eclat. We have thought it imperative that we should expose some of the fallacies which run through this volume, and perhaps it is now scarcely needful that we should dwell on its truths and beauties. We desire, however, not to be misunderstood. We therefore frankly declare that in the reading of this work we have derived delight and instruction. The subjects discussed are lofty and profound, penetrating deep into the hidden mysteries of humanity, soaring high into the heavens of fancy and imagination, seeking and sifting into the obstinate questionings which beset man, art, and nature. In the conduct of his argument he calls to his aid the best intellects. Homer carries him to the council of the gods, takes him again to earth, and shows him that the Greeks themselves were godlike, and "lived in all things a healthy and, in a certain degree, a perfect life," nature with them becoming herself subservient and secondary to man—in her spiritual aspect to be worshipped as the river god or Pan of the forest — in her material not "the thing of beauty" to be looked on with delight, but a commodity for use, yielding corn to nourish, and wine to gladden. Dante in like manner is the voice which gives the medieval ages an expression; the dawning of emotions, unknown in classic times, finding through him, in their maturity, earnest and full manifestation. Nature, which with the Greeks was a mere farm for food, now became a garden of lilies and roses, carpeted with gay flowers for fair feet to dance on. Mountains, which to the Greeks had been a dread, because uninhabitable and barren, were now shrouded with the sanctity of solitude—the chosen retreat for prayer and meditation, where God gave the law to Israel, and Christ spake with Moses and Elias. What a contrast, again, between the city palace of the Greek and the loneliness of baronial life. Contrast the medieval baron, "nested

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material objects. Weak enthusiasm about trifles is, of course, indicative of a weak intellect;—a mind which, on slight occasions, is thrown off its balance, must be unstable in its foundations. But when the great occasion does come, the man who, in calm consciousness of his own greatness, had long preserved his soul in quietness, becomes then terribly convulsed; he is the volcano of fire and thunder, the tornado, carrying in its course destruction. Nevertheless, just in proportion as a man is truly great and strong, will he reserve within himself the power of control; in the midst of the tempest he can speak the word "Be calm," giving for a season free rein to passion; the remainder of his wrath he can yet restrain. Thus Shakespeare and all greatest minds are carried away, but never lost; reason is shaken, but not dethroned; the passion is not torn to tatters—the car not dashed to pieces in its descent. Now, we are happy to find that the usual versatility of Mr. Ruskin's genius, which ever triumphs in self-imposed inconsistencies, enables us, in corroboration of these considerations, to quote the following passages, the truth whereof, clear and forcible, will carry conviction, anything to the contrary thereunto therein contained notwithstanding:—

"And thus, in full, there are four classes: the men who feel nothing, and therefore see truly; the men who feel strongly, think weakly, and see untruly (second order of poets); the men who feel strongly, think strongly, and see truly (first order of poets); and the men who, strong as human creatures can be, are yet submitting to influences stronger than they, and see in a sort untruly, because what they see is inconceivably above them. This last is the usual condition of prophetic inspiration. . . . . The difference between the great and less man is, on the whole, chiefly in this point of *alterability*. . . . . His mind is made up; his thoughts have an accustomed current; his ways are steadfast; it is not this or that new sight which will at once unbalance him. He is tender to impressions on the surface, like a rock with deep moss upon it; but there is too much mass of him to be moved. The smaller man, with the same degree of sensibility, is at once carried off his feet; he wants to do something he did not want to do before; he views all the universe in a new light through his tears; he is gay or enthusiastic, melancholy or passionate, as things come and go to him. Therefore, the high creative poet might even be thought to a great extent impassive (as shallow people think Dante stern), receiving, indeed, all feelings to the full, but having a great centre of reflection and knowledge, in which he stands serene, and watches the feeling, as it were, from far off."—(P. 164.)

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As examples of extravagance, we would refer to that notable passage of art prudery, in which he denounces as sinful, Dannecker's Ariadne, "the amorous shepherd and shepherdess, in china, on the drawing-room time-piece," together with the lithograph of "the teaching of Uncle Tom by Eva," in which he tells us the sentiment "is complicated with that which depends upon Eva's having a dainty foot and a well-made satin slipper."—(P. 68.) As another example, inimitable in the eloquence of its inanity, we would

on his solitary jut of crag," "passing the years of his life in lionlike isolation; the village inhabited by his retainers, straggling indeed about the slopes of the rocks at his feet, but his own dwelling standing gloomily apart between them and the uncompanionable clouds"; contrast, we say, this medieval baron with "the noble who lived among the bright marble porticoes of the Greek groups of temple or palace. To the Greek, again, "a voyage to Egypt or the Hellespont was the subject of lasting fame and fable," but "to the medieval knight from Scottish moor to Syrian sand, the world was one great exercise-ground or field of adventure."

"Frequently alone — or if accompanied, for the most part only by retainers of lower rank, incapable of entering into complete sympathy with any of his thoughts—he must have been compelled often to enter into dim companionship with the silent nature around him, and must assuredly sometimes have talked to the wayside flowers of his love, and to the fading clouds of his ambition."—(P. 201.)

The Greeks peopled the rivers, lakes, woods, with minor deities; in our day, on the other hand, we infuse into nature the emotion of our own egotism. The Greeks were comparatively cold, hence in art "the classic" implies the frigid; but we, though living in a northern latitude, are more tropical in the growth of our emotions, and hence poetry and the plastic arts have in our days tended to "the romantic." Nature is no longer the God standing afar off, but the confiding friend and lover with whom, after the fierce strife of daily life, we may, in the quiet of the evening, take sweet counsel. Nature in such hours becomes a portion of ourselves, and she of us; we becoming more tranquil and resigned, and she in our fancy vision taking on, through kindred sympathy, the aspect of our thoughts—the colouring of our emotions. Hence the sobbing and sighing of the wave as it falls on the breast of the awaiting shore, or the lightsome dance of the sportive ripple as it greets the pebbly beach in laughter; hence the moaning and wailing of the wind stealing as a robber through the casement of wretched penury, wakeful through the long night of sickness—or the sunny breeze which brings love-greetings from every flower, and finds in every leaf a harp on which to beat the melody of nature. Now, we cannot but think that Mr. Ruskin, in his thought-suggestive chapter on what he terms "the Pathetic Fallacy," does much injustice to this sympathetic imagination by which man makes nature a partaker of his joys and sorrows. If symbolism be something more than childish and trifling ingenuity — something better than the veiling of truth under masonic and convential hieroglyphics—if it be instead the revealing of truths through natural and appointed signs—if it be a universal language speaking through nature to the universal heart, — if it be the clothing of things invisible in outward guise, so as to come home to the understandings and affections of the multitude, then surely, when we make nature acquainted with our grief, and a sharer in our gladness, she in turn never forsaking the heart which loves her, surely we are not guilty of a fallacy; rather are we fulfilling a noble law of our nature, and proving in our experience the essential oneness of creation.

This volume is written on the understanding that two or more negatives shall destroy themselves, and that contradictory affirmatives shall be resolved by the reader into a species of positive negations. We, therefore, are reduced to the necessity of reaching Mr. Ruskin's meaning through a kind of guess-work computation. Now, if we may presume, through such a process, to arrive at his present mental phase, it seems to be this: To see is greater than to reflect or to feel; literal unbiased perception is greater and higher than reason, emotion, or passion; that a thing seen by means of perception is a truth, but, on the contrary, when known through the reason, the feelings, or the passions, it becomes an untruth—a "fallacy." To this we once again answer, that what is true to the highest faculties and laws of mind, cannot be untrue or fallacious, though it be in some measure a departure from the mirrored facts of

material objects. Weak enthusiasm about trifles is, of course, indicative of a weak intellect;—a mind which, on slight occasions, is thrown off its balance, must be unstable in its foundations. But when the great occasion does come, the man who, in calm consciousness of his own greatness, had long preserved his soul in quietness, becomes then terribly convulsed; he is the volcano of fire and thunder, the tornado, carrying in its course destruction. Nevertheless, just in proportion as a man is truly great and strong, will he reserve within himself the power of control; in the midst of the tempest he can speak the word "Be calm," giving for a season free rein to passion; the remainder of his wrath he can yet restrain. Thus Shakespeare and all greatest minds are carried away, but never lost; reason is shaken, but not dethroned; the passion is not torn to tatters—the car not dashed to pieces in its descent. Now, we are happy to find that the usual versatility of Mr. Ruskin's genius, which ever triumphs in self-imposed inconsistencies, enables us, in corroboration of these considerations, to quote the following passages, the truth whereof, clear and forcible, will carry conviction, anything to the contrary thereunto therein contained notwithstanding:—

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"If," he says, "a really great pain would solemnly, and yet fearlessly, c his fancy free in the spiritual world, faithfully follow out such masters that world as Dante and Spenser, th seems no limit to the splendour thought which painting might expr Consider, for instance, how the ordin personifications of Charity oscillate tween the mere nurse of many childr of Reynolds, and the somewhat painf conceived figure, with flames issu from the heart, of Giotto; and h much more significance might be gi to the representation of Love, by am fying with tenderness the thought Dante, 'Tanta rossa, che a pena dentro al foco nota,'—so red, that the midst of the fire she could hav have been seen: that is to say, by re senting the loveliness of her face form as all flushed with glow of crim light, and as she descended thro heaven, all its clouds coloured by her sence as they are by sunset."—(P. 1

As examples of extravagance, would refer to that notable sage of art prudery, in which denounces as sinful, Danneck Ariadne, "the amorous shepl and shepherdess, in china, on drawing-room time-piece," toge with the lithograph of "the teac of Uncle Tom by Eva," in whic tells us the sentiment "is complic with that which depends upon h having a dainty foot and a made satin slipper."—(P. 68.) another example, inimitable in eloquence of its inanity, we w

glory of "grass."—(P. 230) Since the well-known passage in the Edinburgh Lectures on iron architecture and the corner-stone, nothing has appeared equally sublime, or, with deference we would add, so utterly ridiculous. Then, again, with a dogmatism in which Mr. Ruskin is known to be unrivalled, he denounces the present age, its appliances and boasted acquisitions. "There never yet," he says, "was a generation of men (savage or civilised) who, taken as a body, so woefully fulfilled the words, 'having no hope, and without God in the world,' as the present civilised European race." He then raises the voice of denunciation against the literature and science of the day, carrying the fierce war which he has hitherto waged against certain British artists into the camp of living authors, making an unwarrantable onslaught upon the phalanx of great minds who lead the van of our present civilisation. "Hence," he says, "nearly all our powerful men in this age of the world are unbelievers, the best of them in doubt and misery, the worst in reckless defiance, the plurality in plodding hesitation, doing as well as they can what practical work lies ready to their hands," &c.—(P. 259.) Mr. Ruskin, in growing out of youth, has become absolutely medieval, and now lives in the poetry and art of Dante and Giotto, preaching a righteous renunciation of the modern appliances of commerce, steam, and science, telling the world that it has "made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one," (p. 310.) He accordingly finds that the medieval workmen had already, in "the ivy-leaf pattern," reduced the "two everlasting laws of beauty to their simplest possible exponents," (p. 213.) The most vital truths being thus discovered and reduced to practice, he naturally finds that for modern science was reserved only the making of catalogues, the writing of long names on narrow slips of paper, the counting of petals, and the resolving of "all things into atoms and numbers," (p. 314, &c) Again, in the spirit of medieval monasticism, us that "all travelling becomes dull, in exact proportion to its rapidity;" that if our object be to disseminate religion, we shall find that "most of the good religious communication has been done on foot, and it cannot easily be done faster than at foot-pace." With the same anti-modern furor and pointed cleverness, we are told that "railway travelling is not travelling at all;" it is merely "being sent" to a place, and very little different from becoming "a parcel;" and that the electric telegraph might be "well and convenient," if we had but something to say, (pp. 300 and 309.) The world is out of joint. The medieval monk and times having hopelessly passed away, Mr. Ruskin is reduced to seek living sympathy with "the Red Indian," "the Chinese," and "the Hindoo." It evidently still remains a doubtful question in his mind, whether, indeed, "the Red Indian" is not living a higher and more blessed life than the "powerful men" of "the present civilised European race," the best of whom, as we have seen, are "in doubt and misery, the worst in reckless defiance, the plurality in plodding hesitation, doing as well as they can what practical work lies ready to their hands." The advantage, indeed, would seem to lie rather on the side of the savage. "Well," he says, "when you have moved your savage, and dressed your savage, fed him with white bread, and shown him how to set a limb—what next? Follow out that question."—"Suppose you have put the Red Indian in tight shoes, taught the Chinese how to make Wedgwood ware, and to paint it with colours that will rub off, and persuaded all Hindoo women that it is more pious to torment their husbands into graves than to burn themselves at the burial—what next?" Why, the conclusion of this wearied burden of complaint against the age upon which Mr. Ruskin finds himself cast, seems summed up in the following moralising truism—so true in itself, so false in its application—that "to watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read,

to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise."—(P. 310.)

Thus commencing with "High Art," and "the Grand Style," as means for exciting to noble emotion, we have attempted to follow Mr. Ruskin in his headlong steeple-chase through the obscurity and broken ground of darker centuries, till at length we find him pausing on the macadamised roads and iron rails of this nineteenth century. We have seen that in this arduous pursuit of "Truth," with High Art as his goal, he has driven many a hobby to the death. By a natural reaction towards the end of the present volume, he seeks for "refreshment," and "takes a quiet walk along not more than ten or twelve miles of road a-day." This, it would appear, is now deemed the narrow way in which the chosen must walk who would attain to the "Grand Style." We are not without our forebodings, indeed, that Mr. Ruskin's art-progress through Europe in search of the sublime may at length find a fitting termination as he "takes a quiet walk" into some wayside monastery, turns over the pages of some time-forgotten missal, and discovers a purely ideal landscape, with purely ideal figures—ideal, yet true, and above all "symbolic," the background gold, the whole picture blazoned in brightest purple, blue, red, and golden-yellow, without the "vulgarity, dulness, or impiety" of a single shadow or neutral tint.—(See pp. 207, 225, 263.) Raphael's "Charge to Peter" was, as we have seen, "infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy;" "the grand style" is missal painting.

In conclusion, we have endeavoured to administer impartial justice both to Mr. Ruskin and to the public—to Mr. Ruskin, in fully admitting the originality of his genius, and the richness of his acquired resources; to the public, in warning them against his dogmatic paradoxes and his tempting fallacies. There are many who would place Mr. Ruskin among the fixed stars in the heavens, or indeed make him the central pole-star in the firmament. Some, however, finding it difficult to revolve round his axis—discovering, moreover, that he himself takes on an eccentric motion of his own — are compelled to class him among comets, carrying consternation and firebrands through the sky. Others, again, on closer observation, finding his movements defy calculation, place him in the category of meteors and falling stars; while some, again, seeing only his fitful vagaries among the bogs and fens of the earth, have deemed him nothing better than a will-o'-the-wisp phantom, alluring the ignorant, and misleading the benighted traveller. For ourselves, we believe he fulfils all these offices; that he is the sun to illumine earth and sky; and again, that his genius, suffering eclipse, or serving baser uses, becomes for a season but the candle in a dark lantern. Better were it did he but know when discreetly to place it under a bushel.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEW ERA.

It came to be rather an exciting business to Agnes and Marian making their report of what had happened at the Willows—for it was difficult to distract Mamma's attention from Sir Langham, and Papa was almost angrily interested in everything which touched upon Lord Winterbourne. Rachel, of course, was a very prominent figure in their picture; but Mrs. Atheling was still extremely doubtful, and questioned much whether it was proper to permit such an acquaintance to her daughters. She was very particular in her inquiries concerning this poor girl—much approved of Rachel's consciousness of her own equivocal position—thought it "a very proper feeling," and received evidence with some solemnity as to her "manners" and "principles." The girls described their friend according to the best of their ability; but as neither of them had any great insight into character, we will not pretend to say that their audience were greatly enlightened,—and extremely doubtful was the mind of Mrs. Atheling. "My dear, I might be very sorry for her, but it would not be proper for me to forget you in my sympathy for her," said Mamma, gravely and with dignity. Like so many tender-hearted mothers, Mrs. Atheling took great credit to herself for an imaginary severity, and made up her mind that she was proof to the assaults of pity—she who at the bottom was the most credulous of all, when she came to hear a story of distress.

And Papa, who had been moved at once to forbid their acquaintance with children of Lord Winterbourne's, changed his mind, and became very much interested when he heard of Rachel's horror of the supposed relationship. When they came to this part of the story, Mrs. Atheling was scandalised, but Papa was full of pity. He said, "Poor child!" softly, and with emotion; while Charlie pricked his big ear to listen, though no one was favoured with the sentiments on this subject of the big boy.

"And about the Rector and the old lady who lives at Abingford—papa, why did you never tell us about these people?" said Marian; "for I am sure you must know very well who Aunt Bridget's neighbours were in the Old Wood Lodge."

"I know nothing about the Riverses," said Papa hastily—and Mr. Atheling himself, sober-minded man though he was, grew red with an angry glow—"there was a time when I hated the name," he added in an impetuous and rapid undertone, and then he looked up as though he was perfectly aware of the restraining look of caution which his wife immediately turned upon him.

"Such neighbours as are proper for us you will find out when we get there," said Mrs. Atheling quietly. "Papa has not been at Winterbourne for twenty years, and we have had too many things to think of since then to remember people whom we scarcely knew."

"Then, I suppose since papa hated the name once, and Rachel hates it now, they must be a very wicked family," said Marian; "but I hope the Rector is not very bad, for Agnes's sake.

This little piece of malice called for instant explanation, and Marian was very peremptorily checked by father and mother. "A girl may say a foolish thing to other girls," said Mamma, "and I am afraid this Rachel, poor thing, must have been very badly brought up; but you ought to know better than to repeat a piece of nonsense like that."

"When are we to go, mamma?" said Agnes, coming in to cover the blush, half of shame and half of displeasure, with which Marian submitted to this reproof; "it is August now, and soon it will be autumn instead of summer: we shall be going

out of town when all the fashionable people go—but I would rather it was May."

"It cannot be May this year," said Mrs. Atheling, involuntarily brightening; "but Papa is to take a holiday—three weeks; my dears, I do not think I have been so pleased at anything since Bell and Beau."

Since Bell and Beau! what an era that was! And this, too, was a new beginning, perhaps more momentous, though not such a sweet and great revulsion, out of the darkness into the light. Mamma's manner of dating her joys cast them all back into thought and quietness; and Agnes's heart beat high with a secret and mercenary pleasure, exulting like a miser over her hundred and fifty pounds. At this moment, and at many another moment when the young author had clean forgotten *Hope Hazlewood*, the thought came upon her with positive delight of the little hoard in Papa's hands, safely laid up in the office, one whole hundred pounds' worth of family good and gladness still; for she had not the same elevated regard for art as her sister's American admirer—she was not by any means, in her own estimation, or in anybody else's, a representative woman; and Agnes, who began already to think rather meanly of *Hope Hazlewood*, and press on with the impatience of genius towards a higher excellence, had the greatest satisfaction possible in the earnings of her gentle craft—was it an ignoble delight?

The next morning the two girls, with prudence and caution, began an attack upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer touching the best room. At first Mrs. Atheling was entirely horrified at their extravagant ideas. The best room!—what could be desired that was not already attained in that most respectable apartment? but the young rebels held their ground. Mamma put down her work upon her knee, and listened to them quietly. It was not a good sign—she made no interruption as they spoke of mirrors and curtains, carpets and ottomans, couches and easy-chairs: she heard them all to the end with unexampled patience—she only said, "My dears, when you are done I will tell you what I have to say."

What she did say was conclusive upon the subject, though it was met by many remonstrances. "We are going to the Old Wood Lodge," said Mrs. Atheling, "and I promise you you shall go into Oxford when we are there, and get some things to make old Aunt Bridget's parlour look a little more like yourselves: but even a hundred pounds, though it is quite a little fortune, will not last for ever—and to furnish *two* rooms! My dears, you do not know any better; but, of course, it is quite ridiculous, and cannot be done."

Thus ended at present their plan for making a little drawing-room out of the best room; for Mamma's judgment, though it was decisive, was reasonable, and they could make no stand against it. They did all they could do under the circumstances; for the first time, and with compunction, they secretly instructed Susan against the long-standing general order of the head of the house. Strangers were no longer to be ushered into the sacred stranger's apartment; but before Susan had any chance of obeying these schismatical orders, Agnes and Marian themselves were falling into their old familiarity with the old walls and the sombre furniture, and were no longer disposed to criticise, especially as all their minds and all their endeavours were at present set upon the family holiday—the conjoint household visit to the country—the glorious prospect of taking possession of the Old Wood Lodge.

In Bellevue, Charlie alone was to be left behind—Charlie, who had not been long enough in Mr. Foggo's office to ask for a holiday, and who did not want one very much, if truth must be told; for neither early hours nor late hours told upon the iron constitution of the big boy. When they pitied him who must stay behind, the young gentleman said, "Stuff! Susan, I suppose, can make my coffee as well as any of you," said Charlie; but nobody was offended that he limited the advantages of their society to coffee-making; and even Mrs. Atheling, in spite of her motherly anxieties, left her house and her son with com-

it, who was by no means so careful to the heir and hope of the house.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE OLD WOOD LODGE.

And it was late in August, a sultry day, oppressive and thundery, when this little family of travellers made their first entry into the Old Wood Lodge.

It stood upon the verge of a wood, and the side of a hill, looking down into what was not so much a valley as a low amphitheatre, watered by a maze of rivers, and centred in a famous and wonderful old town. The trees behind the little house had burning spots of autumn colour here and there among the masses of green—colour which scarcely bore its due weight and distinction in the tremulous pale atmosphere which waited for the storm; and the leaves cowered and shivered together, and one terrified bird flew wildly in among them, seeking refuge. Under the shadow of three trees stood the low house of two stories, half stone and half timber, with one quaint projecting window in the roof, and a luxuriant little garden round it. But it was impossible to pause, as the new proprietors intended to have done, to note all the external features of their little inheritance. They hurried in, eager to be under shelter before the thunder; and as Mrs. Atheling, somewhat timid of it, hurried over the threshold, the first big drops fell heavily among the late roses which covered the front of the house. They were all awed by the coming storm; and they were not acquainted any of them with the louder crash and fiercer blaze of a thunderstorm in the country. They came hastily into Miss Bridget's little parlour, scarcely seeing what like it was, as the ominous still darkness gathered in the sky—and sat down, very silently, in corners, all except Mr. Atheling, whose duty it was to be courageous, and who was neither so timid as his wife, nor so sensitive as his daughters. Then came the storm in earnest—wild lightening rending the black sky in sheets and streams of flames—fearful cannonades of thunder, nature's grand forces besieging some rebellious city in the skies. Then gleams of light shone wild and ghastly in all the pallid rivers, and lighted up with an eerie illumination the spires and pinnacles of the picturesque old town; and the succeeding darkness pressed down like a positive weight upon the Old Wood Lodge and its new inmates, who scarcely perceived yet the old furniture of the old sitting-room, or the trim old maid of Miss Bridget Atheling curtseying at the door.

"A strange welcome!" said Papa, hastily retreating from the window, where he had just been met and half blinded by a sudden flash; and Mamma gathered her babies under her wings, and called to the girls to come closer to her, in that one safe corner which was neither near the window, the fireplace, nor the door.

Yes, it was a strange welcome—and the mind of Agnes, imaginative and rapid, threw an eager glance into the future out of that corner of safety and darkness. A thunderstorm, a convulsion of nature! was there any fitness in this beginning? They were as innocent a household as ever came into a countryside; but who could tell what should happen to them there?

Some one else seemed to share the natural thought. "I wonder, mamma, if this is all for us," whispered Marian, half frightened, half jesting. "Are we to make a great revolution in Winterbourne? It looks like it, to see this storm."

But Mrs. Atheling, who thought it profane to show any levity during a thunderstorm, checked her pretty daughter with a peremptory "Hush, child!" and drew her babies closer into her arms. Mrs. Atheling's thoughts had no leisure to stray to Winterbourne; save for Charlie—and it was not to be supposed that this same thunder threatened Bellevue—all her anxieties were here.

But as the din out of doors calmed down, and even as the girls became

accustomed to it, and were able to share in Papa's calculations as to the gradual retreat of the thunder as it rolled farther and farther away, they began to find out and notice the room within which they had crowded. It had only one window, and was somewhat dark, the small panes being overhung and half obscured by a wild forest of clematis, and sundry stray branches, still bristling with buds, of that pale monthly rose with evergreen leaves, which covered half the front of the house. The fireplace had a rather fantastic grate of clear steel, with bright brass ornaments, so clear and so resplendent as it only could be made by the labour of years, and was filled, instead of a fire, with soft green moss, daintily ornamented with the yellow everlasting flowers. Hannah did not know that these were *immortelles*, and consecrated to the memory of the dead. It was only her rural and old-maidenly fashion of decoration, for the same little rustling posies, dry and unfading, were in the little flower-glasses on the high mantel-shelf, before the little old dark-complexioned mirror, with little black-and-white transparencies set in the slender gilding of its frame, which reflected nothing but a slope of the roof, and one dark portrait hanging as high up as itself upon the opposite wall. It put the room oddly out of proportion, this mirror attracting the eye to its high strip of light, and deluding the unwary to many a stumble; and Agnes already sat fixedly looking at it, and at the dark and wrinkled portrait reflected from the other wall.

Before the fireplace, where there was no fire, stood a large old-fashioned easy-chair, with no one in it. Are you very sure there is no one in it?—for Papa himself has a certain awe of that strangely placed seat, which seems to have stood before that same fireplace for many a year. In the twilight, Agnes, if you were alone—you, who of all the family are most inclined to a little visionary superstition, you would find it very hard to keep from trembling, or to persuade yourself that Miss Bridget was not there, where she had spent half a lifetime, sitting in that heavy old easy-chair.

The carpet was a faded but rich and soft old Turkey carpet, the furniture was slender and spider-legged, made of old bright mahogany, as black and as polished as ebony. There was an old cabinet in one corner, with brass rings and ornaments; and in another an old musical instrument, of which the girls were not learned enough to know the precise species, though it belonged to the genus piano. The one small square table in the middle of the room was covered with a table-cover, richly embroidered, but the silk was faded, and the bits of gold were black and dull; and there were other little tables, round and square, with spiral legs and a tripod of feet, one holding a china jar, one a big book, and one a case of stuffed birds. On the whole, the room had somewhat the look of a rather refined and very prim old lady. The things in it were all of a delicate kind and antique fashion. It was not in the slightest degree like these fair and fresh young girls, but on the whole it was a place of which people like those, with a wholesome love of ancestry, had very good occasion to be proud.

And at the door stood Hannah, in a black gown and great white apron, smoothing down the same with her hands, and bobbing a kindly curtsey. Hannah's eyes were running over with delight and anxiety to get at Bell and Bean. She passed over all the rest of the family to yearn over the little ones. "Eh, bless us!" cried Hannah, as, the thunder over, Mrs. Atheling began to bestir herself—"children in the house!" It was something almost too ecstatic for her elderly imagination. She volunteered to carry them both up-stairs with the most eager attention. "I ain't so much used to childer," said Hannah, "but, bless ye, ma'am, I love um all the same;" and with an instinctive knowledge of this love, Bean condescended to grasp Hannah's spotless white apron, and Bell to mount into her arms. Then the whole family procession went up-stairs to look at the bedrooms—the voices of the girls and the sweet chorus of the babies making the strangest echoes in the lonely house. Hannah acknowledged

new life beginning, it would have

good cry."

CHAPTER XIV.—WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

The upper floor of the Old Wood Lodge consisted of three rooms; one as large as the parlour down stairs, one smaller, and one, looking to the back, very small indeed. The little one was a lumber room, and quite unfurnished; the other two were in perfect accordance with the sitting-room. The best bedroom contained a bed of state, with very slender fluted pillars of the same black ebony-like wood, lifting on high a solemn canopy of that ponderous substance called moreen, and still to be found in country inns and seaside lodgings—the colour dark green, with a binding of faded violet. Hangings of the same darkened the low broad lattice window, and chairs of the same were ranged like ghosts along the wall. It was rather a funereal apartment, and the eager investigators were somewhat relieved to find an old-fashioned "tent," with hangings of old chintz, gay with gigantic flowers, in the next room. But the windows! —the broad plain lying low down at their feet, twinkling to the first faint sun-ray which ventured out after the storm — the cluster of spires and towers over which the light brightened and strengthened, striking bold upon the heavy dome which gave a ponderous central point to the landscape, and splintering into a million rays from the pinnacles of Magdalen and St. Mary's noble spire, all wet and gleaming with the thunder rain. What a scene it was!—how the passing light kindled all the wan waters, and singled out, for a momentary illumination, one after another of the lesser landmarks of that world unknown. These gazers were not skilled to distinguish between Gothic sham and Gothic real, nor knew much of the distinguishing differences of noble and ignoble architecture. After all, at this distance, it did not much matter—for one by one, as the sunshine found them out, they rose up from the gleaming mist, picturesque and various, like the fairy towers and distant splendours of a morning dream.

"I told you it was pretty, Agnes," said Mr. Atheling, who felt himself the exhibitor of the whole scene, and looked on with delight at the success of his private view. Papa, who was to the manner born, felt himself applauded in the admiration of his daughters, and carried Bean upon his shoulder down the creaking narrow staircase, with a certain pride and exultation, calling the reluctant girls to follow him. For lo! upon Miss Bridget's centre table was laid out "such a tea!" as Hannah in all her remembrance had never produced before. Fresh home-made cakes, fresh little pats of butter from the nearest farm—cream! and to crown all, a great china dish full of the last of the strawberries, blushing behind their fresh wet leaves. Hannah, when she had lingered as long as her punctilious good-breeding would permit, and long enough to be very wrathful with Mrs. Atheling for intercepting a shower of strawberries from the plates of Bell and Bean, retired to her kitchen slowly, and drawing a chair before the fire, though the evening still was sultry, threw her white apron over her head, and had her deferred and relieving "cry." "Bless you, I'll love um all," said Hannah, with a succession of sobs, addressing either herself or some unseen familiar, with whom she was in the habit of holding long conversations. "But it ain't Miss Bridget—that's the truth!"

The ground was wet, the trees were damp, everything had been deluged with the shower of the thunderstorm, and Mrs. Atheling did not at all think it prudent that her daughters should go out, though she yielded to them. They went first through the fertile garden, where Marian thought "everything" grew—but were obliged to pause in their researches and somewhat ignorant guesses what everything was, by the unknown charm of

sunset, the birds were all a-twitter in the neighbouring trees, and everywhere around them rose such a breath of fragrance — open-air fragrance, fresh and cool and sweet, as different from the incense of Mrs. Edgerley's conservatory as it was from anything in Bellevue. Running waters trickled somewhere out of sight—it was only the "running of the paths after rain;" and yonder like a queen, sitting low in a sweet humility, was the silent town, with all its crowning towers. The sunshine, which still lingered on Hannah's projecting window in the roof, had left Oxford half an hour ago—and down over the black dome, the heaven-y-piercing spire and lofty cupola, came soft and grey the shadow of the night.

But behind them, through a thick network of foliage, there were gleams and sparkles of gold, touching tenderly some favourite leaves with a green like the green of spring, and throwing the rest into a shadowy blackness against the half-smothered light. Marian ran into the house to call Hannah, begging her to guide them up into the wood. Agnes, less curious, stood with her hand upon the gate, looking down over this wonderful valley, and wondering if she had not seen it some time in a dream.

"Bless you, miss, if it was to the world's end!" cried Hannah; "but it ain't fit for walking, no more nor a desert; the roads is woeful by Badgeley; look you here!—nought in this wide world but mud and clay."

Marian looked in dismay at the muddy road. "It will not be dry for a week," said the disappointed beauty; "but, Hannah, come here, now that I have got you out, and tell us what every place is—Agnes, here's Hannah—and, if you please, which is the village, and which is the Hall, and where is the Old Wood House?"

"Do you see them white chimneys — and smokes?" said Hannah; "they're a-cooking their dinner just, though tea-time's past — that's the Rector's. But, bless your heart, you ain't likely to see the Hall from here. There's all the park and all the trees atween us and my lord's."

"Do the people like him, Hannah?"

Hannah paused with a look alarm. "The people—don't mi nothink about him," said Hann slowly. "Bless us, miss, you ga me such a turn!"

Agnes looked curiously in the c woman's face to see what the occ sion of this "turn" might h Marian, paying no such attentio leaned over the low mossy ga looking in the direction of the O Wood House. They were quite d posed to enjoy the freedom of t "country," and were neither shawl nor bonneted, though the fresh dew air began to feel the chill of nigh Marian leaned out over the gat with her little hand thrust up und her hair, looking into the distan with her beautiful smiling eye The road which passed this gate w a grassy and almost terraced pat used by very few people, and d appearing abruptly in an angle ju after it had passed the Lodge. Su denly emerging from this ang with a step which fell noiselessly the wet grass, meeting the startl gaze of Marian in an instantaneo and ghost-like appearance, came for what she could see only as, again the light, the figure of a man, ha ening towards the high-road. I also seemed to start as he perceiv the young unknown figures in t garden, but his course was too ra to permit any interchange of cur sity. Marian did not think he loo ed at her at all as she withdr hastily from the gate, and he c tainly did not pause an instant his rapid walk; but as he passed lifted his hat — a singular gest of courtesy, addressed to no o like the salutation of a young king and disappeared in another mome as suddenly as he came. Agn attracted by her sister's low unc scious exclamation, saw him as w as Marian—and saw him as littl for neither knew anything at of his appearance, save so far a vague idea of height, rapidity—s the noble small head, for an inst uncovered, impressed their imagi tion. Both paused with a breath impulse of respect, and a sli apprehensiveness, till they were s

the shadow and the twilight, and growing gradually indistinct all but her white apron, with one unanimous exclamation, "Who is that?"

Hannah smoothed down her apron once more, and made another bob of a courtsey, apparently intended for the stranger. "Miss," said Hannah, Then the old woman turned and went in, leaving the girls by themselves in the garden. They were a little timid of the great calm and silence; they almost fancied they were "by themselves,"—not in the garden only, but in this whole apparent noiseless world.

CHAPTER XV.—THE PARLOUR.

And with an excitement which they could not control, the two girls hastened in to the Old Lodge, and to Miss Bridget's dim parlour, where the two candles shed their faint summer-evening light over Mr. Atheling reading an old newspaper, and Mamma reclining in the great old easy-chair. The abstracted mirror, as loftily withdrawn from common life as Mr. Endicott, refused to give any reflection of these good people sitting far below in their middle-aged and respectable quietness, but owned a momentary vision of Agnes and Marian, as they came in with a little haste and eagerness at the half-open door.

But, after all, to be very much excited, to hasten in to tell one's father and mother, with the heart beating faster than usual against one's breast, and to have one's story calmly received with an "Indeed, my dear!" is rather dampening to youthful enthusiasm; and really, to tell the truth, there was nothing at all extraordinary in the fact of Louis passing by a door so near the great house which was his own distasteful home. It was not at all a marvellous circumstance; and as for his salutation, though that was remarkable, and caught their imaginations, Marian whispered that she had no doubt it was Louis's "way."

They began, accordingly, to look at the slender row of books in one small open shelf above the little cabinet. The books were in old rich bindings, and were of a kind of reading quite unknown to Agnes and Marian. There were two (odd) volumes of the *Spectator*, *Rasselas*, the Poems of Shenstone, the Sermons Blair; besides these, a French copy of Thomas-à-Kempis, the *Holy Living and Dying* of Jeremy Taylor, and one of the quaint little books of Sir Thomas Brown. Thrust in hastily besides these ancient and well-attired volumes were two which looked surreptitious, and which were consequently examined with the greatest eagerness. One turned out, somewhat disappointingly, to be a volume of Italian exercises, an old, old school book, inscribed, in a small, pretty, but somewhat faltering feminine handwriting—handwriting of the last century—with the name of Anastasia Rivers, with a B. A. beneath, which doubtless stood for Bridget Atheling, though it seemed to imply, with a kindly sort of blundering comicality sad enough now, that Anastasia Rivers, though she was no great hand at her exercises, had taken a degree. The other volume was of more immediate interest. It was one of those good and exemplary novels, ameliorated Pamelas, which virtuous old ladies were wont to put into the hands of virtuous young ones, and which was calculated to "instruct as well as to amuse" the unfortunate mind of youth. Marian seized upon this *Fatherless Fanny* with an instant appropriation, and in ten minutes was deep in its endless perplexities. Agnes, who would have been very glad of the novel, languidly took down the *Spectator* instead. Yes, we are obliged to confess—languidly—for, with an excited mind upon a lovely summer-night, with all the stars shining without, and only two pale candles within, and Mamma visibly dropping to sleep in the easy-chair—who, we demand, would not prefer, even to Steele and Addison,

And Agnes did not get on with her reading; she saw visibly before her eyes Marian skimming with an eager interest the pages of her novel. She heard Papa rustling his newspaper, watched the faint flicker of the candles, and was aware of the very gentle nod by which Mamma gave evidence of the condition of *her* thoughts. Agnes's imagination, never averse to wandering, strayed off into speculations concerning the old lady and her old pupil, and all the life, unknown and unrecorded, which had happed within these quiet walls. Altogether it was somewhat hard to understand the connection between the Athelings and the Riverses—whether some secret of family history lay involved in it, or if it was only the familiar bond formed a generation ago between teacher and child. And this Louis!—his sudden appearance and disappearance—his princely recognition as of new subjects. Agnes made nothing whatever of her *Spectator*—her mind was possessed and restless — and by-and-by, curious, impatient, and a little excited, she left the room with an idea of hastening up-stairs to the chamber window, and looking out upon the night. But the door of the kitchen stood invitingly open, and Hannah, who had been waiting, slightly expectant of some visit, was to be seen within, rising up hastily with old-fashioned respect and a little wistfulness. Agnes, though she was a young lady of literary tastes, and liked to look out upon moon and stars with the vague sentiment of youth, had, notwithstanding, a wholesome relish for gossip, and was more pleased with talk of other people than we are disposed to confess; so she had small hesitation in changing her course and joining Hannah—that homely Hannah bobbing her odd little curtsey, and smoothing down her bright white apron, in the full glow of the kitchen-fire.

This kitchen was indeed the only really bright room in the Old Wood Lodge, having one strip of carpet only on its white and sanded floor, a large deal table, white and spotless, and wooden chairs hard and clear as

fashioned settle by the chimney
ner, a small bit of looking-
hanging up by the window,
gleams of ruddy copper, and ho
covers of white metal, polishe
bright as silver, ornamenting
walls. Hannah wiped a chair w
needed no wiping, and set it dir
in front of the fire for "Miss,"
would not on any account be so
mannerly" as to sit down herse
the young lady's presence. A
wisely contented herself with lea
on the chair, and smiled with a l
embarrassment at Hannah's court
it was not at all disagreeable, bu
was somewhat different from S
at home.

"I've been looking at 'um, mi
said Hannah, "sleeping like ang
there ain't no difference that I
see; they look, as nigh as can
both of an age."

"They are twins," said Ag
finding out, with a smile, that H
nah's thoughts were taken up,
about Louis and Rachel, but Bell
Beau.

At this information Hannah bri
ened into positive delight. "(
der's ne'er been in this house,"
Hannah, "till this day; and t
is a double blessing. There ain't
more, miss? But bless us all, the
between them darlins and you!"

"We have one brother, besid
and a great many little brothers
sisters in heaven," said Agnes, g
ing very grave, as they all did
they spoke of the dead.

Hannah drew closer with a syn
thetic curiosity. "If that ain't a h
break, there's none in this wo
said Hannah. "Bless their
hearts, it's best for them. Was
fever then, miss, or a catching
ness? Dear, dear, it's all one,
they're gone, what it was."

"Hannah, you must never spe
it to mamma," said Agnes;
used to be so sad—so sad! till
sent Bell and Beau. Do you
Miss Rachel at the Hall? her br
and she are twins too."

"Yes, miss," said Hannah,
a slight curtsey, and becomin
once very laconic.

"And *we* know her," said Ag

little confused by the old woman's sudden quietness. "I suppose that was her brother who passed to-night."

"Ay, poor lad!" Hannah's heart seemed once more a little moved. "They say Miss is to be a play-actress, and I can't abide her for giving in to it; but Mr. Louis, bless him! he ought to be a king."

"You like him, then?" asked Agnes eagerly.

"Ay, poor boy!" Hannah went away hastily to the table, where, in a china basin, in their cool crisp green, lay the homely salads of the garden, about to be arranged for supper. A tray covered with a snow-white cloth, and a small pile of eggs, waited in hospitable preparation for the same meal. Hannah, who had been so long in possession, felt like a humble mistress of the house, exercising the utmost bounties of her hospitality towards her new guests. "Least said's best about them, dear," said Hannah, growing more familiar as she grew a little excited—"but, Lord bless us, it's enough to craze a poor body to see the likes of him, with such a spirit, kept out o' his rights."

"What are his rights, Hannah?" cried Agnes, with new and anxious interest: this threw quite a new light upon the subject.

Hannah turned round a little perplexed. "Tell the truth, I dun know no more nor a baby," said Hannah; "but Miss Bridget, she was well acquaint in all the ways of them, and she ever upheld, when his name was named, that my lord kep' him out of his rights."

"And what did *he* say?" asked Agnes.

"Nay, child," said the old woman, "it ain't no business of mine to tell tales; and Miss Bridget had more sense nor all the men of larning I ever heard tell of. She knew better than to put wickedness into his mind. He's a handsome lad and a kind, is Mr. Louis; but I wouldn't be my lord, no, not for all Banburyshire, if I'd done that boy a wrong."

"Then, do you think Lord Winterbourne has *not* done him a wrong?" said Agnes, thoroughly bewildered.

Hannah turned round upon her suddenly, with a handful of herbs and a knife in her other hand. "Miss, he's an unlawful child!" said Hannah, with the most melodramatic effectiveness. Agnes involuntarily drew back a step, and felt the blood rush to her face. When she had delivered herself of this startling whisper, Hannah returned to her homely occupation, talking in an under-tone all the while.

"Ay, poor lad, there's none can mend that," said Hannah; "he's kep' out of his rights, and never a man can help him. If it ain't enough to put him wild, *I* dun know."

"And are you quite sure of that? Does everybody think him a son of Lord Winterbourne's?" said Agnes.

"Well, miss, my lord's not like to own to it—to shame hisself," said Hannah; "but they're none so full of charity at the Hall as to bother with other folkses children. My lord's kep' him since they were babies, and sent the lawyer hisself to fetch him when Mr. Louis ran away. Bless you, no; there ain't no doubt about it. Whose son else could he be?"

"But if that was true, he would have no rights. And what did Miss Bridget mean by rights?" asked Agnes, in a very low tone, blushing, and half ashamed to speak of such a subject at all.

Hannah, however, who did not share in all the opinions of respectability, but had a leaning rather, in the servant view of the question, to the pariah of the great old house, took up somewhat sharply this unguarded opinion. "Miss," said Hannah, "you'll not tell me that there ain't no rights belonging Mr. Louis. The queen on the throne would be glad of the likes of him for a prince and an heir; and Miss Bridget was well acquaint in all the ways of the Riverses, and was as fine to hear as a printed book: for the matter of that," added Hannah, solemnly, "Miss Taesie, though she would not go through the park gates to save her life, had a leaning to Mr. Louis too."

"And who is Miss Taesie?" said Anges.

"Miss," said Hannah, in a very grave and reproving tone, "you're

little acquaint with our ways; it ain't my business to go into stories—you ask your papa."

"So I will, Hannah; but who is Miss Taesie?" asked Agnes again, with a smile.

Hannah answered only by placing her salad on the tray, and carrying it solemnly to the parlour. Amused and interested, Agnes stood by the kitchen fireside thinking over what she had heard, and smiling as she mused; for Miss Taesie, no doubt, was the Honourable Anastasia Rivers, beneath whose name, in the old exercise-book, stood that odd B. A.

CHAPTER XVI.—WINTERBOURNE.

The next day the family walked forth in a body, to make acquaintance with the "new neighbourhood." There was Papa and Mamma first of all, Mrs. Atheling extremely well dressed, and in all the cheerful excitement of an unaccustomed holiday; and then came Agnes and Marian, pleased and curious—and wild with delight, little Bell and Beau. Hannah, who was very near as much delighted as the children, stood at the door looking after them as they turned the angle of the grassy path. When they were quite out of sight, Hannah returned to her kitchen with a brisk step, to compound the most delicious of possible puddings for their early dinner. It was worth while now to exercise those half-forgotten gifts of cookery which had been lost upon Miss Bridget; and when everything was ready, Hannah, instead of her black ribbon, put new white bows in her cap. At sight of the young people, and, above all, the children, and in the strange delightful bustle of "a full house," hard-featured Hannah, kind and homely, renewed her youth.

The father and mother sent their children on before them, and made progress slowly, recalling and remembering everything. As for Agnes and Marian, they hastened forward with irregular and fluctuating curiosity—loitering one moment, and running another, but, after their different fashion, taking note of all they saw. And between the vanguard and the rearguard a most unsteady main body, fluttering over the grass like two butterflies as they ran back and forward from Agnes and Marian to Papa and Mamma "with flichterin' noise and glee," came Bell and Beau. These small people, with handfuls of buttercups and clovertops always running through their rosy little fingers, were to be traced along their devious and uncertain path by the droppings of these humble posies, and were in a state of perfect and unalloyed ecstacy. The little family procession came past the Old Wood House, which was a large white square building, a great deal loftier, larger, and more pretending than their own; in fact, a great house in comparison with their cottage. Round two sides of it appeared the prettiest of trim gardens—a little world of velvet lawn, clipped yews, and glowing flower-beds. The windows were entirely obscured with close Venetian blinds, partially excused by the sunshine, but turning a most jealous and inscrutable blankness to the eyes of the new inhabitants; and close behind the house clustered the trees of the park. As they passed, looking earnestly at the house, some one came out—a very young man, unmistakably clerical, with a stiff white band under his monkish chin, a waistcoat which was very High Church, and the blandest of habitual smiles. He looked at the strangers urbanely, with a half intention of addressing them. The girls were not learned in Church politics, yet they recognised the priestly appearance of the smiling young clergyman; and Agnes, for her part, contemplated him with a secret disappointment and dismay. Mr. Rivers himself was said to be High Church. Could this be Mr. Rivers? He passed, however, and left them to guess vainly; and Papa and Mamma, whose slow and steady pace threatened every now and then to outstrip these irregular, rapid young footsteps, came up and pressed them onward. "How strange!" Marian exclaimed involuntarily: "if that is he, I am disappointed; but how funny to meet them *both!*"

And then Marian blushed and

Rachel's castles in the air. Her laugh attracted the attention of a countrywoman who just then came out to the door of a little wayside cottage. She made them a little bob of a curtsey, like Hannah's, and asked if they wanted to see the church, "'cause I don't think the gentlemen would mind," said the clerk's wife, the privileged bearer of the ecclesiastical keys; and Mr. Atheling, hearing the question, answered over the heads of his daughters, yes, certainly they would go. So they all went after her dutifully over the style, and along a field-path by a rustling growth of wheat, spotted with red poppies, for which Bell and Beau sighed and cried in vain, and came at last to a pretty small church, of the architectural style and period of which this benighted family were most entirely ignorant. Mr. Atheling indeed had a vague idea that it was "Gothic," but would not have liked to commit himself even to that general principle—for the days of religious architecture and church restorations were all since Mr. Atheling's time.

They went in accordingly under a low round-arched doorway, solemn and ponderous, entirely unconscious of the "treasured ornament" which antiquaries came far to see; and looking with a certain awe at the heavy and solemn arches of the little old Saxon church, were rather more personally attracted, we are pained to confess, by a group of gentlemen within the sacred verge of the chancel, discussing something with solemnity and earnestness, as if it were a question of life and death. Foremost in this group, but occupying, as it seemed, rather an explanatory and apologetic place, and listening with evident anxiety to the deliverance of the others, was a young man of commanding appearance, extremely tall, with a little of the look of ascetic abstraction which belongs to the loftier members of the very high High Church. As the Athelings approached rather timidly under the escort of their humble guide, this gentleman eyed them, with a mixture of observation and haughtiness, as might have been eyed by the recognition as the same reigning lord and master might bestow upon an intruder who was only mistaken and not presumptuous. The father of the family rose to the occasion, his colour increased; he drew himself up, and made a formal but really dignified bow to the young clergyman. The little group of advisers did not pause a minute in their discussion; and odd words which they were not in the habit of hearing, fell upon the ears of Agnes and Marian. "Bad in an archaic point of view—extremely bad; and I never can forgive errors of detail; the best examples are so accessible," said one gentleman. "I do not agree with you. I remember an instance at Amiens," interrupted another. "Amiens, my dear sir!—exactly what I mean to say," cried the first speaker; "behind the date of Winterbourne a couple of hundred years—late work—a debased style. In a church of this period everything ought to be severe."

And accordingly there were severe Apostles in the painted windows—those slender lancet "lights" which at this moment dazzled the eyes of Agnes and Marian; and the new saints in the new little niches were, so far as austerity went, a great deal more correct and true to their "period" than even the old saints, without noses, and sorely worn with weather and irreverence, who were as genuine early English as the stout old walls. But Marian Atheling had no comprehension of this kind of severity. She shrunk away from the altar in its religious gloom—the altar with its tall candlesticks, and its cloth, which was stiff with embroidery—marvelling in her innocent imagination over some vague terror of punishments and penances in a church where "everything ought to be severe." Marian took care to be on the other side of her father and mother, as they passed again the academic group discussing the newly restored sedilia, which was not quite true in point of "detail," and drew a long breath of relief when she was safely outside these dangerous walls. "The Rector! that was the Rector. Oh Agnes!" cried Marian, as Papa announced the dreadful intelli-

gence; and the younger sister, horror-stricken, and with great pity, looked sympathetically in Agnes's face. Agnes herself was moved to look back at the tall central figure, using for a dais the elevation of that chancel. She smiled, but she was a little startled—and the girls went on to the village, and to glance through the trees at the great park surrounding the Hall, with not nearly so much conversation as at the beginning of their enterprise. But it was with a sigh instead of a laugh that Marian repeated, when they went home to dinner and Hannah's magnificent pudding—"So, Agnes, we have seen them both."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CLERGY.

Several weeks after this passed very quietly over the Old Wood Lodge and its new inhabitants. They saw "Mr. Louis," always a rapid and sudden apparition, pass now and then before their windows, and sometimes received again that slight passing courtesy which nobody could return, as it was addressed to nobody, and only disclosed a certain careless yet courteous knowledge on the part of the young prince that they were there; and they saw the Rector on the quiet country Sabbath-days in his ancient little church, with its old heavy arches, and its new and dainty restorations, "intoning" after the loftiest fashion, and preaching strange little sermons of subdued yet often vehement and impatient eloquence—addresses which came from a caged and fiery spirit, and had no business there. The Winterbourne villagers gaped at his Reverence as he flung his thunderbolts over their heads, and his Reverence came down now and then from a wild uncertain voyage heavenward, down, down, with a sudden dreary plunge, to look at all the blank rustical faces, slumberous or wondering, and chafe himself with fiery attempts to come down to their level, and do his duty to his rural flock. With a certain vague understanding of some great strife and tumult in this dissatisfied and troubled spirit, Agnes Atheling followed him in the sudden outbursts of his natural oratory, and in the painful curb and drawing-up by which he seemed to awake and come to himself. Though she was no student of character, this young genius could not restrain a throb of sympathy for the imprisoned and uncertain intellect beating its wings before her very eyes. Intellect of the very highest order was, without question, errant in that humble pulpit—errant, eager, disquieted—an eagle flying at the sun. The simpler soul of genius vaguely comprehended it, and rose with half-respectful, half-compassionating sympathy, to mark the conflict. The family mother was not half satisfied with these preachings, and greatly lamented that the only church within their reach should be so painfully "high," and so decidedly objectionable. Mrs. Atheling's soul was grieved within her at the tall candlesticks, and even the "severe" Apostles in the windows were somewhat appalling to this excellent Protestant. She listened with a certain dignified disapproval to the sermons, not much remarking their special features, but contenting herself with a general censure. Marian too, who did not pretend to be intellectual, wondered a little like the other people, and though she could not resist the excitement of this unusual eloquence, gazed blankly at the preacher after it was over, not at all sure if it was right, and marvelling what he could mean. Agnes alone, who could by no means have told you what he meant—who did not even understand, and certainly could not have explained in words her own interest in the irregular prelection—vaguely followed him nevertheless with an intuitive and unexplainable comprehension. They had never exchanged words, and the lofty and self-absorbed Rector knew nothing of the tenants of the Old Wood Lodge; yet he began to look towards the corner whence that intelligent and watching face flashed upon his maze of vehement and uncertain thought. He began to look, as a relief, for the upward glance of those awed yet pitying eyes, which followed him; yet some-

calm and deep assurance of a higher world than his. It was not by any means, at this moment, a young man and a young woman looking at each other with the mutual sympathy and mutual difference of nature; it was Genius, sweet, human, and universal, tender in the dews of youth—and Intellect, nervous, fiery, impatient, straining like a Hercules after the Divine gift, which came to the other sleeping, as God gives it to His beloved.

The Curate of Winterbourne was the most admirable foil to his reverend principal. This young and fervent churchman would gladly have sat in the lower seat of the restored sedilia, stone cold and cushionless, at any risk of rheumatism, had not his reverence the Rector put a decided interdict upon so extreme an example of rigid Anglicanism. As it was, his bland and satisfied youthful face in the reading-desk made the strangest contrast in the world to that dark, impetuous, and troubled countenance, lowering in handsome gloom from the pulpit. The common people, who held the Rector in awe, took comfort in the presence of the Curate, who knew all the names of all the children, and was rather pleased than troubled when they made so bold as to speak to him about a place for Sally, or a 'prenticeship for John. His own proper place in the world had fallen happily to this urbane and satisfied young gentleman. He was a parish priest born and intended, and accordingly there was not a better parish priest in all Banburyshire than the reverend Eustace Mead. While the Rector only played and fretted over these pretty toys of revived Anglicanism, with which he was not able to occupy his rapid and impetuous intellect, they sufficed to make a pleasant reserve of interest in the life of the Curate, who was by no means an impersonation of intellect, though he had an acute and practical little mind of his own, much more at his command than the mind of Mr. Rivers was at his. And the Curate preached devout little sermons, which the rustical people did not pe at; while the Rector, out of all sense of the words, the wrong man in the wrong place.

So far as time had yet gone, the only intercourse with their neighbours held by the Athelings was at church, and their nearest neighbours were those clerical people who occupied the Old Wood House. Mr. Rivers was said to have a sister living with him, but she was "a great invalid," and never visible; and on no occasion, since his new parishioners arrived, had the close Venetian blinds been raised, or the house opened its eyes. There it stood in the sunshine, in that most verdant of trim old gardens, which no one ever walked in, nor, according to appearances, ever saw, with its three rows of closed windows, blankly green, secluded and forbidding, which no one within ever seemed tempted to open to the sweetest of morning breezes, or the fragrant coolness of the night. Agnes, taking the privilege of her craft, was much disposed to suspect some wonderful secret or mystery in this monkish and ascetic habitation; but it was not difficult to guess the secret of the Rector, and there was not a morsel of mystery in the bland countenance of smiling Mr. Mead.

By this time Mrs. Atheling and her children were alone. Papa had exhausted his holiday, and with a mixture of pleasure and unwillingness returned to his office duties; and Mamma, though she had so much enjoyment of the country, which was "so good for the children" began to sigh a little for her other household, to marvel much how Susan used her supremacy, and to be seized with great compunctions now and then as to the cruelty "of leaving your father and Charlie by themselves so long." The only thing which really reconciled the good wife to this desertion, was the fact that Charlie himself, without any solicitation, and in fact rather against his will, was to have a week's holiday at Michaelmas, and of course looked forward in his turn to the Old Wood Lodge. Mrs. Atheling had made up her mind to return with her son, and was at present in a state of considerable doubt and per-

plexity touching Agnes and Marian, Bell and Beau. The roses on the cheeks of the little people had blossomed so sweetly since they came to the country. Mrs. Atheling almost thought she could trust her darlings to Hannah, and that "another month would do them no harm."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A NEW FRIEND.

September had begun, but my lord and his expected guests had not yet arrived at the Hall. Much talk and great preparations were reported in the village, and came in little rivulets of intelligence, through Hannah and the humble merchants of the place, to the Old Wood Lodge; but Agnes and Marian, who had not contrived to write to her, knew nothing whatever of Rachel, and vainly peeped in at the great gates of the park, early and late, for the small rapid figure which had made so great an impression upon their youthful fancy. Then came the question, should they speak to Louis, who was to be seen sometimes with a gun and a gamekeeper, deep in the gorse and ferns of Badgeley Wood. Hannah said this act of rebellious freedom had been met by a threat on the part of my lord to "have him up" for poaching, which threat only quickened the haughty boy in his love of sport. "You may say what you like, children, but it is very wrong and very sinful," said Mrs. Atheling, shaking her head with serious disapproval, "and especially if he brings in some poor gamekeeper, and risks his children's bread;" and Mamma was scarcely to be satisfied with Hannah's voluble and eager disclaimer—Mr. Louis would put no man in peril. This excellent mother held her prejudices almost as firmly as her principles, and compassionately added that it was no wonder—poor boy, considering—for she could not understand how Louis could be virtuous and illegitimate, and stood out with a repugnance, scarcely to be overcome, against any friendship between her own children and these unfortunate orphans at the Hall.

One of these bright afternoons, the girls were in the garden discussing eagerly this difficult question; for it would be very sad to bring Rachel to the house, full of kind and warm expectations, and find her met by the averted looks of Mamma. Her two daughters, however, though they were grieved, did not find it at all in their way to criticise the opinions of their mother; they concerted little loving attacks against them, but thought of nothing more.

And these two found great occupation in the garden, where Bell and Beau played all the day long, and which Mrs. Atheling commanded as she sat by the parlour window with her workbasket. This afternoon the family group was fated to interruption. One of the vehicles ascending the high-road, which was not far from the house, drew up suddenly at sight of these young figures in old Miss Bridget's garden. Even at this distance a rather rough and very peremptory voice was audible ordering the groom, and then a singular-looking personage appeared on the grassy path. This was a very tall woman, dressed in an old-fashioned brown cloth pelisse and tippet, with an odd bonnet on her head which seemed an original design, contrived for mere comfort, and owning no fashion at all. She was not young certainly, but she was not so old either, as the archæological "detail" of her costume might have warranted a stranger in supposing. Fifty at the very utmost, perhaps only forty-five, with a fresh cheek, a bright eye, and all the demeanour of a country gentleman, this lady advanced upon the curious and timid girls. That her errand was with them was sufficiently apparent from the moment they saw her, and they stood together very conscious, under the steady gaze of their approaching visitor, continuing to occupy themselves a little with the children, yet scarcely able to turn from this unknown friend. She came along steadily, without a pause, holding still in her hand the small riding-whip which had been the sceptre of her sway over the two stout grey ponies wait-

ing in the high-road—came along steadily to the door, pushed open the gate, entered upon them without either compliment or salutation, and only, when she was close upon the girls, paused for an instant to make the *brusque* and sudden inquiry, "Well, young people, who are you?"

They did not answer for the moment, being surprised in no small degree by such a question; upon which the stranger repeated it rather more peremptorily. "We are called Atheling," said Agnes, with a mixture of pride and amusement. The lady laid her hand heavily upon the girl's shoulder, and turned her half round to the light. "What relation?" said this singular inquisitor; but while she spoke, there became evident a little moistening and relaxation of her heavy grey eyelid, as if it was with a certain emotion she recalled the old owner of the old lodge, whom she did not name.

"My father was Miss Bridget's nephew; she left the house to him," said Agnes; and Marian too drew near in wondering regard and sympathy, as two big drops, like the thunder-rain, fell suddenly and quietly over this old lady's cheeks.

"So! you are Will Atheling's daughters," said their visitor, a little more roughly than before, as if from some shame of her emotion; "and that is your mother at the window. Where's Hannah? for I suppose you don't know me."

"No," said Agnes, feeling rather guilty; it seemed very evident that this lady was a person universally known.

"Will Atheling married—married—whom did he marry?" said the visitor, making her way to the house, and followed by the girls. "Eh! don't you know, children, what was your mother's name? Franklin? yes, to be sure, I remember her a timid pretty sort of creature; ah! just like Will."

By this time they were at the door of the parlour, which she opened with an unhesitating hand. Mrs. Atheling, who had seen her from the window, was evidently prepared to receive the stranger, and stood up to greet her with a little colour rising her cheek, and, as the girls were astonished to perceive, water in her eyes.

This abrupt and big intruder into the family room showed more courtesy to the mother than she had done to the girls; she made a sudden curtsey, which expression of respect seemed to fill up all the requirements of politeness in her eyes, and addressed Mrs. Atheling at once, without any prelude. "Do you remember me?"

"I think so—Miss Rivers?" said Mrs. Atheling with considerable nervousness.

"Just so—Anastasia Rivers—once not any older than yourself. So—so—and here are you and all your children in my old professor's room."

"We have made no change in it; everything is left as it was," said Mrs. Atheling.

"The more's the pity," answered the abrupt and unscrupulous caller. "Why, it's not like *them*—not a bit; as well dress them in her old gowns, dear old soul! Ay well, it was a long life—no excuse for grieving; but at the last, you see, at the last, it's come to its end."

"We did not see her," said Mrs. Atheling, with an implied apology for "want of feeling," "for more than twenty years. Some one, for some reason, we cannot tell what, prejudiced her mind against William and me."

"Some one!" said Miss Rivers, with an emphatic toss of her head. "You don't know of course who it was. *I* do: do you wish me to tell you?"

Mrs. Atheling made no answer. She looked down with some confusion, and began to trifle with the work which all this time had lain idly on her knee.

"If there's any ill turn he can do you now," said Miss Rivers pointedly, "he will not miss the chance, take my word for it; and in case he tries it, let me know. Will Atheling and I are old friends, and I like the look of the children. Good girls, are they? And is this all your family?"

"All I have alive but one boy," said Mrs. Atheling.

"Ah!" said her visitor, looking up quickly. "Lost some?—never mind, child, you'll find them again; and

After a moment's pause she began to speak again, in an entirely different tone. "These young ones must come to see me," said their new friend—"I like the look of them. You are very pretty, my dear, you are quite as good as a picture; but I like your sister just as well as you. Come here, child. Have you had a good education? Are you clever? Nonsense! Why do you blush? People can't have brains without knowing of it. Are you clever, I say?"

"I don't think so," said Agnes, unable to restrain a smile; "but mamma does, and so does Marian." Here she came to an abrupt conclusion, blushing at herself. Miss Rivers rose up from her seat, and stood before her, looking down into the shy eyes of the young genius with all the penetrating steadiness of her own.

"I like an honest girl," said the Honourable Anastasia, patting Agnes's shoulder rather heavily with her strong hand. "Marian—is she called Marian? That's not an Atheling name. Why didn't you call her Bride?"

"She is named for me," said Mrs. Atheling with some dignity. And then she added, faltering, "we had a Bridget too; but——"

"Never mind," said Miss Rivers, lifting her hand quickly—"never mind, you'll find them again. She's very pretty—prettier than any one I know about Banburyshire; but for heaven's sake, child, mind what you're about, and don't let any one put nonsense in your head. Your mother could tell you what comes of such folly, and so could I. By the by, children, you are much of an age. Do you know anything of those poor children at the Hall?"

"We know Rachel," said Agnes eagerly. "We met her at Richmond, and were very fond of her; and I suppose she is coming here."

"Rachel!" said Miss Rivers, with a little contempt. "I mean the boy. Has Will Atheling seen the boy?"

"My husband met him once when he came here first," said Mrs. Athel-

"My father!" The words uttered with an earnestness energy which brought a deep co over those unyouthful cheeks. "to be sure—every one says the s I'd give half my fortune to know true story of that boy!"

"Rachel says," interposed Ag eagerly taking advantage of anyt which could be of service to friend, "that Louis will not bel that they belong to Lord Win bourne."

The eyes of the Honourable A tasia flashed positive lightning; t a shadow came over her face. "Th nothing," she said abruptly. " one who could help it would be tent to belong to *him*. Now, send some day for the children: s them over to see me, will you? where's Hannah—does she suit y She was very good to *her*, dear soul!"

"And she is very good to the c dren," said Mrs. Atheling, as she lowed her visitor punctiliously to door. When they reached it, M Rivers turned suddenly round u her—

"You are not rich, are you? D be offended; but, if you are a change all this. I'm glad to see in the house; but this, you kn *this* is like her gowns and her turb —make a change."

Here Hannah appeared from kitchen curtseying deeply to M Taesie, who held a conversation w her, at the gate; and finally w away, with her steady step and riding-whip, having first plucked of the late pale roses from the w Mrs. Atheling came in with a deg of agitation not at all usual to family mother. "The first time ever saw her," said Mrs. Athel "when I was a young girl ne married, and she a proud you beauty just on the eve of the sa I remember her, in her hat and riding-habit, pulling a rose f Aunt Bridget's porch,—and there is again."

"Ma'am," said Hannah, com in to spread the table, "Miss Ta never comes here, late or early, she gathers a rose."

"But, mamma, if she was just on the eve of the same, why is she only Miss Rivers now?" asked Marian, very curious on this subject of betrothment and marriages.

"It is a very long story, my dear," said Mrs. Atheling. As a general principle, Mamma was not understood to have any special aversion to long stories, but she certainly showed no inclination whatever to enter into this.

"So much the better if you will tell it, mamma," said Agnes; and they came close to her, with their pretty bits of needlework, and their looks of interest: it was not in the heart of woman to refuse.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Atheling, with a little reluctance, "somehow we seem to be brought into the very midst of it again, though we have scarcely heard their names for twenty years. This lady, though she is almost as old as he is, is niece to Lord Winterbourne. The old lord was only his stepbrother, and a great deal older than he—and Miss Anastasia was the only child of the old lord. You may suppose how disappointed he was, with all his great estates entailed, and the title—and nothing but a daughter; and everybody said, when the old lady died, that he would marry again."

"*Did* he marry again?" said Marian, as Mamma came to a sudden and unexpected pause.

"No, my dear; for then trouble came," said Mrs. Atheling. "Miss Anastasia was a beautiful young lady, always very proud, and very wise and sensible, but a great beauty for all that; and she was to be married to a young gentleman, a baronet and a very great man, out of Warwickshire. The present lord was then the Honourable Reginald Rivers, and dreadful wild. Somehow, I cannot tell how it was, he and Sir Frederick quarrelled, and then they fought; and after his wound that fine young gentleman fell into a wasting and a consumption, and died at twenty-five; and that is the reason why Miss Anastasia has never been married, and I am afraid, though it is so very wrong to say so, *hates* Lord Winterbourne."

"Oh, mamma! I am sure I should, if I had been like her!" cried Marian, almost moved to tears.

"No, my darling, not to hate him," said Mrs. Atheling, shaking her head, "or you would forget all you have been taught since you were a child."

"I do not understand him, mamma," said Agnes: "does everybody hate him—has he done wrong to every one?"

Mrs. Atheling sighed. "My dears, if I tell you, you must forget it again, and never mention it to any one. Papa had a pretty young sister, little Bride as they all called her, the sweetest girl I ever saw. Mr. Reginald came courting her a long time, but at last she found out—oh girls! oh, children!—that what he meant was not true love, but something that it would be a shame and a sin so much as to name; and it broke her dear heart, and she died. Her grave is at Winterbourne; that was what Papa and I went to see the first day."

"Mamma," cried Agnes, starting up in great excitement and agitation, "why do you suffer us to know any one belonging to such a man?"

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Atheling, a little discomposed by this appeal, "I thought it was for the best. Coming here, we were sure to be thrown into their way—and perhaps he may have repented. And then Mrs. Edgerley was very kind to you, and I did not think it right, for the father's sake, to judge harshly of the child."

Marian, who had covered her face with her hands, looked up now with abashed and glistening eyes. "Is that why papa dislikes him so?" said Marian, very low, and still sheltering with her raised hands her dismayed and blushing face.

Mrs. Atheling hesitated a moment. "Yes," she said doubtfully, after a pause of consideration—"Yes; that and other things."

But the inquiry of the girls could not elicit from Mamma what were the other things which were sufficient to share with this as motives of Mr. Atheling's dislike. They were inexpressibly shocked and troubled by the story, as people are who, contemplating evil at a visionary distance, and having only a visionary belief in it, suddenly find a visible gulf yawning at their own feet; and Agnes could not help thinking, with horror and disgust, of being in the same room with this man of guilt, and of that polluting kiss of his, from which Rachel shrank as from the touch of pestilence. "Such a man ought to be marked and singled out," cried Agnes, with unreasoning youthful eloquence: "no one should dare to bring him into the same atmosphere with pure-minded people; everybody ought to be warned of who and what he was."

"Nay; God has not done so," said Mrs. Atheling with a sigh. "He has offended God more than he ever could offend man, but God bears with him. I often say so to your father when we speak of the past. Ought we, who are so sinful ourselves, to have less patience than God?"

After this the girls were very silent, saying nothing, and much absorbed with their own thoughts. Marian, who perhaps for the moment found a certain analogy between her father's pretty sister and herself, was wrapt in breathless horror of the whole catastrophe. Her mind glanced back upon Sir Langham—her fancy started forward into the future; but though the young beauty for the moment was greatly appalled and startled, she could not believe in the possibility of anything at all like this "happening to me!" Agnes, for her part, took quite a different view of the matter. The first suggestion of her eager fancy was, what could be done for Louis and Rachel, to deliver them from the presence and control of such a man? Innocently and instinctively her thoughts turned upon her own gift, and the certain modest amount of power it gave her. Louis might get a situation like Charlie, and be helped until he was able for the full weight of his own life, and Rachel, another sister, could come home to Bellevue. So Agnes, who at this present moment was writing in little bits, much interrupted and broken in upon, her second story, rose into a delightful anticipatory triumph, not of its fame or success, though these things did glance laughingly across her innocent imagination, but of its mere ignoble coined recompense, and of all the great things for these two poor orphans which might be done in Bellevue.

And while the mother and the daughters sat at work in the shady little parlour, where the sunshine did not enter, but where a sidelong reflection of one waving bough of clematis, dusty with blossom, waved across the little sloping mirror, high on the wall, Hannah sat outside the open door, watching with visible delight, and sometimes joining for an instant with awkward kindliness, the sports of Bell and Beau. They rolled about on the soft grass, ran about on the garden paths, tumbled over each other and over everything in their way, but, with the happy immunity of children in the country, "took no harm." Hannah had some work in her great white apron, but did not so much as look at it. She had no eye for a rare passenger upon the grassy byway, and scarcely heard the salutation of the Rector's man. All Hannah's soul and thoughts were wrapt up in the "blessed babies," who made her old life blossom and rejoice; and it was without any intervention of their generally punctilious attendant that a light and rapid step came gliding over the threshold of the Lodge, and a quiet little knock sounded lightly on the parlour door. "May I come in, please?" said a voice which seemed to Agnes to be speaking out of her dream; and Mrs. Atheling had not time to buckle on her armour of objection when the door opened, and the same little light rapid figure came bounding into the arms of her daughters. Once there, it was not very difficult to reach to the good mother's kindly heart.

"Yes, I only came to-day," said Rachel, who kept her eyes wistfully upon Mrs Atheling, though she spoke to Agnes. "They made me go to town after you left, and then kept me *so* long at the Willows. Next season they say I am to come out, and somebody has offered me an engagement; but indeed, indeed," cried Rachel, suddenly firing with one of her outbursts of unexpected energy, "I never will!"

The girls scarcely knew what answer to make in presence of their mother. They had not been trained to have independent friendships, and now waited anxiously, turning silent looks of appeal upon Mamma. Mamma all at once had become exceedingly industrious, and neither looked up nor spoke.

"But then you might live in London, perhaps, instead of here; and I should be very glad if you were near us;" said Agnes, with a good deal of timidity. Agnes, indeed, was not thinking what she said—her whole attention wandered to her mother.

"I do not mind for myself," said Rachel, with a deep sigh. "I do not think I should care if there were a hundred people to hear me sing instead of a dozen, for I know very well not one of them would care anything for *me;* but I have to remember Louis. I cannot disgrace Louis. It is bad enough for him as it is, without adding any more."

Again there was a pause. Rachel's poor little palpitating heart beat very loud and very high. "I thought I should be welcome when I came here," she said, freezing half into her unnatural haughtiness, and half with an unconscious and pitiful tone of appeal; "but I never intruded upon any one—never! and if you do not wish me to be here, I can go away."

She turned to go away as she spoke, her little figure rising and swelling with great subdued emotion; but Mrs. Atheling immediately rose and stretched out her hand to detain her. "Do not go away, my dear; the girls are very fond of you," said Mrs. Atheling; and it cost this good mother, with her ideas of propriety, a very considerable struggle with herself to say these simple words.

Rachel stood before her a moment irresolute and uncertain, not appearing even to hear what Agnes and Marian, assured by this encouragement, hastened to say. The contest was violent while it lasted between Louis's sister, who was his representative, and the natural little humble child Rachel, who had no pride, and only wanted the kindly succour of love; but at last nature won the day. She seized upon Mrs. Atheling's hand hastily and kissed it, with a pretty appealing gesture. "They do everything you tell them," cried Rachel suddenly. "I never had any mother—never even when we were babies. Oh, will you tell me sometimes what I ought to do?"

It was said afterwards in the family that at this appeal Mamma, fairly vanquished and overcome, "almost cried;" and certain it was that Rachel immediately took possession of the stool beside her, and remained there not only during this visit, but on every after occasion when she came. She brightened immediately into all her old anxious communicativeness, concealing nothing, but pouring out her whole heart.

"Louis told me he had seen you in the garden," said Rachel, with a low laugh of pleasure; "but when I asked which it was, he said he knew nothing of Agnes and Marian, but only he had seen a vision looking over the old gate. I never know what Louis means when he speaks nonsense," said Rachel, with an unusual brightness: "and I am so glad. I never heard him speak so much nonsense since we came to the Hall."

"And are you left in the Hall all by yourselves, two young creatures?" asked Mrs. Atheling, with curiosity. "It must be very melancholy for you."

"Not to be alone!" cried Rachel. "But very soon my lord is coming, with a great household of people; and then—I almost faint when I think upon it. What shall I do?"

"But, Rachel, Mrs. Edgerley is very kind to you," said Agnes.

Rachel answered after her usual

fashion, "I do not care at all for myself —it is nothing to me; but Louis—oh, Louis!—if he is ever seen, the people stare at him as they would at a horse or a hound; and Lord Winterbourne tries to have an opportunity to speak and order him away, and when he shoots, he says he will put him in prison. And then Louis knows when they send for me, and sometimes stands under the window and hears me singing, and is white with rage to hear; and then he says he cannot bear it, and must go away, and then I go down upon my knees to him. I know how it will happen—everything, everything! It makes him mad to have to bear it. Oh, I wish I knew anything that I could do!"

"Mamma," said Agnes earnestly, "Rachel used to tell us all this at the Willows. Do you not think he ought to go away?"

Mrs. Atheling shook her head in perplexity; and, instead of answering, asked a question, "Does he not think it his duty, my dear, to obey your—your father?" said Mamma doubtfully.

"But he is not our father—oh no, no, indeed he is not! I should know he was not, even without Louis," cried Rachel, unaware what a violent affirmation this was. "Louis says we could not have any father who would not be a disgrace to us, being as we are—and Louis must be right; but even though he might be a bad man, he could not be like Lord Winterbourne. He takes pleasure in humiliating us — he never cared for us all our life."

There was something very touching in this entire identification of these two solitary existences, which still were but one life; and Rachel was not Rachel till she came to the very last words. Before that, with the strange and constantly varying doubleness of her sisterly character, she had been once again the representative of Louis. One thing struck them all as they looked at her small features, fired with this sudden inspiration of Louis's pride and spirit. About as different as possible—at the extreme antipodes of unresemblance—were their two visitors of this day,—this small little fairy, nervous, timid, and doubtful, fatherless, homeless, and without so much as a name, and that assured and commanding old lady, owning no superior, and as secure of her own position and authority as any reigning monarch. Yes, they were about as dissimilar as two human creatures could be; yet the lookers-on were startled to recognise that subtle link of likeness, seldom a likeness of features, which people call family resemblance. Could it have come through this man, who was so repugnant to them both?

"They are all coming down on Monday next week," said Rachel, "so we have just three days all to ourselves; and I thought, perhaps—perhaps, if you please to let me, I might bring Louis to-night?"

"Surely, my dear," said Mrs. Atheling.

"Oh, thank you!—thank you very much!" cried Rachel, once more bestowing an eager yet shy caress upon that motherly hand. "Louis is not like me at all," added the anxious sister, afraid lest he should suffer by any preconceived notion of resemblance. "He is a man; and old Miss Bridget used to call him a noble brave boy, like what you read of in books. I do not know," said Rachel, "I never read of any one, even in a book, like Louis. I think he ought to be a king."

"But, indeed, Rachel," said Agnes, "I am quite sure you are wrong. Ask mamma. You ought to let him go away."

"Do *you* think so?" said Rachel wistfully, looking up in Mrs. Atheling's face.

But Mrs. Atheling, though under any other circumstances she would of course have insisted upon the absolute propriety of a young man "making his own way," paused, much perplexed, and answered nothing for the moment. "My dear," she said at last, very doubtfully. "I do not know at all what to say. You should have some one who could advise you better; and it depends on the young gentleman's inclinations, and a great many things beside that I am not able to judge of; for, indeed, though it may only be my old-fashioned notions, I do not like to hear of young people going against the advice of their friends."

THE SCOT ABROAD.

THE MAN OF ART.

A FACETIOUS correspondent solicits our attention to some biographical difficulties, the solution of which, he thinks, might help materially to give consistency and completeness to this series of papers. He desires us to say whether the Emperor Carausius was born in Ayrshire or in Dumfriesshire. Concluding that we knew Pope Gregory the Great to have sprung from the same Highland stock as the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and the author of the Father's Legacy, he desires us to decide whether it was at Marischal or at King's College that the founder of the Papal supremacy had the honour of taking his degree. He thinks we will find, on inquiry, that Martial, the epigrammatist, came from Perth, where a Latin inscription still commemorates a distinguished member of his family. If there can be any doubt about this connection, however, there can be no question that the Catos belonged to Aberdeen, where their representative is, or lately was, a member of the Town Council, and, worthily representing the severe virtues of the Censor, enjoyed the ascetic office of Master of Mortifications. Our correspondent further asks if we are aware that Macrobius, the brilliant author of the *Saturnalia*, was no other than one of the M'Robies of Ardshneeshen, and that Machiavel was in reality a M'Haverel of Gouk thrapple—the Italians abbreviating the name by softening out the r. After a series of similar suggestions, he arrives at his climax in saying he does not see why we might not, by a bold effort, secure the Buonaparte family as Scots folk, identifying them through an etymological process, rather too ambiguous to be clearly followed, with the Goodlets or Goodlots. We might thus, as he justly observes, secure to Scotland the glories of Marengo Lodi, Austerlitz, and the *Coup d'Etat*. Our friend, in conclusion, recommends us judiciously and courageously to carry out this system of analysis, until we succeed in obtaining a full restoration of Scottish rights in the temple of Fame, by associating every great deed and every great name in letters, arts, arms, and statesmanship with some canny Scot.

We accept these insinuations with a good grace, as a virtual compliment to our country. It has been our lot, certainly, as veracious narrators, to find our countrymen conspicuous wherever genius, courage, and earnest endeavour have been most needed—to claim many illustrious men in foreign lands as sons of our soil—to find the hands of Scotsmen in many of the great historical events which have combined towards the development of European progress and civilisation. And having found so rich a field in the various departments of eminence, to which we have heretofore looked, we can the more readily turn to one field of exertion in which our countrymen's services—at least in the early times with which our inquiries deal—have been avowedly but scant. While our countrymen have led the armies of Europe — have headed schools of philosophy — have ruled in council—have shed the lustre of their genius and scholarship around seats of learning, it cannot truly be said that they contributed much to the creation of the great European schools of art. In this department they have learned rather than taught. With slight exception, they have humbly drawn from foreign sources, instead of being themselves the life-spring and impulse of foreign acquisition. And yet the efforts of our brethren abroad to create and bring home with them a school of art, are a history not without interest to all who love to hear of faithful struggles signalised by success.

There are certain conditions of the possession of a school of art which Scotland has never enjoyed until very late times. The arts have sometimes flourished amid turbulence and vice, but never could they gain root in a

ful neighbours for independence and bare national existence. To the hardier virtues such arid and storm-swept soil was congenial. It was the natural nursery of military leadership — it was favourable to strong-headed and strong-willed statesmanship—it made bold, ambitious, hard-working scholars, who scorned delights and lived laborious days. But the artist is not autochthonous; he grows in a garden, of which not only the original plants are imported and carefully nurtured, but the very mould itself is artificial: hence that Scotland should have produced artists, and sent them abroad as missionaries to lead on the great schools of foreign art, would have been as absurd an expectation as to anticipate such a service from Iceland or Vancouver Island at the present day.

And yet it is something to have to say that Scotland produced the first eminent British portrait-painter. When Charles I. revisited the country of his birth in 1633, just after he had brought over Vandyke to fill the blank vacuum of art in England, he had the gratification of sitting to a native Scottish artist—George Jamesone. Few reputations stand in more isolated solitude, and few histories have been more mysterious than this man's. The stormy age, so many of whose great actors he has given us to know face to face, had too much bloody and feverish work to do to pay him much attention, and any memorials now possessed of him have been dug up, fragment after fragment, with much industry. His father was a burgess of guild of the city of Aberdeen, his mother the daughter of a bailie thereof. What peculiar train of circumstances can have induced people of this kind, shortly after the end of the sixteenth century, to send their son abroad to study art, it is difficult to conceive; and if it was from the pure impulse of enlightened ambition, it may be counted that this worthy couple were at least two centuries before their age. We are not sure that at this day an Aberdeen bailie would consider it quite consistent with sanity to send a son to Antwerp to be educated before the end of the sixteenth century. It has always been held as an established fact that he studied along with Vandyke under Rubens, and competent critics have declared that his style sufficiently vouches for his training—that there is no mistaking in his thinly-painted portraits the animated flesh-tints of his master. Tradition connects Jamesone with the domestic history of his illustrious instructor. All men know the lovely picture known as the Straw-hat—the portrait of Rubens's second wife, whom he married when he was fifty-four and she sixteen. Some of the French Lives call her Helena Fremont, but the more accurate Germans give her name as Forman. This is a common north-country name, and the tradition we refer to is, that she was an Aberdeenshire girl, and a relation of Jamesone. We suspect this tradition will not stand inquiry. Waagen says she belonged to a distinguished family in Antwerp, but his authority for this seems only to be of a semi-traditional character—we asked him. The Aberdeen story, however, will not hold its own ground. It represents Helena Forman as rising from the humble position of a house-maiden in the artist's family, and then bringing her kinsman to participate in her fortunes. But it happens that the marriage occurred in 1631, after Jamesone had returned with his training to his native town.

Jamesone, like his father, was a burgess of Aberdeen, and seems to have lived in affluence and comfort, since the few notices preserved of him are chiefly taken from the recorded settlements in which he disposed of his property. Among the topographical memoranda in that valuable little itinerarium called the Book of "Bon Accord," there are some curious memoranda of his house and garden. The old local writer there quoted says: "Upon the west side of the town, at a small distance, there is a little green swelling hill to be seen, corruptly called the Woman Hill, but more properly the Woolman Hill, because it is affirmed that in olde tymes the sellers of wool quho came frome the neirest pairts about the

still called the Well of Spa, is the sole relic of the painter's benefactions. The stream that threatened to destroy the playground is well barricadoed, but it runs blue and red with the refuse of dyers' vats, mixed with elements still more offensive; the very site of the pleasure-house is forgotten, and the old garden is covered with a filthy suburb.

One who had lived in the house of Rubens must have seen something like princely grandeur: it was the way in Flanders, as well as in some of the Italian States, practically to reverence high art, by letting it open the way to power and wealth. Whether this was a more enlightened principle than that of permitting every artist to advance himself as well as he can, by selling his works to the public at large, and endeavouring to give them cheaper than his neighbours, we are not going to inquire. Jamesone may or may not have sighed for the sort of artistic court which he left behind him at Antwerp. Certainly, however, if he did not find himself where art held its proper supremacy, and where he might reverentially follow masters or ambitiously cope with rivals, he was in the middle of a set of trained scholars and clever men — "the Aberdeen doctors," as they were called—even when he was at home in his garden-house; and we know that he frequently resided at Edinburgh, and travelled about. The names of some of those whose portraits he painted, will show that he enjoyed no mean share of the artist's privilege, to meet face to face the great men of his age. He painted Charles I., Montrose, Rothes, old Leslie the Earl of Leven, the Chancellor Loudhun, the Marquesses of Hamilton and Huntley, Bishop Forbes, Andrew Cant, Gordon of Straloch, Urquhart of Cromarty, Gregory, Richard Baxter, George Heriot, Arthur Johnston, and Sir Thomas Nicolson.

His chief patron was, however, Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenurchy, who united the educated and refined gentleman with the feudal baron

hangings and damask napiery Flanders, and "bestowet and to ane Germane painter, wh entertainet in his house month, the soume of ane th pundia." Some of the artist's to this potent chief still exist the 13th of October 1634, he from Edinburgh to acknowled receipt of a hundred merks, a plains that it will be the mon January before he begins his pi "except that I have the occasi meet with the parties in the quhair I mynd to stay for monetha." In the ensuing mon June, he refers to sixteen pictu which he has got "a not;" a reference to pecuniary considera says, "The pryce quhilk ewerie payes to me abowe the west [a the waist] is twentie merkis, I nishing claith and coulleris; b I furniss ane double gilt m then it is twentie poundis. T deall with all alyk; but I am bound to hawe ane gryte cair of worship's service, becaus of gould payment for my laist im ment. Onlie thus your wo wold resolve at quohis charg mist go throwe the countrey to thir picturis, for all that are h town neidis only your wor letter to theam to cause theam He concludes by saying, "Iff I the picturs in Julii, I will haw sextine readie about the laist of tember."* The execution of s portraits between July and th of September, looks like indus application and rapid execution he followed a master whom h seen sweep the canvass with te tuous brush, and his portraits a characteristic tendency to effects in preference to elab finishing.

He is generally supposed to furnished a considerable numb the long line of portraits, from F Fergus downwards, who decora narrow gallery of Holyrood, carry through century after c so strong a family likeness. there is no evidence that he himself to the pious fraud of pa

* *Black Book of Taymouth*—Bannatyne Club, page 441.

these likenesses of men whose features—such of them as ever existed—had been permitted to pass into oblivion; and the artist who is known to have completed the series was the Dutch De Wit. There is a landscape of King's College in Aberdeen, attributed, but without distinct authority, to Jamesone; and if it be truly his, it shows that he was wise in restricting himself in general to portraiture. In that edifice there hangs a collection of strange musty decayed pictures, also attributed to Jamesone, which have a curious fascination in their quaint and almost eldritch character. They are called the Sibyls, and all represent female heads, yet certainly not ordinary female portraits, for there is an airy wild fantasticalness of expression, mixed with beauty, in them, and in some instances peculiarities of corporeal structure not quite human. A general delicacy and sweetness of tone distinguishes them from the Temptations of St. Anthony, and other fantasies of the contemporary Flemish school.

Walpole, who was pleased, in one of his complimentary moods, to call Scotland "the most accomplished nation in Europe — the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior portion of sense, he should be inclined to give the preference in that particular,"—had the merit of first drawing attention to the works of Jamesone, as the first eminent British portrait-painter — that is, the first inhabitant of Britain who painted, like a trained artist, life-size portraits in oil. The great critic says of him, "His excellency consists in delicacy and softness, with a clear and beautiful colouring; his shades not charged, but helped by varnish, with little appearance of the pencil. He had much of Vandyck's second manner; and to Sir Anthony some of his works have been occasionally imputed." Walpole, in his anecdotes, re-engraved an old plate from one of Jamesone's pictures, representing an extremely pleasing family group. It is the artist himself—his hat on his head, after the practice of his master and his colleague, and his palet in hand. Beside him stands the faithful partner of his days, Isabella Tosh by name, and their round-cheeked child drops roses on the mother's lap. There is a delightful repose and simplicity in the whole, accompanied by perfect truth. Isabella has her head covered with the modest plaid or screen long worn in the north, and has a feminine beauty which the first artists of that age could rarely impart to their female faces. The child is the perfection of health, vivacity, and reverential affection. Contrasting this peaceful little group with the array of the warriors and statesmen of that stormy age, portrayed by the same pencil, one is reminded of Tennyson's "These three made unity so sweet," in "The Two Voices."

The plate thus resuscitated by Walpole was originally engraved by John Alexander, a grandson of Jamesone, who might also, if there was sufficient materials at hand concerning him, exemplify the Scottish student of art in foreign countries. He seems to have been the first among them who studied in Italy, for the little that is known of him is a protracted residence at Florence. On his return to Britain he enjoyed some fashionable repute in his day. It is said that he worked chiefly at Gordon Castle, where probably some of the pictures which, in great houses, after a generation or two, lose their artistic genealogies, might be traced to him, were it a sufficiently important object to ascertain the fact, either on account of the merits of the pictures or the celebrity of the artist. His fame, indeed, has lain under a sort of artistic scandal, which cannot recommend it to association with high and worthy names in honest art. The possession of a genuine ancestral portrait of Queen Mary has always been, in advertising phraseology, a desideratum in old Scottish families. Two painters of the early part of last century, Alexander, and a dissipated son of Medina, are said to have competed with each other in the trade or mystery of producing the kind of article called "a genuine and original portrait of Mary Queen of Scots," and we believe that the museum of the Archæological Institute in Edinburgh would have been found to

ing their relative merits.

A very different person from either of these worthies comes next before us in chronological order, yet he is one of whom we have little to say. The name of William Aikman, celebrated in its day by more than one distinguished poet, is now forgotten. But his character, as exemplified in his personal history, will deserve the sympathy of the lovers of art, so long as the sacrifice of all worldly advantages at this shrine, and a simple devotion to art for itself, pursued in defiance of conventional prejudices, are respected. Aikman was born some twelve years before the end of the seventeenth century, and he was then born a laird, being come of a worshipful ancestry, who left him their representative in the estate of Cairnie. There are several Cairnies in Scotland, and it is not very surprising that it should be a question which of them owned one who was so little conscious of the importance of his possession. He resolved very early in life to sell his estate and become a student of art in Italy. After living and working for some time in Rome, he paid a visit to Constantinople and Syria, and returned to Rome to pursue his studies. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign he came to Britain, and found immediate admission to the brilliant London intellectual circle ever associated with that reign. It was breaking up, but not yet gone, and Aikman was the means of in some measure conveying its mantle to such successors of that intellectual hierarchy as the reign of the Georges afforded. As a kindred spirit free of the corporation of Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, he was enabled to introduce to fashionable fame his countryman Thomson, and to do many acts of patronage to authors, who commemorated his merits in abundant rhymes.

Another Scottish artist, who belongs to a period about a quarter of a century later, is better known to fame—Gavin Hamilton. When he came to manhood, he went abroad, and lived almost entirely in Italy, where he held his state like one of the great old masters, and Scotland saw no more of him save when he appeared on an

gering desire to settle in his na
county, Lanark—a design alv
protracted by the coldness of the
mate or some other uncongenia
when it came to a practical issue.
was a very learned and industr
worker in what may now be ter
the æsthetic department of arch
ogy, and the services performed
him for the Italian collections of
tiques are to be found recorded in
the proper authorities. He execu
some stately portraits, one of whi
representing the Duchess of Ha
ton with a greyhound, is pretty v
known in an engraving once v
popular. Hamilton saturated h
self with classicality. He ain
high, and in his day had a reputat
somewhat akin to that subsequen
enjoyed by the French David. V
cannot profess a liking for efforts
rigidly conventional, yet the syst
has its great advocates, and no c
can deny that Hamilton, whether
rightly or wrongly understood t
mission of the artist, did his wo
nobly, and carried the palm of
victor. Look at his "Andromac
weeping over the body of Hecto
There she is in full attitude, l
Clairon in one of her most felicit
classical inspirations, while Dume
might have personified the de
rously solicitous attendant. T
whole group is, in short, intens
theatrical, or, if we may make
word more suitable to our purp
attitudinary; yet it exhibits a
fusion of energy and conventic
skill which must commend it a
great work to the devotees of t
style of art. Another picture
Hamilton obtained a melancl
interest in its day. It represe
Achilles dragging the body of I
tor round the walls of Troy.
was purchased by the Duke of I
ford. The tragic fate of the yo
heir of that house soon afterw
became the talk of all England,
the object of many a sympathi
echo to the grief of the bereaved
rents, not unaccompanied by a
site reflections on the incapacit
temporal greatness and wealth
save us from the common lot.
youth had fallen from his horse,
was dragged at the stirrup till he

and terrible action, so vividly recalled the character of the calamity, that it was ejected, and fell, if we mistake not, into the hands of General Scott, the father-in-law of Canning.

If we were desirous to fill the present rapid sketch with all available names, it would be easy to bring forward many secondary Scottish artists who studied and worked on the Continent; such, for instance, as Thomas Murray, whose portrait is in the Florentine Gallery, and William Ferguson, a painter of still life, who seems to have lived so much of his life in Italy that scarcely anything is known of him in his own country, but the general reputation of his paintings for vigour and natural truth. Leaving the completion of such inquiries to all who are patriotic enough for the task, we profess only to touch—and that fugitively—the names that hold a conspicuous place in the general history of art; and so we shall pass to a name which has acquired a renown amply deserved —that of Allan Ramsay.

Every one, of course, is acquainted with the fame of his father, the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*. It was one quite alien from the purpose of these papers, for he was eminently a Scot at home—his birthplace in the Lanarkshire hills, and his house on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, forming the limits of his migrations. He confesses to an early propensity for art, and in some of his manuscripts which we have seen, there are impatient dabbings of grotesqué heads and angular fragments of rock and tree scenery, dashed off to occupy the pen, while the brain was elaborating the poetic thought. About the year 1736, the poet writes to a friend that young Allan (he was born in 1713) had been sedulously pursuing art since he was thirteen years old; "has since been painting here like a Raphael," and "sets out to the seat of the Beast beyond the Alps within a month hence—to be away two years." "I am sweer," continues the father, "to part with him, but cannot stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination." In this, his first visit to Rome, he returned home he painted a well-known portrait of his father, and others of his relations and near friends. Very much to the poet's satisfaction, the artist showed a decided disposition to re-establish the gentility of the family; for old Allan, much as he had been tossed about in the world, and hard as was his struggle for decent subsistence, never forgot that he was come of the Ramsays of Dalwolsey and the Douglases of Muthill. His position—speaking of him as a tradesman, not as a poet—was common to members of the best Scottish families in his age. The country was not rich enough to afford two classes of traders—the larger, who, as extensive dealers, might be counted gentlemen by profession; the smaller, who were mere retailers. All trade was looked askance on, but when it was necessary to find a living by commerce, we see the best families at once accepting the humblest position in its ranks. Allan Ramsay united in his person three rather incongruous social conditions. He was by descent a country gentleman; by personal qualification a man of genius; by profession the keeper of a bookstall and circulating library. In his old age, when he had conquered his difficulties, and was gathering in a harvest of wealth and fame, it was not without satisfaction that he saw his son—although following a pursuit which, like his own, sometimes led its votaries into an erratic career—holding his head high in the social circle, and likely to keep up the old gentility of his race. The young artist greatly strengthened his position by his marriage with the heiress of the Lindsays of Eyvelie, whose domain, perched on the ridge of the line of hills running from Perth eastward, overlooks the rich Carse of Gowrie, and the river Tay widening into the sea. Of his wife he painted a portrait, of which it may safely be said that no other, painted in the same half-century in Britain, can have excelled it for artistic truth of drawing and sweetness of sentiment. It represents a fair-haired, bright-cheeked Scottish damsel, simply dressed, and with an expression full of earnestness and

ral tone are quite natural, and borrowed from none of the standard portraits, which relieved secondary artists from the labour of thinking and the responsibility of novelty. It perhaps enhances the pleasantness of this picture that it is still fresh as if it had been painted yesterday, and has suffered none of the cadaverous ravages with which Reynolds' unfortunate method of preparing his colours has afflicted his beauties. It may be a farther reason why it is so pleasant to look upon, that the artist, while exerting all his skill, was at his ease, and did not require to give his sitter either a state dress or a state attitude. Too much state is undoubtedly the defect, in a wide sense, of Allan Ramsay's painting. The success with which he brought out Lord Bute's immaculate legs beneath the canopy of his rich Treasury-robes, has been the object of much semi-sarcastic laudation. But if it be a defect in an artist to succumb to conventionalities, and to give prominence to the robes and decorations at the sacrifice of the individual character, yet painting of this kind admits of being well done and ill done. In the common run of such state pictures the robes and decorations are the fabric on which a human face—or something as like a human face as the artist could create—is plastered. But with Ramsay, Lord Bute, in all his glory, is still Lord Bute, from his powdered hair through the easy bend of his body and the renowned calves of his legs to the toes. And so of all Ramsay's paintings; they may generally have too much silk and velvet, and too much attitude—but they are fine works of art.

Before returning to Rome, about the year 1754, he had socially allied himself, not only with many men of rank, but with a far higher circle in the permanent estimate of such matters—the leaders of the intellect of the age. He left behind him a literary association, which he had founded in

of British literature at that must be familiar with its in over at least the Scottish ment—not a small one.* Hume, in one of a set of lette as yet published, tells his friend of the progress and prospects little flock left behind him wilderness: "It has grown to national concern. Young an noble and ignoble, witty and laity and clergy—all the worl ambitious of a place among and on each occasion we are as solicited by candidates as if we to choose a member of Parlia Then of individualities, "Our young Wedderburn has acqui great character by the appea he has made." This refers to who became Lord Loughbo "Wilkie the minister has start from obscurity, and become a fashionable man, as he is ind very singular one. Monbo oddities divert—Sir David's Hailes] zeal entertains—Jack rymple's rhetoric interests. Th drawling speakers have foun their want of talents, and ri domer. In short, the House of mons was less the object of g curiosity at London than the Society at Edinburgh. 'The Hood,' 'The Devil,' and all speaking societies, are ignob comparison. Such felicity h tended the seed which you pl But what chiefly renders u siderable is a project of eng on the society a scheme for couragement of arts and s and manufactures in Scotla premiums partly honorary, lucrative. A box is opened fo tions, and about one hundred have been given in. We hear siderable sums intended by Hopetoun, Morton, Marchmo who desire to be members. managers have been chosen; keep the business distinct fr reasoning, the first Monday o month is set apart for these

* An account of the Select Society—the parent of a numerous progeny o ing societies in Edinburgh—will be found in the first volume of Tytler's *Kames.*

tions, and they are never to be mentioned in our Wednesday meetings. Advertisements have been published to inform the public of our intentions. A premium, I remember, is promised to the best discourse on Taste, and on the Principles of Vegetation. These regard the *belles lettres* and the sciences; but we have not neglected porter, strong ale, and wrought ruffles, even down to linen raggs."

Then follows a good-natured word on a collection of Essays published by Ramsay, which carried a considerable reputation in their day: "Your *Investigator* has been published this spring, and I find that it has met with a very good reception from the wits and the critics. In vain did I oppose myself, and assert it was not just metaphysics. They did nothing but laugh at me, and told me it was very entertaining, and seemed very reasonable."

The artist, writing back from the *Mons Viminalis*, showed that he could hold his own against the great author, even with the pen. "Can a man, O philosopher, be both sorry and glad at the same time? If the thing is possible, I am in these circumstances; for I am glad to hear that there is any society of men amongst you, who give a particular attention to the improvement of the arts of luxury, so conducive to the riches, the strength, and liberty of our dear country; but I am afraid, at the same time, that this scheme, by bringing in a new set of members of another species, will destroy that which we had set on foot; and I could have wished that some other way had been fallen upon by which porter might have been made thick, brick thin, and the nation rich, without our understanding being at all the poorer for it. Is not truth more than meat, and wisdom than raiment? . . . Have your rewards produced an essay on Taste? If they have, and it is printed, I should be glad to see it. Millar would send it to me, some way or other, if you desire him. I am satisfied with my own dialogue, though I find I shall make but few proselytes. It has always been my hard fate in these matters to pass for a very comical dog when I meant to get the fame of a deep philosopher; but I am comforted again when I consider that the same has been the lot of my favourite Lucian: and that to write like a deep philosopher, we must write like Turnbull or Plato."

This letter gives shape to a practical joke which must have cost Ramsay an enormous deal of labour. It contains a long fabricated Greek inscription, professing to afford evidence in refutation of Hume's scepticism, "which," says its author, "I found, while I was looking for basreliefs, in a lumber-room of the Palace Farnese." He conveys the result of his observation on the three popular horrors of the day in these terms: "The Pope himself is short and fat, the Pretender is long and lean, which is all I am able to inform you with regard to either. As to the Devil, I have not yet seen him, and am too diffident of reports, especially when they concern heads of parties, to send you any description of his person by hearsay." That he was a pretty genial representative of the philosopher in "the seat of the Beast," may be inferred from the manner in which Hume communicates to him on his own embroilments with the ecclesiastical authorities. He begins to speak of Kames, against whom the General Assembly were undoubtedly urged strongly by a party in the Church to proceed. "They will not," he says, "at once go to extremities with him, and deliver him over to Satan, without any preparation or precaution. They intend to make him be prayed for in all the churches of Scotland during six months, after which, if he do not give signs of repentance, he is to be held as *anathema maranatha*." And then he takes a complacent view of his own prospects: "Meanwhile I am preparing for the day of wrath, and have already bespoken a number of discreet families, who have promised to admit me after I shall be excommunicated."

And again: "You may tell that reverend gentleman the Pope that there are many here who rail at him, and yet would be much greater persecutors had they equal power. The last Assembly sat on

me. They did not propose to burn me, because they cannot. But they intended to give me over to Satan, which they think they have the power of doing. My friends, however, prevailed, and my damnation is postponed for a twelvemonth. But next Assembly will surely be upon me. Anderson — the godly, spiteful, pious, splenetic, charitable, unrelenting, meek, persecuting, Christian, inhuman, peace-making, furious Anderson, is at present very hot in pursuit of Lord Kames. He has lately wrote a letter to his son, which they say is a curiosity. He mentions his own great age, which leaves him no hopes of being able long to survive the condemnation of that atheistical, however just judge. He therefore leaves me as a legacy to his son, and conjures him, as he expects his blessing, or the blessing of Heaven, never to cease his pursuit of me till he bring me to condign punishment. Is not this somewhat like Hamilcar, who swore Hannibal on the altar to be an eternal enemy to the Roman people?" These were the characteristic home memorials which broke in on the dreamy luxuriousness of an artist life in Rome; recalling the memories of that healthy warfare of the mind, which, in the city of the Republic, the Cæsars, and the Vatican, had long been dead and buried.

Such are a few stray notices of the artists whom Scotland sent forth ere England could point to her great Reynolds. They were not sufficiently strong in their home influence to found a school. The artistic character which they conferred on their country, was fed, as it were, from hand to mouth by foreign supplies. Each stood alone in his merits, such as they were; but it may be safely attributed to the genial influence of that connection with foreign countries which the enterprise of Scottish wariors and scholars had created, that down to the middle of the last century we could boast of an array of artists such as England, with all her numerical superiority of population, her riches, and her pecuniary patronage of art, could not match. For Jamesone, Aikman, Hamilton, and Ramsay, she can show only such names as Dobson, Thornhill, and Hudson; and that, after her affluence had set before her artists the examples of Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, and a host of painters second to these eminences. Of Jamesone, our old friend Allan Cunningham says, in his *Lives of British Painters*, "That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting there can be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being named above him, in his own walk, before the days of Reynolds." Here it comes to our remembrance that Hogarth also was an occasional portrait-painter, and that he was anterior to Reynolds. And without disputing the merits of his portraits, or detracting from the rank of his transcendent genius, we yet hold that the lofty isolation and entire solitude of his position in the world of art, is in itself a curious record of the reserved ungeniality which prevented England from imbibing any artistic spirit or practice out of the opportunities afforded by the presence of great foreign artists and the purchase of great paintings. It is common indeed to deny that Hogarth was, properly speaking, an artist. It is impossible to wish him to have been an artist, in this conventional sense, if his being so must have deprived the world of those wonderful tragedies and comedies which he has performed for us on paper. But his genius had all the rugged individuality that characterises a single creative mind arising in the midst of surrounding intellectual barrenness. And he became himself, through the power of his self-achieved position, the trumpet of the vulgar English prejudice against high art. He could not endure anything foreign. All Frenchmen he held in such hatred, that in his short sojourn among them he could not restrain ebullitions which, towards a less polite people, might have been dangerous. He embodied his contempt of high art in those hideous nightmare groups which he thought would demonstrate how easily he could excel Michael Angelo, Correggio, or Rembrandt, if he condescended to abandon London life and adopt their conventionalities. Hogarth was perhaps as far above William Aikman

career was a type of national conditions more conducive to the cultivation of art, in that catholic spirit which goes through the whole world to discover whatever is best and greatest in the achievements of those who have gone before.

Down to Ramsay's epoch, our Scottish painters had been persons of family and condition. It shows perhaps the germinating of something like a national school, when we find men of obscure condition struggling into the ranks of fame. Jacob More was a house-painter's apprentice in Edinburgh. Through the aid of some enlightened patrons he went to Italy, and there remained, unknown among his countrymen save by the general European celebrity of his landscapes. In other instances, the descent of artistic ambition to a humbler grade was accompanied by the dawning of a national spirit in the objects of the artist. David Allan, though he studied in Italy, had the boldness to devote his genius to the illustration of Scottish life, and painted such scenes as would have made the classic Hamilton shudder. But far above Allan—high indeed in the great republic of genius—was the ill-starred Runciman. He was one of those who had not the good fortune, or the skill, as it may be, to make their light shine before men; and it is in obscure corners that people stumble on his best works, wondering whence came the deep artistic power and the noble simplicity of pictures so unknown to fame. We have seen portraits of his own esteemed friends—of some of those for instance, who constituted his student circle at Rome—which we should say that even Raeburn, who took his tone from Runciman, and is generally reputed to have greatly improved on it, could not have excelled in truth and dignified simplicity.

Let us now step over to another department of art—one lower than painting, in general estimation, and ancillary to it, yet which it was the function of one of our countrymen to elevate to a rank very little under that of the higher walks of design. Sir Robert Strange's engravings look aided by the head, is capable of achieving. There is not an effect in the whole range of painting which he has not shown his capacity to shadow forth with his magic graver. Beginning with the restless cheerful sky, and the energetic white horse of Wouvermans' Market Cart, he advances with immediate perfection to the rugged grandeur of Salvator's Belisarius, the soft smooth fleshes of Guido Reni, and the heavenly countenances of Raphael's Holy Families. There is surely no sweeter production that can be looked upon in uncoloured art than the *parce somnum rumpere*, whether we prefer to rest the eye on the health and innocence radiating from the babe, or the absorbing love of the graceful mother, or on the tender beaming excitement of the beautiful onlooker. From these features, which arrest even the uninitiated eye, the adept will turn to the perfection of detail in the drapery, and the gossamer lightness of the veil which the mother gently removes. Nor less perfect is he in representing the stately dignity of Vandyke's Charles I., and the pleasant mixture of childish simplicity and princely consciousness in the royal children with their dogs. There are few things more calculated to awaken a train of pensive reflection than to find hanging, perhaps in some quiet bedroom in a remote country-house, the portraits of the stately monarch and the unconscious group of children, with their silky-haired spaniels, when one contemplates them with time and inclination to recall the tragic and eventful history through which they all passed.

There never was a nobler and more unselfish devotion to art than Strange's adoption of his great object in life. With genius enough to have achieved a separate reputation as a creative artist, he resolved to devote his rare powers to the promulgation of the beautiful forms which others had created, rather than attempt to add to their number. He knew that aloft in the domes of great cathedrals, or remote in private mansions, or in the exclusive recesses of

hitherto had received but unworthy interpreters to the world, or none at all; and he resolved that his mission through life should be so to devote those powers which he knew he was endowed with, as to become the great teacher of art, as it were, among the nations, by promulgating abroad its unknown treasures. The difficulties he had to undergo, show, when compared with the life of the ordinary engraver, who copies what he is employed to copy, and does it as accurately as his opportunities permit, how arduous is the task of the engraver who sets before himself a higher object—who is bent on copying certain pictures, because they are the best and none others will satisfy him, and who must have a full opportunity of rendering all their characteristics on his plate ere he ventures to interpret them to the public. In one case there are political or ecclesiastical difficulties in the way. Certain cardinals and bishops have to be consulted ere access can be obtained to the picture. There perhaps is a high altar-piece: to remove it would be sacrilege, were it practicable, which it often is not; and raising a scaffolding before it, which was not unfrequently Strange's proposal, was something nearly as offensive. Less truthful engravers would have been content with such flying opportunities as they could catch, hoping that no others would be enabled, by a closer inspection of the original, to detect their slovenly workmanship. But Strange set out with a resolution to copy the best pictures in the world, and to copy them faithfully; and his resolute perseverance was rewarded with marvellous success.

It is fortunate for the memory of Strange, and for those who love to dwell on such a history as his, that it has been recorded by one whose naturally fastidious and highly-cultivated taste made him a worshipper at the same shrine of high Italian art.* Though the work fell to his Dennistoun, with a zealous de which the fatal progress of d could not quench, has collecte fragments of the artist's history, tered as they were, minute scarcely perceptible, all over Et and massed them together in a which, if it do not afford an ex narrative to the common reader, be full of interest to the collecto the critic of art.

Strange came of a somewhat shipful family in Orkney, his f leaving some landed property sheep, with "twelve double- spoons," "a knock and case the and a wainscot cabinet. His mot name was Scollay, and the pat name was originally the Norw Strang or Strong. The artist, disli its northern harshness, softened the addition of an *e*, and thus ca it into a totally different line of et logical descent—the French *étr* There is a traditional story, that after the metamorphosis he happ to meet a traveller, who, hearin name, said "Ah, sir, you call self *Strange*, but the strangest of it is that your name is onl letter *e*." The artist's guilty science smote him with the that the traveller intended t sarcastic on his addition to the p nymic; but he was only an et logical enthusiast, who derived word, very inaccurately, by incre from the Latin proposition *e*. *é, ex, extra, extraneus*, whence the French *étrange*.

With a sort of instinct th was some day or other to be he began at an early perio account of his own progress. dropped, suddenly interrupted b labours of a busy life; and the like clearness of his account of ever passed around him in his humble phase of life, makes reader regret that it is so brief. underwent some training in o the humbler departments of the but apparently with a hopeless lessness, and the bent of his g

* *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, Knight, and of his Brother-in-law, A Lumisden, Private Secretary to the Stuart Princes.* By JAMES DENNISTOUN o nistoun. 1855.

a field was then open in Edinburgh to one of that profession who was little above a trading mechanic. The young artist joined the insurgents of 1745—fortunately for himself and art, not so effectually distinguishing himself by his warlike prowess as to encounter the vengeance of the victors. His chief service to the cause was characteristic. At the camp at Inverness, and just before the battle of Culloden, he engraved at the Prince's desire a plate for bank-notes, payable at the Restoration. The excellence of the engraving, however, could not make up for the want of assets, and doubtless, if one of the notes thrown off could now be recovered, it would bring far more as a relic of art than its original value in the money market. Making his escape, like many others, from the broken army through terrible hardships, he reached France, and studied engraving with Le Bas. It would have been difficult to find a better master. His clearness and quiet sweetness make him still a favourite, whether the collector prefers his fresh sunny seaports with their lazy life, or the warm interiors, where the solemn Dutch alchemist blows his bellows, and imparts wisdom to his pupils.

But as he acquired technical skill in secondary work, higher aspirations dawned on him, and a visit to Italy confirmed him in the great project of his life. In gently referring to the impulse under which he devoted himself, he says: "Since the time of the memorable revival of the arts in the fifteenth century, Italy, without doubt, is the country which has produced the most celebrated painters. There are none who have penetrated so deep as they into the secret of this art, or reached to such a height in the sublime. A purity and correctness of design, the most noble expressions, elegant forms, just proportions, elevated ideas, and a fertility of genius, give a superiority to their productions which no other artist would have been able to attain. It is only by studying and meditating upon the works of the Italian masters that we can reasonably expect changes almost with the seasons, and of which the most applauded and finest efforts in the space of a few years generally appear to be, what they really are, unnatural and ridiculous."

With the devotion of the monk or the crusader in the pursuit of his mission, he made sacrifices to his pursuit, some of them trivial, others deep and real. His adherence to the Jacobite cause has been attributed with considerable foundation to his love for Miss Lumisden, the sister of the accomplished secretary of the exiled court in Italy. She was one of the arbitrary and enthusiastic Jacobite beauties who would tolerate no lover unless he first proved himself a true knight by wearing the white rose. Strange obtained his reward, and they were married; but art stepped in to claim her votary, and years after years of absence from her husband, all-absorbed in the pursuit of his mission, joined to the protracted hopelessness of her darling cause, turned her enthusiasm into acidity. Her growing fretfulness and ardent Jacobitism to the end make the letters and conversation of this strong-charactered woman very amusing. When it came to her ear that her brother, after a quarter of a century of endurance, must at last leave the Prince's service, and the announcement came along with rumours not complimentary to the habits and conduct into which the object of her devotion had fallen, she cannot show the letter to her husband, so filled is it with matter of overwhelming grief. "If ever," she says, "anything in prejudice of my darling's [the Prince's] character is suggested, I deny it, or find an excuse for it. Oh, he has had much to disturb his brains! I am perfectly satisfied, my dearest Andrew, that you have not failed in your duty, for which I thank God. Believe me, I would sooner wish to hear of your death than blush for anything you ever did in your life. Suffer I can, but sin I will not. Honest principles were the noble legacy our dear parents left us:

beg is secresy. Four-and-twenty years' faithful service cannot be rewarded with a frown—no, you must be mistaken. If you are not, at least be advised. 'Tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the uncircumcised rejoice, and the daughters of the Philistines be glad' — this was our good grandfather's text for many years on the 30th of January." And on another occasion, "If my twenty years' old acquaintance [the Prince] is now at your house, on your knees present my most respectful duty, nor blush to think a lady bid you do so. Oh! had I been of a more useful sex! Had my pen been a sword, I had not been here, sitting tamely by my fireside, desiring you to do me a simple office like this. In those years, so many and so long, I have not been altogether idle, for I have made three fine boys, who, I hope, will do me credit: they'll be recruits when I am gone—I hope they'll all have Roman spirits in them. I'll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them." Afterwards sending one of this young Gracchi to Paris, he insists that he is not to wear ruffles, silk, or lace, or any other ornament, however imperiously dictated by fashion: she will give her reasons when she sees her brother—they are doubtless founded on the calamitous condition of her favourite court, and not to be casually committed to writing even in the year 1770; and she characteristically winds up her injunction, "If he appears awkward, say he does so by the positive command of his worthy old mother, who never did or said anything but what she had a good reason for — therefore you comply without asking a single question."

A common tradition attributes the commencement of Strange's prosperity to the courtly dexterity of his wife. A rumour of the excellence of his engraved portrait of "The Prince" had, according to the tradition, reached the palace, and some royal relation called at Strange's workshop desirous to see it. Mrs. Strange, who was there alone, knowing that the portrait of her husband which she entertained the it should not be found, and a time for a second visit, which she got her obedient h to have in tolerable progress graving of the *right* Prince. very clear that Mrs. Stran "Bella," as she was called, was person to perform such a fe was known, indeed, to thos versant with the artistic go the time, that Strange had r proffers from the royal famil early in his career, and that repelled them with a surly ness, which was supposed too to indicate the motives of brother-in-law of the Pret secretary." The documents lished by Mr. Dennistoun mak affair very clear. A proffer ha made to him by Allan Ramsay grave his own portrait of the of Wales, just before he George III. But Strange wa full of his great Italian projects allegiance was for his own sovereign, high art, and he ca neither of their houses. But not necessary to go into large tions — there was a sublime immediate shape assumed offer. The payment was to b and Strange, saying that to tice to the subject would occu fifteen months, said he cou afford to engrave the picture price offered. Other people of course, naturally look to t sequent patronage of the court ultimate bribe to such an un ing. But Strange had built mate hopes elsewhere—the on tion about the offer was whet immediate remuneration migh him to postpone for a time hi studies. It would not; and matter ended. But public fa turally rumoured disaffection motive, and the consequences coupled with his exclusion fr Royal Society as an engraver, bitter feelings. He wrote letter to Ramsay, saying, ever, directly, or indirectly, h it was from the last disaffe declined at that time to engr picture you had painted?—sp

answered very bluntly that there had been no hint whatever of disaffection, "the reasons you gave me were all of the money-getting kind." There was something in an expression of this sort not calculated entirely to secure the friendship of a man actuated by such motives and aims as those which governed Strange, and the apparent conclusion of the whole history was not likely to cool the ardour of Bella's Jacobitism. She continued to pray for an heir to the exiled house, after the greater portion of her most zealous allies were comforting themselves that the improbability of such an event was a fortunate conclusion of all difficulties. Yet this mother of the Gracchi stands as an illustration of that sarcastic philosophy which says that all have their price if one knew the coin to pay it in. She was ready for all forms of martyrdom, and direct bribery of any kind she would have withstood. But when one day rather unexpectedly she found that Robbie was knighted, and that she was Lady Strange, all reminiscences from across the water seemed to be swept away in a gush of gratitude.

Let us have a few words before we part on a department of art proverbial for leaving the artist forgotten, while his work remains to create wonder and admiration. The world is filled with buildings of which the architects are unknown, but which yet are found by the careful student to contain enough to show the character of their acquirements, and sometimes the school in which they must have studied. It is now very well known that, after the rupture with England, Scotland took her ecclesiastical and baronial architecture from the Continent, and chiefly from France. The process by which the rich turreted chateaus of France were transferred to the moorlands of the north and the braes of the Grampians could not fail to be extremely interesting, if we could remove from it the veil which shrouds it in the mystery common to so large a portion of the architectural history even of civilised times. How much of it was brought over by foreigners?—w much learned in France by be asked in vain. We have no clue to the studies which induced Aytoun, by decorating the bulky framework of a German palace with a beautiful coronet of turrets and decorated chimneys, to conceive the plan of Heriot's Hospital. Even so late as the time of Sir William Bruce, who worked in the last century, we are not aware how far his conversion of Holyrood into a French chateau of the sixteenth century was founded on a practical acquaintance acquired on the spot with that style of building. In far later times we know that Robert Adam studied the architectural remains of the Roman Empire with a devoted zeal, attested by his great work on the ruins of Diocletians's mighty palace at Spalatro.

But there was a Scotsman before the period of Robert Adam, whose pilgrimage among classical remains produced results not to be so briefly passed by. James Gibbs was born in Aberdeen about the year 1674. He was the son of a substantial tradesman, and finding himself at twenty without parents, and possessed of some money and a good useful Scottish education, he made up his mind to qualify himself as an architect. He went first to Holland, where, save the State House of Amsterdam, he can have found little adapted to his peculiar taste; but what he did consider worth studying, he examined laboriously and practically. By mere accident he was found there by the Earl of Mar, who felt an interest in the quiet persevering youth who had come forth from his own peculiar district in the north to push through the world. Whatever were the earl's defects of character, he is generally admitted to have had fine taste. Whether for assistance received at that time, or for subsequent patronage in his profession, Gibbs was so grateful to Mar, that, when he had realised fame and fortune, and the family of his patron were precarious exiles, he bequeathed a considerable fortune to his benefactor's son.

After the commencement of the century he spent ten years in Italy, studying, searching, and treasuring up the practical results of

The great church-extension scheme for London had developed itself in an arrangement for building fifty new churches, and his friend Mar being in power, the young architect had an excellent opportunity of bringing forward his claims, and obtained a considerable share in the execution of the undertaking. Gibbs accomplished a sufficient number of works to make an era for himself in English architecture, and his name came so readily upwards, that poor Savage, in his wild forgotten poem of *The Wanderer*, naturally calls on it. When he passes from the ancient fanes, where time's hand leaves its print of mossy green, it is to cry—

"Oh Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus, the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When ignorance and scorn the ground shall tread
Where wisdom tutor'd and devotion pray'd—
Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim—
What but the muse alone preserve thy name?"

His many works were by no means equal in merit. The Radcliffe Library at Oxford—probably the most ambitious—justifies the borrowed remark of Walpole, that it looks as if it had sunk a stage into the earth. Yet Allan Cunningham, speaking of its general effect on the landscape, says: "The Radcliffe Dome, in fact, conveys to every distant observer the idea of its being the air-hung crown of some gigantic cathedral or theatre. It is perhaps the grandest feature in the grandest of all English architectural landscapes. It rises wide and vast amidst a thousand other fine buildings, interrupts the horizontal line, and materially increases the picturesque effect of Oxford." He completed the quadrangle of All-Souls, where Walpole gives him credit for stumbling upon a sort of Gothic picturesqueness, and made additions to King's College, Cambridge, which have been censured for subdivision of detail.

great thought, unbroken by
defects, is the church of St.
in-the-Fields, fortunately ope
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generation by the works i
falgar Square. It was a b
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In conclusion, we have on
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The three kingdoms which make up the ideal unit called Scandinavia are daily growing in social and political importance with reference to ourselves. We have just finished, no matter how, a troublesome and expensive war with Russia. The glories which were in store for us were cut short by our being behind time in our preparations, and, like the Lacedæmonians who were late at the battle of Marathon in consequence of being detained by an eclipse of the moon, or some such reason, we were compelled, as a result of that lateness, to see other heads invested with the laurels which our own at least as well deserved to bear. And yet our soldiers surpassed themselves and the former history of the British army in heroic daring, and, what is more, in heroic endurance. Their strong arms and valiant hearts saved us from national disgrace, and that only by superhuman efforts. But some prestige we have undoubtedly lost in the eyes of Europe; at least, we are fast losing it, because the nations of Europe see little reason to believe that the commencement of another war would not be signalised by the same tale of mismanagement and disaster. The lessons of the war, pungent and salutary, though severe beyond all precedent, seem but to have been written on a sand whose tracks the stream of commercial activity is rapidly effacing, and things are lapsing back into their old bad courses, with an obstinacy of forgetfulness which looks like nothing less than judicial blindness. The handful of real soldiers that we possessed at the beginning of the war, are most of them lying by the shores of the Bosphorus, or on the heights and slopes of the Crimea. But such is the state of the nation, that even if they rose from the dead it would scarcely listen to their voices. Roused, during the continuance of the war, to the performance of duties for which it had no taste, the nation has returned with double zest to its usual pelf-seeking and neglect of military preparation, probably thinking that, provided the necessary supply of money is forthcoming, it can easily provide another army of foreign mercenaries to fight its battles, such as that which has recently been disbanded, and whose subordination and discipline has been since effectually tested, fortunately not in the presence of an enemy. But habitual neglect of the art of the war is not the only vice chargeable to the nation and its present governors. Quite as mischievous, because a fruitful source of misunderstandings with other nations, is the habitual neglect of the relations of foreign states to each other and to the British Empire. Careless of what takes place out of the petty sphere of private interests, the Whig Minister clings to place and power. He knows that that portion of the British people most influential at elections, seldom goes abroad, and cares little what is going on beyond its narrow seas. Place and power he knows that he can secure to himself, by pandering to the national appetite for internal agitation; and if the whole of the foreign policy of the country goes to the dogs, he cares little, so that he and his family, down to his remotest cousins, feed on the loaves and the fishes of the country in the safe lee of the storm. The Conservative, who is the real patriot, will tell the British people that internal tranquillity and external vigour are the best guarantee for the continued happiness of a nation; and that, although he repudiates a policy of meddling and imbecile intervention with the private affairs of other nations, yet that a nation which pretends to a first place in the world, and the ramifications of whose business spread like a network from pole to pole, when it finds speaking necessary, must make itself heard, or retire at once from the place which is

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Forest Life in Norway. By the Rev. Henry Newland.
The Oxonian in Norway. By the Rev. F. Metcalfe. Hurst and Blackett.
Det Nordiska Student mötet, 1856. Stockholm.

all to the nation's own security and wellbeing is the great balance of power. It is as important as the trimming of a heavily laden boat. We allowed Russia, by our short-sightedness or absence of mind, to gain a preponderance which brought the gunwale of Europe to the water's edge. We threw some of her goods overboard, and may have some day or other to do it again. But all this trouble might be prevented, effectually and for ever, if Russia were counterbalanced by such a weight of states as to render her neighbourhood dangerous to no one of them. Now, it so happens that, in two great races which lie between us and Russia, there have been manifestations of strong aspirations towards unity. If Germany and Scandinavia could only be nations instead of races, we should have two additional sureties for the continued peace of Europe, of a most effective and powerful kind. But the question of German unity must for some time remain in abeyance. It has been forestalled and spoilt by radicalism. Revolution cannot effect it, except indirectly; revolution never effects anything but disunion; and until Prussia has risen higher, and Austria fallen lower, very little can be done, as the jealousy of these two countries will neutralise any attempts at amalgamation. But it is otherwise with Scandinavia. There the movement is actually in progress, and promises well. It is a Conservative rather than a Radical movement. The governments are friendly and well-disposed to each other. Questions of precedency would not appear to be very difficult to settle, and no obstacle remains to be overcome more important than certain national antipathies indicative of patriotic steadiness, but at the same time founded on nothing better than prejudices which will soon wear themselves away. After all, such prejudices are only skin-deep. The Dane abuses the Swede and the Norwegian, and *vice versâ* all round; but they all glory in the victory of Idstedt, which was won by the soldiers of all in common; and their bickerings appear to a disinterested foreigner as nothing more

the consequence of seeing to
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overlived all this. When
Chase was written, full of
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would hardly have dreamed th
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relations with France at the present moment are most satisfactory. As compared with those of past time, they certainly surpass the expectations of the most sanguine. But if we review them calmly and dispassionately, we shall see, at the same time, that something is wanting to make them perfect, and that there is little reason to believe that that something will be added as time goes on. The interests of France and England are so intimately bound up together, that to sever the present bonds of the two countries would seem the height of folly. A quarrel between them would go far to consummate the ruin of both. Yet it is impossible not to see that the alliance is in some measure dependent on the life of one sagacious ruler, who is already a man far advanced in middle age; and that any change of government in any direction would probably bring with it the old tale of rashness and recklessness in the political conduct of a nation which has yet a character to acquire for stability. The revolutions of France have been notoriously guided only by caprice and passion; and we cannot suppose that a nation which, at such moments, has played ducks and drakes with its internal finance, would be peculiarly careful about the maintenance of its external interests. If we regard the present state of feeling between the two countries, while there is much room for congratulation, there is a little also for caution. Doubtless the wounds inflicted on the vanity of our warlike neighbour, in that point where she is most susceptible—her military reputation—if not effectually healed, have been scarred over to a great extent. She owes us no longer any grudge. Her soldiers have fought side by side with our own, and each have learned to respect their brethren in arms. Again, there is that peculiar love, partly originating in the amusement of studying what seems eccentricity, which dissimilarity of character produces. One nation is the complement of the other; and while England imbibes from France taste, velocity, and versatility, France may learn from England steadiness of purpose of sympathy on two most important points—politics and religion. England is one of those few countries where the word Freedom is rightly understood. France vibrates between despotism and democracy. The inclination of her political pendulum from one side to the other is as far as ever from having come to a stand-still. At present we are allied with France in spite of political antagonism. We might be so still if she were republican; and we might be so still if she were to return to the time-honoured supremacy of the golden lilies, though in that case the alliance would be less probable, in consequence of the absolutist traditions with which the old regime is bound up. What would be the consequence to us of a restoration of the Orleans dynasty, it is impossible to foresee. The antecedents of that family are far from reassuring. It is quite certain that as yet we have no reason to count on obtaining permanently the political sympathy of France. The same is the case with the religious status of the two countries. Were England Romanised again, we might have much to expect from the religious sympathy of France; but seeing that all the efforts of the See of Rome to bring us once more under its dominion only stir up the intense, though sometimes dormant, Protestantism of the great majority of the British people, while France seems to have substituted a new enthusiasm in the old religion for the national indifference of the beginnings of this generation, there is not the slightest probability of the two nations drawing near to one another in this most important matter. France has already saved the Papacy in distress, not without the connivance of England, given in spite of her better judgment. In this matter the two countries naturally pull different ways, and it is absurd for our statesmen to attempt to make them pull together. The heart of France is Roman Catholic, as that of England is Protestant. In the next place, if we look at our connection with the United States, shutting our eyes to the dangers which we have lately escaped, and constantly have

tion of a narrow channel full of shoals and quicksands, with perpetual peril of collisions, we shall see that, although the sympathies of race are strong, and although religious sympathies are not wanting, there is little reason to hope for much political sympathy. Democracy, the South Pole of despotism, dominates the New World, and now takes, in the contest between the Free and Slave States, its worst form in the shape of a self-will which sets itself above all moral law. We know the master of France, and we trust him, for we think that he deserves to be trusted; but we cannot tell, from day to day, who will be master in America. We are bound to the United States by family ties—by commercial interests—somewhat by religious sympathies—but by political sympathies, even less than to France, for with France we have in common, at least for the present, the belief that a strong and orderly government—without laying too much stress on its form—is the first thing for a nation's wellbeing. If we look at Spain, reaction has laughed our policy to scorn, and tells us defiantly that even she can do without our goodwill. Russia and Austria have every reason not to love us: one, because it is pre-eminently we who have curbed her ambition in mid career; the other because the prevalence of English ideas within her dominions would be fatal to her existence. Our prospects with Prussia are better; and we cannot but think that our Government has acted wisely in wishing to bind that powerful and rising nation to us by an alliance with our own Royal Family. It is little to the purpose that the present ruler of Prussia, a weak and vacillating man, halts between two opinions, and in the end generally takes the wrong side in action. The nation at large is farther advanced in civilisation, more truly liberal in sentiment, more adult in its political education, more sound in its social theories; in fine, more fit for constitutional government, combining freedom with loyalty, than perhaps any other on the continent of Europe,

Piedmont. Piedmont, if we care of her alliance, and do no appoint her reasonable hope heart and soul our friend. Th weak in physical force, she is pact in her social and politic ganisation, and something lil model state on a small scale, a little army in the Crimea is all on all hands to have been a n army. But a strong and firm ance with the Northern Stat Europe seems to us to be of a most politically important. T there is no Jesuit or Repub party, embarrassing the effor true patriotism to realise con tional government; there the no antagonism between the C and the people, but they associat a footing of easy friendship, not out undemonstrative love like ried folk who thoroughly under one another. Respect for the dations of ranks is there coml with the most perfect personal dom. Equality is sacrifice liberty, a sensible people being aware that they cannot coexist; there are stronger feelings of r towards England in these states elsewhere, because the institutic England, which have solved to a extent a most difficult political lem, are not a standing reproach a perpetual satire on their own on the contrary, keep them in tenance, and lend them a neve ing moral support. Again, the tion of these countries on the n Europe is one of the first last moment to us. Whence i those hordes of magnificent ro the Vikings of old, who hav fused so much healthy blood int population of these isles? Wh but from the fiords and litto Scandinavia! Those lands ar inhabited by the same s weather-beaten, sea-hardened They are friendly to us now an accident, by which they become hostile, is not beyon verge of possibilities. How rowly such an accident has escaped, may be seen by readin Metcalfe's description of the c

is perhaps still making, though with diminished chance of success, to possess herself of it. Perhaps of all the results of the war that treaty with Sweden, by which that country is guaranteed by England and France against encroachments on her territory, is the most important and satisfactory by far, as regards both her and ourselves. Had Russia ever possessed herself of the Norwegian fiords, she would have risen at once, from an unwieldy continental power, into a versatile and easily movable maritime nation; and, simultaneously with that change in her nature, which of all others would be the one dangerous to us, she would have overlapped our flank with one of those wings, the shadow of which, even when half folded, already keeps out the sunshine from so great a portion of the habitable world. Already, through our blundering policy, she has impressed into her sea-service those stalwart Finlanders who, when they were shut out of their own element by superior force, have shown what stuff they were made of at the siege of Sebastopol. What if Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians were added to these? We cannot forget that our great sea-hero, who swept the monster fleets of France and Spain from east to west, and from west to east, like chaff before the wind, was brought to bay, and forced to fight for our naval existence, by the little state of Denmark, the least of the Scandinavian peoples. It is impossible to see the flag of Norway in our ports, the flag so closely resembling that

> "Which braved a thousand years,
> The battle and the breeze,"

without a silent prayer that that flag may never be pitted against our own: not that we believe the sterling qualities of British seamen to have degenerated, but because we believe that, considering the strong relationship between the parties, such a contest would be decided by numbers and weight of metal alone, and the victory over baffled courage would be scarcely less afflicting, though less

account by Mr. Newland, of the Swedish frigate and her gallant captain, who, when hunted down through the shallows by an English line-of-battle ship, turned like a lion on his pursuers, and fought a hopeless fight till the second or third broadside sent him to the bottom.

It is not only in the north of Scandinavia that the disintegrating policy of Russia, so much more dangerous than her arms, because so much more imperceptible, has been at work. We have been parties to a treaty by which, in case of the failure of the present line of Denmark, the crown of that country will fall under Russian influences, and place the key of the Baltic in the hands of that light-fingered giant. Our chief hope that this treaty will be waste paper is founded on the independent spirit and awakening common sense of the Danes themselves. Though England may have wronged her in past times more than Russia, they will see that the friendship of England will secure their independence for the future, instead of endangering it. Denmark, in order to be one with Sweden and Norway, must have sufficient strength of mind to abate a little of her ancestral pride: she must be satisfied with being the first of the Scandinavian nations in arts and literature, and with her position as the bridge by which the civilisation of France and Germany connects itself with that of Scandinavia. She has neither the population nor the physical strength to compete with the external supremacy of Sweden; and it would not be ungraceful in her to yield the palm which she cannot dispute with the smallest chance of success. If she throws herself into the arms of Russia to reassert her supremacy in Scandinavia, it will be the old story of the horse that took a man on his back to obtain a victory over another ranger of the forest. The best thing that could possibly happen for Denmark would be to fix her succession, in case of the present line lapsing, on the descendants of Bernadotte; and she might do so with the less scru-

German provinces of Denmark are already disaffected, and, being so, are a source of weakness rather than of strength, and furnish a perpetual pretext for foreign interference. They had perhaps better be suffered to go their own way, and attach themselves to the Germanic Confederation. Even if they then fell under the influence of Russia, they would be of little use to that power, as she would have but a weak hold upon them, independent of her hold upon Prussia and Germany at large; and Prussia, at the head of a united Germany, would be less likely to fall under Russian influence when strengthened by the addition of these provinces. The union of the three great states of Scandinavia would be vastly consolidated by the construction of those railroads which are projected or in progress. There would be no necessity that all their parliaments should be at once concentrated, though such an amalgamation would be a natural result of the continuance of the union of crowns; and should it take place, it would not be more difficult for the deputies of Norway and Denmark to meet in Stockholm than it is now for the British Parliament to receive its contributions from the Shetland Isles and Connemara. Besides, there is no reason why Calmar, or some such place, should not be selected for the meeting of the general Parliament. Washington, the seat of government, is by no means one of the largest cities of the United States. That the feeling of Scandinavian union is proceeding steadily and surely, and without any feverish revolutionary impetus, we are fully certified. The enthusiastic meetings of the students, whose transactions have been described in one of the books forming the heading of this article, are but symptoms of what is working in the minds of the whole of the intelligent classes of the three kingdoms. The governments have smiled upon their reunions, the King of Sweden has even cordially patronised them, and there seems to be no obstacle to be overcome in the further progress of the movement more

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overcome the natural obstacles
these directions, and assume a d
lopment dangerous to us and to
world in the remotest East.

A few words on the manner in wh
the people and territory of Scandin
have grown of late years in social
portance with reference to oursel
and acquired a personal interest
our eyes. Assuming that there
certain amount of truth in the E
thamite proposition, that the grea
happiness of the greatest numbe
the end of the whole science of p
tics, we are tempted to pass in rev
the social state of these islands,
compare it with that of the t
nations which compose Scandina
and more prominently with tha
the two peoples who form the un
kingdom of Sweden and Norway.
is just possible that the policy of
trade may be favourable to the
ductions of millionaires, though
is a position which we are not q
ready to concede. If riches make
piness, a certain large number of i
viduals among us have been m
pre-eminently happy. If popula
makes national prosperity, ev
stimulus has been given to incr

the hundreds of thousands who pass from us annually to other countries. But we cannot help thinking that what is good for the individual is good for the nation, and that which tends to make the individual happy tends to make the nation happy also. If not unrestrained self-indulgence, but self-restraint and sobriety, tend to the happiness of individuals, so do they to that of a nation. If there are few reasonable men who would not prefer to be self-contained and independent in their circumstances, "meo pauper in ære," as Horace expressed it, to being involved in perilous ventures, and living from hand to mouth, though in a factitious and fallacious abundance, so would a wise nation choose rather to live within itself, and depend on the revenues of its own soil, than to revel in foreign luxuries and live in perpetual danger of some frightful collapse. The hollowness of our national prosperity seems in a measure to be indicated by the mass of internal poverty and misery, which is gilt all over by the opulence of the minority. Where in any other nation in the world is found greater care, anxiety and suffering, and that perpetual fear of some overhanging evil, which is much worse than the stress of actual penury? Now, in Scandinavia, where protection laws prevail, and commercial development is restricted, there are doubtless few rich, but there are also few very poor men, and the general standard of living being simple and healthful, not pitched to a scale beyond the means of the generality, none feel the privations of those things to which they have never been accustomed, and society, set at rest in its outward circumstances, has time and leisure to enjoy, to its fullest extent, that easy social intercourse which is one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to us by Providence. In England none but the very rich can wander at their free will over unenclosed land, and enjoy light, air, and exercise to their heart's content. The sports of the field and the enjoyment of nature's beauties, which are in the power of every Norwegian bonder, are almost limited with us, by

That happiness of all classes of men, the class which lives partly by its own labour on its own land, the small country gentleman or peasant proprietor, producing sufficient, not for gain, but for his own sufficient sustenance, is growing less and less common among us, but is found abundantly in Scandinavia. This is the class of men to whom, when the trumpet of war is blown, a country must look for the pith and marrow of its defenders. The system of high farming and large farms, machinery superseding manual labour, an immense outlay of capital, with expected return to correspond with it, is a system as yet little known in the north of Europe. It is a system doubtless calculated for the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, but by no means tending to an equable diffusion of human happiness. To take an effectual view of this contrast, it will suffice to look at one class only, the clergy. In England some of the clergy, and but few of them, are overpaid; the rest are underpaid, so that their calling will not keep them. In Norway all the clergy enjoy a moderate income adequate to their wants, though giving them no superfluities; and every hard-working curate may expect preferment in his turn. The influence of commerce on the learned professions with us, as well as on the active, has been to make them one and all in some measure a job, where wealth, interest and influence—not merit, talent, learning, industry, piety—are predominant. Disgusted by the universal prevalence of a commercial standard, men of taste, feeling, and education, as well as those who love the gymnastics of nature, find a congenial atmosphere in the free and rugged north; and the life of Scandinavia, when once tasted, acquires such a charm for them, that if they have the liberty, the leisure, and the small amount of resources necessary, every summer breeze which brings the swallow to us on its southward course, awakens strange longings in their breasts to be off to the land of the friths and the fells in time to see the sun "set into sun rise." Among the many interesting

regarding men and things in the north, we have mentioned two in the heading of this article, which have each great and peculiar merits of their own. Mr. Newland and Mr. Metcalfe are both clergymen of the Church of England, who think that their home duties will be none the less efficiently performed for a gulp of fresh air combined with harmless and healthful recreation in the remote north. They are both of them great observers, in their way, of men and things; though they regard them, as may be expected, from the strongly marked individuality of character in each, with somewhat different eyes. Mr. Newland is of a strong nautical turn, well up in the harmless parts of the vocabulary of Neptune, loving salt water as well as dry land, and describing its accidents and incidents with a professional zest worthy of Captain Marryat. His description of the unhappy plight of the Walrus steamer at first setting out, and the difficulties from which she was extricated by the presence of mind, not of the captain, but of some of the passengers, is unequalled for vividness and a quiet vein of racy humour. He is an excellent marine-painter in words, and, like his friend Birger, the Swede, takes notes as he flies. His curiosity and enthusiasm are awakened, after a long and devious course, on his first approach to Norway.

"By this time sails, unseen before, had begun to dot the space which still intervened between the steamer and the iron-bound coast before it, which now rose, stern and rugged, and desolately beautiful, clothed everywhere with a sort of rifle-green, from the dark hues of the fir and juniper; for none but the hardy evergreens could bear the severe blasts of even its southern aspect. Few and far between were these sails at first, and insignificant did they seem under the abrupt and lofty mountains which rose immediately out of the sea, without any beach or coast line, or low-land whatever; but as they neared the land, the moving objects assumed a more conspicuous place in the landscape.

"There was the great heavy gallisse,—with figs from Bremen, or colonial produce from Hamburg—a sort

old Dutch school two hundred year
—not an atom of alteration or imp
ment in its build since the days o
Van Tromp: the same flat floor and
draft of water—the same lumberin
boards—the same great, stiff, sub
tial, square-rigged foremast, with a
fore and aft mizen, which looked lil
after-thought: she might be said
harrowing the main instead of plo
ing it, according to our more fan
metaphor, with a great white rid
foam heaped up under her bows, a
broad ragged wake like that of a stea
And there was the Norwegian bri
turning from Copenhagen with a c
of corn for Christiansund; rough an
formed, nine times in ten, not boa
so much as a fore-top-gallant sail,
tight and sea-worthy, and far b
than she looked: built after the m
of a whale's body, full forward and
aft, with a stem so narrow that she l
ed as if she had been sailing through
Symplegades, and had got pinche
the transit.

"Then came a fleet of a dozen j
from the north, the tainted breeze
vertising their fishy cargo as they
along. These were the originals o
English yacht, which unspellable
is merely the Norwegian *jagt*, writt
it is pronounced in the country
Norway is the only nation be
England that takes its pleasure i
deep sea. With their single grea
wieldy sails, their tea-tray shaped h
and towering stems, they looked l
boy's first essays in the art of ship-b
ing.

"But Bergen furnishes a far
ship-shaped description of craft. Sl
fore and aft vessels are the Berge
looking as if they had been built o
samelines, with little low bulwarks
knife-like cutwaters, as if they we
tended to cut through the seas r
than to ride over them, sailing alm
the wind's eye, and, when very close
ed indeed, a point on the other side
—at least so their skippers unanim
assert, and they ought to know best
all events causing a wet jacket t
one on board, be the weather as fi
it may, from the time they leav
port to the time they return to it.

"Then came, crowding all sail
looking as if they were rigged for
gatta, with their butterfly summe
and tapering spars, the lobster s
from Lyngö, and Orteriö, and Arer
and Hellesund: and a regatta it w
a large scale, with the wide Nort

markets for a prize. These were sharp, trim-looking vessels, admirably handled, or not unworthy of a place in the lists of any Royal Yacht Club, for beauty and for speed; somewhat less sharp, perhaps, than the Bergeners, but scarcely less weatherly, or sitting less lightly on the seas."

But excellent as Mr. Newland is in this kind of description, there is another field most rich and interesting in which he is peculiarly at home. Considering that he is a clergyman, we are almost tempted to wonder at the evident zest with which he treats of the mythology and fairy tales of the North, by no means sympathising with the parish priest in Miss Martineau's *Feats of the Fiord*, who thought that it was his duty to uproot these things from the minds of the people as shortly and violently as possible. The fact is, that to all appearance our worthy northern forefathers have never been entirely and completely Christianised. St. Olaf first took in hand their conversion, and he seems to have effected it by such strong measures that he merely cut off the heads and upper growth of the superstitions, still leaving the roots in the ground, to grow up again when the terror of their presence was removed. The Roman Catholic religion, again, was changed by a royal decree, and the passive acceptance of the reformed religion by the people does not seem to have had any stronger effects than to substitute a newer creed for one still new to them, leaving the remnants of the old one still clinging to their hearts. Though orthodox in the main points, and ceasing to worship idols, decanonising, so to say, Thor and Odin, or attaching to them, as the early Christians did with the southern gods, the questionable dignity of devils, they continued to believe in spirits benevolent and malevolent. By the side of the higher verities, they continued to leave out the cake and ale for Nipen, to hear the fairy smiths thundering under ground, to fear the lily hands of the Lady of the Lake, and the transmutations of unwatched cattle into mice by mischievous Trolls, who are ed power and limited faculties, particularly like some of the unblest of human kind in objection to holy water, or, at all events, the water that purifies, and the sight of a consecrated edifice. We select the story of a Troll who packed up a lake in a letter with the intention of drowning a church. It is told by a Norwegian boatman of strong anti-Swedish prejudices.

"In the good old times, when it was Norway and Denmark, and we were not tied to those hogs of Swedes as we are now (sinking his voice, out of respect to Birger, but by no means so much so that Birger could not hear him), they were building a church at Kund. They pitched upon a highish mound near the river on which to build it, because they wanted the people to see it, little thinking that the mound was the house of a Troll, and that on St. John's eve it would stand open, supported on real pillars. Well, the Troll, who must have been very young and green, could not make out what they were going to do with his hill, and he had no objection whatever to a house being built upon it, because he reckoned upon a good supply of *gröd* and milk from the dairy. He could have seen but very little of the world not to know a church from a house. However, he had no suspicions, and the bells were put up, and the Pröbst came to consecrate. The next day a peasant, going home from the consecration, saw him weeping and wringing his hands beyond the hearing of the bells which was as near as he could venture to come; and the Troll told him that he was obliged to leave his country, and could never come back, and asked him to take a letter to his friends. . . .

"He had not gone far before he felt hungry, so he took out a bit of *flad lröd* and some dried cod that he had put into his pocket. They were all wet. He did not know how that could be; but he took out the letter for fear it should be spoiled, and then found out that there was wet oozing out from under the seal. He wiped it; but the more he wiped it the wetter it was. At last in rubbing he broke the seal, and he was glad enough to run for it then, for the water came roaring out of the letter like the Wigeland Foss, and all he could do he could only just keep before it till it had filled up the valley. And there it is to this day. I have seen it myself, a large lake as big as our Forres

all, if he had only sealed it up a little more carefully.

"'Well,' said the Parson, 'this beats our penny-post; we send queer things by that ourselves, but I do not think anybody has ever yet thought of sending a lake through the General Post Office.'

"'Is there not some story about Hercules clearing out the Admiralty, or some such place, in a very similar way?' said the Captain."

When Mr. Newland treats of the northern mythology, and the belief in a fairy-land that it left behind it, his style becomes peculiarly animated. The mythology of Scandinavia resembles that of Greece before it was civilized and humanised. It is full of the grandest and sublimest poetry. Whether, according to the theory of Dr. Max Müller of Oxford, the earliest mythology arose from the poverty of a language which had only the same expressions for personal relations and accidents and those of the objects of nature, which, by speaking of the birth and death of the sun, moon, dew, night, day, &c., ended by giving these things a personal and individual divinity; or whether it was the perversion of a purer theism by the untutored superstition of man, it is well worth the attention of the philosopher and divine—in fine, of all who think mankind the proper study of man. If the sensuous religion of medieval Italy had been directed to the illustration of the religion of Odin instead of that of our Lord, it is probable that the northern mythology would have assimilated its divinities to those fair creations of the Grecian mind, so eminently human in their beauty and their frailty. As it is, the superstitions of Scandinavia have been fossilised in their pristine grandeur and their pristine purity; and there is so strong a resemblance between the gods and goddesses of Hesiod and those of the northern scalds, that the theory of one great original Asian nation, from which all the tribes of Western Europe ramified, is strongly corroborated. How similar are the fates of the more ancient Dionysus and of Balder, who

is the god of blessing and h
ness; like Apollo, he is the
light and gracefulness, the insp
poets, and the idol of the fai
Dionysus was represented as
born and dying, and his birt
celebrated with rejoicing an
death with mourning, so we
events of Balder's life and
annually celebrated with great
and circumstance. Even no
origin of tragedy and the Eleu
mysteries may find a parallel
bale-fires of the north, those bo
crowned with a boat, whic
lighted when the summer sols
past, signifying that the lif
beauty of the year is drawing
close. Then the thunder god
unlike the Hephæstus of the sou
mythology, and it would be e
carry the parallel further. The
of the north are no other tha
Titans of the south. But the
nition of the power of the evil
ciple leads us to seek for simil
in the more refined creed of Zor
and the fire-worshippers, which
its way into Christianity in
doctrines of Manicheism. Yet
Igdrasil, that Tree of Life at
roots a serpent is perpetually
ing—for those roots descend into
the region of frost and darkn
leads us to the pages of inspir
and the sublime history of our
parents in the garden of Eden.

We never remember to have
the mythology of the North
before the reader in a more int
ing shape—not being duly sys
tised, but incidentally inwoven
the narrative—than in Mr. Newl
pages. Adventures by flood an
incidents of salmon-fishing,
duck-shooting, and the like, ar
wanting to complete this very
able volume; and the whole win
with an account of one of
campaigns waged by a whole di
against bears, wolves, and any
that may come to hand, called a
under the superintendence of
Moodie, probably a feigned
given to a well-known British g
man domiciled on the Götha ca
Sweden. Mr. Metcalfe's book
unlike Mr. Newland's, that one

pass from the perusal of the one to the other without fatigue or diminished interest. Mr. Metcalfe goes over more ground, and he goes into stranger places and less trodden paths, so much so that we might wish some more particular marks to indicate the geography of his route. He is, in general, very circumstantial and accurate; nothing escapes him. He has an especial eye for the humorous in character, and he writes precisely as we would suppose him to talk, using the fittest words to record his impressions, and disregarding somewhat the polish of style which would indicate a greater conscious attention to the vehicle. He does not dwell on the passage out or home, but plunges *in medias res* at once; lands the reader in Scandinavia without mentioning the disagreeables attendant on a voyage even in the North of Europe Company's excellent steamers; and dismisses him with hearty regret that he is no longer in Scandinavia. He begins by speaking of the peculiar allurement of these countries as compared with others.

"Where shall it be to? The Rhine, or Switzerland, or the Tyrol? All excellent in their way, but so overrun with Britons, that ever and anon you fancy yourself at home again. As for myself, my old haunts in Scandinavia still possess irresistible attractions. A friend of mine, after travelling the length and breadth of central Europe, took it into his head one summer to explore Norway. This is five years ago; since then, every summer has found him in the same place—a fact which speaks volumes for the amusement to be found in that country. If you must sleep in a good hotel, and sit down to a *table-d'hôte* every day, then avoid Norway. In the whole country, which has a coast some two thousand miles long, there are not half-a-dozen hotels out of the modern capital, Christiania. I once heard, by the by, a sedate head of a house inquire whether the hotels in Lapland were comfortable. Alas for his simplicity! In Scandinavia the beds are too short—the sheets are often soiled, and so brief, that you will find your limbs not unfrequently in disagreeable proximity to an undressed coverlet of calf or reindeer skin. . . . If you are a lover of wild and savage nature, whether as sketcher, botanist, geologist, or sportsman, especially the last, then go by all means. You will have a regular shooting-coat life of it; no conventional bother, no fuss about external appearances, and you will meet with much that goes to the heart of an adventurous Englishman. Of course you will have to rough it—to live on the simplest fare; but you will soon rise superior to all these petty drawbacks. Think of catching big trouts and char, bigger than ever you saw in England, and nothing to pay for the sport—no subscription-ticket to be purchased, no water-bailiff at your heels, or competing anglers to disturb the holes you are coming to. Think too of the intense pleasure of an exciting contest with a salmon in the tearing rapids of a Norwegian Elv. Old fox-hunters tell me that they prefer it to the hounds in full cry. Then, again, the waterfalls!—waterfalls that really deserve the name—not your Staubbachs, which, after toiling for miles to see, you find not worth the journey. Or would you like to try your hand at the noble capercailzie, the blackcock, the mountain and wood ptarmigan, not to mention your chance of bringing down a reindeer, or a bear, or wolf, and nobody to say you nay!"

This is a fair specimen of the pleasant colloquial style in which Mr. Metcalfe writes his book. More than it professes must not be expected of it. Instead of being written for the sake of writing, it is as full of facts and interesting information as it can hold, and it is interlarded with racy and facetious anecdotes. Some of these are highly original and entertaining. More than this, it is a truly valuable work as containing a fund of information on the statistics, politics, and religion of the countries visited. As, however, the general purpose of our present article is to direct attention to the more earnest relations between Scandinavia and ourselves, especially in their bearings on contingent dangers on the side of Russia, we think it better to pass over these matters, and excerpt a narrative of facts which deserves to be well pondered.

"The Russians have not contented themselves with the land on the right bank, but have, in spite of all protestations to the contrary, laid claim to, and do possess, a little oasis of land to the left or Norwegian side of the Paswig, just below the falls. This slip of land, about a verst in extent, they assert, is a part of 'Holy Russia' in respect of the aforesaid Russi-Greek chapel. A

Muscovite piece of trickery all over. First they gave a hint to some Russian Fins to squat on the Scandinavian side; then these people erect a chapel for the celebration of the Greek rites; and then it is discovered to be one of 'the Holy Places,' and under Russian protection. This is what is popularly termed getting in the thin edge of the wedge. The inch was obtained, and then all would soon have followed; not, perhaps, immediately, for the motto of Russia is 'I bide my time.' But, had things taken the course which they threatened to do in 1854, Russian designs would have succeeded too surely, and the Czar would have possessed a splendid naval station to awe England and menace the liberties of the West."

It is well known that Russia has for some time been desirous of getting possession of the isle of Gottland. This island, one with which Western Europe is but moderately familiar, is far famed in the north for its fertility and beauty, as well as being the natural museum where all the principal Scandinavian antiquities are congregated. It is, in fact, one of the brightest gems of the Swedish crown. Among places visited by the northern students in their patriotic reunions, Gottland perhaps seems to have aroused the deepest common interest. We have attempted a translation of a poem, which we found in a Gottland newspaper, composed on the occasion of the meeting at Wisby, the capital of that island, which it is, however, difficult to render with the nervous simplicity of the original Swedish.

TO THE UNION OF THE NORTH.

'Tis sung in ancient ballad, when from its ocean bed
Far o'er the glowing East Sea fair Gottland reared its head,
Anon 'twas wont to sink again in ocean.

But with the viking Tjelsar, when fire came to the land,
Sank in the sea no longer the cliffs of our high strand,
Soon pranked in peaceful field and grove of beauty.

Since then rests on the wave-tops our bonny isle of flowers,
Where Gothmen build their homesteads for all the coming hours,
In deserts drear of life's contentions weary.

When christened was the viking, in legend's hour of morn,
Upon our golden region soon Art and Faith were born,
And Wisby's proud face shone on ocean's mirror.

Then, youths, be welcome hither from old and kindred land,
Though gold and silver lure you no more to this our strand,—
Alone Love's flowers wax here upon the ruins.

Our fanes lie waste, our castles in ruin gloom around.
Our sires of hundred battles dwell each in his green mound,
Stands the lone cross moss-over-grown and mournful.

But what is more than silver and pearl and golden ore,
A treasure foes can touch not, awaits ye in rich store,
Affection from the bosom's deep foundation.

Oh let us now have done with that ancient feud and strife,
Small gain to this our Norland, and let our newer life
Quench bitter quarrel in alliance joyful.

Welcome to these North-lands, whose boundary-stone doth wage,
Far out at sea so rootfast, war with the billows' rage,
Which idly raves against its rampart noble.

Let once such fire come hither, a fire of love so warm
As strengthens every bosom, and nerves each manly arm,
Even so our Gottland never more shall founder.

If strife resound, array us beside our kindred's might,
For honour, light, and freedom will Goths be proud to fight,
So help us guard the Baltic's pearl and jewel.

Now, speed ye, like the vikings, but on more peaceful way,
And take with you our blessing, and guileless roundelay,
Deep from the heart in Gothic hero-language.

P. A. Save.

Even while we write, the clearness which followed the storm in the atmosphere of Europe seems somewhat obscured by clouds that are rising on the distant horizon. Our admonitions to the King of Naples about the manner in which his wrong-headedness imperils the peace of the world, have occasioned a manifesto on the part of Russia, which, whatever its ultimate object, plainly shows that she has not yet learned wisdom by adversity. Little is abated from her old tone of arrogant self-confidence. It is as well that our Government should pause before they effect any farther reductions in our war establishment; and it would be better than this, as a preventive of future mischief, were Government to direct its paramount attention to our foreign alliances, and insure, at any rate, the support of those which furnish internal guarantees for their strength and stability. There is no finer field for diplomacy than Scandinavia; none where our efforts are more likely to be attended with success. No question is of deeper moment than that of the union of the three Scandinavian nations, and the cementing of a lasting friendship between Great Britain and the collective Scandinavian name.

A CAUSE WORTH TRYING.

One day last winter the crowd upon the Champs Elysées was greater than I had ever seen it. Yet there was no review at Neuilly, nor sham-fight at the Bois de Boulogne, to account for the multitude of carriages and horse-people and pedestrians, all hurrying towards the Triumphal Arch, as if in expectation of some wonderful show. "What can the matter be?" I said to old Busby, who happened to come into my room. "Is there a fire anywhere outside the barrier? or have the Russians entered the town at the other end, that the whole population is tearing at such a rate out of the city!" Busby has been so long in Paris that he affects to be extra English, in case of being mistaken for a Frenchman. So Busby said with a contemptuous toss of his head, but in slightly broken English, "These wretched foreigners are so fond of the sun. Here has been a heaven encumbered with cloud, it is these five days, and they are posting off to behold the luminary, as if they had never seen it before. What beasts!" "The very farthest thing from beasts in the world," I said—"very sensible people: and I will go and have a look at the luminary myself." Oh! what a luminary it is, compared to the lukewarm dinner-gong we honour in England with the glorious name of Sun! Though it was the end of February, he was shining evidently in total forgetfulness that it was not June. Shining, warming, lighting, extracting such variety of exquisite colour, from the thousand splendidly-dress ladies who walked and strolled and lounged about the open alleys in the wood, that it was quite possible he fancied he was bestowing his favours on a prodigious bed of flowers. On the beautiful lake floated gay boats with many-coloured sails, carrying cargoes of bright-hued parasols and radiant bonnets and richest glistening silk. In the road rested or slowly moved forward barouches and britzkas, and chariots and phaetons, all with bright panels and glittering wheels and gorgeous linings, with

horses trapt with gold and silver, and reins of spotless white; while behind hung suspended a bunch of peony or tulip six feet high, with immense calves to its legs, and a cocked hat on its head, and sometimes even a velvet-sheathed sword at its side. Then the horsemen—gaiety of apparel is not left entirely to the ladies in France. There were green coats, and blue coats, and olive coats, so shiny that they looked like pink, and grey coats so brilliant that they looked like white; and still the cavalcade passed on; and beauties caracoled on long-tailed steeds; and bewhiskered men galloped past on strong-legged chargers, and, countless as the combinations in a kaleidoscope, they formed in lines, in squares, in circles; and ever over all shone that cloudless sun, and beside them sparkled that waveless water. And on seeing all that brilliancy, all that show, and all that wealth, I said to old Busby, "Who are all these?—where does all the money come from? There's more appearance of riches here than in Hyde Park in the height of the season." Old Busby will certainly have a concussion of the brain if he shakes his foolish old head with such disdainful jerks much longer. He shook his head as if he had been a mandarin for many years in a grocer's window, and said, "My dear, how you are blind! These are nothing but a set of humbug foreigners; swindlers every man; all adventurers on the Bourse or founders of the Credit Mobilier; lords to-day, beggars to-morrow, and galley-slaves the day after. But what then? the spectacle is the same to us. These same carriages will be here this day week—so will these horses—so will these ladies; but the proprietors, mark you, will be different. That fellow's clerk will succeed to his fraudulent *compagnie* and his britzka, and he himself will be marker at a billiard-table. That other fellow will be shot in a duel by a co-forger of Government bills, and his Andalusian mare will be ridden here by some gambler whose loaded dice are not yet discovered. But the Bois will be as gay, the lake as charming, and the sun as bright. I have been intimate," said Busby in a very foreign accent, "with some English squires on their short-legged Suffolk cobs, whose rent-roll would buy the fee-simple of all the vagabonds here."

"Come, come, Busby," I said, "you are such a root-and-branch Englishman, you'll allow no merit to any one but a regular John Bull like yourself. There must be some foundation for all this display. It is impossible there can be so much glitter without *some* gold."

"A guinea well beat out," replied Busby, "can cover a square acre with gilt leaf, and look as well—perhaps better—than if it were solid. But the fact is, this whole show is as unreal as if it were presented on the stage. The same dresses and paste jewels and property drinking-cups go the round of all the actors—Hamlet's feast to-night, Macbeth s supper to-morrow; but the goblets and dishes the same. Some day or other the indignant pit will jump across the orchestra, and find out what rubbish these sapphire crowns and diamond sword-hilts are made of."

"More fools the indignant gentlemen in the pit," I said, "if the brilliancy is the same as if the hilts and crowns were real."

"Ay—but don't you see," said Busby, "that Macbeth has raised ten thousand pounds on the security of the inestimable dagger with which he murdered Duncan, and the Royal Claudius has bought a house in the Champs Elysées on the strength of such a display of plate."

"Well," I rejoined, "Macbeth *has* the ten thousand pounds; Claudius *has* the house."

Busby looked on me with a paternal expression of pity. "My good friend," he said, "the ten thousand pounds you see, were in the notes of an insolvent company—the house was mortgaged above its value. It is on the profits of these two speculations that the four swindlers are astonishing us here to-day. For the man who got possession of Macbeth's dagger is living on the reputation of its jewels; and the man who got Claudius's service of plate is feasting on the fame of the acquisition; and the owner of the house in the Champs Elysées has a carriage on account of the size of his *porte cochère;* and the

awful crash some fine day when nobody expects it; and I advise you to do as I have done, draw all your money out of the Rentes—and, indeed, out of the Funds too. Little and safe, that's my motto." Old Busby had bought an annuity of two hundred a-year when he was quite a young man, with a tendency to consumption and a disease in the liver—from which he recovered in a remarkable manner after the arrangements were concluded—and could speak with perfect equanimity about the variations of stocks, and the rise and fall of land.

"My motto," I told him, "was very like his, but more consolatory still, for it was, Nothing at all, and safer." Old Busby laughed with an uneasy kind of laugh when I said this, but recovered himself soon. "Ah," he said, as if answering the horrid idea which my answer had presented to him, "it doesn't the least matter whether you young English fellows have anything of your own at your age or not. You come of rich people," he went on. "Your governor can't live for ever. You have three uncles, two of them unmarried—though they MAY marry yet, for uncle George isn't much older than myself (uncle G. is sixty). Then your aunt Margaret is a widow with one girl, and really last autumn I thought the child's life not worth three years' purchase—and therefore, though you have nothing, as you say—still—still—by dad, sir, I would rather have your expectations than all the soap-bubbles here. None of these wretched impostors have any relations out of the poorhouses or the dockyard of Toulon. Two generations, of ten children in each, reduce the richest families to beggary. They go on dividing equally all their possessions. So when a man of a thousand a-year dies, his ten representatives have a hundred a-year each; and when each of these ten departs this life with ten representatives, he is followed to the grave by a hundred gentlemen and ladies (nephews and nieces included) in the enjoyment of ten pounds a-year each. What immensely small."

Busby hated the French, and yet could not live away from them: he drest like them; he walked like them; he had ill-made coats and preposterous trousers in order to hide his nationality, and spoke with a strong French intonation in order to complete the deception. But when we got to the Trois Frères, I was surprised to observe how completely he changed his tactics. He affected an English tone, mispronounced the names of dishes, swore in a vernacular manner, which would have pleased St. Giles's; and had the double triumph of appearing imperfect in both the great tongues which divide the world. He was equally a foreigner to Shakespeare and Racine. But in the scandal of London and Paris he was no foreigner. What marriages were going on, what marriages were going off in both the capitals, were at his finger ends. He knew who was the most beautiful *débutante* for forty seasons past, and who was the richest *parti*.

"Do you see that handsome young fellow," he said, "at the opposite table, giving a feed to those three hangers-on?"

"I've been looking at them a long time," I replied. "I thought they were marshals of France, or ambassadors-extraordinary at least."

"They are keepers of rouge-et-noir tables, and may be what you take them for in a short time, for nothing is impossible; but in the mean time they are trying to pillage the young gentleman who looks so simple, and yet who is making them his tools at the expense of a few dinners."

"Indeed! Then he is not so simple as he looks."

"He wants to get a reputation among the aristocrats over the Seine. He loses a few pounds occasionally to Marquis or Vicomte when he perceives they are rather hard up; and persisting in this, and well reported of by the three gentlemen you see him priming with champagne, he will receive cards for the Duchess Mere's assemblies, and probably end by marrying a princess."

"Then he is rich?" I inquired.

"Nearly three millions," said Busby; "not your wretched millions of francs, but sterling, my friend—solid sovereigns—besides immense estates."

"One of the old nobility—with their property all restored," I suggested.

"No. He is an illustration of what I told you—that when anyone has the luck to be really a Crœsus here, he has no other advantage. He is not even the legitimate son of a Jew scrivener. His mother was housekeeper to a miser; his supposed father left him all those millions; and the law-courts have been busy with his affairs for a long time. I can't do better than let you into the state of the case as far as it has been heard; and you can form your own opinion, and see if it agrees with that of the President of the Court."

Old Busby exerted himself to the utmost, and finished his information and his third bottle of claret about twelve o'clock. The hero of his tale, with his friends, took their departure long before, and as the story is a true one, and the first part of it is accessible to any one who has the collection of strange trials for the last few years of the last century, I will change the proper names: for those who know the circumstances don't require the information; and those who do not, will find it as interesting without disturbing the feelings of the fortunate youth, who is beyond all question the richest bachelor in France.

In 1789, two brothers of the name of Normand came up from Gascony, and were lost for some time in the immensity of Paris. Their course of life during the first horrors of the Revolution is totally unknown. They had left their native village without a sou in their pockets. Their education (they could read and write, and keep accounts) could be of little use to them in those days; but they were strong of body, resolute of heart, terribly fond of money; and when affairs became a little more settled, it was found that they kept a stall for the sale of articles of vertu—embroidered chair-covers with armorial bearings (stained in some places with blood, but very beautiful notwithstanding), single beads of pearl necklaces, evidently separated without the aid of jeweller's pincers; enamelled snuff-boxes, with battered portraits of Louis XV. upon the lid, and gold-emblazoned hilts, from which the blades had been broken off. How the worthy brothers had got possession of these articles was never accurately known, nor of the mirrors and easy-chairs and china vases which ornamented their back-shop; no, nor of certain splendid earrings, to which, for a long time, strange-looking bits of dried-up skin pertinaciously adhered. However, they drove a flourishing trade, for luxury and good taste speedily resumed their reign in the city, where they seem indigenous; and in spite of guillotines and "ça iras," and lovely heads paraded upon pikes, there were charmingly furnished boudoirs in Paris, and excellent judges of the workmanship both of tapestry, needlework, and golden snuff-boxes. It was the fashion at that time to change the Christian name, out of compliment to the established heathen church, and the pages of Plutarch contained the new nomenclature of patriotic France. Michael, the elder brother, having a taste for country pursuits, called himself "Cincinnatus;" and Philip, who was a great broad-shouldered fellow of five feet ten, and affected the oratorical department in the destruction of aristocrats, was called "Cicero" and "le Grand"—Cicero in honour of his eloquence, and le Grand in honour of his size. Cincinnatus and Cicero, without by any means neglecting the present, had a penetrating eye towards the future. The time would come, they knew, when character would be of enormous use—when it would supply the want of everything else; and they set to to cultivate that valuable exotic with a certain foreknowledge of all the advantages it would bring. Their word was their bond. If they once agreed to a bargain, they stuck to it through fair or foul. They were peculiarly the upright traders of the district. There had not been such a couple of honest men since Iago. Their neighbour, Diogenes Rebolet (he sold sausages, and was observed to keep a perfect stud of donkeys), need not have gone far with his lantern to find the object

eyed, soft-voiced Cincinnatus, or the big-featured, loud-speaking Cicero; but united—the fighting farmer and the magniloquent consul—their character was unapproachable. They were made executors of wills, and trustees of marriage-settlements, and sat every day on the revolutionary tribunal, and condemned all other dealers in vertu to instant death with the imperturbability of a pair of Brutuses. If the culprits had been their own sons, they could not have uttered the sentence with more stoical self-control.

Another hiatus of a year or two occurs in their history; but in 1794 we find the worthy brothers promoted from their peaceful labours in the stall, and judicial labours on the bench, to be a kind of stockbrokers or go-betweens in the purchase of the assignats or paper promises of the "Republic one and indivisible." The excellent Cincinnatus, availing himself of his agricultural experience, bought up lands in all directions; while the irresistible Cicero talked over the governing powers into the bestowal of fresh batches of the notes wherewith to pay for the new acquisitions. So reams of paper rapidly grew into acres of land, and already the Roman duumvirate was in possession of two or three estates, with seignorial castles looking over the devastated fields, and a broken-turreted abbey, from which they had expelled the monks, and, with superhuman love of their country and regard for the rights of mankind, had hanged the prior above his own gate. But no whisper was ever uttered by those modest individuals of their success. Their cry was still death to the rich, the robbers of the poor; and still their parsimonious existence went on. Shabby were the clothes of Cincinnatus, dirty the linen of the immortal Cicero; yet in a cellar beneath their dwelling might be seen an old chest, and in the old chest might be seen some sacks, and in the sacks might be seen rouleaus of gold—foolish big-nosed Bourbons grinning upon twenty-franc pieces, and even the jolly countenance of George III. impering on yellow guineas. It were Prussian Fredericks, and German Francises, and Dutch Williams. Never were republicans possessed with such a rage for kings' heads. They were the hoardings of terrified friends of the crown, who, before commencing their hopeless escape from the demons who carried on their reign of terror, had deposited their wealth with the honest pair. Priests even had come to them, and lodged the money of the convent in their hands. Trembling-handed dowagers and fair-cheeked young marchionesses had relied on the probity of the brothers. Death of my life! is Cincinnatus going to desert his country? Sacred blue! is Cicero going to sell himself to the aristocrats? Don't be alarmed. Somehow or other it always happened that denunciations were more frequent when these deposits took place. Priests and dowagers and marchionesses always found their way to the Place de Grève, and the chests grew fuller and fuller. No claimants ever appeared for the money, and the virtuous partners wore seedier coats and dirtier visages than ever. Their heads would have defiled the block—their habiliments would have disgusted the executioner. But at last soap and settled government began to appear. Tailors put up their sign-boards, and barbers prepared their lather. Robespierre had howled out his soul in terror and bloody sawdust, and France began to breathe, to dress, to go to the play, to dream dreams of glory and conquest, and to borrow money. Property began to grow secure, and then the kings I have described in the cellars of the Normands to take the air. English Georges and Prussian Fredericks were seen side by side in the Palais Royal; and the Executive—keen-nosed for gold as a fox for poultry—determined to get as much of it as they could into the coffers of the State.

Now there was at that time in Paris a certain renegade priest, who lived in the odour of iniquity, and succeeded in hiding from everybody that he had ever been a Christian. This man had been called the Abbé Fontaines, but on his arrival at

clearer views with regard to religion, he had called himself Citizen Phocion, and was supposed to worship the divinities of ancient Greece, especially Plutus and Bacchus. His service to the latter potentate was perhaps the more sincere, for it was the more richly rewarded of the two. He was often drunk, but never rich. "Vive Bacchus!" here interposed Busby (he was in the middle of the second bottle); "it is certainly a most estimable superstition, that of the ancient poets, wits, geniuses, and philosophers of Greece and Rome. Don't you see what a fresh zest it gives to a quiet meeting like this, that there is something respectable, something almost sacred in it; that a regular deity presides over the corkscrew, and a dinner-party grows like a meeting of the Dean and Chapter. Open intoxication becomes not only ungentlemanly, but pharisaic ostentation. That's the reason I like the calm, steady, devotional feeling of a couple of magnums with a friend, better than the publicity of a lord mayor's feast, where, besides, I have observed the bottle comes very slowly round."

After this slight interruption, the story continued its course. This drunken, dissolute, penniless apostate was a friend of the respectable brokers; how picked up, why encouraged, nobody could tell; but he visited at the office, sat for an hour at a time with the door locked upon the trio, and carried on a conversation in whispers; and then went down stairs with his hand in his pocket, as if to certify himself at every step that it was not so empty as when he had entered the house. One day he came down with a happier face than ordinary, and stayed far longer than usual in the wine-vaults. Money was plentiful, and for once the *ci-devant* Abbé believed he had got into equal favour with both his gods. His purse and bottle were both full. The information he had given was worth the money he received for it. "Citizen P——," he said, "has undertaken the government loan, and given twenty per cent. for gold. Two millions francs must be raised in two days, and he gives foreign bills in exchange for coin. I have mentioned your names to Citizen P——, whom I knew in former days, and he will see you at his country-house this evening. If you have such a thing," he now added confidentially, "as a thousand-francs assignat (this was worth about five pounds in those days), I shall be on the look-out for other transactions of the kind." Citizen P——, who retained his own name, and lived in the style of one of the old nobles, received the humble brothers with great kindness. By little and little he wormed out of them that they were in possession of a considerable amount of ready money. Simple fellows they were, and appeared puzzled by the extraordinary quickness and penetration of the accomplished capitalist. They took time to calculate, and scratched their heads, and asked questions for information, and impressed the dashing Citizen P—— with the exceeding honesty and straightforwardness of their commercial dealings. He was rapid, eloquent, impatient, and explained to them in a style evidently above their comprehension, but a very philosophical style for all that—"that what he required was hard cash; that to obtain it no sacrifice would be grudged by himself or the government, for the fidelity of the soldiers, the liberty of the nation, depended on the immediate payment of the Army of the North; that he had already in his hands English bank-notes, Amsterdam government-bills, and plenty of the best paper in Europe; but the coin! the coin! He had undertaken to send eighty thousand pounds to the troops on Wednesday: here was Monday; there was no time to lose. How much would they undertake to raise?" He took out the securities as he spoke. There were many bank-notes for a thousand pounds and upwards, payable to the well-known Abraham Newland or bearer; there were circulars of Hope & Co., payable in gold at Amsterdam. They made a slight flutter in the air as he waved them before the brothers' eyes, and no slight flutter in their hearts. "We will bring you half to-morrow," they said. The capitalist was pleased. He opened a small pocket in the inner side of his waistcoat, and re-

brothers' looks met, and they smiled also. The bargain was a good bargain; it was a gain of eight thousand pounds, with no risk. No wonder they smiled. "There's to be another loan, Michael," said Cicero, as they came down stairs, and took the road to Paris. "It would perhaps be wise to wait." "How do you know?" replied Cincinnatus. "Because there were securities in that babbler's pocket for five times the amount he named." "Oh." So they said no more.

Next morning, at half-past seven, they were sitting at breakfast—dry bread and coffee, with a salt herring between them, when a knock came to the door. Cicero rose without saying a word, and opened. Flustered with wine, stupid with want of sleep, red with astonishment, Phocion staggered hurriedly into the room.

"What's the matter, Monsieur the Abbé?" said Cincinnatus, astonished at the apparition.

"Murder's the matter—the guillotine's the matter—hell's the matter," answered the Abbé.

"Who's murdered—who's guillotined?" inquired the brothers, breathless with surprise.

"Monsieur P—— is murdered in his park at V——. He was found this morning stabbed to the heart, lying dead under the trees, where he used to walk in the moonlight; and more, his wife is murdered also. She was strangled in her boudoir, two children were killed in the nursery, and a footman, who must have heard the cries of the family, was also found dead in the hall."

"There must have been many engaged in the crime," said Cicero. "Are there no marks left by the cruel perpetrators of the deed?"

"None—the gentleman must have been stabbed from behind a great oak, where he was in the habit of stationing himself to see the light falling through the leaves."

"But the other murders—what could be the assassins' reason for *them*?" inquired Michael.

"Was there any reason, then, for murdering Monsieur P——?" asked "None that I know of—but he was rich, he was a politician, he must have had many enemies—and, by the by," continued Michael, addressing his brother, "we have missed our gain by the loan. A heavy loss, Monsieur the Abbé, in addition to the thousand francs we gave you for the information."

"A thousand francs!" indignantly exclaimed the ex-ecclesiastic; "call things by their right names. It was not much more than a hundred."

"We don't grudge the money," said Cicero in a friendly voice. "Your intention was equally good, and we are as much obliged to you as if your introduction had been successful." And by an effort of unheard-of generosity, he gave the Abbé a farther supply of the same depreciated paper, which he took out from the folds of a long dirty leather purse.

All Paris was in a state of consternation at the wholesale murder of Citizen P—— and almost all his household. The guillotine had been less dreadful with its thousand victims a-week. It was plied in the light of day, and had the great names of Liberty — Fraternity — Equality written on its planks; but this secret assassination—this stabbing an innocent man while he is admiring the moonlight—this strangling a lady while reading in her boudoir—this killing of children in their little cribs, and knocking out the brains of a stout man-servant in the entrance-hall of a suburban villa—who was safe?—who were the murderers?—what was their inducement? Inducement of the usual kind there seemed to have been none. There was no valuable missing—nothing was moved, except, indeed, a blue satin waistcoat, which Monsieur P—— was in the habit of wearing in the morning, but which he usually put away in a drawer when he dress for the evening at home. This waistcoat, instead of being in the drawer, was found upon a chair in his dressing-room—his dressing-room was next the wife's boudoir—the boudoir was next the nursery, the nursery opened on the hall. But who cared about a blue satin waistcoat? He had left

it on the chair himself. The robbers could have carried it off if plunder had been their object, for it was richly embroidered with gold, and satin was a valuable material. No—it was wickedness without a purpose, or personal hatred, or political vengeance; and the villa at V—— (about an hour's walk from Paris) was daily haunted by wondering crowds, who examined the situation of the rooms, the beauty of the park, and particularly the picturesque oak-tree under which the unfortunate proprietor received the blow.

An old custom of the law existed then, by which the person last seen in company with a murdered man was held, in a legally-fictitious sort of way, to be perpetrator of the crime, unless he could prove his innocence. The people with whom the unfortunate deceased had had a meeting last were the two heroic brothers, who had been closeted with him just after he returned from town. Two persons had been seen about ten o'clock of the same night standing under the wall of the park. One of them was tall, broad-shouldered, and long-armed; the other was short and thin; both were silent. The peasant who had given this account of the strangers had not spoken to them. He had not particularly noticed their features, which would have been visible enough by the light of the full moon. They were drest in cloaks of very common material. He had thought them two of the boatmen of the Seine, and did not like their looks. He had hurried past, and only ventured at a corner of the wall to look round, and saw them still standing in the shade, motionless, and apparently silent as when he had passed. Citizens Cincinnatus and Cicero were requested to appear before the court, and tell all they knew of the deceased, and whether they had observed anything about his appearance or manner that might show he was uneasy or apprehensive. They said all they had to say with the greatest openness and simplicity. They had been most graciously received by the gentleman, who had been spoken to on their behalf by a clergyman of the old persuasion, and he had kindly allowed them to take ten thousand francs in the present loan—ten thousand francs in gold—which they had agreed to carry to him on the following day, the money of themselves and of several other poor tradesmen, and they regretted the good gentleman's death, as it deprived them of a profit of eighty pounds. Nothing could be more touchingly natural, and yet, somehow, nobody could tell why, the preliminary inquiry was not thought satisfactory. The police were discontented with the talent at concealment displayed by the murderers, whoever they might be. The writers of vaudevilles were anxious for the elucidation of the mystery, to work it up into a second act; and a more powerful interest than either the police or the playwright determined to probe the matter to the bottom, and this was what is now called public opinion, but which at that time was the salon of Madame Tallien. The police, the playwrights, and the salon—resolved on having a field-day, and in a short time the *fripiers* and brokers who had dabbled in the government loan were arrested and brought to trial. It is very easy to bring circumstantial evidence against the most innocent of men. There were cloaks discovered in their drawers resembling the dress described by the peasant. One brother was tall and broad, the other short and wiry; they had come in that night at a later hour than usual—half-past eleven o'clock—and had told the concierge that they had treated themselves to the threepenny gallery of a theatre on the Boulevards. They were now asked what theatre it was, and they said the Français, which is not on the Boulevard, but could not remember what the play was. They were asked how the house was lighted, and could not tell—where the stage was, what sort of things the boxes were, and could not tell. They were illiterate men, they said, from the farther part of Gascony, and were so astonished by the crowd that they remembered nothing at all, either of house or stage. The more clear their answers were, and the stronger the proofs of innocence, the inveteracy of the prosecution seemed to increase. Suspicion seemed to rise from the mere want of ground to rest on, and

if they had had to depend entirely on the strong points of their case, the want of motive to murder their patron, the *alibi* they dwelt on, and the total absence of anything like proof against them, their fate might have been sealed. There was something either in their appearance, or their voice, or some indefinable impression that took possession of all present at the trial, which contradicted everything they said in their defence. But a witness made his appearance in their behalf, who restored them to the good opinion of the public. The law against priests still existed, but it was not acted on. A reaction, indeed, had already taken place in favour of the persecuted clergy, and it began to be considered good taste to talk respectfully of the old faith. The Abbé Fontaines was called to give evidence for the accused. A fine open countenance, with a winning smile and quiet meditative eyes, gained on all hearts the moment the reverend man presented himself in the witness-box. He was plainly dressed—not quite in the clerical garb, but in such sober hues that it needed very little discrimination to perceive that he had retained as much of his professional uniform as he dared. He spoke of the brothers as the best of men. They had given him funds out of their very moderate stores to distribute among the poor. He had breakfasted with them on the morning after the murder, and was the first to give them information of the dreadful event. Their surprise was natural, and their sorrow sincere. Their shoes, he observed, were perfectly clean, and one of the cloaks was his. He had left it there to be ready for his use when his ministrations carried him into the dangerous parts of the city, where it might not be safe to be recognised as a ——. Here he hesitated, and the infuriated barrister for the prosecution, who had taken the name Scævola Brutus, exclaimed, "You are a priest, then,—a Christian zealot?" The Abbé, flushing apparently with the hope of martyrdom, pulled a hidden ribbon from under his waistcoat, and let a small silver cross hang upon his breast. "I AM a Christian," he replied, in a gentle but firm voice, "and forgive my enemies; bearing testimony," he added, turning towards the accused, "in behalf of the poor and innocent." There was a clapping of hands which the president found it difficult to repress, and the trial lasted but a few minutes longer. The prisoners were dismissed from the bar, and from that day the Abbé's fortune seemed made. His devotion to Bacchus redoubled, now that he had secured the favour of the other god. There was not a gayer, jollier, tipsier renegade in France; money was always at his command,—and he lived the happiest of lives, and died, many years afterwards, of delirium tremens. The shock of the trial had tried the brothers' strength; the agony of being suspected of such a horrid crime preyed upon their minds. They sold the business they carried on, and the premises they occupied, and left Paris for change of air. One went to Amsterdam, where he learned Dutch, and smoked at the side of canals all day; and the other went to London, where he acquired the English tongue, and dabbled in the Funds. And when some years were past, and the madness of the Revolution had worn itself out, and Ciceros and Cincinnatuses were forgotten, Messrs. Normand ainé and Normand le Grand opened spacious offices in the Rue Richelieu as foreign agents and bankers, and were looked upon as among the most sagacious capitalists in France.

Another great hiatus takes place in their history, and we come to the present year, and the case of the handsome young gentleman who has just left the coffee-room of the Trois Frères, and whose cause will be decided to-morrow. Old Cincinnatus Normand died in 1837. Strong-backed Cicero le Grand survived till 1841. In order to keep the money in the family, the brothers, it was known, had made an agreement that the survivor of the two should inherit the fortune of the firm; and accordingly, in 1837, Normand le Grand succeeded to the wealth of his brother; and the amount of their accumulated riches was almost fabulous. In money and land, the elder had left not less than a million and a half of our money; and the possessions

of le Grand were not much less. In money alone the property was nearly two millions. But who was to inherit these treasures, and carry on the family name? Neither of the brothers had married, and no near relations had ever been heard of. But the heart of le Grand was not entirely devoted to the acquisition of gold. His housekeeper, besides her other attractions, possessed the odd one, in his eyes, of having, in right of her father, the very name to which he was only entitled by the courtesy of his friends. She was called Le Grand, and when a child was born, and bore the maternal name, the old man had a misty sort of pride in thinking that he was represented even to this extent by his descendant,—that the young le Grand, who soon went crowing and screaming all about the apartment (the floor above the offices), would bear the paternal appellation to future times; and the miser's soul became softened when he thought that his place would be filled by so fair-haired and bright-eyed and innocent a successor. Oh! the marvellous cheap ribbons that adorned the bonnet of Mademoiselle,—now called Madame le Grand—as she took the young Ascanius to church on Sunday! Oh! the penny-worths of sugar-plums bestowed on the young Ascanius himself, when he received his father at the top of the stairs, as he came up to dinner after the labours of the day were over! As time went on, a carriage was bought and beautiful long-tailed horses, and the mother and child drove up to the Bois de Boulogne, and got out and walked among the alleys; and everybody admired the form and features of the handsome child, and puzzled over who he could possibly be, for nobody knew the livery or the arms, and nobody knew Madame le Grand; and the boy had no companions, and perhaps scarcely thought there were any boys in the world, but that all mankind were withered old men and tall stiff women, like the worthy couple with whom his life was spent. But time still went on, and the old gentleman was on the look-out for a school where his son might be taught arithmetic and a clerkly hand, and had nearly settled on one where these accomplishments were communicated on the most reasonable terms, when suddenly he felt very unwell one day at his desk, and had only time to add up the last column, when he was carried up-stairs, in a fit, and in two days he was buried in Père-la-Chaise, with an inscription which will send down his name to the remotest posterity as one of the best of men. His will was opened, and found without a flaw. The young le Grand was declared heir of all he died possessed of: and a handsome annuity was left to Madame le Grand. An inventory was taken of all the goods, movable and immovable, and the young heir, having no next of kin, was made what we should call a ward in Chancery; and guardians were appointed to see to his education, for which, and for his maintenance till he came of age, liberal allowances were made out of the income of the estate. The best schools in France, the most famous of its colleges, professors of all the arts and sciences, and a natural disposition of the most amiable kind, made him an accomplished gentleman and a general favourite; and when he approached the age of twenty-one, preparations were made for a festival to celebrate his accession to the immense fortune, of which everybody felt sure he would make an excellent use. There was not a tavern-keeper, or a horse-dealer, or an upholsterer or jeweller in Paris, who did not utter the most fervent vows for the young man's prosperity. And many mothers of marriageable daughters, and several widows under thirty, did the same thing. Fifteen years had elapsed since the sainted Cicero le Grand left a disconsolate world (as represented on his tombstone, by a dumpy woman with a hump-back bending over an open tea-chest) to weep for the loss of so much virtue. Madame le Grand had also been wafted to the top of a large slab of white marble by three little cherubs, whose obesity must have made it an exceedingly fatiguing operation, and had left the youth an orphan when he was about twelve years old; the path seemed cleared of all encumbrances, and people would have for-

been for the following circumstance. A certain attorney, not in very extensive practice, but a sharp hand when by chance an interesting client did fall into his hands, was sitting in his empty office one day, wondering why business would persist in NOT coming, when a tap came to the door, and an ancient female entered the room. She bore in her hand a sheet of letter-paper; a very crumpled dirty sheet it was, but the lawyer's eye detected a certain form of writing on it, a dab of red wax, and a signature in a line by itself, which awaked his professional sympathies at once. He gave the old lady a chair, and listened with the gravest attention to her story. "Monsieur," she said, "I keep a lodging-house in the Rue St. Martin, close to the boulevard. It is very near the roof, being the sixth floor of number sixteen. Among my lodgers was a middle-aged woman, called Josephine Latraille, a quiet well-behaved person, but very poor, living on a small pension purchased for her by one of her admirers when she was in the age of admiration, Monsieur, in which indeed we all have been." Something like a sigh followed this remark.

"Madame," said the attorney, with his look still fixed on the document in her hand, "you are at this moment in the very flower of youth and beauty."

"Monsieur is very obliging," said the old woman; "but I did not come to receive his compliments. Mademoiselle Latraille had no great quantity of luggage, but such as it was it contained all her possessions. In fact it was nothing more than a wooden box of no extraordinary size; and yet it was quite ample for her purpose, for she had very few clothes and no trinkets, nor indeed anything of the smallest value. I am particular in this description, Monsieur, because it will explain to you that, when she unfortunately died, which she did about three months ago, I had very little security to look to for payment of her small arrears of rent. A few francs, that was all. She was a careful manager, Mademoiselle Latraille, and payed always once a-fortnight. She owed me no one inquired about her all the years she resided in my house; still less was it likely that any one would inquire about her now that she was dead; but the debt of twelve francs remained. The law, monsieur, is very tedious."

"That, madame, is quite a mistake, a mere vulgar prejudice," interposed the lawyer. "It is the clients who answer that description; but pray proceed."

"I was justified, I suppose, monsieur, in opening the wooden box?"

"Was it to ask my opinion on that subject?" again said the attorney, growing impatient; "for unless a fee is prepaid—"

"Oh no, monsieur, I don't want any one's opinion on that; for in truth the box was open. It had no lock. I lifted the lid, and perceived at a glance that the tattered old gown and faded old bonnet, the two pairs of mended stockings, and very ragged petticoat it contained, would not nearly discharge my bill; but, monsieur"—here she slightly moved the yellow sheet of paper in her hand—"I discovered a small page of writing at the very bottom of the trunk, which I am told by a neighbour who can read, may turn out worth the balance of my claim. The property I have described realised seven francs; the sheet of paper, I hope, is worth five. Will you examine it, monsieur, and tell me what you think?"

"It seems a will, madame, in favour of some persons of whom I never heard. It is probably only a sketch of some proposed testament which was never carried into effect. But still the sum you demand is not much, and if you will accept these ten francs as a donation, you will do me a great favour; for my heart, madame, in spite of the sneers and insinuations of persons who exercise their wit against the professors of the law burns for such an opportunity as this to do a kind and generous act. It is signed, I perceive, by a witness, evidently the same person who wrote the body of the will. Do you know who he was?"

"He was an abbé, monsieur—the

Abbé Fontaines; and no other than the admirer of the demoiselle Latraille, who purchased for her the annuity I mentioned."

"And the gentleman who signed and sealed?"

"He was a very rich man, monsieur, I am told—a great banker—a Monsieur Michael Normand. I am greatly obliged to you, sir; and for my part I shall never exercise my wit on the professors of the law."

"You are very considerate, madame," said the attorney, bowing to her as he held open the door; "the law will consider you one of its firmest supports." And when she was gone he sat down in his chair, and looked carefully over the will.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Michael Normand, being of sound mind and understanding, though weak in body. I revoke all previous wills and dispositions whatever. I bequeath all my estates, real and personal, to my sister Madeleine Normand, washerwoman, in the village of Dijars in Gascony, and to the children of my late sister Marie Vasc, widow of Pierre Vasc, mason, of the same place; one-half to the said Madeleine Normand, and the other half to the said children of my late sister Marie Vasc, equally among them; reserving from the said disposition the sum of twenty thousand francs, whereof I bequeath one moiety, or ten thousand francs, to the poor of the parish of V——, near Paris, and the other moiety to the clergy attached to the church of the said parish. Witness my hand and seal this seventeenth day of March, 1837. MICHAEL NORMAND. Witness, Adolphe Fontaines, clergyman, formerly one of the vicars of St. Roche, now residing number sixteen Rue St. Martin, Paris."

This interview happened six months ago, and for the last ten days a trial has been going on with tedious intervals, and varying appearance of success, between the representatives of the excellent ladies at Dijars, and our young friend, who declares the whole thing a plant, and the will a forgery.

"Monsieur Balboin," said the barrister for the claimants, at whose interview with the old woman we had the pleasure of being present, "is one of the most respectable practitioners of the law in this great capital, where there are so many practitioners of the law, and all respectable. Josephine Latraille was also one of the most respectable annuitants in Paris, where there are so many annuitants, and all respectable. But she is dead. Dead also is the most respectable Madame de Pomponnier, proprietress of the mansion in which the repentant and venerable Josephine brought her innocent life to a close. Dead also is the venerable Abbé Fontaines, from whose living lips the words of truth and justice would have flowed. But not dead in the hearts of a French court are the feelings of family affection, of the sweet relationship which bind brothers and sisters, uncles and nieces, in their hallowed ties; and therefore to you I appeal to direct this enormous fortune into the channels where nature and the relenting tenderness of old Michael Normand meant it to flow, and keep it from overcrowding the already bursting coffers of the reputed son of Philip, the younger brother, and the unwedded partner of his guilt and shame, the infamous Mademoiselle le Grand." He then went on in a style of tremendous eloquence, and this was the case he made out. On the 15th of March, in the year 1837, three days before his death, Michael Normand, in fulfilment of a bargain between the brothers when their prosperity began, made a will in favour of Philip, and signed it, though with great difficulty, being at the time in a fit of extreme weakness, and pressed to perform the operation by Philip himself, and his ally and confederate the woman with whom he lived. But after the signature had taken place, and the interested parties had retired, kinder, juster, holier thoughts returned to the aged man. And why? Was he left without the succours of religion, and the awakening calls of the church? No! The Abbé Fontaines, a man whose early years had perhaps yielded to the fascinations of the absurd ideas with which all France, nay, all Europe, was overwhelmed at the end of the last century, but whose latter days were devoted to the practice of every virtue—the Abbé Fontaines had not

name of Pomponnier, in the Rue St. Martin; but she never discovered this paper in the box of her inmate, and never presented it at the office of Monsieur Balboin, the attorney. The plot was concocted by persons far cleverer than Latrailles and Pomponniers, and even Abbés Fontaines. Who they are the law will perhaps yet find out; and let them not suppose that gilded equipages and long-tailed hacks will guard them from the punishment they deserve."

There was no perceptible move among the audience at this. A look was furtively interchanged between a deeply-dyed mustache and a small green silk bonnet, but nothing to mark the amazing effect that this observation must have had. Busby was enraptured. "These disgusting foreigners," he said, "have more *sang-froid* than the best of our Old Bailey thieves. They are all smiling as if they were the happiest fellows in the world." The advocate seemed satisfied with the hint he had given, and went into the merits of the case. There were some strong points, he allowed, in the claim; and, with all the wickedness and talent of France let loose in pursuit of two millions sterling, there was no great wonder that the plan was ingeniously laid. The paper on which the will was written was of faultless age—the ink was pale—the writing exceedingly like the writing of the Abbé Fontaines—the signature very like the hand of Michael Normand—the disposition of his fortune not altogether improbable—and the allusion to the poor of V—— very subtle and refined;—because if the public should believe he was guilty of the dreadful murder perpetrated in that parish so long ago—oh! it was a deathbed acknowledgment of his guilt. If the public took the more merciful view, that he was innocent, why, then, it was a touching memorial of his Christian forgiveness. Who, we were asked, knew these intimate details of the early lives of the brothers Normand, except their confidant and friend the worshipful Abbé Fontaines? Who would have thought had been so efficacious in procuring their acquittal, and who had continued in terms of intimacy with them ever after? Why, the same ingenuity that gave rise to the fable of the Abbé writing the will supplied the accompaniments befitting the supposed state of affairs. A dramatic poet, when he invents a character, supplies it with language, thoughts, and feelings exactly adapted to the position in which it is placed. Tartuffe does not declaim like the Cid. There are dramatic authors whose works are never seen upon the boards—strange involvements of plot, sparkling fitness of dialogue, which restrict themselves to the offices of dishonest attorneys and the consultation-tables of joint-stock companies. Look at this sheet of paper—how mellow with age! The manuscript how unlike the hand of a copying-clerk! The signature—ha! let us look at it again—there is a fault here. Can this be the writing of a dying man? this clear, bold, upright name, "Michael Normand?" Compare it with the undoubted signature of the 15th, two days earlier, two days stronger, two days farther from the tomb. With increasing weakness—we have the physician's evidence to this effect—with unconsciousness all the 16th, with deathlike torpor all the 17th—was he able to sign in this manly character, within a few hours of his death, when on the 15th the hand is trembling, the letters scarcely formed, the pen with difficulty retained in his relaxing fingers? The signature is copied from the ordinary signature of the great capitalist when he was in health—from one of the thousand bills which he converted into gold by the mere affixture of his name. And the Abbé Fontaines, did he ever make his appearance in the dying man's room? For twenty years that disreputable priest had never seen either of the brothers—had had no intercourse with them, except to receive an annuity which their gratitude for early services induced them to settle upon him,—an annuity which he spent in the orgies of a

its proper footing at the time, without trouble and without delay? Here is the will—here is the signature—here are the recipients. Even though your sympathies are with the young man who has lived in expectation of this wealth, still you will do justice. It is a vast diminution of his riches; it is fifty millions of francs; but, gentlemen, fifty millions of francs will remain. He will still be in possession of a fortune which Crœsus would not have despised. He will not be impoverished; but his aunt—but his cousins—dash from their lips this cup, to which law and justice and Christianity itself must tell you they have the clearest title, and what remains? Poverty and toil, unavailing regret, and the remembrance that the persons nearest to them in blood have been most wanting to them in affection."

When old Busby had got to this point in his story, it was clear to me that all his previous insinuations against the Abbé Fontaines, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, were totally unfounded; and I drank a toast to the success of the legitimate heirs—the amiable washerwoman of Dijars, and the gentlemen and ladies, the children of the mason Vasc.

"We shall go to the Palais de Justice to-morrow," said Busby, "and hear the denouement ourselves."

The denouement was this. All the available seats were filled with the wealth and fashion of Paris. It looked like a debut at the opera. Ladies in the most awful amplitude of robe and tenuity of bonnet, exchanged sweet glances with gentlemen overflowing with beard and whisker, with wondrous rings upon their fingers, and the smallest of boots upon their feet, the waists of both parties being according to the strictest rules of the wasp style of elegance. And among those apparently aristocratic dandies, whose horses, in many instances, were led about in the great yard by prettily-dressed English grooms, you might have detected a look of far more intense interest than any legal discus-

previous day were pale with
and expectation, for their in
the decision was of the m
kind, as will appear in the
the day's proceedings. Conv
were carried on among th
barristers in the body of
Bets seemed flying about
result, and Busby, after a
visit in half-a-dozen quarte
back and said, "Everybody
the claim to be unfounded;
French law is as full of qu
quiddits as our own; and t
ral impression is, that the
will be maintained." "I
so," I said in triumph.
cause began.

Parisian oratory is mor
than is usual in Westminst
"What!" exclaimed the adv
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of the subject without the
preliminary flourish about
cited state of his feelings
mencing a reply to the over
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other side—"What! are w
bound hand and foot by a c
of knaves and swindlers? t
in solemn acquiescence a
will, falsely purporting to be
to light by a defunct landl
having been committed by
Abbé to the custody of
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other relatives of the dec
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Are they alive?—were th
alive? Is it a romance a
where the personages are
as those of a fairy tale?
only true recipients of the
the late financier will be co
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largely before I sit down.
Fontaines died in 1839.
was written six months
Abbé was on terms of fa
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is!) with a girl of the nar

recovering it from the possession of an acknowledged son of uncle Philip, these gentlemen were prepared, on receiving the signatures of the whole family to a deed conveying to them whatever money might be realised under a will of Michael the elder brother, to pay then and there, without any deduction whatever, the sum of,—how much, do you think?—the sum of one thousand francs. Such a sum was irresistible. The Vascs are the Rothschilds of the district,—the sister, old Madeleine, though past eighty, has received the addresses of two of the richest farmers in the place. Five hundred francs would pay their rent for three years, and the successful candidate for her hand will rise to the highest offices in the commune. Two millions of pounds sterling will be an excellent return for a thousand francs. But they were not always so exorbitant in their greed for gain; offers of a far more generous kind were made to my client, the gay and innocent le Grand. They were willing to save him the exposure of his family's antecedents,—of his mother's weakness, perhaps of his father's crime. They were willing to divide. For a million sterling they would destroy the will, and bury murder, illegitimacy, dishonour, in everlasting oblivion. Moderate men! The plot was seen through—the bait was resisted—the money was refused—their diminished claims were repudiated. We stand upon the justice of our cause, and look with confidence to your decision.

The witnesses corroborated these startling revelations. The grave personages on the bench leant back with a smile, as if their minds were made up. And when the final sentence was given, that the will was a forgery, and the young man left in the undisturbed possession of his fortune, old Busby nearly rushed across to shake hands with the dignitaries of the law, and never rested till we found ourselves again at the Trois Frères, discoursing about the unsettled state of French pecuniary affairs, and listening, well pleased, at amazingly short intervals, to the click of champagne corks.

TOUCHING TEMPORALITIES.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

My dear Irenæus,—

I have been on a visit of charity! Poor Celsus Cope! I can compare him to nothing less intense than Ajax sitting and wailing among the slaughtered herds, or Marius proudly disconsolate among the ruins of Carthage. He partakes of both these desperate characters according to his moods. Now he is frantic, now sternly resigned. Sometimes I seriously think that our friend of the straight collars ought to be consigned to a strait waistcoat. At other times I judge his *malaise* to be harmless. What can have happened to him? Has he lost a near relation? Guess again. Is he in debt to his clerical tailor, robe, and cassock maker? Guess a third time. Has he committed perjury, simony, poetry? Neither. Do you and Maga burn? You always do, with generous emotions. But that is not quite what I mean. I mean, are you near my secret? If not, I will tell you. He is moving house—or flitting, as it is somewhere called. Celsus, as you know, has obtained preferment, though remaining where he is would, under existing circumstances, have been preferable to his own feelings. Celsus is alone amid the horrors of confusion worse confounded; but, dear old boy, he had kept his last bottle of claret to finish with me when I came to see him; and happy he was to see me, for he had packed up all his books, even that last charming volume of Professor Wilson's, and I found him devouring the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, for want of something wholesome to read. There is no knowing to what extremities hunger will drive. I have heard that the Laplanders, from want of bread, are fain to satisfy their inward cravings with

the bark of trees. None of the chips they chew can be much drier than that same *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, of which more anon.

Why does house-moving make a man for the time being so entirely miserable? I think I can explain it, and yet it seems strange that it should be so. Man is a moving animal—a creature of progress, as any national-school boy will tell you; his limbs are all locomotion; his heart is always going like a clock, and requires to be periodically wound-up, or it would run itself down in the same way. Moving about is a great delight to most persons, and yet moving house is a discomfort to everybody. It is not only a complete dislocation and disorganization of all your chairs, tables, books, and domestic appurtenances, but it is a complete bewilderment of all your ideas concerning them. If you had never seen the things before, you would not mind, but the force of association make the chaos painful. Your *sanctum sanctorum* is unveiled; your altar is desecrated; as Lord Byron says, "your household gods are shattered," as your statuettes in glass cases will inevitably be unless the carrier is careful. Your books have all been rammed into tea-chests like packed sardines; authors the most incongruous piled one on another like the battle-slain or the plague-stricken of men; Jeremy Bentham and Jeremy Taylor keeping each other warm; Junius and Maga wedded against their will; the Ingoldsby Legends put to bed with Young's Night Thoughts; Plato embracing Punch; and the Roman Missal receiving the confessions of Harry Lorrequer. Your very dog is turned out of house and home, perhaps at a season when no humane man would turn out a dog, and his kennel is carried off in the last cart, reminding one of "la dernière charrette" of the Reign of Terror. No consolation remains, for the wine has all been finished up to the day, and it would be as much use to call for "one bottle more" as to call up spirits from the vasty deep. Not that I complain. Celsus kept his last bottle for me, and I may add his *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, whose dry bones were our only external source of intellectual amusement. We discussed it together with said claret, which prevented any evil consequences, and then lighted our pipes with the broad edges. You are tempted to ask, Irenæus, what amusement we could possibly find in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette?* It is a mere negation. It is neither political nor polemical. It is of no party. It is precisely that periodical over which the *Record* and *Guardian* shake hands or shake their fists at each other, as the case may be. It is neutral ground, a kind of Danubian Principalities of Church literature, whose character is equally difficult to settle. Its most important part consists in its advertisements. You will hardly believe it, but it was precisely those advertisements that furnished our principal fund of entertainment—I will not say amusement, for some of our feelings on perusing them were sufficiently sorrowful. You know, I suppose, that our Celsus is not a strong partisan. He is neither High, Low, nor broad, according to that division of the reviewer in a blue and yellow livery. If I might coin a word, I might call him a pyramidal churchman; for he is high on a broad basis, and always wishes to keep matters square. In fact, he is a clerical τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου. I never heard him speak uncharitably of any individual. He contents himself with inveighing against classes. Dissenters he looks upon as a description of parasites who come of themselves on neglected parishes where proper attention is not paid to spiritual cleanliness; and he thinks that politically they ought to be treated as aliens, having no patience with the grocer or tobacconist who cannot, from innate perverseness, take his chance with his betters in matters of creed. His opinions of heresy, and strange doctrines in general, are peculiar. He thinks it merely one symptom of a disease, the desire of preferment; for he observes how all those who have made a stir in their time, and frightened the big-wigs from their propriety, become meek as lambs, and orthodox as the Court of Arches, as soon as they are snugly provided

just as radicalism in politics is generally to be considered as nothing more than a symptom of a man wanting something that he has not got, without any great fastidiousness as to the means of obtaining it. I must tell you, to prevent mistakes, that I judge Celsus to be eminently a practical character, and perhaps that was one reason why he was able to find matter for entertainment in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*. I quite agree with Celsus in thinking that there is more matter for thought to be gained from advertisements than is commonly supposed. How they show, if scrutinised, every side of human nature! The advertisement sheet of the *Times* alone, which is generally tossed away, is a small world in itself. How it displays, to an attentive eye, all the devil and some of the angel of human nature! Here a knavish money-lender is angling for fools. Here a fool is angling for impossible loans on his personal security—or it may be a knave, which, as some one well observed, is only another name for a roundabout fool. Here a distracted mother is praying for the return of a prodigal son, "when all will be forgiven;" or a deserted wife is praying, as a favour, only a word of his whereabouts from the scapegrace who has sworn to be hers till death. Here is a niggard seeking every possible qualification in a governess for nothing; here a governess offering every possible accomplishment for almost anything. There is more of evil than of good, for the good in human nature is less obtrusive than the evil; but unselfishness, like the diamond, may be found for the digging. If there is much delinquency, there is also charity and forgiveness to be exhumed from under the surface of the printed words. But when I was consoling the loneliness of Celsus we had no *Times;* it was countermanded, or gone to his new address; we had nothing left but the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, which, like a cat rather than a dog, belonged to the house and not the man, being ·ent as a matter of course to the

will quote some of the advertisements he marked, and give, as far as my memory serves me, his comments thereon.

Looking at these advertisements as a whole, they preach but a sorry sermon from the text, "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

The *Times* has been preaching on that text for some time past. Nothing is more indicative of the general collapse of subjects of interest consequent on the peace. Last year, or the year before, I forget which, the *Times* ran a tilt at the hotel system, which he has not succeeded in changing to any great extent. Many of those landlords he charged feigned dead—"played possum," in American phrase—and, since the storm has blown over, have got up again quite as lively, but a little more savage than usual, from their bruises, and have begun to charge in a different sense with their usual vehemence. Doubtless you have heard the story of the lawyer in a yeomanry corps, who, when the word was given to charge, took out his pocket-book and put down six-and-eightpence; this was the kind of charging. But, indeed, the *Times* must certainly be badly off for topics to take up the cause of stipendiary divines. They have always been pitied; but as they generally take orders with their eyes open, that pity has commonly had a spice of contempt in it. They have made their election between their masters, and it seems very unreasonable, under the circumstances, that they should expect any favour at the hands of Mammon. A rich incumbent, on one occasion, on offering a gentleman out of livery a yearly salary of forty pounds, was met with the indignant remark; "Why, sir, you would give your curate more than that!" But I fear that I am joking on what is a very serious matter. The Established Church is surrounded with enemies in the shape of dissenters of every complexion, from Romanists down to atheists. To keep her head above water in these times, she requires that she should swim lightly, and carry no unnecessary weight. Above all things, she must have clean hands and a pure

before she descends to teach the people their duties. And yet in those very advertisements, which, I am sorry to say, afforded Celsus and me some grim amusement, I am pained to find traces of a widely-spread unconscientiousness which has something appalling about it. I can only attribute its existence to the remnant of that leaven of carelessness and infidelity which was so prevalent in the last century, which infected more or less all the upper ranks of society, and led too many of the clergy to regard themselves as mere actors, outwardly all decency and solemnity, inwardly the veriest men of the world. If it were otherwise, the cure of souls would surely be considered as important as the cure of bodies, or any other earnest occupation. What would be thought of an advertisement for an octogenarian, to fill the post of hospital-surgeon or county-court magistrate, as a warming-pan for some beardless expectant? Yet such advertisements are common enough in the Church journals. In the United Services, with all their much-animadverted-upon abuses, such cases are in vain to be looked for. Tell me the plain English of this advertisement:—

"The friends of a clergyman in his eighty-first year are desirous of obtaining for him the next presentation to a living, with the prospect of early possession. Address (confidentially), &c."

There is a kind of mock modesty here; the old gentleman's friends, and not himself, are desirous. There certainly are some exceptions to the rule of octogenarians being superannuated. Marshal Radetzky, for instance, is alive and kicking, beyond that age, as the Lombards and Sardinians have good reason to know: but he is a most singular man. If the old gentleman really does his duty he will read and preach at least once every Sunday, and occasionally visit his parishioners. The only motive his friends can have under the circumstances, is to finish him. He has good cause to say, "Save me from my friends." And they appear to be rather ashamed of themselves, for

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us look at the advertisemer
curates.

"Wanted, for a district pre
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thoroughly evangelical curate.
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some money subscribed. A
man of some private means
preferred."

Here, on the face of it, is an
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take it? Let us see. The
possesses peculiar advantages.
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thus: "Wanted, a captain t
mand a ship. Her keel is l
the shareholders have paid c
She will be a beauty when bu
as the skipper must wait,

want some ready money." A skipper would laugh at such an advertisement, but perhaps it will not be without its effect on the heart of the *gentleman*. Again, a Union-Chaplaincy is not a sinecure: here is one advertised: "The duties prescribed by the Poor-Law Board must be strictly performed." They are all very right and proper; but of course they ought to be paid, and "the guardians (subject to the sanction of the Poor-Law Board) have fixed the stipend at £80 per annum, payable in equal portions quarterly." The guardians could not undertake the responsibility of assigning such a stipend without the sanction of the Poor Law Board. What would they say if the chaplain, like Oliver Twist under similar circumstances, were to "ask for more?"

Here's another: "Wanted a graduate, of one of the English universities, to assist an incumbent both in the duties of a small rural parish, and in the tuition of his two sons. A title is offered; but the remuneration must be moderate. To a studious young man this advertisement is worthy of attention." I am a studious young man, and therefore bestow on it my best attention. An incumbent wishes to save himself not only trouble in his parish, but also the expense of sending his sons to school. A title is a magnificent thing to offer, but titles are generally implied to be valueless unless there is something to keep them up; and it is a great insult to studious young men to imagine that they must be greener than others. If they are, they ought to be legally protected. Again: "Curacy with title is offered to a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge of sound Church views, to assist the resident incumbent of a populous parish, and who would take an active interest in the schools; salary £70."

He ought to make it £100, or send round the begging-box till it become so; at least he might have called the salary a stipend. Again:

"An assistant curate is wanted *immediately*, for a parish of moderate population, in a beautiful part of one of the midland counties, and close to a county town. Sentiments must be decidedly evangelical; stipend £30. A title would be given."

I should have thought that, if a curate was wanted in such hot haste, the hook should have been better baited. Surely the advertiser must intend this as a satire on the evangelical party when he estimates the possession of decided sentiments in that direction at the figure of thirty pounds sterling per annum. A professed cook would want quite as much for spoiling his meat. It would pay the man's tailor's bill, unless he was in debt before, and find him even in black silk waistcoats; the only difficulty would be how to fill them out to the orthodox dimensions.

Item.—"Wanted at Christmas, a thoroughly evangelical curate, for two small agricultural parishes in Lincolnshire. The incumbent is resident. References as to personal piety and decided evangelical principles indispensable. A title and £70 is offered."

At Christmas, above all other seasons, this poor curate must be drawn away from the bosom of his family to live on £70 a-year, with the snow on the ground, perhaps. And he is to serve two parishes; he will have to walk through the snow from one to the other, for he certainly cannot ride. He ought surely rather to have £70 a-side; two seventies, as they say of those steamers which work with double engines. The less said about the piety and evangelical principles the better; there ought to be a little reciprocity here.

Here is a clergyman, who prints his name, for he is not ashamed of it, actually offering a curate £110 a-year. He adds to his advertisement a proviso, which, under the circumstances, we should think absolutely necessary:—

"In consequence of the number of applications on a former occasion, it is respectfully intimated that those which are considered unsuitable will not be answered."

Why, he must have had to stand a regular siege from curates, wives, and children, with petitions for employment falling into his letter-box as thick as the shells did into Sebastopol.

example, and ought to be followed. Here's one a little different:—

"A non-resident rector offers a title for orders, or curacy, to a clergyman of independent means. The population," &c. &c. That's enough. No doubt the advantages are numerous. Good society; market town; situation healthy, picturesque; few people; splendid house; beautiful conservatories. All good. But if the rector is non-resident, as he says, he receives, we may suppose, the gross value of the living; and if he receives the income of the living, he receives it, according to his own showing, for doing nothing. One would think that in this case a small part of the value of the living would be a sufficient remuneration for his exertions. But, by his wanting a clergyman of independent means, he evidently contemplates pocketing the whole, or the greater part of that income which he receives, for doing nothing; merely giving his complacent friend, yet unfound, the advantages of the situation; the capabilities, as a landscape-gardener would say. Now, suppose a similar advertisement thus worded: "Wanted by a country doctor, a partner. Good house offered, which the principal would not be ashamed to live in, or, indeed, afraid, but that his constitution likes the sunshine of Nice better than the Wessex fogs. Partner must have private fortune, and practise from motives of philanthropy." It is so pleasant to do good, and the work of the non-resident rector is so manifestly light, and suits him so well in every respect, that I cannot, for the life of me, conceive why he does not stay at home to do it, seeing that it is, after all, his work. But if it is too much for his nerve and muscle, he surely ought to offer a fair remuneration to his responsible substitute.

When I look at another column of advertisements, of those who want curacies, I am able to find a sufficient number of men willing to undertake them at an extremely low rate of remuneration; and this allows me to observe, that those I have criticised are by no means so unlikely to suc-

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for absenteeism from clerical duties is sickness, which disables from their performance. In cases when this occurs, it is a misfortune, but a misfortune which men ought to be prepared to bear with the same amount of sacrifice with which it has to be borne in all other professions. The invalid physician must lose his patients, the invalid barrister his clients, the invalid officer must retire on half-pay—why not the altogether invalided clergyman? Then a man is not resident, either because he holds some other good thing which is more attractive, or because he prefers some other clime to that in which his duties lie. In these cases a word of defence can scarcely be said. If the incumbent holds the cure of souls nominally, or for the honour of it, the whole of the emoluments ought to go to the man who bears the burden and heat of the day.

What defence can be set up generally for the actual state of things, in so many cases the precise reverse of what is desirable? Let us see. Church property is of the same character as other property in its essence. As matters stand at present, the cure of souls attached to it is but a separable accident. Many laymen hold Church property to the extent of hundreds or even thousands a-year, and a small pittance is doled out to the Perpetual Curate, from whose *use* both great and small tithes are diverted. It is not at all contemplated that the remuneration for clerical services should bear any proportion to the ease or difficulty, to the lightness or heaviness, of the duties performed. A man is to do these from zeal for the immortal wellbeing of others. Surely it cannot be supposed that he would wish to be paid in carnal cash for the trouble of saving souls—say a guinea per annum per head, or rather per soul—or according, if such a thing could possibly be determined, to the number he succeeded in saving. He ought to have other means of keeping himself alive than the sacred revenues of the Church. There is a certain plausibility in this argument; but there is one small objection, which is diametrically opposed to the teaching of Scripture. Whatever the world may think of this occupation, Scripture evidently regards it as a real and earnest work, not to be lightly taken up or abandoned—as real and earnest, at least, as stock-jobbing, or buying and selling, or anything else that men do. It evidently contemplates that those who minister should live by their ministrations, not being distracted in them by constant anxiety for their daily bread, or by having to take up any by-work to eke out the means of living. Yet what is the fact? Out of all the number of the English clergy, few there are who gain a reasonable livelihood by clerical duty. A large proportion have means of their own, or have married wives with money; a still larger proportion take pupils or teach in schools; the remainder —cannot dig, are ashamed to beg —of course will not steal, and thus have no alternative but to pass through life in a state of semi-starvation. And most unjustly the world acts in enacting that this class may not live by the Church or without it. When St. Paul could not manage otherwise, he made tents, and St. Luke attended patients, no doubt receiving his proper fee. But I question whether any English clergyman practising either of these occupations would escape episcopal reprimand. I do not find that this state of things exists elsewhere. Maga knows more about the Kirk of Scotland than I do, and I never heard her complain through her northern mouth-pieces of the same solecism existing in that Church—at all events, never to the same extent.

If we turn to that Church which is most dissimilar to the Kirk, the Church of Rome, we find the priests living by their offices, although her *inferior clergy* have few temptations to take orders from interested motives. But whatever their state of riches or poverty, the Church of Rome is in one respect more humane than the Church of England. She forbids matrimony to her sons, and by removing this temptation, guards them

that bishops, priests, and deacons may all marry, twice or three times if they will, but at their peril. She does not insure them against consequences. In fact, she seems to take a secret pleasure in seeing them punished for endeavouring to reconcile duty and happiness. In the Lutheran Church of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, I believe it is considered as a matter of course that a clergyman can live on his clerical emoluments, and far less is expected of the clergy in those countries than of our own; their names, read in the clergy list, are not made targets for begging letter-writers as those of ours are; nor, although many of them men of high consideration, are they perforce obliged to strain at keeping up in some sense the character of opulent gentlemen. There is something out of joint here, Irenæus; there is somebody woefully to blame. The question is, who? Are the bishops to blame? Not much, I think. Considering their work, I do not think them overpaid, nor would I grudge a handsome retiring pension to a bishop who had zealously performed during a long series of years the distracting duties, and borne the overwhelming responsibilities of a diocese. But I do think that if, instead of plaguing their heads with the adjustment of little matters of ritual, decreeing whether a man in white or in black should preach, or the like, they were to see, to the best of their power, that common justice and morality pervaded the dealings of the clergy with each other, and of the laity with them, their time would be even better employed. But in these matters, it must be confessed, the Episcopal powers are somewhat limited. Such a case as the following might occur at any time; it is a case of clerical scandal, patent to all the world; but the delinquent clergyman, popular enough in the neighbourhood his example has helped to demoralise, is carried scathless through the court by the connivance of his parishioners, and the poor bishop is cast, and forced to pay some thousand pounds, having

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merry-hearted poverty to better itself than to give a penny to a puling and whining beggar. Many of the clergy of the Church of England are carried, by zeal for the service in which they are engaged, cheerfully and manfully through all obstacles; and it is especially for this class that I should wish to see the burdens of life lightened. Let the good men work, if they please, like horses in a mill, but let them in all conscience be fed proportionately, as the maintenance of a horse is generally, by a merciful master, proportioned to his work. If the ox even that treadeth out the corn was forbidden to be muzzled by the law of Moses, how much less does it accord with the principles of a higher law that the working minister should be starved?

It is for the underpaid and overworked clergy of large towns that I am inclined to feel the liveliest commiseration. In the first place, the districts they are required to inhabit, supposing them not enshrouded in the purifying atmosphere of their enthusiasm, would of themselves inflict a severe punishment on most men of their education and tastes. When their lungs are sighing for fresh air, their days are often spent in visiting those characters, sick or well, in their noisome haunts, which no efforts would succeed in drawing out of them. Their senses are poisoned daily and nightly by everything most disgusting to the cleanly, not to say to the godly. When relieved from their ghostly visitations, it is only to pass to the close atmosphere of the schoolroom, where almost hopeless attempts are made to reclaim the tainted children of the unclean, and to teach virtue and cleanliness to those who perforce return daily to the associations of the parental sty. Often their only amusement is a vestry combat with a semi-pugilistic parishioner, consisting chiefly in a patient listening to abuse of the Church they serve,—stigmatised as a weed on the land; and to hearing themselves called, without resentment, bloated, luxurious, and expensive aristocrats, swindlers in a black livery, obtaining the poor man's pence under false pretences. When Sunday comes round, the church itself receives them, and with it a certain amount of propriety and quiet; but their arduous ministrations must be conducted in an atmosphere poisoned by the escape of noxious gases, by the breath of the living, and but too often by the exhalations of the dead.

The pittance received in consideration of all this doing or suffering, even in the case of incumbents, is often barely sufficient to keep body and soul together; and the maintenance of any sort of position, but the barest professional one, in a society where position, more than in any other, depends upon means, is manifestly out of the question.

As for the country clergy, their lot too, when unendowed, is often hard enough; but the chief penalty that poverty inflicts upon them for their zeal in their work, is a kind of social isolation; not that they are not well received, and treated by the nobility, gentry, and yeomanry of the country with a considerate hospitality; but the feeling of want of ability to reciprocate such attentions reacts upon their character, in making them reserved, difficult to draw out, disinclined to mixture with others, awkward in society, and thus not always its most agreeable members, which they ought to be, considering their education, and the influence that their example and intercourse ought to exercise on the community. I do not mean to deny that there is a bright side as well as a dark to this picture. I only mean to say that great anomalies exist, and that society ought to seek for some remedy for these anomalies, always supposing that it is desirous of the welfare of the National Church.

Celsus Cope is, to my mind, a happy man. He has obtained a living of about five hundred a-year, with a good Elizabethan house upon it, and all its appurtenances in order. He has about five hundred sheep, honest country people, little tainted with dissent or infidelity, polite to each other, and respectful to their superiors, as English country people generally are, when well out of the way of the march of intellect, and the path of a spurious civilisation. He has time for a couple of

pupils, who will freshen up his classical knowledge from time to time; and being a rector, and therefore supposed to be passing rich, he will be sure to get them when he wants them, as nothing in the world we live in is more favourable to acquisition than possession. He has also some leisure to indulge his literary tastes, and this will prove to him a source of honourable emolument. He has a beautiful garden, where in the summer days he may live under his own vine and fig-tree; an orchard—for it is to be Devonshire—and a stream at the bottom of it, suggestive of speckle-bellied inhabitants, and therefore valuable to one who indulges in the almost apostolic amusement of fishing. He will be roused in the morning by the lark, the thrush, and the blackbird, not by some alarum or reveil-matin; I was going to say, charmed to rest by the nightingale, but that Devonshire is beyond their line. Every season will waft its perfumes, varying with its changes, into his study window, prolonging through the entire year the exuberant freshness of spring. He has a pleasant wife, and pleasant little ones. He will have horses of the sleekest, and dogs of the liveliest, for our rector-elect loves horses and dogs.

"Gaudet equis canibusque."

He will be able on his income to hold his head up with the best of the land, while his position will excuse him from keeping pace with their expenses. He will have such a home as appears to dispense with society, and such society as would render the homeless man forgetful of his want. He will have books and music in rich abundance to cheer the leisure of his evenings. He will be able to afford a few choice paintings, if not by the old masters, by some of the best of the moderns. He will have every taste and every sense gratified, and all in an innocent and legitimate manner. He will have the breezy hill on his right hand, where he may mount by day and gaze on the clouds—by night, and ruminate on the stars; he will have the boundless sea on his left, to which his trout-stream flows, suggesting that passage of time into eternity, the profitable consideration of which it is his duty to set forth. He will live in the separation of his sacred profession like a shipwrecked mariner cast on a delicious island in the midst of a raging sea. He will stand out of the way and let the fury and turmoil of this scene of frivolous business rage itself out around him, like one of the gods of Epicurus, enshrouded in his happiness, and indifferent to the hurly-burly of the world.

He will smile serenely while the scramble of the sons of commerce goes on, plucking at each other's throats, tearing at each other's eyes, feeling in each other's pockets, all straining to be first, poking at those before, kicking at those that are behind, and trampling on those that are down. He will have every blessing in rich store, and scarcely a care; indeed no care at all, could he remove from his mind, which it is not at all desirable he should remove, the awfully indefinite responsibility of the care and cure of souls. And indeed, when a man has this care thrown on his shoulders, it is not unfair that we should wish to see him relieved from almost every other, for it is quite weight enough for one individual to bear. Nevertheless he seems to me to realise as nearly as possible the possession of all human happiness. May Celsus go on his way rejoicing, live esteemed and die regretted!

"Quamvis discessu veteris commotus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quis sedem figere Cumis
Cogitat, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ
Aut Fabrateriæ domus aut Frusinone paratur
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum."

which means, freely translated,—If you can do without a damp *Times*, and the Clubs, and the Exhibitions, Devonshire is worth two of London, and far less expensive.

Believe me as usual, ever yours,

TLEPOLEMUS.

and whining beggar. Many of the clergy of the Church of England are carried, by zeal for the service in which they are engaged, cheerfully and manfully through all obstacles; and it is especially for this class that I should wish to see the burdens of life lightened. Let the good men work, if they please, like horses in a mill, but let them in all conscience be fed proportionately, as the maintenance of a horse is generally, by a merciful master, proportioned to his work. If the ox even that treadeth out the corn was forbidden to be muzzled by the law of Moses, how much less does it accord with the principles of a higher law that the working minister should be starved?

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TLEPOL

TIME.—*An autumn day in* 1856, *half-past* 5 *p.m.* SCENE.—*The Table d'Hôte at the Badischer Hof.* DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—TEMPLE *and* ALBANY, *a brace of London bachelors and old travelling friends.*

ALBANY.—Is that the *Menu* lying before you? What are they going to give us to-day?

TEMPLE.—I can't see, as Prince Hal has it, why you should be so "superfluous" as to ask the question. To what purpose have you dined here these seven days consecutively? You ought to know it by intuition by this time. It is always the same thing—good enough in itself, I admit, but too much on the *toujours perdrix* principle. Our *chef* lacks versatility and invention. He has the hand to execute without the head to originate. I'll lay you a six-kreuzer piece I name at least six out of the eight dishes.

ALBANY.—Of course you will, and win cleverly, with a *plat* to spare. You sneaked in, ten minutes before the bell rang, and had an unobserved study of the *carte;* and now, superadding the blackleg to the gourmand, you want to do me out of twopence, to pay for the *Bade-blatt*, which the seedy-coated and slightly odoriferous emissary of that journal, now rounding the table, will proffer to you in two minutes.

TEMPLE.—And which, though I mean to buy it—the only insinuation or assertion in your speech not utterly destitute of veracity—would be dear at a sixth of the sum, even in the utterly filthy small currency of the grand-duchy of Baden.

ALBANY.—You abuse your Briton's privilege of grumbling. You find in it, without trouble, the names and whereabouts of your friends.

TEMPLE.—The "local habitation," it may be, but hardly "the name." The Baden press does its utmost to emulate that of France in the marvellous inability to catch or spell correctly an English patronymic. [Buys the paper.] I run my eye over the list of yesterday's arrivals. Here be [illegible]r compatriots—D'Ogly, Niederls, [illegible]air, Schirley, Speas, Spicks, Tanson. Which of these respectable appellations has not suffered more or less martyrdom? Even Smith and Jones are hardly safe from distortion. How could I, without a vision and a faculty all but divine, recognise our old travelling acquaintance Buckingham-Pole under the odious disguise of Buckinghan-Piles? See what comes of making one's sign-manual with a too curly tailed "e" and an insufficiently pot-bellied "o"! A man can't be too careful how, as well as when and where, he writes his name. There is, moreover, a sort of affectation about a carelessly illegible signature which——Confound it! you have talked me into missing the *salade*—"herbaceous treat" which not Sydney's self loved better than I. I could have better spared a better *plat*. I have half a mind to swear, with Iago, that "from this time forth I never will speak word"—at dinner.

ALBANY.—Well then, "Eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue!" Not so bad, eh? though I won't pretend to cope with you in wealth of quotations, [*sotto voce:* or in the art of lugging them in by the head and shoulders.] Apropos of mine, what delicious puddings these Germans contrive to make!

TEMPLE (*with his mouth full of one*).—Anomalous and incomprehensible! You may form some estimate of the prowess of the German at meal times by the amplitude of his table-napkin, as you may of the amount of his ablutions by the strippiness of his chamber-towel, and the exiguity of the milk-jug and pie-dish which serve him for ewer and basin;—but you would certainly never divine the heaviness of his temperament from the lightness of his puddings. If you want to see something of the true Teutonic capacity for food, you should dine at the earlier *table d'hôte* at half-past one: horrid hour, at which the na-

tives most do congregate. Mind, I say only, *something;* for here, at Baden, even your born German is in some degree un-Germanised, aired, brightened, smartened-up, Frenchified—nay, even cosmopolitanised. But in real German Germany, "vix sufficit hora in jentaculum, tantundem in merendam, sesquihora in prandium, duæ horæ in cœnam." I wonder how many people read Erasmus nowadays! And yet he, who laid the egg which Luther hatched, deserves ill to be forgotten. Do you recollect his description of a German inn?

ALBANY.—Only at second-hand, from Scott's adaptation of it in *Anne of Geierstein*. Bad enough it was, I don't doubt; but in the days of Erasmus the British tourist looked not upon the earth, and such a "diversorium" as the Bladischer Hof was as unneeded as undreamed of.

TEMPLE.—Granted. But many of his touches still stand out as fresh and true as ever. For instance. "Hæc apud illos præcipua pars est bonæ tractationis, si sudore diffluant omnes. Si quis, non assuetus vapori, aperiat rimam fenestræ, ne præfocetur, protinùs audit 'Claude!'" Isn't that the frowziness of the race painted to the life.

ALBANY.—A most "conscientious" picture, as a Royal-Academy critic would say. By the way, how was it that Erasmus so loved a fling at these Germans?

TEMPLE.—That's more than I can quite tell you; but he wasn't the only great scholar so minded. I think it was Scaliger who declared that "the Germans do not care what wine they drink, so long as it *is* wine; or what Latin they talk, so long as it *is* Latin."

ALBANY.—Certainly I drank some liquid at Ebersteinburg, a few mornings back,—"good red wine" a mendacious, shrivelled, superannuated Hebe called it—which, unless it was specially set apart for pedestrian foreigners over-drouthy and not overnice, went far to justify half the dictum. I beg to move, as a rider to Mr. Scaliger's resolution, the addition of the words, "or what tobacco they smoke, so long as it *is* tobacco."

TEMPLE.—Your morning draught, however bad, must at any rate have been nectar compared with that famous French "vin de Suresne," one glass of which requires, under the most favourable circumstances, no less than three individuals for its consumption; to wit, one to swallow, one to hold the swallower quiet, and the third to pour it down his throat while so incapable of resistance. I shall not offer any opposition to your rider. Carried *nem. con.* Gaus and the opposite tobacconist in the Allée are respectable men enough, but there is nothing that is pleasurably smokable to be got here, unless at an extravagant price. Happily I have still untouched a bundle or two of Hudson's best, and you remind me that it is time to light one. Shall we move?

ALBANY.—Tuesday evening too, by Jove! There goes the omnibus of the Austrian garrison-band from Rastadt. "Dummkopf" that I am, to have so nearly forgotten it! Let us make haste, or we shall miss the overture.

II.

The Promenade in the front of the Conversation-House—Music ceasing.

ALBANY.—Bravo! bravo! after all, let us do these Germans justice, Temple. There are some things which they *do* care to have good—their beer, for instance—oh! for a cool clear creaming glass of that delicious Munich brewage at this moment!—and their music. These fellows play right well.

TEMPLE.—They do. I am no proficient in the cant of musical criticism, but there is an *ensemble* (isn't that the scientific phrase?) about the performance of this band, which I have rarely heard surpassed. "There are forty fiddling like one," if I may dare to parody that questionable line of Wordsworth.

ALBANY.—To see how a witling may overreach himself in straining after a smart saying! There is not an inch of cat-gut in the whole

orchestra. Save the big drum and the man who produces, heaven knows how, that imitation of a rattling "pluie d'orage," which provoked such a tumult of applause just now, they are all puffers and blowers, every one of renown in his way.

TEMPLE. — "Notæ per oppida buccæ," I suppose. I walk corrected. Couldn't we manage to find a seat somewhere? "I am never merry when I hear sweet music"—on my legs.

ALBANY.—I wish we could! but the women here treat us scandalously in the matter of chairs. Half of the fair creatures unblushingly monopolise three a-piece. Two are an allowance of acknowledged moderation:—one, whose cross-bars not only play the part of a footstool, but present delightful facilities for the casual display of a well-turned ankle or a coquettish *chaussure;* and one for the purposes of natural and legitimate session, with three clear feet of ground on either side for the unruffled expansion of the "crinoline," round whose hem the worshipper must stand at reverential distance, and shout his soft inanities into the far-off ear of his divinity.

TEMPLE. — Don't be scurrilous, Albany: I won't allow it. You trench on my prerogative of railing. *You* too! the sworn squire of dames! the very glass and pattern of men "aux petits soins!" the "agreeable Rattle" of a hundred boudoirs!—Oh! that they had heard you in the Ladies' Club yonder!

ALBANY. — The Ladies' Club? what's that?

TEMPLE.—The latest means devised for the murder of time—and reputations. The female "swells" here have got up a select society so baptised, which holds its séances in the little ground-floor salon behind the Restaurant; and there they congregate of an evening, when the music is over, to sip coffee and eat ice (at the expense of the invited he-fellows of course), collect all the floating scandal of the day for to-morrow's systematic dispersion, pick holes in each other's costume, and be stared at through the open windows by all the tag-rag and bobtail of Baden!

ALBANY.—Oh, that they had heard *you!* And, in good time, talking of scandal, here comes a wholesale dealer in the commodity, to find fresh food for your gibing appetite. How goes it, Chatterton? Who is here to-night! Enlighten our ignorance.

CHATTERTON. — Oh! the usual mélange:—half the princes of Russia, and half the frailties of Paris—barons and blacklegs—counts and counter-jumpers — dukes and demireps; mothers cunning in the science of "getting off" their dowerless daughters; daughters only too willing to second "mamma" in that laudable project; and wives who have grown weary of the yoke, and kicked it off altogether; gamblers by profession, and amateurs in a fair way to become such; artists, of all variety in hat and beard, but of a sad uniformity in seediness of raiment; refugees, *ci-devant* political; spies, of course; but few pickpockets; youngsters from Oxford, "seeing life" in the long vacation; half-a-dozen stray valetudinarians, who come really to drink the waters; two or three score of expatriated Englishmen, with good names and indifferent reputations; a sprinkling of wealthy fools mercifully sent by providence for the knaves to feed on; and a considerable leaven of good, innocent, holiday-making family respectability, impressed with the notion that it is moving in "good society."

TEMPLE. — The whole pierced through "most invectively" by a certain Diogenes in a blue neckcloth——

CHATTERTON (*laughing and bowing*).—Who, having put out his lantern, and given up his search as a bad job, accidentally stumbled upon you in the dark.

ALBANY.—I was just going to ask in which class your censorship would be pleased to place us. Thank you for so happily sparing me the question.

TEMPLE.—But your sketch, effective as it is, is too broad and general. "Dolosus versatur in generalibus." We want you to condescend to particulars. Couldn't your social omniscience deign to point out to us a few individual notabilities? Give us a lot or two from the *catalogus raisonné* which I know you keep. Yonder

pretty low phaeton, to whom those two beards do obeisance as he passes?

CHATTERTON.—With the two well-mounted grooms in scarlet now following over the bridge? Why, you scoffer at the command to speak reverently of dignities, your "tidy-looking old gentleman" is one of the great ones of the earth—an actual crowned head—just simply his Majesty the King of Wurtemberg taking his evening drive. Oh! you needn't look incredulous. "On ne se gêne pas" is the golden rule of life here. Royalty don't load itself with mantle and sceptre, and such like "fardels," at Baden-Baden. You might yesterday afternoon have seen your own Duchess of Cambridge, with her good-natured unaffected daughter, holding a pleasant, chatty, undress, out-of-doors levee, under the awning of Rheinbolet's shop in the Allée; and there, quietly lounging towards the café for his evening *demi-tasse* (he, with the little man half beside half behind him, more than servant but less than equal)—walks a prince of the blood-royal of Prussia. The "little man," by the way, bears, himself, a great name. He is a count, and a Blucher; of kith and kin to the grim old Marshal "Vorwärts," whose name, forty years ago, so famous in England, survives now, I fear, chiefly in the vocabulary of her "gents," as giving unmerited title to the most insufferably snobbish of boots. [Another little man passes and bows.] "Ah! come sta, Signore?"

TEMPLE.—"Facilis descensus!" I breathe more freely among my equals. May I, without impertinence, ask who is your simple "Signore?" He has that "monumental physiognomy" which, according to one of the leading scribes of the *Times*, distinguishes the descendants of the patriarchs.

CHATTERTON.—Another personage now of European reputation, Sivori the violinist. He is passing southwards, on his way to a newly-purchased chateau which he has never yet seen, in the neighbourhood of his native Genoa. You will find plenty of his craft here: Hallé the come to sing to-morrow for the benefit of those unfortunate French *Inondés*.

ALBANY.—And the little elderly dandy now coming this way, with his grey inexpressibles strapped so tightly round his patent leather-boots, that he can barely manage to bend his knees as he walks?

CHATTERTON.—Your discerning glance has lighted upon no less a personage than his Highness the Prince C——, some time prime-minister of another grand-duchy, and then and now, unless rumour does him foul wrong, one of the greatest——Ha! ha! look at that fellow in the white-hooded cloak, or bournous, or whatever the thing is called. The ass is, I am sorry to say, an Englishman, who has been a Bashi-Bazouk in the late war; and fancies he is "doing it" in that costume, which, though picturesque enough in itself, worn here simply renders him ridiculous. Do you see that tall, soldier-like, mustached old gentleman, with an order in his button-hole, sauntering up and down with a companion of like mien but fewer years? The elder is the Baron d'O——, a fine old Dutch gentleman, who fought on our side at Waterloo; and the younger the Count O——, a Russian magnate, and chamberlain to the new Czar Alexander II. They tell me that Gortschakoff, *the* Gortschakoff, arrived this morning. The lady who just passed us—that tall strapping woman in white, with a Greek name well known in the political world—is a Russian spy in Paris. That long, thin, grubby-looking personage was once a partner, if not a mere croupier, in the *Etablissement*, and has retired upon his ungodly gains. And here comes a harmless madman, who does nothing all day but walk hurriedly up and down the promenade, stopping occasionally to frighten a playing child with some antic meant for its amusement, or astonish an elderly female with some compliment to which her ear has been long unaccustomed. Talking of old ladies, look at the Frenchwoman now entering the conversation-house on the arm of a thin

Madam M—— is one of M. Benazet's best and most regular customers. They say she is a millionaire. Doubtless she is enormously rich, or she could hardly lose her heavy annual tribute to the bank with the careless nonchalance she displays. There was a rumour that she had turned *dévote;* but that, I see, is all fudge. The slightly-made man, with the queer shock-head, following her, who is going to play higher, and with still greater imperturbability, is a Prince "von und zu" L——, a name foremost in the roll of Austria's nobles.

ALBANY.—And the two splendidly-dressed ladies now mounting the steps?

CHATTERTON.—And who are, in that respect, the cynosure and envy of all female eyes in Baden. Why, they are two famous, or infamous Parisian lorettes, on a run here without their owners, for the benefit of their health and pockets. You will find them in the morning under the Allée, breakfasting at the expense of fool the first; in the afternoon at the rouge-et-noir table, playing probably with cash borrowed from fool the second; in the evening at the Café, over a riotous champagne supper, for which fool the third is only too happy to pay; and in the——

ALBANY.—Enough! enough! *halte-là. One* more *renseignement* and short man with the rolling gait, bushy beard, aquiline nose, and quick grey eyes, now approaching us, who seems to catch and comprehend at a glance the spirit of the whole scene around him?

CHATTERTON.—What! you a denizen of London town, not know the Lord of Egypt's western hall, the mighty climber of the monarch-mount, in whose great praise the deadest of dead walls becomes resuscitate, and finds a voice?—not know Albertus Magnus-Albert Smith?

TEMPLE.—"Facit indignatio versum." Euge Poeta!

ALBANY.—*He* here?—then will there be wagging of beards in Piccadilly ere Christmas. Good-night, and thanks, most patient of unpaid ciceroni. Now, Temple, I spy some vacant tables. Are you for a cup of coffee and a *petit verre?* No!—our old friend's sketches have given you one of your misanthropical fits! Well, then, choose your own course; *I* shall take a turn in the "Rooms;" and, ahem! moralise over the infatuation of the worshippers of Plutus.

TEMPLE (*solus*).—And *I* shall go smoke a cigar up yonder on the slopés, and watch the moon rise over the hills beyond Lichtenthal: ἀλλότεροι δὲ ἠμῖν ἔρχονται ἐπὶ ἄμεινον πρᾶγμα——Shades of Socrates and Plato! forgive the desecration of such words!

[*Exit slowly, lighting a cabaña.*

III.

A sunny afternoon, on the road to the old Schloss.

TEMPLE (*halting suddenly*).—That gust of aromatic odour which the breeze shook out of the pines was richer than all the perfumes of Arabia. Ha! there goes a lizard!

ALBANY.—Where? I don't see him.

TEMPLE.—Of course not. Your lizard's a bashful little beast, and don't trot himself out to be stared at like the womenkind down below. But I've not the slightest doubt that he's critically examining us at this moment out of some cozy "coign of vantage" he owns in the warm bank there, with his little green head cocked knowingly on one side, and his little bright eye peering out, well "skinned," as the Yankees have it; though by this time his instinct has probably assured him that we mean him no mischief.

ALBANY.—I didn't know you were a naturalist, Temple.

TEMPLE.—I don't know what you mean by a naturalist, Albany; I am as "pre-scientific" as my Lord Derby. But I took a remarkably fine specimen of the *Cimex domesticus* this morning, with a satisfaction such as

or what I did to him: but Cowper's self would have held me blameless. I mourned over a harmless mangled slow-worm I found in my path yesterday: and I watched the evolutions of a legion of bats under the woodside on the Fremersburg, last night, with much curiosity and satisfaction. Moreover, I have discovered, in the Forest, a kind of coarse, vulgar, virulent fly, whose bite is confoundedly irritating. I have observed that the red slugs in this neighbourhood are particularly fat and fine. I spent half an hour the other morning, when you, "falsely luxurious," were too lazy to walk with me to breakfast at the "Ours," watching a solitary young water-ousel who had wandered down stream, diving in the Oes for his meat, and was disgusted with the behaviour of a flock of spiteful teasing wagtails, who wouldn't let him get his breakfast in peace. And I have seriously doubted whether the sand-grains on the shore of the much-resounding sea can exceed in multitude the myriads of the grasshopper tribe—

"Die immer fliegt, und fliegend springt,
Und gleich im Gras ihr altes Liedchen singt,"

making Eve musical on the slopes and along the green freshness of the Lichtenthal Allée.

ALBANY.—H'm. Dryden calls them "creaking grasshoppers." As I was looking on at the play last night, I saw an unlucky specimen of that long-legged race, who had managed to light, heaven knows how, on the *tapis vert* of the rouge-et-noir table, and stood there, motionless, and bewildered by the glare, and the heat, and the hubbub. The poor devil was literally dismembered—torn limb from limb by a hailstorm of napoleons and five-franc pieces. I don't believe there was a soul in the place who felt for him save myself.

TEMPLE.—"Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?" Write him an epitaph in longs and shorts, stuffed with classical allusions. Drag in Danaë and the golden shower—Midas smothering in the transmuted stream. There is matter for no end

"Ode to an Expiring Frog" be nothing to it. Sterne over his dead ass——Well look savage, old fellow! Wh horrid sights did you see ther

ALBANY.—Jest as you wil ple. You know well enoug no maudlin sentimentalist; know well enough *you* woul pitied the poor little insect a There was something ab "scotched" snake, just now which I refrain from twitti What else did I see there? I of matter for sad and serious tion, I promise you; but enough to *shock* a casual spe Take a description of a hel novel (especially a "serious" or listen to one in a sermon: hand will be tremulous, every haggard, every eye glaring hideous excitement, and the will be made to resound wi coarse ejaculations of triu luck, or the frightful execrat unsuccessful despair. But reality, in externals at an save in rare instances, offer body. Good honest peopl much given to thinking, w and look on, and walk out saying only to themselves, ". that's what they call a hell, Well, for my part, I don't s thing so *very* dreadful in it!" fect quiet and decorum; h money changing hands eve ment, with scarcely a visibl festation of joy or anger—(for that matter, I think th lery" often seems more excit the "ring")—everything p fair and honest,—

TEMPLE.—Hold there a n Do you mean really to ass there is no foul play?

ALBANY.—Never. None, on the part of the bank. Th is the merest popular delusi the first place, it isn't wor while—it being, as a general matter of indifference whi wins or loses; and, in the se everybody knows who h *watched* the working of the the thing is simply impossibl there *is* cheating, and cheati

waiter, with napkin and obeisance.

Ah! Kellner! bringen sie uns flasche affenthaler wein! "Give me some drink, Titinius."

WAITER.—Affenthaler wine, sare; yes, sare, direchtly.

TEMPLE.—Confound his impertinence! why couldn't he speak German? How the deuce did he tell that? I was—

ALBANY.—Oh! be easy, Temple. You may have the gift of tongues in all plenteousness; and, to do you justice, your German *is* good enough for Baden-Baden, whose school is hardly of the purest; but not that, nor your unshorn chin and horrent upper-lip—no, nor even the very pendulous pipe which you so assiduously and uncomfortably smoke into the bargain, will avail to disguise the insularity of your origin.

TEMPLE (*hastily changing the subject*).—Glorious prospect isn't it? Do you see Strasbourg spire yonder, "in the blue distance many a mile away," starting up, a thin black line distinct against the sky? and the bold blue outline of the Vosges far to the west over in "Frankreich;" happy solitudes, where the foot of the tourist has hardly yet left its trace? Mark, too, how the mountains on either side retire, respectfully leaving room and verge enough for the huge old silver serpent, writhing and flashing down below there in the sunlight, to take what sinuous course he will amid the broad wealth of the smiling valley!

ALBANY.—Well, they pluck up their courage, and hem him in closely enough lower down. I never could quite decide from which point you enjoy the more delightful view over this Rhine valley—hence, or from the old tower of Ybourg. I am no hand at describing scenery; but from the little shed under which we lunched the other day—by the way, what a bevy of intolerably-ugly merry Sunday-dressed country lasses we saw up there!—you get, not only all you have here, but a peep on this Germ and shade, more charming to me amid these woods of pine than in those of any other growth, which is wonderfully beautiful.

TEMPLE.—I am disposed to agree with you in preferring it, as I see you do. What a humbug Byron was, with his "peasant girls with bright blue eyes," and the rest of it! I never saw a female of the labouring class, on "these banks of Rhine," past the age of twelve years, who was two degrees above positive hideousness. But, returning to comparison of views—though that from the Mercur is the most panoramic—the loveliest of all in this enchanting region—not the grandest, but the loveliest—is that of the delicious valley of the Mourg, from the terrace at New Eberstein.

ALBANY.—On which very terrace, as I well recollect, your enthusiasm ran riot chiefly on the dinner we were to get, *en descendant*, at Gernsbach.

TEMPLE.—Man! I was hungry!—And the trout justified me. You know it.

ALBANY (*looking at his watch*).—Well, you will be able to renew your pleasant acquaintance with them in an hour's time.

TEMPLE.—No such luck. The comparative insipidities which succeed the *potage* on the board of the Badischer Hof, come from the waters of the far south—from the Lake of Constance.

ALBANY.—Which accounts for the constancy with which they daily serve them up.

TEMPLE (*jumping up and starting savagely downwards*).—By heaven, Albany, you are intolerable to-day. You pledged me your faith never again, in my presence at least, to pun.

ALBANY.—My faith?—Pooh! A mere "Pun-ica fides," my dear fellow! (*Rises chuckling*). What strides the angry giant takes!—Ha! ha! the pace is too good to last. I shall overtake him, blowing and beaten, on a bench at the "Sophien-ruhe." (*Follows leisurely, "crooning" as he goes*)

When first the long vacation
Sounds note of relaxation,
When the House is "up," town dull, and Circuit over,

for the purpose of the argument of the moment—"It is necessary that offences should come, but woe unto that man by whom they come!" Whatever M. Benazet may have to answer for, the responsibility of the government which suffers and patronises him is a thousandfold greater. Happily the German potentates are beginning to think of these things; and I hear the King of Prussia has set them an example, by putting down the public tables at Aix-la-Chapelle, which they would do well to follow.

TEMPLE.—You know, I suppose, that these people pay a heavy annual tax to the State for permission to carry on what you call their "commerce;"—that they spend no inconsiderable per-centage of their profits, and employ no inconsiderable number of hands in the *entretien* of the walks and drives which make these glorious hills and forests practicable, besides contributing largely to the charitable institutions of the place,—"that hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed."

ALBANY.—Of course, I know it; but you didn't expect I was going to advance the fact as an argument in favour of their toleration to a logician so acute as yourself. You are not going to catch me in that trap, Temple. It may serve perhaps as an outwork to strengthen the position in which I intrenched myself, and beyond which I will not step, that you see the admitted vice of gaming, as sanctioned and practised here, under its least unfavourable conditions; but it is good for nothing more. The government of Baden ought not to "do evil that good may come;" and should devise some plan for clothing its poor, and feeding its hungry, which would not at the same time demoralise its population, and help to reduce them to that very condition which it unjustly claims credit for so relieving.

TEMPLE.—You take high ground; but I suppose you are right; at any rate, I am not going to argue the point. I only wanted to see what consideration the court would give to my "extenuating circumstances."

with much gesticulation.

1ST GAUL TO 2D DITTO.—
vous en assure, mon cher!
coups d'intermittance de s
parole d'honneur! Et moi, qu
pas le courage de poursuivre
sacr-r-r-é nom!"

TEMPLE.—What was that
breeched feeder on frogs
about? What does a *coup d'i*
tance mean? Is that some
Red-and-Black "argot?"

ALBANY.—Of course it
next man we meet will be v
in exposition of some *sys*
which he is full—a "mar
which is to *faire sautre la*
and the third of a *série ex*
naire, one of those chance
luck which he witnessed, an
have backed, but didn't. W
should people talk of her
whole moral atmosphere of t
is tainted, penetrated, perv
the miasma which reeks from
gilded pest-house. The ve
chat of the *table d'hôte* is r
of "Well! what did you do t
"Bless my soul! how that
baron was losing this afterno
"I say, what's the name of th
Englishman who won those
coups running on the red?
only sounds distinguishable a
Babel of tongues on the Pr
are the technical terms of t
minable game. Far in the
the other day, I saw in the
an old man, apparently rea
came up to him; and the b
which he was so absorbed
was not even conscious of n
ing, was a pricked Rouge-et-N
The perpetual evil commu
corrupts the best manners.
of hearing of nothing else fro
ing till night, one finds o
last chiming in with the u
chorus, and beginning, with
thing like interest, to look
not to touch the accursed thi

TEMPLE (*to himself*)—I'm
der how much Albany h
(*Aloud*) Perhaps it is as well
tred of heat and crowds, my
thropy, as *you* call it, keeps
side. Ah! here we are at la
portals of the old Schloss.

path; how it lifts its eyes to the heavens like a sublime child, in all its expansion and glow of soul rejoicing most to reach up to that great Truth which is above reason; or how anon it sits sneering in its corner, with gibes of poor Denial, or, full of a presumptuous complacency, improves upon the heavenly rule, and pays compliments to God. We know these variations very near as well as we know the names of those leaders of "public opinion," under whom they came about,—yet, by a strange perversity, are still willing to credit as original the old old fictions which have died and been buried a score of times, and to recognise a new day of universal existence in the lot which has fallen to our own age.

However, the truth must be confessed—we are not of the grand and lavish ages, those prodigal dispensers of life and genius. We have new facts, multitudes of them, to excite our minds, quicken our industry, and perhaps comfort our fireside; but we want the throb and flush of inspiration, the impulse of conquest, the breadth and freedom of real life. We have our own special characteristics, it is true, and wear our rue with a difference; yet in our own way seem slowly coming round again, through sublime byways of intellectual superiority and sentimental faith, to the old mean era of cavilling and criticism, the reign of that miserable wisdom which finds humbug in everything—the puny, debased, and narrow age of unbelief.

In the days of our grandfathers it was clever to be "a freethinker," and with a certain mixture of awe and respectful abhorrence the common people contemplated afar off the fool who said in his heart there was no God. In those times, Religion was patronised as the most effective of policemen—the very thing for the lower orders; and fine ladies and fine gentlemen applauded sentimentally the Sabbath bells of the village, and the evening psalm of the cottager. Oh, admirable eighteenth century! when small French Robespierre in his yellow waistcoat took the Maker of heaven and earth under his protection just as safe after this to give up abusing the eighteenth century.

"Hush, he'll hear, he'll hear, he'll hear! Iscariot's near; Iscariot's near!"

—that brilliant era comes rapidly round again.

For who does not know half-a-dozen youths at college, who have gone through a mysterious and terrible mental conflict, which has ended by leaving Doubt, that grim invention, master of the field? who does not know some sublime unbeliever, who really admires Christianity, and, sad in his superior elevation, only wishes he could believe? Alas, poor wisdom! And again the common people gape and are respectful; and again it is clever to be sceptical; and once more the superior classes admire the prettiness of worship, and patronise the uses of faith. Yes, it is all coming round again, excellent reader; your own very teacher, out of his medieval pulpit, with the light streaming in behind him through a fourteenth-century window, whose soul abhors the plaster and gilding of the Renaissance, and who would much sooner part with a doctrine or two than put up with the whitewash of sixty years since, treats reverentially and with tenderness the schoolboy vanity of modern scepticism—the solemn coxcombry of intellectual unbelief—sadder stucco than the plaster festoons and true love-knots of gilding;—patience! by-and-by, if all goes well, we will come to the gilded knots and plaster garlands too.

But we are not going to preach out of any pulpit, medieval or otherwise—at least, not in the first instance, or at this moment; we are only going to exhibit to our well-beloved audience two of those straws which show which way the wind is blowing. It is not a very strong gale, nor by any means a refreshing one; but curious, decidedly curious, and a sign of the time. A great many floating waifs of an exceedingly light description—scraps of the merest gossamer—come dropping on its breath across the encumbered footpath of this generation—two straws

And we confess, in the first place, that it becomes us to be apologetic, and excuse ourselves for occupying anybody's attention with the very small productions which lie before us; but then it is "a state of mind," a "study of character," as well as an indication of the airy currents, which we find in our tiny "subject." Has anybody studied the natural history of the genus Caviller? It is true that we cannot examine these small human creatures with the same placidity of observation which rules our studies when we consider the insects on a leaf, or look through the glass walls of an aquarium; yet, notwithstanding, the creature is curious, characteristic, and amusing. Let us not be too contemptuous; it threatens, moreover, to carry a certain influence, and even already with its twinkles of cleverness beguiles better minds than its own.

Your true caviller is no critic. The critical faculty, perhaps, is not a very high development of intellect; yet it must of necessity have some real perception of the subject presented to it, and wit enough to keep itself from self-contradiction and palpable absurdity. But upon your caviller, happy man! lies no such bondage. It is his high privilege to seize upon an edge of fact wherever he may find it—or on something which looks like fact—or if neither of these are attainable, on some of the apparent contradictions which lie on the surface of every man's life, and opposing statements which are to be found in every man's conversation. It is nothing to him that you are the soul of honour—a very Quixote of candour and truthfulness—you said this to-day, and that yesterday; he has you there!—can you deny your own words? Character, though it be bright as noonday, shines far over the head of his dim faculties, and he knows no more of it than if such a thing had no existence; but with glee and pertinacity he pokes his little circumstance into your eyes, entirely unawed by greatness which he has no sight to see. It is his to go upon laborious little pursuits,

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found out, and never what you see; to reject the sun altogether, and light up a little private taper, which is to be supposed to supply him with his true original of light, and to recognise no truth which does not require a great deal of ingenuity for its discovery. These are puzzling principles, difficult of perception to eyes accustomed to plain sunshine; yet it is quite necessary to know them, if we would know the habits and modes of thinking of this variety of the human species—this creature whose luck it is to grow more and more prominent with the gradual dwindling and decadence of the mind of an age.

No man, perhaps, in the world has been so much written about as that wonderful and multitudinous personage called Shakespeare,—a man who has done more to excite, and less to satisfy, the curiosity of posterity than any half-dozen men who ever existed. That he should have builded for himself the most imperishable of monuments, and yet left no materials out of which the cleverest of bookmakers could compound a creditable "Life"—that he should have filled this England with a very flood of real men familiar to us as our brothers, yet have left scarcely a trace behind of what manner of man *he* was, the maker and original of them all, has puzzled and piqued the general mind ever since his time, as never man piqued and puzzled it before. There is no getting into the secrets of this undiscoverable intelligence—no making a character, or finding out an idiosyncrasy for this great, unsoured, unangled, unpeculiar man, who smiles upon us with the sunny, sweet, unscornful mock of genius, and defies us to find him out. For in his days it was not the custom to make merchandise of the private and personal mysteries of one's own heart and mind and conscience; and the greatest of English poets is no more to be found out than is the sun or the great rivers, or any other of the secondary creative powers of nature, God's grand, dutiful, unboasting vassals. And so it happens that when ship afloat—when the age grows vociferous and critical, and loses out of the range of its contracted vision the great simplicity of truth,—when these things come about, we repeat, it invariably happens that some one falls foul of Shakespeare, in himself a standing type and example of that greatness which it needs no ingenuity to discover, and which we have only to open our eyes and see.

We rather think the question originated this time with our clever cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, who entertain a national liking for "a new view;" but here it is in an English pamphlet put forth by one of that vast and undistinguishable English brotherhood, the great race of Smith. "*Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's plays?*" asks this valorous member of the universal family. We pause in momentary bewilderment, half as much startled as if the bold interrogator had demanded of us if our uncle were our father—but immediately settle down into good-humoured contempt. No—*à priori*, and according to all reasonable probabilities, about the last man in the world to be so, in our humble judgment: notwithstanding all the Mr. Smiths of existence, in a country of freedom, are quite at liberty to broach their theories upon our Bacons and our Shakespeares. Let us see.

Yet fear not, excellent reader; we are not about to exasperate you by any small arguments on either side of the question—for why? there is no argument at all in the tiny publication which doubtless believes itself to have stirred up and set in motion "the literary world." It proves an unlimited power of credulity among the class to which its writer belongs, and throws some light upon that extraordinary mental process by which men of a crotchety turn of mind can set up pure unreason in the place of plain truth; but it proves nothing whatever about Francis Bacon, nor throws the smallest glimmer of illumination on those mysterious productions called "Shakespeare's Plays." Putting these same Plays out of the question, there remains little by

Nile and Trafalgar, Waterloo and Torres Vedras, together with a few other such trifling incidents, we might find ourselves somewhat in difficulty to prove the genius, for example, of Nelson and Wellington, these two tangible men of iron, though they do, to our certain knowledge, lie alone together in their glory, the one sailor and soldier of a national apotheosis, under the echoing dome of St. Paul's. What if Shakespeare's Plays *were* Shakespeare, even as Waterloo and San Sebastian were "the Duke," whom, the other year, we all went forth to bury like a king? But then Shakespeare never was a wonderful youth, like poor young precocious Keats, or hapless Chatterton, those unfortunate children of fame, whose early over-ripeness left nothing but a feverish promise of glories unattained. We do not even know that he was a clever boy, that riotous young English rogue who committed a trespass in Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and how, then, asks the writer of this *Letter to Lord Ellesmere*, could Shakespeare have written Shakespeare's Plays?

It is a puzzling question; and we are afraid we could not clear it up, did the universal house of Smith, in one astonishing chorus, demand an explanation. We cannot tell how he did it, most sage inquirer. We are absolutely certain we could not do it, if you put us upon our honour; neither could you, if you tried until the end of time; and neither, we are convinced, could Francis Bacon, had the prize been, not the chancellorship of England, but the imperial throne of all the world.

Lord Bacon, however, as Mr. Smith says, certainly had great dramatic talent, because he "wrote and assisted at masques." We presume our critic does not know that everybody in those Elizabethan days, from the gowned and laurelled masters of Oxford to the milking-maids of Kenilworth, shared more or less in this qualification for writing the Plays of Shakespeare. Also, Lord Bacon in those days wanted money, and had the luck to be arrested for three hun-

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of himself and his power;—or to a great man, who showed no lack of solicitude about the humblest of his productions—who lived to see those same plays of Shakespeare reach the full climax of contemporary fame, yet did not leave so much as one posthumous note in the will by which he bequeathed his "name and memory" to the world, claiming, directly or indirectly, the most remarkable literary works in existence, then universally known by another man's name. We confess, for our own part, that the only deduction we can draw from this species of logic is, that there are certain men in the world who can more easily persuade themselves to believe the most insane and ridiculous fiction, than simply to receive the plain truth; and that there are minds of a particular formation, which, by way of accounting for one fact which puzzles them, can calmly infer and set forth some score of unbelievable contingencies, each one of which requires a hundred times more explanation, and an infinitely larger amount of faith.

But Mr. Smith's doubts about Shakespeare are "not novel," he tells us. We never supposed they were; and, with happy tact, our critic quotes Pope to prove for himself a great precedent. Pope considered it "probable that what occasioned some plays to be considered Shakespeare's was only this—they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and, no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor—a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove." Pope was a poet and an authority, and meant something quite different, doubtless, from the present writer; but we question very much whether he was more able to understand how these things were done than Mr. Smith himself; and it is easy to comprehend how Pope, who could do his own little matters exquisitely, must have been struck with profound and illimitable amaze as to how Shakespeare managed his. tone of self-reference—"*I* could not do it—how on earth can *you*?" The Popes as well as the Smiths are always sceptical of your Shakespeare; they compare him with themselves, in a most rueful and comic wonder. If it really is he at all, somebody must have helped him—somebody, of whom, entirely unknown and fabulous, they are ready to credit anything; but the evident burden of their marvelling is always of the same description—"How could that other fellow do it—why was it not me?"

But very different is the astonishment of that supreme and simple genius, which only marvels why everybody is not familiar with the mother tongue of his own celestial country, and cannot do what is so easy and natural to itself. We are perfectly convinced that Shakespeare, at least at the outset of his career, must have been extremely puzzled to make out why the plays of his friend Ben Jonson were not equal to his own—how it happened that the Hamlets and Othellos did not find their way into the other man's brain; and, perhaps, with some impatience, why his fellow-craftsman persisted in missing that noble melody and flow of verse which was to himself the tongue of Nature. We say at the outset of his career—for experience doubtless taught him by-and-by that somehow these dramas of his were not like other people's, and that this strange gift which had fallen upon him out of the heavens was exclusively his own. But it seems so easy to understand how Shakespeare, with one of the most lovable weaknesses of genius, was jealous of his own unquestioned claim to the sonnets—those sonnets which young Philip Sidney laid under his pillow—at the very same moment in which he cast abroad his greater works, a flood of glorious waifs upon the world. He dreamed not of the wonder of Pope, the doubts of the Mr. Smiths. Would he have taken thought to guard against them, if he had?

And young Philip Sidney laid the sonnets under his pillow;—how do we know? Alas! now that we remember,

Walter, who is perhaps a bigger cheat even than Shakespeare; and this brings us to consider, as the preachers say, the second of our straws—which is a very mad straw indeed, and fit for any fool's cap in existence. Shakespeare is some three hundred years old, a far-off figure on the historic high-road—but the skirts of the great Magician of modern times have but newly disappeared out of the loving grasp of the contemporary generation, and many a witness lives to remember how the world, bewitched, surrendered at discretion to a power of which it had no previous experience, and how, amidst the wildest wilderness of guesses, the quickest wit and soberest judgment of the time instinctively and without wavering fixed upon the one sole culprit capable of so magnificent a sin. So much the greater credit, at least to the courage, of the anonymous personage, who, lifting a small voice out of the subterraneous passages of *Notes and Queries*, demands of us boldly, *Who wrote the Waverley Novels?*

Who wrote the Waverley Novels? that is the question; and to begin with, they are quite the sort of thing which you could imagine to be produced by an indefinite number of people, of whom one "supplied the character" of a heroine, another of a hero, while another undertook the general cobbling and responsibility of the whole. Are they not, dear reader? Does not the idea strike you at once by its extreme truth to nature and admirable likelihood, not to say that it furnishes the most delightful example in the world of the division and communion of labour. Away with your Thackerays and Dickenses, your shabby single-handed authorships, who do their own books with their own brains, and give nobody a share! In the strength of a new discovery we rise up boldly to show the world once more how novels should be written. Our wife shall do the ladies, and we will do the gentlemen, and our benevolent brother will undertake the "style." Who can doubt that a right-minded and discerning public will appreciate this new *potage à la Meg Merrilees?* or that so

must strike Mrs. Jamieson admiration, and eclipse, lighted vision even of Mi gale, all the hospitals and ries in the world?

No, Sir Walter did no Waverleys. It is all though we have all beli cent discoveries have that blunder, setting all ary world" into commoti other discovery about Mr. W. J. F. supposes. Sir Walter; but we prot not tell the reason why this absolute and certain except that the judicio this pamphlet does not was possible. Sir Wal time. He was a busy pleasures and occupat body's friend; and our c for his life make out how employed personage could ten these extraordinary Walter had no time—b what was a great deal purpose, a brother in C not only a brother, but law—rare type of woma estedness!—who, much m able than any amount of the Novels for the Grea Such is the remarkable f to us by the brave co *Notes and Queries*, who, nate than Mr. Smith, bea clude, a recognisable appe wisely declines to give hi was not Sir Walter; we fact, that we may impre more strongly upon the our readers—it was Mr. T and Mrs. Elizabeth: nay only—"Suspicion of also attached to a mem Scott's family still living author, reaching the sub surdity in a foot-note. suppose, rather, that all lochs in Galloway, and al that dwelt in Yarrow, had to do with the compo see no reason for confini within such narrow limit the accomplished critic h a hand in the compilation sibly *you* had, our excelle friend, to whom in our si

tell the story, unwitting of your better knowledge. But one thing is clear, at least, in the midst of the perplexity—Sir Walter was a cheat, a sham, and a delusion—one of the greatest impostors who ever threw glamour in the eyes of the "literary world."

We trust we have stated the case to everybody's satisfaction, and that no one is so bold as to deny all the probabilities which lie upon its surface; yet we must say, at this stage of the subject, that even these unexpected discoveries by no means clear up that fundamental difficulty which lies at the bottom of the Scott as well as of the Shakespeare question. How did he do it? or how did *they* do it, supposing there were three or four, or an indefinite number of them? *We* could not, we are convinced, even with the assistance of our brother and our sister-in-law; and judging from our own experience and capabilities, we should say decidedly that nobody could have done it, and that the thing was impossible; yet there they stand, these incontestible Waverleys—how were they made?

But they give no account of themselves, any more than the plays of Shakespeare do; whether they sprang full born and full equipped, after the miraculous fashion of genius, from one abounding brain, or were "supplied" by different hands, and neatly joined and compacted by the workmanship of Sir Walter, the novels themselves bear no testimony; at least, whatever they may say to other people, they have not whispered a single word into the itching ears of W. J. F.

So now we come to evidence—which lies first in the fact, that sundry people, about as wise as the writer himself, and, we presume, somewhat of the same calibre, have undertaken to prepare "rebutting cases," and set up a defence for Sir Walter. Excellent and redoubtable champions! and our caviller rejoices over, and takes importance from them, as it is natural he should do. Whereupon he sets forth his case—which consists, in the first place, of an anonymous letter in a Quebec newspaper, dated some six-and-thirty years back—a most innocent brotherly epistle from Sir Walter's own unconscious hand, and sundry bits of wonderful gossip and correspondence, the most comical and amusing pretence at argument ever achieved by rational man. The plea of the Scott critic is a great deal *funnier* than the Shakespearean guesses; and we do not object to give our readers a pleasant vision of the admirable sequences by which the manufacture of the Waverley Novels is decided and set at rest for ever.

The Quebec letter, of course, is authoritative and decisive. We wonder what question in heaven or earth would not be settled peremptorily and on the instant by any London correspondent of any provincial newspaper in existence; so of course the anonymous Transatlantic writer of 1818 has "no hesitation in saying, I believe them (*Rob Roy*, &c.) to be the production of the Scotts. I say the Scotts, because Mr. Thomas Scott (who wrote the principal part of them) was often assisted by Mrs. Scott, and the works were generally revised by his brother Walter before going to press. . . . *Flora M'Ivor's character was written by Mrs. Scott herself.*" It is we who are guilty of the italics; the original witness makes this astounding statement in perfect and innocent unconsciousness; and as innocently, in this experienced year '56, when novels are one of the commonest manufactures of the day, our pamphleteer repeats the same, with an amusing iteration—nay, more, enlarges upon it, and sagely tells us how "it has often been remarked, as contrasting with the works of the *male* novelists of the past and present generations, what a vast throng of female characters—all fascinating for their purity and perfection—have been introduced on the stage of the Waverley Novels. No Becky Sharps, or Blanche Amorys, or Lady Pelhams, or Miss Murdstones, mingle with the throng. If the character of Flora M'Ivor was supplied by Mrs. Scott, for how many more are we indebted to that genial hand? The male characters, for the most part, are unfavourably portrayed." We confess we have speculated before now with tolerable success, as we flatter ourselves, as to the sex of anonymous novelists, but we never suspected before this climax and crowning triumph of female authorship: after this, we begin to believe that the lady must have had the biggest share in the business. Yet is

is it really true, that an acute critic like this can detect your delicate handwriting by the fact that all your feminine people are spotless, and your "male characters unfavourably portrayed?"

We proceed to lead further evidence in behalf of Mrs. Scott, confessing freely our strong predilection in her favour rather than in that of the jovial paymaster, who did not always write so steadily, or speak so wisely, as he should have done; not to say that we are struck beyond measure by the intense probability of a man's sister-in-law cheerfully resigning in his favour both fame and profit on her husband's behalf and on her own. The Correspondent of the *Quebec Herald* "often heard Mrs. Scott describe the very originals from whom the principal characters were drawn." Mr. Lockhart mentions that Mrs. Scott passed much of her early life at Dumfries. The American writer goes on to say, "His (the Antiquary's) name I have now forgotten, but *he lived at Dumfries.*" Then Mr. Edgar M'Culloch, a cousin of the lady, testifies "that Mrs. Scott's acquaintance with the legendary lore of her native province of Galloway was said, by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, to be very great;" that another cousin once told him a story of a gypsy woman in Galloway, a good deal like the first scene of the story of Meg Merrilees; and that his grandfather informed him that "Sir Walter Scott was the author of the Novels, and was assisted in them by his sister-in-law, Elizabeth M'Culloch." That a Colonel Kelsall of Mr. Thomas Scott's regiment was told by a Mr. Sampson of the same that "certain literary manufacturers had been in full vigour of operation. Mr. and Mrs. Scott had been much closeted together; manuscripts were preparing; and Mrs. Scott had even been to England, in the interval, to look after their publication;" that Mrs. Scott insisted strongly upon the same gallant colonel reading "the Scotch Novels;" and that "she appeared continually engaged in some absorbing occupation, the nature of which could only be surmised."

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all the cobbling that is necessary, and if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth £500; and to encourage you, you may, when you send the manuscript, draw on me for £100 at fifty days' sight; so that your labours will at any rate not be quite thrown away." Our critic does not seem to have the smallest idea that this is not precisely the kind of letter, which a man enjoying the credit of the same, would write to the generous brother who had already supplied him with *Waverley*, and whose wife had "written the character" of Flora M'Ivor,—but we entirely despair of explaining to him how Sir Walter, in the plenitude of his own power, and in its simplicity, was the very man to advise another to write a novel,—that easy, natural, and pleasant occupation which came so kindly to himself. We cannot explain it—but we can tell our critic a story in illustration: a story which has been told to us several times, of an eminent and popular painter. Somebody complained to our gifted countryman that he could not succeed—that he could find nothing to do—whereupon the simple soul of genius immediately volunteered its earnest and hearty advice—"Man," said the painter, "I'll tell ye what to do—take your canvass and your brushes and go to the country—never mind where it is or what it is—just paint it as you see it—it's sure to sell—and no fear but you'll succeed.' "'Just paint a picture—paint what you see"—it was the most obvious and natural way in the world of getting out of difficulties to Horatio M'Cullough. Hold! the name is ominous; perhaps the painter is a "member of Mrs. Scott's family," and had a hand in the Waverley Novels too.

We ought to have been done with this little publication long ago, and begin to be ashamed of occupying so much space with it. One moment more! for there remains the most delightful piece of absurdity, so gravely, seriously ridiculous, that we remember nothing equal to it in contemporary literature. It is a solemn list of names—the names of officers list as solemn of "characters" in the Waverley Novels, whose appellations have been suggested, according to the remarkable revelations of our critic's genius, by the names of Thomas Scott's brother officers. One of these military gentlemen is Colonel George Heriot—who, of course, suggested the name of the "King's goldsmith," in *Nigel*—there being no such person already in existence as George Heriot, goldsmith to the king—a fact which everybody knows. Then there happened to be a Lieutenant Gardiner—whereupon ensues Colonel Gardiner of Prestonpans—of course an entirely imaginary and unauthenticated character; and a surgeon, Dr. Harrison, from whom the unknown author of *Waverley* invented a certain General Harrison, who appears in *Woodstock*, and is, as all the world is aware, a purely fabulous personage, who had no hand whatever in the killing of the king. These are leading and remarkable examples of the use the paymaster made of the names of his brother officers. But there are others quite as amusing; as, for example, Captain Denniss, whose valiancy has the honour to suggest the name of Jenny Dennison; and Lieutenant Fennell, who "stands for" the dumb Fenella in *Peveril of the Peak*. But we surely do not need to dwell on the many links of this admirable chain of circumstantial evidence. Can our readers have any further doubt on the subject? Or does anybody fail to admire the industry, research, and happy ingenuity of this troubler of the waters of literature, who has roused the cavernous depths of *Notes and Queries*, and ruffled the bosom of the calm *Athenæum?* Persons of so obtuse a disposition of mind are beneath the attention of an investigator so careful and so profound.

Apropos of these names, however, we cannot help remarking by the way, that our ingenious author comments upon the writing of *Woodstock*, which he says was accomplished at a very slow rate in comparison with the others, Sir Walter Scott devoting all his time to it. This was in the year '26. Thomas Scott died in '23, yet

Surgeon Harrison of the 104th foot, stationed in Canada in 1814, had the honour of suggesting to the novelist the imaginary and fictitious presentment of the Parliamentary general. What a very odd and remarkable coincidence!

After this fashion, and in the conclusive and irresistible style of argument of which we have given these examples, it is our favoured fate to behold the false pretensions of Scott and Shakespeare laid in the dust. For the one man was only a good man of business, a good fellow, highly respectable, considering him as a theatrical man, in favour of whom sundry people of the highest gifts, or one personage of superlative genius, generously and wholly renounced their own title to fame; and the other was a shrewd and judicious compiler, on whom, with the most admirable and extraordinary self-abnegation, two people of singular powers freely bestowed their own reputation and their own fortune. These new ideas are somewhat puzzling, it must be allowed. We confess it is not easy with an audience composed of talented people—headed by a sparkling and accomplished verse-man like Pope, and made up of acute critics and literary men of an ingenious turn of mind, to account for a marvellous and splendid production of nature like Shakespeare, or a genius so plentiful, lavish, and exuberant as that of Scott. We admit the difficulties—we acknowledge that it is extremely hard to explain how it happens that such individuals are now and then born into the common world. Still, the thing is believable; but who will explain to us the extraordinary silence of Lord Bacon—the magnificent and unexampled generosity of Thomas and Elizabeth Scott?

And let no one imagine that we are disposed to deny the share which the dullest man's after-dinner tale, or the merest old woman's gossip, may have in producing some work, which lives for ever; much less to discredit the *matériel* which the old chronicles, popular in the days of Elizabeth, supplied to the great poet, and the stores of family anecdote and local tradition with which not only his brother and sister-in-law, but everybody within his reach, "assisted" Sir Walter. These free, unconscious, involuntary contributories to the individual power which alone could make use of them, we acknowledge cordially and without a moment's hesitation. We might go a great deal further: not one of those common wonders of nature, which all men see, but which only to a very few men remain always as new, and vivid, and glorious, as if they burst upon the sight for the first time—not an autumn sunset, not a cloud of spring—not a stray breeze surging white in the crisped edges of the sea, or undulating the peaceful golden waves of the corn-fields at home—nothing in the visible heaven and earth, nothing in the everyday foolishness and wisdom of men, but yields its share to the fructifying and fertile soil which lives and grows upon this food of the gods. But it is not by palpable assistances, good our critic. Your saint, who hangs his hammer upon a sunbeam, and lengthens out the weary light of day to guide his own single steps through the wood, is a remote little local saint of the middle ages, and not a Joshua; and interpositions of superhuman generosity, like the miraculous aids of the elements, are things which only fall to the lot of heroes who accomplish nothing. Our own powers of belief are of an elastic nature, and can stretch to a very tolerable extent of romance. We can believe in a great many self-sacrifices—an innumerable amount of heroism. We can even understand how a man might die for his brother, if need were; but how the same man, there being no need whatever in the case, should give up to his brother his own genius, with all its glory and its praise—should transfer to another his own individual standing-ground and personality, all for no reason in the world explainable to any rational understanding, is, we are disposed to conclude, a matter which comes within the range of quite another order of faculties, and demands credulity instead of faith.

But it is amazing how universal is this method of explaining one difficulty by placing half-a-dozen difficulties, each less comprehensible than the original, in its place. How

triumphantly this is accomplished in the two instances of modern literary research which we have just presented to our readers, no one can fail to acknowledge; but the tendency spreads wider than any circle which may be influenced by the petty inquiries of those assailants of Shakespeare and Scott. Such small deer by themselves might safely be left in their own little thicket of voluntary mystification and entanglement, to make the best they can of the difficulties they have originated and those they have resolved. We did not mean to spend our pains upon the theories of these acute and original-minded critics. But the art of cavilling, with the instinct of its kind, presses in where angels fear to tread, and makes some way for itself, not only in these outer courts and tabernacles of human fame, but even into a sublimer presence, where indeed we sometimes lose the sense of its utter meanness and impertinence in sheer wonder at the temerity which has ventured to bring it there.

We are not philosopher enough to account by scientific reasons for the miraculous boldness of the clever fool —a kind of mental phenomena into which, so far as we are aware, little investigation has yet been made; but there is something still more remarkable, to our judgment, in the readiness with which a certain amount of real intellect, and mental powers which deserve better than to be classed with mere cleverness, yield themselves, in one sphere, and only one, to the guidance of this exemplary leader. There cannot be two opinions about the matter when it is Shakespeare in whose unheeding presence the caviller shouts his small objections; and we smile at his presumption in certain confidence of meeting an answering smile on the face of every person capable of forming a rational judgment on the question. But strange, sad, miserable as it is to acknowledge, let but the same tiny hero make his onslaught into the territories of Religion, and minds which think very well of themselves, and of which we too, in a lesser degree, are constrained to think well, seriously incline to consider his proposition, and stand by his side unawed by the presences about them, with a blind boldness equal to his own. Yes; strange as the fact is, we ourselves grow silent and respectful; we laugh aloud at the small attempts which would unseat our crowned and regnant poet, but we only remonstrate with a reverential and painstaking tolerance when the same insignificant instrument makes its endeavour against the throne of the Author of our faith. Let nobody suppose, however, by these words, that we mean to be controversial, or to cheat our readers into a theological or religious argument. Nothing can possibly be farther from our intention—our business is neither with doctrine nor belief, but with the most noble and redoubtable art of cavilling in its latest manifestations—the characteristic modern peculiarity of which, we repeat, is this, that while it is only contemptible in every other sphere, it gains to itself a certain credit, and frequently enlists a strangely unsuitable discipleship when it enters a higher region. We do not pretend to explain the fact, or to say that it proceeds from the false liberality of the time, or is a mere freak of fashion, superficial and temporary. We only say that the caviller—the very same minute creature whose natural history and habits we have just had the pleasure of exhibiting—not only thrusts himself with boldness into the far more important inquiries which concern Religion, but actually gains, instead of a speedy and contemptuous expulsion, such audience and respect as he never has been able to acquire elsewhere.

How should this be? There are four books in the world called Gospels, making one history—four marvellous, simple, inartistic books—full of one Man who appears in every page, and almost in every line of them, a portrait in the most minute and comprehensive detail. *Nobody* pretends to say that such another picture was ever drawn by mortal pencil, or that any human imagination, before or since, has ever conceived of anything worthy to be ranked with this. One scene of scenes, unparalleled and rivalless, comes to our memory—a scene of such simplicity, grandeur, and pathos, that we are reluctant to believe of any man that he could hear of it unmoved

table with its bewildered throng of men, questioning with each other—questioning, in their dismayed and apprehensive wonder, Himself who sits at the head—thronging close to catch every word, yet apprehending only here and there those strange, solemn, Godlike sentences, on which the crowd of coming events, almost already present in shadow, are to throw so full an interpretation. The central figure, so sorrowful, so majestic, so sublime, angry with no dulness, impatient of no inquiry, answering all with that ineffable, unwavering tenderness, yet sad in His own Divine knowledge of all which should so terribly enlighten *them* upon the morrow. The very atmosphere, with its cloud of gathering trouble, pallid, tremulous, wistful, knowing nothing—only whispering with a touch of awe and worship about His garments who knows all. We stand aside, hearing with our ears and seeing with our eyes this wonderful representation, with which nothing ever told in human language can bear comparison—when in the very midst we are called aside by some one who professes to have a soul within him—why? that he may point out to us triumphantly his objection, "Jesus did this that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." What are we to answer? Are we to pause with respect and gentle toleration to explain the turn of words which need no explaining? or who dares condemn us if we turn with contempt and indignation from the man who, in presence of truth so supreme and unimaginable, ventures to thrust his quip of petty folly before our eyes?

But it is not as the champion of religion that we ask this question—rather as an enemy of all mean and unworthy arguments—a sworn foe of that degrading and paltry criticism which, blind to every higher sign of truth and touches of nature, plucks up some word upon its tiny lance, and breaks in upon the most touching and solemn picture of history with its shout of triumph over its discovery. Its discovery! We believe it is true that there are men, unfortunate souls! mentally incapable of re-

quite content to meet you in due time and place. But your hundred mistranslations—your other hundred phrases—do they diminish, do they obscure, can they do away with *Him?*

Therefore, we adjure you, stand up to the real question like a man. You may evade, and hold by the words if you please, but in that case you have no right to deny to us our natural privilege of contempt for arguments unworthy. Pull down if you can the throne which we hold invulnerable; attack the identity, if it is in your power, of the great object of our faith; diminish the splendour of His person, or the greatness of His character; produce some one else, equal or inferior, to break the charm of His imperial and solitary supremacy. Or if you cannot do that, we offer you another possibility; prove that the Evangelists were the greatest poets of all time, and created this marvellous perfection of manhood. One way or other, stand up like men to the Person whom you have to oppose; and understand, once for all and honestly, as in any other question you could not for a moment fail to understand, that so long as you are unable to touch the one visible Being who inspires this whole Scripture, standing out in it in the minutest detail and boldest outline, it is the merest intellectual weakness, as well as impertinence, to suppose that you can triumph by means of a disputed word, or a phrase obscure. For a momentary triumph over a narrow and vain understanding, or the more likely advantage of raising up weak defences of a kindred nature to your own attacks, and perhaps as worthy to be treated contemptuously, is not a very worthy conquest. Come forward boldly on real ground—leave the words of the record, the inferences of the preacher—every secondary and external circumstance. We do not ask you to believe—we are not speaking religiously; to us, who are neither clergyman nor philanthropist, it does not matter the least in the world what your faith is. But for heaven's sake, and in the name of all that is worthy to be called mind and

We, for our own part, do not give up a single word of the record—itself proves itself to our perceptions as clearly as the sunshine demonstrates its own existence; and we would grieve to see modern hands "improving" those noble English words, into which the wealthiest age of all our history rendered the canons of the faith; but we humbly opine, looking at all things about us, that the wants of this present century are not exegetical; and that worthy as these researches may be, it is not by help of dictionaries, or over the painful stepping-stones of "obscure passages," that our mental atmosphere is to be purified; and we repeat, let who will reproach us for intolerance, on purely intellectual grounds, and taking no thought for religion, that we can entertain nothing but contempt for the critic who, being brought face to face with a Person, evades the unevadable question of *His* reality by splitting a word instead.

We might say, if we were so disposed, that this was an age of shams; but that popular and enlightened sentiment begins to grow somewhat threadbare, and even a little vulgar, by dint of much repetition; we content ourselves, therefore, with expressing our opinion that a great many very pretty shams are to be found among the class most skilled in finding out the same. It is, for instance, as we have already said, rather fashionable than otherwise, especially for young men, to come through a tremendous conflict of religious doubt and inquiry, a mental struggle of the severest character, from which the neophyte emerges in a mysterious and sublime condition of mind, all-belief or no-belief, to the awe, horror, and admiration of his own domestic circle, and the pious grief and wonder of his religious friends. But there are such things as nature and character in the world, steady witnesses, not to be belied with safety. How many of these youthful heroes show any capability of a "tremendous mental conflict?" how many enter into life with any earnestness at all? how many offer any evidence, either before or after, of such a con-

by reasons spiritual or intellectual? Unfortunately, this vivid appreciation of things unseen—this deep and overwhelming sense of the importance of an ascertained knowledge and an assured faith, are not such everyday and usual endowments. To confess that fashion has an immense deal to do with it—that it grows a popular sign of superiority, and impresses common people with a certain vague admiration—is not certainly an admission which our young sceptics are likely to make; yet it is enough to moderate somewhat the respectfulness with which the enlightened classes contemplate that new deity, Doubt, which, after all, is an extremely shabby divinity, slippery, disingenuous, and not to be calculated upon; and in reality, though it may be clever, it is not at all a high exercise of the mental faculties to persuade oneself that everything is humbug, and that it is not worth one's while believing anything under the sun.

Let Religion fight her own battles; we have no call to that special warfare. We do not feel ourselves bound, with pious meekness, to deal tenderly with the questioner whose sole claim upon our interest is that he impugns our faith. We do not care, most wise inquirer, nor concern ourselves the least in the world, what you believe; but we are concerned, and that with indignation, for every man who, knowing better, brings mean arguments and miserable little bits of narrow cavilling into great questions, worthy to engage the greatest powers of man. A worthy weapon, let us disapprove its use as we will, we cannot despise; and a real assault upon the real ground of Christianity, however we may regard it, will meet no contempt at our hands. But, gentlemen unbelievers! if you have the smallest regard for your own intellectual standing, eschew the company and the trick of the caviller; take care you do not fall into his blunder, and substitute a dozen difficulties, which are against reason, in place of one difficulty which is simply beyond it; and when you persuade men that it is foolish to believe in Revelation,

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world above us by the limited standard of what is possible to ourselves; to make an explanation of things too big for our own contracted understanding by guesses of the wildest and most fabulous character, infinitely harder to believe, and more impossible to explain than the original difficulty; to draw largely upon the credulity of our audience in behalf of theories openly inconsistent with all the every-day truths of nature and principles of humanity—this style of reasoning, find it where we will, is equally contrary to all nobleness, candour, and generosity of mind. We cannot understand Shakespeare; cannot enter into the big overflowing existence of that one plentiful and simple soul; therefore we invent half-a-dozen entirely unbelievable people, wrapped in a solemn and mysterious silence, for which nobody can give any reason—ghosts of an unaccountable Hades, on which no light has ever shone; or pile another mountain-weight of unclaimed and uncongenial fame upon a head already crowned and radiant, whose sole title to this additional load of honour is, that he never made the slightest pretence to it, and that his lawful ownership of the same is about the most unlikely thing in the world. And we do not understand Scott; cannot make out how he found time, much less how he found genius, for works which in their kind are as hard to match and rival as the Plays of Shakespeare. Wherefore we incontinently find out some extraordinary relatives for the pretended author, persons of such fabulous and unparalleled generosity as are not to be found even in the Arabian Nights. It is perfectly true that there are scores of good people, quite willing to be amused by this clever folly, who would shrink with genuine horror from the idea of carrying the applied to the lesser or to the greater subjects, the system *is* the same. We make no imputation upon any individual—it is the kind and species of criticism, to which we call the attention of our readers—a system blind to all the great and universal truths which stand established by the lifelong experience of the world, beyond all theory—a mode of reasoning which can deal only with superficial bits of fact, and scraps of expression capable of travesty—and a species of intellect which can appreciate nothing in heaven or earth bigger than itself.

Yet hold! a thought dawns suddenly upon us—what if half our laughter, half our admiration, have been spent in vain? a possibility suggests itself with force to our imagination. Most strange! the same thought has occurred to us in connection with we cannot tell how many of the cleverest and most serious productions of current literature; stayed our hand when we were half way through the clever pages of *Paul Ferroll*, puzzled our criticism at the end of *Balder*, and now arrests us, with a compunction, when we have made an end of our admiring perusal of the Waverley pamphlet of W. J. F. What if it were a clever bit of burlesque after all—an experiment upon the credulity of the literary world? for lo! the preface with that cunning date, 2d of April, shining full in our bewildered eyes. Do you suppose we ought to make an instant apology, kindest reader? do you really think with us that a delicate implication of the *first* of April is contained in this equivocal date? Admirable critic! cleverest caricaturist! speak but one word if it is so, and we lay not our apologies only, but our sincerest homage, at your feet!

DECEMBER, MDCCCLVI.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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A RECENT CONFESSION OF AN OPIUM-EATER.

There is no necessity for telling the reader how I came into the company with which he will find me associated in the ensuing narrative; and there are several reasons why he need not be informed on that point. In the first place, he has no right to inquire; for I hold, and always have held, and maintained, both in argument and practice, that a man is responsible only to himself for the company he chooses to keep. 2dly, Supposing he had the right to ask (which, as already stated, I deny), still it would be inconvenient for me to tell him. 3dly, Supposing he had the right, and I were willing to acknowledge it, it would nevertheless be useless to the purpose of the story I am about to narrate, and therefore a crime against art. 4thly, Because any consistency and completeness which the narrative might gain by the relation of the circumstances antecedent to the position, at once intensely horrible and highly amusing, whither they conducted me, are sufficiently attained by the mention of the fact that, while enjoying with the full appreciation of a refined and extremely sensitive nature the appliances of luxury and wealth, I have never shrunk from studying the aspect of humanity in the Rembrandt-like chiaroscura of vice and crime. In search of the harmonies which slumber in the soul of man, I have sounded the base string of
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of the Thug, had their origin in a far less elevated motive. There is too much reason to believe that a mercenary desire to obtain the price of the body predominated, in most instances, over the wish to advance the interests of science; while even the better of these influences is still far inferior to the religious fervour which prompted the tightening of the Oriental noose. Be that as it may, it was at a time when the horrible trade had gained the utmost extent and organisation it was destined to attain, before the revealment of its iniquities had caused that outburst of popular execration which extinguished it utterly, instantaneously, and for ever, as with the blast of a hurricane, that the incidents occurred to which I am about to draw the reader's attention.

The scene, then, is a squalid and dingy chamber in the topmost flat of one of the many-storied and ancient dwellings which still give individuality to the Old Town of Edinburgh. The sole furniture of the apartment was a battered and time-defaced table, stained with grease and liquor, having a bench of similar character on each side. In a bottle on the table was stuck a long candle of the commonest description, whose flaring and drooping wick shed a dull light on the faces of the company. How I came to be in such a scene, and among such persons as I am about to describe, is, as I have already intimated, no business of the reader's. Suffice it that I was there, the occupant of one of the benches, while opposite me sat three individuals, two men and a woman. Long-nosed Bill, the central person of the three, possessed a remarkably villanous physiognomy, which, the index as it was to mental features equally singular and truculent, rendered him a highly interesting subject of philosophical contemplation. His nose was, as his name indicated, very long, and overhung so as almost to conceal a mouth so small, thin, and compressed, as to appear to have been made with a knife after the rest of his countenance was designed; while on each side of the main feature, sparkled an eye, was not bad, being of sufficient height, though the forehead was concealed by straight black locks; the countenance, widest at the forehead and narrowing almost to a point at the chin, was of a pale clay-colour; and the sole expression was one of truculent vigilance and resolution. On William's right was seated a more commonplace miscreant, whose coarseness of appearance and conversation betokened atrocity unredeemed by refinement, and whose name of Squabby (by which his companions addressed him) was not without a certain philological fitness. One of those external indications of character which garments often convey, appeared in the contrast afforded by the dress of these men; for while Bill's shabby, scanty, and close-buttoned black coat rather exaggerated the unfavourable impression made by his thin angular form and cadaverous countenance, and seemed to show that he despised those little ameliorations in costume which are within reach of the humblest, Squabby's gaudy waistcoat, and gorgeous jewellery of glass and copper, showed all the inclination without the power to be what in these latter days is denominated "a swell." The word dandy, which, at the time I speak of, was the generic term for all who cultivated ostentatiously, with whatever degree of success, the art of costume, fails to convey the idea of exuberance and floridity expressed in the newer appellation. Squabby, therefore, was a vulgar swell.

Their female companion—faded, though still young—possessed, nevertheless, a face whose expression frequently drew my gaze. This was owing not so much to her beauty, which could never have been of a striking character, as to the likeness she bore to a young girl with whom I had some years before been curiously, intimately, and most romantically connected. Ah Catherine! even now, when I summon from the dim past thy angel face, with the mild imploring look I last beheld there—imploring a speedy return, where fate was even then writing, with iron pen, the stern decree that for me to thee

many lustres, my heart owns that there are sympathies over which time has no control. That likeness, faint as it was, perhaps altogether fanciful, awoke feelings which, as they arose, brought with them a crowd of memories—and hence the charm which a face, to others, perhaps, commonplace, had for me, though there was nothing in the manner, appearance, or conversation of this young woman which distinguished her as in any way very superior to the scene and the society in which the reader finds her.

It must not be imagined that we had no other occupation in this dreary and ill-lighted apartment than that of looking at each other. Another bottle, besides that which officiated as candlestick, stood on the table; or I should rather say, paced round it, for it seldom halted much longer than was necessary for the filling of the cracked glass which stood before each of us. Our liquor was port, a choice made at my suggestion, and Long-nosed Bill had coincided with a hearty cordiality which his appearance did not certainly promise, but the motive of which I afterwards divined. He had sent the girl out for a dozen bottles; and though almost abstaining himself, and restraining also the manifest inclination of Squabby for the generous liquor, he pressed it on me with a hospitality that seemed incapable of being repressed or chilled.

Meanwhile the conversation did not flag. Squabby, finding in me an interested and attentive auditor, talked much and loudly, but with a certain coarseness which would have disgusted me had not his loquacity perpetually started subjects which the sagacious William treated with a masterly terseness, such as I have seldom heard equalled. But the great charm of his conversation was its mystery. The numerous adventures in which he appeared to have been engaged had neither beginning nor end. Of secret expeditions, of hairbreadth escapes, of rapid flights, there were sufficient to set up a modern novelist for several seasons—

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fied are groundless. Howe

ceased to talk himself, but listened to me with manifest impatience, and sometimes exchanged glances with his two companions, while those he cast on me bore rather the character of animosity than cordiality. Under these circumstances I considered it due to myself, as well as to my hosts, to rise and bid them good-night. This sudden move of mine produced an instantaneous change in the manner of Long-nosed Bill, who pressed me to stay with more than his former hospitality, while, at a wink from him, Squabby placed himself between me and the door, and, with boisterous but good-humoured reproaches on my breach of good-fellowship, refused to let me pass. All this, however, would have had small effect in inducing me to remain after the change in Bill's manners towards me; but just then the woman also joined her entreaties to his. In so doing she used a tone and gesture which at once arrested me. They were such as recalled vividly the tone and gesture which a young girl had unconsciously assumed some years before when I was parting from her in anger. Ah, Emily! potent indeed was the charm of thy pleading over my offended and recusant spirit. Hard indeed would it have been to turn from those eyes—to repel that offered embrace. Years had passed, Emily, since I had seen thee—many feelings and many memories had crowded in between—but the voice and look of a stranger recalling thine, showed that even the faint and distant echo of thy powerful spell could still enchain me. I need scarcely say I resumed my seat.

Long-nosed Bill now became more agreeable and hospitable even than at first, relating passages in his career still more marvellous, and passing the wine with increased rapidity, insisting at each round of the bottle on filling my glass himself, and calling out pleasantly, "No heeltaps," before doing so. For a time this amused me; and I was also interested in watching a little by-play carried on by Bill's companions. The woman was no doubt united to him in bonds more or less hallowed, and ed perpetually on his guard to prevent the slightest familiarity between her and Squabby. Notwithstanding all his vigilance, I observed, however, that, whenever his attention was distracted by the friendly office of filling my glass, or whenever he grew so interested in any of his narratives as to relax his watchfulness for a moment, the woman, stealthily passing her hand behind him, clasped that of Squabby extended to meet it. To a philosopher and student of human nature this slight incident was amply sufficient to reveal a tale of passion—a tale which; it saddened me to read. I saw in Long-nosed Bill an instance of the insufficiency of the most astute and powerful intellect to restrain the erratic propensities of the female heart. Here was this great man, who had lavished perchance his whole heart, staked his whole faith, on the woman beside him, while she, like the base Judæan throwing this pearl away richer than all her tribe, bestowed in secret her love upon one conspicuously Bill's inferior in every respect, except that his personal appearance was rather less revolting. Miserable mistake! accursed error! yet one to which the feminine nature is peculiarly liable. The remembrance of such an error, of which I was myself the victim, is still as a dagger to my heart. For thee, Augusta! for thee my nights were nights of sleeplessness—my days, days of reverie; to thee I gave the thoughts of my philosophic soul. And how didst thou requite me? With undoubting faith and untiring constancy?—No! On the night of that ever memorable ball—a ball which still haunts my remembrance as if peopled with spectres and demons—there flitted before thine inconstant eye that gaudy figure, rich indeed in scarlet and embroidery and clanking spurs, but poor, beyond all measure of poverty, in that philosophic refinement which constitutes true wealth. From that moment I was forgotten, and since then a permanent shadow has settled on my soul.

This train of thought naturally made me melancholy; and my spirits

wean myself from opium, and, after terrible struggles and enormous sufferings, had succeeded in limiting myself to a pint and a half of laudanum per diem. Now, on this particular day I had taken only a pint, for the following reason: the druggist with whom I generally dealt, had sent me a batch of 144 dozen, in which my experienced palate at once detected adulteration. I had therefore returned it, retaining only a bottle for the day's consumption. With this bottle in my hand I had gone down to the kitchen to speak to my cook-maid, when a family of beggars made their appearance at the door, consisting of a father, mother, and two children. The plaintive tones in which they entreated charity went to my heart. Ye gods! I said, here are people hungry, cold, miserable, craving a morsel of food, while I hold in my hand this bottle, the key of the seventh heaven. Am I justified in withholding the celestial panacea? Shall I not say, drink and be happy? In compliance with this natural impulse, I at once gave each of them a glass of laudanum, which they drank in solemn silence and went away. What became of them I cannot say; but as I never heard of any family being poisoned about that time, I conclude they were all confirmed opium-eaters. However, this liberality on my part reduced my dose for that day to about a pint, and I was now beginning to feel the effects of this unusual abstinence; the chief of which effects was of course depression of spirits—gradually my head sank on my bosom. I ceased to respond to Bill's call of "No heeltaps;" the liquor I craved was not the growth of Oporto. It was then that Bill, seeing my condition, but ascribing it to a wrong cause, used this remarkable expression: "He's pretty near done—let's finish him;" and the woman going to a cupboard returned with a bottle, which Bill uncorked, and filling my glass from it, pressed me to drink. Half-absently I complied; but the moment I put my lips to it I started with joy. Could Bill, then, read my

Arab thirsted in the desert,
(here I sipped again)—it w
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Tossing off my glass, I at
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I noticed that, instead
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fuge to consume my share, as
I would drink glass for glas
a triumph of opium-eatin
would the great Coleridge
envious bitterness of spirit,
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which he well knew he ne
hope to surpass!

Now then for it! Bill d
offers to fill my glass. I
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I imitate him—Bill stares
astounded, but nevertheless
to drink: so do I. We
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which grows rapidly lower.
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my attention is arrested by a
Bill's aspect; he has fixed
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siderable expense in wine (to say nothing of the laudanum), and who not only obstinately refused to part with his faculties, but was rapidly reducing his host to a state of intoxication. Affairs became presently more serious, when Squabby, utterly unable to sit upright any longer, suddenly disappeared under the table—when Bill impatiently started up, glaring fiercely on me. I instantly summoned my energies to meet the difficulty, and, falling forward with my head on the table, affected to snore heavily. I heard Bill remark that "'twas all right at last, but he believed that 'ere cove was the devil;" when the woman, taking up the candle, opened the door of an inner apartment, and entered, followed by Bill with uncertain steps.

It may easily be imagined that I now lifted up my head, and watched them with intense interest. The room they entered was small, and its only furniture were a bed and a sack. The bed was peculiar, consisting of two thick mattresses, without bedclothes, and a complication of ropes, pulleys, and weights. Presently Bill and the woman, each seizing a rope, began pulling, and the upper mattress slowly rose. Heaven and earth! what a thought flashed across my mind! I had heard of such things before—the unhappy being, stupefied by opium, was placed between two mattresses, and smothered so as to produce the appearance of natural death, and his body sold to the surgeons! The *sack* was irresistible evidence—it must be so! I was in the company of body-snatchers, and was about to be BURKED!!!

The thrill of horror which now naturally passed through my heart, did not prevent me from seeing the case in all its philosophic bearings. My natural impulse was, of course, self-preservation; but still, as a philosopher, I was bound to consider also the interests of the public. I had every reason to believe that my organs and functions had become so vitiated by the use of opium, as to insure, to him who should lay bare, with scientific knife and anxious inquiry, this earthly tabernacle, the perishable frame, which would inevitably be dissolved in a few years, and perhaps under far less important conditions (for I might leave off opium, and, thus restoring my body to a healthy condition, render it comparatively valueless), when I might, by submitting to the fate designed for me, remain for ages, in spirits of wine, a monument of opium-eating? This was one view of the case; but presently, with that clear view of things which the practised metaphysician inevitably acquires, I perceived an objection. I remembered that my body would probably—nay certainly, be sold to some surgeon totally unacquainted with my person and habits, and who would therefore be wholly incompetent to explain the remarkable appearances which dissection would reveal; and the theories broached to account for them, being thus based on mere supposition, might probably perplex science instead of advancing it. This view of the case, coupled with a desire to live my appointed time, decided me, and I took my measures accordingly.

All this time I have left Bill and the woman standing by the fatal bed, where Death so often took his repose, with the ropes in their hands. Fastening them so as to allow the upper mattress to remain uplifted, they turned towards me; but before they did so, and while I was still left in almost complete obscurity, I filled from my bottle of laudanum both their glasses. The perplexity of the woman, and the drunken astonishment of Bill, when, on returning for the supposed insensible victim, they found me seated upright and cheerfully surveying them, have probably never been equalled except in that remarkable passage of the literature of my childhood, when Mother Hubbard, having gone to the undertaker's to buy a coffin for her dog (whom she had every reason to suppose dead), returns, and finds the presumed corpse in a state of cachinnation or laughter. They were so astonished that, when I desired them to be seated, they mechanically complied, and, address-

them to pledge me. Totally bewildered they did so, and sat for a time staring at me, while I watched them with calm certainty. Well did I know the train of symptoms by which they who dare to trespass, without due initiation and neophytism, on the imperial domains of opium, approach insensibility. Gradually their muscles relaxed—their heads sank—their inspirations lengthened and deepened—till they sank side by side on the floor, not in the divine dream of the qualified practitioner, but in the dull stagnation of the presumptuous quack.

Having now the field to myself, and my mind being relieved from the sudden strain, I allowed myself to lapse into one of those peculiar and refreshing trances which opium commands. The vision I beheld was no doubt suggested by the events of the evening. Methought that I actually beheld my body laid upon the hateful bed which, uplifted by countless myriads of Squabbies and Long-nosed Bills, was borne through the air, while I, seeming to have a separate existence from the body (a species of duality I have often observed in these trances), was compelled to follow and observe. After floating apparently for centuries through immeasurable regions of space, the bier was laid in a vast hall surrounded by skeletons, who shouted from their fleshless jaws, in full chorus, as my body was borne in, "Room for the Opium-eater!" and all the echoes answered, "Room for the Opium-eater!"—like the people answering the priests in the service of a cathedral. Then flocked in, in endless procession, all the mighty surgeons and physicians whom the world ever saw, headed by the divine Esculapius in classic robes, and whose ample brows were crowned by a chaplet. Galen followed, and Hippocrates,—and Celsus and the wizard-physician Cornelius Agrippa, and Garth and Harvey and Hunter, with all their contemporaries, till Astley Cooper headed the College of Surgeons of our day. Then the doors were closed with a mighty sound—silence was

chief. Again the herald silence, and the venerable standing forth before a purest Attic Greek, in sol "Let us dissect the Opi and all answered, "Let him."

Then the shadow of the of physic, approaching wit the bier, laid open the te brain, when lo! there stra sued forth such a swarm o the vast hall could not co Upward they floated, brig tions, melodious utteran ishable images, unutterabl and thronged the atmos pavement to roof; while that small skull flowed th stream, like the mighty a ing Nile from its foun Upward still they presse accumulation grew irresi and rafter gave way with sound (it was the triump over matter), and forth joyous liberated thought kindred sky. And all th bowed down and acknow might and majesty of geni

I know not how long occupied, but when I cease the candle was low in the rather the bottle. My were still prostrate, and sign of existence except t stertorous breathing. T however, shortly recover, fore resolved to go at they were still insensible t ments. Hastily finishing anum which remained in I took up the candle and down stairs.

I think I had got down stories, when, taking the at the foot of the stairs, I door of a room which I f lumber and straw. As I leave it, the candle fell bottle among the straw, instantly in a flame. If I an alarm, the question of *pened to be there?* might I which I have already said suit me to answer; and if attempt to extinguish th

and slipt silently away in the darkness.

As the wind, rising by degrees, first sports with the dead leaves, then rattles at the casements, till tile and rooftree go down before the hurricane, so arose the alarm of FIRE. First a watchman shouted—a chance passenger joined him; those who lived on the basements and ground floors next issued forth, and the chorus surged and swelled into a mighty diapason. Clattering through the streets came the fire-engines on their errand of salvation; beside them run the firemen. Gallant Phœnix, brave Sun!—well done both brigades! But this night your efforts shall be in vain! For see, the flames leap forth at every window! Higher they climb, story after story, with rapid step. They lick the walls—they swallow the rafters—and ever still their progress is upward, like bright thoughts pointing heavenward; while the base mortar and stones and clay, falling inward like low material natures trying to smother the light of genius, raise for a moment a dust, which vanishes, leaving the flames brighter

posed destroyer, where art thou?—where too is thy partner, she who sleeps in thy bosom?—shall she ever again repose there? Ha, Squabby, not all thy gibes and jewellery can avail thee now! See, the fire has encompassed them—see, the shadows, hurrying frantically on the ceiling, show that the floor is in a blaze! And now they rush to the window. Even at this distance I recognise Bill by the length of his nose: he tears the woman from the window and looks down. Shall he leap? No! sixteen stories is a height to appal the bravest. Destruction in front, destruction in rear! to be roasted or smashed!—dreadful the alternative, William—vain the hope of escape! And now the problem, which he dare not solve for himself, is solved for him. The woman from behind casts her arms about his neck with frantic gesture, and both fall back into the room. Higher rush the rejoicing and victorious flames, arching their crests and crackling joyously, till the walls crumble and sink, burying in their ruins the ashes of the Body-snatchers.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

IN ancient Rome, the triumphal processions that ever and anon passed along the Via Sacra, "purpling the street," served vividly to impress the minds even of the unthinking masses with the far-reaching extent and grandeur of the empire that owned the sway of the Legions. Stalwart Angli and blue-eyed Germans,—Persians and Parthians from their Orient hills and sands,—a queen from lonely Palmyra, Jews torn from Jerusalem, dusky slaves from the Nile,—paintings and godlike statues from Greece, alternating with troops of wild beasts of strange aspect or startling bulk from the African deserts—passed in turn before the proud eye of the Roman multitude. Living symbols and brilliant samples of the various provinces and conquests were transported bodily and exhibited solemnly in the Imperial City. We have a homelier way of doing things now. Europe, as she gets older, is losing her regard for pageantry. Far in the depths of Scythia, indeed—in a region then so waste that Roman Legionary never pressed its soil—we have just witnessed a sudden outburst of imperial pageantries, with the fame of whose magnificence Europe is still ringing, and which find a parallel only in the pages of Roman history, or in the sculptured processions of the ancient Emperors of the Orient. It needs symbol and ceremony, and a mighty dazzle at Moscow, to pierce the wastes of Muscovite darkness, and make known to the dull unlettered *mujik* the might and resources of the Czar. But the British people know and read, and their Government speaks to them

known the condition of the various parts of our far-spread empire. From Canada and snowy Oregon, from Jamaica and the tropical Islands of the Gulf, from New Zealand and Australia, from India and our settlements in the Pacific, official reports are ever pouring into the little island of the North Atlantic which has bred the lordly race that owns all these possessions. These reports of our prefects are our true triumphal processions. And if they elicit less fervid emotions and Io-pæans than saluted the purple Triumphs of the Roman chiefs, they at least tell their tale more clearly and to a wider audience, and give better assurance that the national rejoicing is not bestowed upon a mask, but upon a reality.

The proud phlegm natural to the Briton, and the familiarity with success taught him by the marvellous past of his nation, conspire to make him the most impassible of men in presence of triumphs, though sufficiently impatient of failure or reverse. Silence with him is approbation. He is often most satisfied when he says nothing. As long as he is satisfied, he exhibits an indifference that must be provoking to those who strive for his regard. And if the statesmanly exploits be not done within the parent isle of his race—that goodly nook wherein he has garnered up wealth and power untold, and every acre, right, or custom in which is sacred in his eyes,—but in one of our colonies or empires beyond the seas, it is hopeless to expect from John Bull the slightest mark of enthusiasm. Once a-year, and generally in the last days of the session, there is gone through in the House of Commons a piece of work which seems to be regarded by every one as a bore. A gentleman rises on the Ministerial benches, and, undismayed by the general secession of the House, delivers a three hours' speech to the thirty Members or so who still keep their places. At almost any time during the delivery of this oration the proceedings could be abruptly terminated by a "count-out;" but as it is not a question of home politics,

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may be committed, if we do not discriminate. The defence and imperial government of the whole of India rests with Britain, but British India, the territories actually taxed and directly ruled by us, comprises only half the Peninsula. In round numbers, 690,000 square miles and a hundred millions of people are directly under British rule; while 670,000 square miles, and fifty millions of people, are ruled by Native princes, protected for the most part, internally as well as externally, by the Company, but contributing little or nothing to the treasury at Calcutta. The consequence of this is, speaking generally, that we have to provide for the defence and imperial government of the whole of India, while we draw the revenues of only half of it. We need not wonder, then, that the Indian revenue should at times fall short of the charges upon it; or that the large surpluses occasionally acquired by the Mogul Emperors, ruling despotically over the entire peninsula, should be looked for in vain under the present regime. Moreover, not only are the revenues of half of India still exempted from our control, but the acquisition of many portions of our present territories has been accompanied by obligations so onerous, as to be creditable rather to the generosity than the wisdom of our Indian rulers. It will hardly be credited by the English public, that a million and a half sterling is annually due from the sore-pressed Indian treasury to a dozen deposed Nawabs and Rajahs and their families, or to the descendants of the same for ever,—unless by good fortune they become extinct. All of these men (except the King of Delhi) were mere mushroom princes,—creatures of yesterday, counting sometimes but a single generation of brief-lived authority,—men who had raised themselves to the musnud by rebellion, assassination, or the sword, —representatives of no nationality, and liable at any time to be supplanted in the same way as they rose. They never dreamt of pensioning or paying tribute to their predecessors; and had we, when we established ourselves in their stead by as a title as ever they possessed, treated them in a similar fashion, they could have had little reason to complain. Policy, indeed, in some cases, demanded that we should soften their descent from the musnud, and generosity dictated a similar course; but clearly the pensions given ought not to have been for all time, but in the shape of terminable and decreasing annuities. And when we find £160,000 still paid to the descendant of Meer Jaffier, a mock Nawab of Bengal created by ourselves, (!) besides £90,000 to the families of former Nawabs of the same province,—£116,000 to the descendant of the Nawab of the Carnatic, a functionary likewise created by ourselves,—£118,000 to the descendant of the Rajah of Tanjore, a petty military chief,—£64,000 to the families of Hyder and Tippoo, descendants of an upstart usurper, and our bitterest enemy, who fought to the last, and with whom no terms were made,—and other suchlike pensions —we naturally regret that the weakness of the Company should in those times have been so great, or its discrimination so little, as to have burdened the future with such deplorable obligations, which hamper our empire, and for the sake of an unworthy few, lay a million and a half of needless taxation upon the backs of our Indian subjects.

Nothing can be done without money. Therefore, before considering what progress has been made in improving the social, industrial, and political condition of our Indian empire, it behoves us to see what are the "ways and means" at the disposal of the Indian Government. At present, the gross revenue of British India amounts in round numbers to twenty-nine millions sterling; from which must be deducted the charges of collection, amounting to about four millions, and the pensions to native princes and other assignments under treaties amounting to two and a half millions,—leaving a net revenue from all our present possessions of twenty-two and a half millions. Three-fifths of the whole of this net revenue is derived from the land-tax and excise (the latter of these yielding only £1,000,000)—one-seventh from opium, and one-

ninth from salt; customs and stamps yield about six per cent. more; and the remainder is made up of various imposts, ordinary and extraordinary, the produce of which is trifling compared with their cost of collection. Of the expenditure, the military establishment alone consumes about fifty-six per cent., and the marine about two per cent.; the civil administration costs about twenty-five per cent., the home establishments about three per cent., and fourteen per cent goes for the interest of money expended in acquiring the country,—being divided on stock and the interest of the Debt. The three Presidencies contribute in very different measures to the revenue. The Bengal presidency—including the North-west Provinces, Oude, and the Punjab—with a net revenue of sixteen millions, yields a surplus of fully five and a half millions; Madras, with a net revenue of three and a quarter millions, gives a surplus of half a million; and Bombay, with a net revenue of two and a half millions, shows a deficit of a third of a million. Bengal is thus seen to be the most paying of the three presidencies; but as the opium tax may be considered rather as an imperial than a local source of revenue, and as two and a half millions sterling of this tax is raised in Bengal, this amount ought to be deducted in comparing the profitableness of the separate presidencies; and a deduction of more than three-quarters of a million must on the same account be made from the revenue of Bombay. Madras grows no opium, and contributes not so far short of its fair share of revenue; but Bombay is in every respect the chief source of loss. The public debt of India amounts to about forty-eight millions, and there is also a bond debt at home of four millions,—and the interest upon these forms an annual charge on the revenue of two and a quarter millions.

The revenue of our Indian empire appears small when compared with that of Great Britain; but if there be deducted from each the amount of its public debt, it will be found that the available revenue of the two countries is not very dissimilar in amount. The great difference between the financial state of the two empires does not consist in the larger revenue enjoyed by the British Government in ordinary times, but in the capacity of the United Kingdom to greatly increase its revenue on extraordinary occasions, whereas our Indian territories cannot do so. The enormous amount of realised wealth in the British Isles forms a reservoir from which large drafts may be made by the Government in extraordinary times; but there is little accumulated wealth in India, the great mass of the people having just enough to procure themselves the means of existence. Hence the amazing elasticity of Britain's finances compared with those of India, or indeed with those of any other country.

In ordinary times the Indian revenue is equal to the charges upon it; and the Public Debt has been occasioned by the extraordinary expenses of war. Wars—wars forced upon us and inevitable—while adding new provinces to our empire, have been the great impediments to our financial progress. But it is childish to expect to get an empire without having to pay for it. The first Burmese war, in 1824–6, of itself cost fifteen millions of money. In 1835–6, at the close of Lord Bentinck's peaceful administration, the financial embarrassment produced by the Burmese war had been allayed, and there was a surplus of nearly a million and a half. "In the following year, the surplus was a million and a quarter; in the next, three-quarters of a million. In the next year (1838–9) the surplus had altogether disappeared, and the awkward word 'deficit' appeared in the accounts. Then came the Affghan war. A British army was pushed across the Indus; and the deficit for the year 1839–40 reached the alarming amount of more than two millions sterling. From this time to the year 1848–9 there has been an average deficiency of a million and a half a-year."* In conse-

* Campbell's *Modern India*, p. 439.

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* CAMPBELL'S *Modern India*, p. 439.

In the following year a surplus reappeared, to the extent of half a million, and a similar surplus was obtained in 1852–3; but in the three years which have elapsed since then, there has been incurred a deficit of nearly six millions. This deficit, however, unlike its predecessors, is no loss; for it has been occasioned by the Government expenditure on public works, which will soon be sources of profit to the State,—and also by paying off a portion of the Indian Debt, on occasion of the conversion of the Five-per-cent. loan into Three-and-a-half per cents. To show the true state of the case, we may mention that the estimated deficit for the current year (1856–7) is £1,635,520, while the amount to be expended on public works is £1,734,000; so that, but for this profitable outlay on public works, the yearly revenue would more than equal the yearly expenditure.

The revenues of every country fluctuate from year to year, both in the mass and in detail; and this is especially the case with India at present, owing to the recent acquisitions of territory there. Accordingly, in our exposition of its finances, we have not adhered to the exact items of any particular year's budget. Our figures are approximative merely,—being designed to convey to the reader a general idea of the Indian finances, without plunging him into a host of wearisome and perplexing details. What cannot fail to strike the mind, and perhaps excite the curiosity of even a cursory reader of the preceding statement, is the widely different nature of the Indian taxes from those customary in Europe. A land-tax, for instance, yielding more than half of the entire revenue, is something strange to us in Europe,—so is a salt-tax yielding three millions, and an opium tax yielding four and a half millions; while the trifle derived from the customs and excise (not two millions in all), and the total absence of income-tax, house-tax, &c., are arrangements equally novel and enviable. To understand these peculiar features eating nothing but maize or rice, and wearing nothing but a cotton rag round their middle, the impotency of excise or customs will be apparent, and the regrettable necessity for a salt-tax will be better understood. When we find throughout India a general absence of large fortunes and a wealthy middle-class, it becomes obvious that a tax on property would be out of place. And, finally, the remarkable adherence of the people to ancient practice, and their unconquerable aversion to direct taxation, are facts which solve the rest of the mystery, and show that in continuing the taxative system which we found in operation in India, we acted not only from necessity, but on the whole for the best. In succeeding to the empire of India, we found no *tabula rasa* whereon to write what we pleased, but a taxative system which in its general features had been in operation for two thousand years. The very slowness of our progress to supremacy,—incorporating at intervals here a district and there a province—prevented the adoption of any comprehensive scheme founded on European notions of administration. And in this fact lies the key to our success. For had we, instead of falling in with the customs and spirit of the country, presumptuously introduced a new system fabricated according to our English ideas of administrative perfection, we should have shocked so many prejudices, and infringed so many rights, that the empire of India would have crumbled under our grasp.

When the British first began the work of administration in their Indian territories, the most novel and perplexing feature that presented itself to them was the relation of the Government and people to the soil. The great mass of the population are entirely dependent for support upon the land. The means of existence are easily procurable in India: the warmth of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the simple wants of the people, combine to make living a much easier thing there than with us. There are there no poor-rates, by

the land, to the cultivation of which the masses have from time immemorial devoted themselves, is (speaking generally) regarded as a vast raw material for the manufacture of which into the means of support every facility is given. The common law or usage of India has from the most ancient times established a species of Tenant-right, in virtue of which no peasant can be dispossessed of his ground as long as he pays the rent, —and even this rent is no arbitrary thing, but is regulated by what is called the "Pergunnah rates," or rate usual in the district. Thus land is not such an absolute property there as with us. In truth, landed property in India confers a right rather to the rent than to the soil itself; and any sale of land, while transferring the rent, cannot dispossess the cultivators. As long as the cultivators pay the rent, there can be no "evictions," neither can the proprietor interfere to defraud the tenant of the benefit of the improvements he has effected. This is the general rule, and is what *should be* universally; unfortunately in some districts, especially Lower Bengal, our ignorance of Indian usages led us to establish an order of things by which the rights of the people have been permitted to be infringed to a most regrettable extent. So much for the relation of the Cultivators to the soil. The relation of the Proprietors to the land opens to us fresh novelties. There are different kinds of proprietorship. First, there is the Zemindaree tenure, or large-property system, where a large extent of ground is owned (or rather its rents drawn) by a single individual,—or by two or three joint-owners, who make no division of the estate, but simply draw fractional portions of the rent; and these Zemindars hold their properties on condition of paying a certain amount of land-revenue to the Government. Secondly, there is the Ryotwaree system, by which the cultivator is likewise the proprietor; or rather, under which there is no middleman or quasi-proprietor between the peasant and the Government, and the former pays rent in the form of land-tax

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remission, but actual assistance from the Government, becomes necessary to keep the ryot from ruin, and to enable him to labour effectively for the future: all which requires an amount of minute superintendence, by upright and zealous men, such as it is impossible for any Government to afford. Otherwise the Ryotwaree system would be the most perfect of any. The other two systems, while not possessing some of the advantages of the Ryotwaree tenure, at least escape its great defect; because they bring into play an intermediate class, having a permanent interest in the soil, whose profits enable them to accumulate capital and lay it out in aid of the ryots when necessary. Such a class is the Zemindars, and also the Potails and members of the village-communities. The latter or Putteedaree system, though not universally adoptable, appears to us the best; for, while relieving the Government of much trouble, and leaving each community to manage its own affairs, under it the right of the cultivator is recorded and respected, so as to prevent rack-renting on the part of the proprietors. The Zemindaree system has not prevented rack-renting; and moreover, the valuation of land having been permanently *fixed* in Bengal, and not liable to revision at intervals of years as is the case elsewhere, the Government unduly loses thereby. It must be allowed, however, that a much greater extent of land has been brought into cultivation under the Zemindaree system than under the others; so that, if the Government has been a loser, there has at least been an important accumulation of capital in private hands. Every traveller is struck with the thriving aspect of the Bengal districts where this system prevails. The jungle has entirely disappeared; and a man may go for miles in any direction east and north of Calcutta, and see plains succeeding to plains where there is not one *bigah* of unproductive soil.

The great moot point respecting the Zemindaree system is the manner in which it affects the ryots or peasantry. Some able men maintain that the peasantry of Bengal "cannot be said to be more miserable than the peasantry of any other part of the world;"* while others, with at least equal show of reason, maintain the reverse. These latter urge, "that although many classes in Bengal, more especially artisans, shopkeepers, gardeners, and money-dealers, have prospered under our rule, the peasantry have been raised but little from their ancient state of degradation; and in some districts they have been reduced to a condition which is practically pauperism."† One of the latest and most competent writers on this point takes this latter view, and adds—"The low condition of the cultivators is borne out by the continued prevalence of the crime of dakoity, or robbery by gangs, with open violence, in spite of great improvements in the police and constant attention to it. Now, this crime has entirely disappeared in the North-west Provinces since the new settlement, which secured to the cultivating ryots moderate and fair rents. It is evident that where there is a regular government and police, and yet predatory crimes cannot be checked, the cause must lie in the misery and desperation of a large class of the community. At least this must be evident to men familiar with, and accustomed to analyse, the workings of Government."‡ We observe from the last Overland mail that the missionaries in Calcutta have

* *Calcutta Review.* † Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*, Oct. 12.
‡ *An Account of the Land-Revenue of British India.* By F. H. Robinson, late Member of the Board of Revenue, North-west Provinces. P. 33. London: 1856.

matter; and as the missionaries have a profound acquaintance with the people, and are the only class to whom the peasantry will speak openly, and also as they are, as a rule, strong supporters of the Government, we anticipate that their prayer will be granted. No Government can part with the obligation to secure right and justice for its subjects. And certainly, if there be oppression, it exists in opposition to the wish, and even to the enactments, of the Indian Government. The "perpetual settlement," as made by Lord Cornwallis, provided that the ryots should not pay higher rents than the Pergunnah rates,—*i. e.*, the customary though variable rates of rent on particular soils and produce, prevailing in the district,—and that beyond the rent they should pay nothing. "These laws," says Mr. Robinson, "are still on the statute-book, though, to the great detriment of the country, they have not, from the want of sufficient machinery, and sufficient knowledge in the early administrators, been carried out."* In truth, in the early part of our Indian administration we were but groping. And it could not be otherwise; for the country, the language, and the habits of the people were alike strange to us; and moreover, owing to the long prevalence of adverse circumstances, we found the native municipal institutions and territorial usages in some measure obscured, and the population themselves in an abnormal condition.

Having premised these things, let us now behold the Administrative System of British India,—the mighty fabric of power which we have reared upon the Indian plains, and which holds together an empire which extends everywhere from the Himalayas to the sea.

We have seen that one-half of the net revenue of India is absorbed by its military establishments. A vast host of nearly 350,000 fighting men is maintained, to guard this empire of a hundred and fifty million souls

thousand are pure British while the remainder are S native troops. The main this army is massed in, ready to move towards, the and north-western provinces is the quarter where offensiv fensive movements will be quired. The British troops salt of our vast Indian army. are to it what Alexander's Macedonians were to his m merous array of spirited steady Asiatics. The mos powering odds or the most cannonade will hardly make troops recoil. They may be as regards flash and *élan*, solidity, bottom, and a cour never wavers, they are in able. Hence their great va nucleus to an Asiatic host, is constitutionally more li sudden panics. But drilled as it is by British officers, ou army is second only to the ropean troops. Its compos remarkable. Natives of all India—of all tribes—of all are to be found in its rank races who most stoutly oppos Rohillas, Rajpoots, Seikhs, tas—now muster most nu under our banners. Indeed part of our policy; and so, enemy is defeated, or a prov nexed, the native troops, in being permitted to wander predatory bands, are furnish congenial and well paid emp in the service of the Compar Indian army, however, is no engine of war. Rightly co it will be seen to be a pow strument for leavening with ideas the mass of the people. nent body of above 300,000 clusive of the host of camp-f all of them with relatives an many of them with familie fail to spread widely the gli of new ideas they have acqui contact with the Europea although such influence ma feeble, continued from year

* *An Account of the Land-Revenue of British India.* By F. H. Ros Member of the Board of Revenue, North-west Provinces. P. 33. Lond

native community.

The sword and the pen together rule mankind. Along with the Army must go the Civil Service. This also constitutes a numerous body; and, like the army, its composition presents the spectacle of a large body of natives filling the lower posts and supplying the menial or mechanical agency, headed by a comparatively small number of Europeans. Before describing the Civil Service, we must explain the difference between the Regulation and non-Regulation provinces of our Indian empire. The former, consisting of our older territories, are governed by regularly enacted and published laws, commencing with the Cornwallis code. These provinces are administered exclusively by the Civil Service, and no exceptions can be made in revenue or judicial matters to the strict letter of the law. The non-Regulation provinces are those acquired in more recent times (since the beginning of the century), to which the regular code has not been applied, and which are governed simply by instructions from the Governor-General. Officers of the Army, as well as members of the Civil Service, are eligible for administrative appointments in these latter terriories (which include the Punjab, Scinde, Oude, &c.); and in these the spirit of the law is more regarded than the letter, so that exceptional cases are more easily met than in the Regulation provinces. We may also explain that of the two classes of which the Civil Service is composed—namely, the Covenanted and Uncovenanted—the former and much higher class are nominated at first by the Company (*i. e.* Court of Directors), and are trained in and sent out from England; while the Uncovenanted members are appointed

containing also a considerable number of Europeans and half-castes.*

At the top of the pyramid of the Civil Service stands the Supreme Government, and the subordinate Governments of Madras and Bombay, with their respective councils, secretariats, boards, &c. Then come the judges, magistrates, and collectors of the various districts, with their "assistants"—all belonging to the covenanted service, or to officers taken from the army for civil duties; then deputy-magistrates and collectors, inferior judges, and Tehseeldars, belonging to the uncovenanted class, and chiefly natives. In the north-western provinces, Madras, and Bombay, the offices of magistrate and collector are united in one person, who is of the same rank and pay as the judge—in north-western India, indeed, the former is the more important personage; but in Bengal, the magistrate and the collector are separate officers—the former being nearer to a police magistrate, and the latter to a mere revenue-receiver—while the judge is an officer of higher grade. Our Indian territories are divided into about 160 districts or prefectures. These districts vary much in size, but on the average comprise 4000 square miles and 700,000 souls each, with £120,000 of land revenue. Each district has a magistrate and collector, who has under him a deputy and an assistant, both belonging to the covenanted service; and also two or three uncovenanted deputy-magistrates and collectors, whom he may employ in almost any duties. In Madras and Bombay, as the districts are generally larger, there is a larger staff. The judicial districts are not necessarily conterminous with those of the magistrate and collector, and there

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* The Europeans in the Uncovenanted service are of two classes,—"either adventurers picked up in India, men who have gone out in some other calling, have acquired some experience in the country, and have eventually obtained Government employ; or of another class which has lately begun to seek for these highly respectable and well-paid appointments,—viz. the sons of commissioned officers, who cannot obtain appointments in the Company's regular services. . . The Native uncovenanted servants are principally drawn from the class of individuals or families attached to our service, and who have made it their profession from youth."—CAMPBELL'S *Modern India*, p. 290–1.

anted service numbers rather more than 800 individuals; there are about 200 military officers employed in civil duties; and the uncovenanted service numbers about 1850 (drawing salaries of from £100 to £800 and even £1200.) This gives a total of about 2900 persons, of whom more than a half are natives, employed in the civil administration of the country. Lastly comes the class of inferior and ministerial servants, whose number must be immense. Each district-magistrate's office has about forty of these employés attached to it, and so has each judge's office; then in each district there are, on the average, ten or twelve revenue-divisions, each with an establishment of twenty or thirty persons,—and also from ten to thirty police divisons, each having from a dozen to fifty policemen, besides smaller posts. In all, about 100,000 inferior servants; which, joined to the Civil Service, gives (conjecturally) from 130,000 to 150,000 persons engaged in the civil administration of our Indian empire.

The host of young men whom the British Isles annually send forth to recruit these vast Indian establishments used to owe their appointments to the favour of the Court of Directors; but recently this patronage has been abolished, and a system of competitive public examinations instituted in its stead. The examination system is still in its infancy,—great defects characterise it, and we shall not over-sanguinely predicate its success. It will suffice to exclude incapables, —it will prevent the admission of that class which at present go by the name of "the Company's bad bargains;" and by so doing it will insure a respectable mediocrity. But the probability is that it will exclude not a few young men who in after life would have proved among the best upholders of our Indian empire. Different temperaments, like different kinds of trees, have different times for development. Many first-class natures are slow of growth. And if we do not take care, our examination systems will draft into the Indian service far too many fast-sprouting

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the hideous crime of Thuggee that first fairly let in the light upon us. In 1810, we find an order issued by the commander-in-chief, cautioning the Sepoys about to proceed on leave to their homes, against "a description of murderers denominated Thugs;" but it was not until twenty years afterwards that the secrets of the horrible fraternity became known, and active measures were adopted for its suppression. Then it was that the startling fact flashed upon the Indian Government, that there was a regular class of its subjects to whom murder was a profession, and not only a profession, but also a religion; and that a great brotherhood of crime, having taken a sacrament with all possible solemnity, went about the country murdering in cold bloodless style, by strangling, in remote places, unwary travellers whom they could seduce into their toils. All this was done with the most consummate art and profound secresy; the members assumed disguises, and played parts, with the greatest address; they had also a secret dialect of their own, and secret signs by which they silently communicated with each other. These gangs had no permanent form; the members assembled for a murdering expedition, and dispersed, vanished, when it was over. They belonged, for the most part, to particular villages, where they left their wives and children; and they outwardly followed some peaceful calling. The real cause of their occasional absences was often a matter of open notoriety; but they did not murder their neighbours,—indeed, the village benefited by the blood-money that was brought home; the Zemindar, or head-man, was paid a tribute or hush-money, and the police officials were likewise bribed into silence. "I and my fathers have been Thugs for twenty generations," said one of these professional stranglers; and they even believed that their patron goddess Davee had sent judgments and death upon all the native princes who had persecuted them. But in the Company they encountered a more redoubtable foe. Captured Thugs were got to

culties of the case; the gangs were hunted down in all directions; our jails were filled with Thugs: and a great and horrid institution which had existed for centuries was broken up in a few years. Davee was vanquished. "The Company's good fortune is such," said the discomfited murderers, "that before the sound of your drums, sorcerers, witches, and demons take flight; and how can Thuggee stand?" An occasional traveller may still at intervals be strangled by the wayside; but the system is destroyed—the profession ruined—the guild scattered, never again to be associated into a great corporate body.

Another crime peculiar to India, though less so than Thuggee, was Dakoitee, or systematic gang-robbery. The externals of this crime early forced themselves upon the notice of our Indian administrators, but it was not till recently discovered that Dakoitee was the normal condition of whole tribes born and bred to the profession,—that there were robber-castes in India just as there were soldier-castes or writer-castes, and that men went out to prey upon the property of their fellows—and, if need be, on their lives—with strict religious observance of sacrament and sacrifice. Not that all Dakoitee was of this hereditary character; there were also lay members, as it were, of the profession, who troubled themselves little about presiding goddesses, and set about their work in a less scientific style; but these all rallied round men of the hereditary castes as leaders, and believed they could accomplish little without their agency. Like the Thugs, the Dakoits all have settled abodes, and ostensibly follow a peaceful calling, although the object of their frequent journeys is no secret to the rest of the villagers. Indeed, the head-man of the village and the police share the spoil with the successful robbers; and the former even supplies them with food and clothing in time of need, and makes monied advances to them. It was not till 1843 that special and vigorous

Colonel Sleeman, who had succeeded so well against the Thugs, was appointed to the task, and accomplished a great deal of good. He and his associates struck at the robber-castes, which are now wellnigh extinguished. The hereditary feature peculiar to India has been destroyed, but Dakoitee, or ordinary gang-robbery, is not suppressed. In Bengal, as we have said, the crime has appeared in great virulence; and probably nothing will suffice to put an end to it as long as the condition of the peasantry in certain districts is not improved.

The history of British conquest in the East has certainly a bright side. In its chapters will be found recorded the exploits of men striving and toiling under the fiery skies of the Tropics, and sacrificing often life itself in their efforts to elevate the social condition of the people by whom they were surrounded. Look, for instance, at the case of Mairwara, the romantic tale of the civilisation of which district has already been set forth in the pages of Maga.* Thirty-five years ago we found there, in the very heart of India, a race of savage marauders—many of them fugitives from other states, men whom society had spewed out—with little or no regard for human life or liberty, practising infanticide, selling their mothers, and committing every kind of atrocity without shame or remorse. In 1821 we subjugated the country of these freebooters; and as early as 1827 Captain Hall, the excellent officer to whom the work of improvement was confided, was able to report "the complete and voluntary abolition of the two revolting customs, female infanticide and the sale of women;" while the re-marriage of widows was provided for, and the worst forms of slavery abolished. In 1835 Captain Dixon succeeded to the charge of the district, and under him the work of civilisation went on with a success that has left nothing to be desired. And by what measures have those savage tribes been reclaimed? In Mairwara, as elsewhere, the Indian Gov-

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* See "Romance of Mairwara," in the Number for February

therefore, that when the country first passed into our hands, not a few measures for the reclamation of these tribes were tried without success. It was reserved for James Outram—an officer who has since won for himself one of the most distinguished reputations in India, and who is now doing for Oude what Thomason has done for the North-west Provinces, and Lawrence for the Punjab—then a lieutenant in the Bombay Native Infantry, to give successful effect to the philanthropic measures of the Government. Under his able management, a local battalion, the Bheel Corps, long despaired of as impracticable, at length began to take form. Outram brought his wild recruits into familiar contact with the high-caste Sepoys of his own regiment, and the conciliatory manners of the old soldiers went far to rivet the confidence which the bold frank manner of their young leader had already engendered. The work of civilisation then went on rapidly. A careful surveillance of the people, preservation of the peace, and administration of justice, were inaugurated; their old profession of village watchmen was opened to the Bheels, and liberal encouragement was given to them to settle and devote themselves to agricultural pursuits. So great was the success which attended these efforts, that in 1843 it was officially reported that "the districts formerly the scene of every outrage, where neither life nor property was secure, now enjoyed tranquillity; the roads formerly hazardous for the armed party, were traversed at all hours by single passengers; the formidable list of crimes had dwindled down to a few paltry thefts; and the Bheels, from outcasts, had become members of society, daily rising in respectability and appearance, and becoming useful and obedient servants of the State." Since then education has been made to lend its aid in the work of improvement. The schoolmaster has taken the young Bheel in hand, and has brought him within the pale of civilised life; and there is now no fear of a relapse.

Such is the beneficent work of reclamation which the Indian Government pursues in the more barbarous districts submitted to its sway. Its mode of dealing with larger territories long subjected to anarchy or native misrule,—how it establishes in them a reign of order and justice, and how diligently it sets about developing the agricultural resources of the country, thereby furnishing employment for the formerly predatory population,—we have fully shown in a recent Number, by reference to the Punjab and the other provinces annexed during Lord Dalhousie's rule.* It remains for us to notice briefly some cruel and horrible customs and rites prevalent among the natives of India, which our Government has succeeded in either wholly or partially suppressing.

India is the great land of inconsistencies. Nowhere, among certain classes of the population, is life, in all its manifestations, more venerated and cared for; yet nowhere, in the mass, is it less regarded,—and that not from any sanguinary disposition, but simply from an indifference to its value. Suttee, or widow-burning, is one of those cruel rites of which we need not speak,—the subject being so familiar to the British public. Yet what a striking spectacle was it,—how indicative of the strange people we had found in India, and of the gulf that separated our sympathies from theirs—to see "a young woman—one, in our eyes, perhaps little more than a child—ascend with heavenly composure the funeral pile of her husband, and with an unaltered countenance resign herself to a cruel death. You saw her calmly and gracefully performing the last offices due to the dead, and the last courtesies to the living; serenely decorating her person as for a bridal, and in an unbroken voice repeating the formulas of prayer dictated by the unpitying priests; then walking with steady tread round the pyre, mounting it without a shudder of fear, and perishing without a murmur."† The belief was that the spirits of those heroines, thus purged from sin,

* See "India under Lord Dalhousie," in the August number of the Magazine.
† Kaye, p. 524.

The practice of Suttee was never universal throughout India: it prevailed most in Bengal and Hindostan Proper, yet even there was not general. The Court of Directors, as usual, were foremost in desiring the suppression of this horrible rite,—the Indian Government hesitating for some time to interfere so greatly with the religious ideas of the natives. Thus supported at home, however, Lord William Bentinck, with high moral courage, issued a decree which banished the rite from the British territories; and such, since then, has been the zeal and tact of Colonel Ludlow and other of our officers at the native Courts, that an instance of Suttee is now almost unknown.

The Meriah sacrifice—the immolation of a human being to propitiate the Earth-Goddess—was another startling rite which met us in India. But, unlike Suttee, it was a rite foreign to the true Hindoos and the tribes professing the Brahminical faith, and was restricted to certain half-savage tribes in the mountainous recesses of the interior, remnants of a wave of quasi-aboriginal population that had spread over the land before the Hindoos rose to supremacy. It was amidst the pestilential jungles on the Orissa hills that we first came face to face with the Khonds. For nearly a century we and they had dwelt within a short distance of each other, without the least contact or mutual knowledge. In 1835, however, the British troops occupied Goomsar, and after a brief but spirited struggle, the Khond tribes of the hills were subjugated. Then it was that Lieutenant Macpherson, when employed in the work of surveying at the foot of the hills, was struck with the strange religious and social life of these wild tribes, and, at the very outset, stumbled upon the painful fact that the tribes were in the habit of offering up to their deities human beings purchased or bred for the purpose! The Khonds believe that the Supreme Being, or God of

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* Kaye, p. 498–9.

us "Boora Pennu's people"—agents of the God of Light; and the result was that in a short time throughout all the Orissa hills, the Meriah sacrifice was abandoned, and the omnipotence of Tari Pennu, the evil Earth-Goddess, sank down into a delusion and a sham.

Among those hill tribes of Orissa we came in contact also with the practice of Female Infanticide,—another vicious peculiarity of Indian society which the British Government has succeeded in suppressing. Female Infanticide is a practice not confined to India; it prevails to a very considerable extent amongst the dense population of China; and in every country the general crime of infanticide exists as an occasional consequence of illicit love. But in China it is acknowledged to be a crime, and in other countries is punished as such; whereas in India it is regarded as an allowable and even commendable practice. Here again we find a striking anomaly in Hindoo character. The parental instinct is as strong in the people of India as in any people in the world; and even where no parental tie exists, the tenderness with which strong bearded men devote themselves to the care of young children is as touching as it is remarkable. A childless woman, too, is a miserable woman,—a hissing and a reproach; and she can only account for so great an affliction by fancying it sent upon her for some grievous sin committed in a pre-existent state. Nevertheless, in some parts of India female infanticide has for generations been a *custom!* The fact is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the Hindoo character represents the emotional rather than the calculating utilitarian side of humanity; and yet, as by a fatality, we find both the emotional and the rationalistic principles producing in this case a similar result. For, in truth, female infanticide is practised by two very different classes, and from two dissimilar sets of motives, in India. In China, in Europe, and in certain parts of India, it is among the lowest classes that infanticide prevails, as a relief from future burdens for which they deem themselves unequal. In Hindostan Proper, on the contrary, the practice is peculiar to the higher orders, and especially the Rajpoots. Among these, the circle within which marriages must be contracted is narrowed by the exclusiveness of caste, and marriage itself is an expensive thing from the costly usages with which it is attended. Yet in India, celibacy is disgraceful,—an unmarried daughter is a reproach alike to her parents and to herself. Moreover, the Rajpoot assumes that unchastity is the necessary condition of unmarried life; and to preserve the purity of his daughters and the honour of his house, he "cleared away" his female children a few hours after their birth. When a messenger from the zenana announced to him the birth of a daughter, the Rajpoot chief would coolly roll up between his fingers a tiny opium ball, to be conveyed to the mother, who thereupon rubbed on her nipple the sleepy poison, and the babe drank in death with its mother's milk. In a country where polygamy is common and concubinage not dishonourable, and where an unconnected man is rarely to be found, a widely-diffused system of female infanticide would be an impossibility. But in the localities and amongst the tribes to which the practice was confined, the sacrifice of life was terrible, and whole villages might be seen without a female child! To uproot this cruel practice was the most difficult task ever undertaken by our Indian Government. The evil existed alike in Central and Western India, among the high-caste Rajpoots, and among the savage Mairs and Khonds and Boads; and the undemonstrative nature of the crime, as well as the inviolable privacy which screens female life in India, presented obstacles all but insuperable to its suppression. Moreover, as the practice was most prevalent in native States, not subject to our rule, the greater part of the philanthropic work of suppression had to be accomplished by the tact and persuasion of our officers, rather than by the exercise of direct power. But there were men equal to the task; in due time success crowned our efforts; and the names of Sutherland, Ludlow, Thoresby, Willoughby, and others, will long be held in grateful memory,

regime inaugurated for the females of India, whether married or unmarried.

In all its efforts for the moral and social improvement of the people, the Indian Government has proceeded on the principle that you cannot suppress a widespread vice without clearing away the circumstances which give it birth. If you would clear a field of weeds, you must, while uprooting them, put the soil in a position to grow something better. It followed this plan with the Bheels, and Mairs, and Khonds, and other wild tribes, of which we have been speaking. It is trying a similar course now upon the population at large by means of Education. It was in 1813 that the first movement by the Government took place in this direction; and in the Charter Act of that year, it was provided that a lakh of rupees (£10,000) should be annually "applied to the revival and improvement of literature, and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories in India." But it was not until 1823 that anything was actually done, and then not in the right direction. Down to 1835, all the larger educational establishments supported by the Government, with the exception of the Hindoo College of Calcutta, were decidedly Oriental—too Oriental—in their character; and the whole scope of the instruction tended to conciliate old prejudices, and to propagate old ideas. The result was a dreary failure. But the Court of Directors were resolved to succeed, and their letters on the subject were singularly unreserved in expression, as well as enlightened in spirit. Frankly admitting that our assumption of the administration of India had so far been detrimental to the higher classes of the natives, in that it had deprived them of official employment, the Court urged that it was therefore our duty to afford them the best equivalent in our power, and that nothing better could be offered than such sound European instruc-

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of these latter colleges being to instruct and train natives for every kind of work required in the service of the Government in its department of Public Works. Finally, crowning and eclipsing all that had gone before, on the 19th July 1854 there went forth from the Court of Directors the great Education Despatch, containing a scheme of education for all India,—"far wider and more comprehensive," says Lord Dalhousie, "than any the local or the Supreme Governments could ever have ventured to suggest. It left nothing to be desired, if indeed it did not authorize and direct that more should be done than is within our present grasp." The main features of this great plan are the establishment of vernacular schools throughout the districts, with Government colleges of a higher grade, and a university in each of the three Presidencies; while grants-in-aid to all educational institutions are sanctioned, subject to certain rules, and on the condition of Government inspection being at all times fully admitted.

It is the fashion with some of our home politicians to speak of the administration of the Court of Directors as if it were something peculiarly sluggish and behind the times; but the idea is the mere offspring of ignorance, of conclusions drawn from too narrow a sphere of observation, or of most exuberant expectations which far overleap the limits of judgment and practicability. For ourselves, we find it impossible to come to any other conclusion than that entertained by Alison and other of our widest-seeing and calmest-judging authorities—namely, that the administration of British India, so far from having much to learn from our Parliamentary regime at home, has been infinitely more successful than if the destinies of our Eastern Empire had been ruled from Downing Street, at the beck of any gust of folly or excitement on the part of the British Commons. Parliamentary government does very well for a people that can govern themselves; but as people ever ignorantly persist in judging of the wants and wishes of other nations by their own, it is to be feared that errors of the gravest kind would soon be committed were the fortunes of India to be swayed without check by the representatives of the Ten-pounders of England.

To complete our sketch of the present condition of the Indian Empire, it remains to note what has been done for the material improvement of the country. It is somewhat curious that efforts for the moral and social elevation of the people took a definite shape before the development of the material resources of the country was equally visibly attended to. Indeed, although the mere extension of British rule in India brought with it a great increase to the wellbeing of the people, it was not till Lord Dalhousie assumed the reins of government that the execution of great public works for improving the country fairly commenced. Foremost among these we must mention the Canals for the joint purpose of irrigation and navigation; and chief among these stands the great Ganges Canal,—a work without its parallel in the world. Major Cautley (now knighted for his distinguished services) was the engineer of this great work; and under his superintendence, within eight years the whole main lines of the canal, applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, were designed, executed, and opened. Extending over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth 10 feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet, the main irrigation of the Ganges Canal is a work which stands unequalled in its class and character among the efforts of civilised nations. Its length is five-fold greater than that of all the main lines of Lombardy united, and more than twice the length of the aggregate irrigation lines of Lombardy and Egypt together. As a single work of navigation for purposes of commerce, the Ganges has no competitor throughout the world, except the Imperial Canal of China. No single canal in Europe has attained to half the magnitude of this Indian work. It nearly equals the aggregate length of the four greatest canals in France. It greatly exceeds all the first-class canals of Holland put together; and it is greater by

line alone. Taking into account the branches, the canal will extend to about 900 miles in length; and the area, which may be irrigated by its waters, will not be less than a million and a half of acres. But none can estimate in their full extent the blessings which its fertilising influence will confer upon millions, whom it has now placed beyond the reach of those periodical calamities of season which from time to time, as in 1837, have brought upon the plains of Hindostan the widespread desolation of famine and death. The canal leaves the bed of the Ganges at Hurdwar, close to the foot of the Himalayas. It was opened by Lord Dalhousie in person on the 8th April 1854. And well worthy was the scene of the picturesque lines with which the Anglo-Indian muse hailed the birth of this new river-offspring of the mighty Himalayas:—

"O ancient peaks
Cold-glancing in the early sun!
This crowd in every murmur speaks
Your glory. Now is done
Your lonely age; your true life is begun,—
Barren no more! . . .
And years to come shall hear your praise
Far other than the fame of demon-gods,
Holding their grim abodes
On Meru's top through fabled secular days.
Years hence some aged man will say—
Of those who stand to-day
By the glad baptism of your youngest-born,—
When, from his fruit-grove, far around
He eyes the green and affluent ground:—
'I stood among them on that shining morn,
I saw the Ruler of the Land
Let loose the waters with an easy hand;
The River, vainly idolised of yore,
Now first her servants blessed;
The white-topp'd mountains never bore
Us benefit before,
Till taught by those wise strangers from the West!'"*

Of the great Baree Doab canal, and smaller works of irrigation in the Punjab, we have already spoken,† as well as of the 600 miles of canals in the district of Mooltan, which have recently been put in more efficient order than they ever were, even in the palmy days of Sawun

have likewise been constructed, serving to reclaim portions of the sandy wastes to steady fertility. Nor have these beneficent works been neglected in the Madras Presidency, though there they assume another form. Vast dams or annicuts across the rivers there take the place of the canals of the northern provinces,—the mass of water thus obtained from the rivers being led over the soil in a thousand minor channels. A magnificent work of this kind is the great annicut across the river Godavery, designed and executed by Colonel Cotton, whereby the means of irrigation has been given to large tracts of country, formerly exposed to constant risk of sterility and famine from want of water. The rivers Kristna, Pennair, Cavery, and Venaar, are likewise the scene of great works of this kind, which will utilise their streams, and convert their waters, now flowing idly to the sea, into a munificent agent of good to the surrounding population.

So much for the works of irrigation,—of all others the most important for developing the resources of torrid India, and augmenting the wellbeing of its inhabitants. Next in order come the measures for improving the general communications of the country. It is long since the Ganges was covered with a flotilla of river-steamers, provided by the Government and by the enterprise of private companies, for conveying the great trade which seeks passage on its waters. But it was not till recently that any navigation deserving the name sprang up on the other great river of India. The conquest of Scinde put us in possession of the lower course of the Indus, but it was not till the conquest of the Punjab gave the upper stream also into our possession, that the navigation of the river presented itself as an object of first-rate importance. Ever since the beginning of the century, the gradual extension of our territory in Hindostan

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* *Ex Eremo. Poems chiefly written in India.* By H. G. KEENE.
† See "India under Lord Dalhousie," August number, p. 233.

unhesitatingly approve of the railways now in progress in India; nevertheless we think the Indian Government will commit an error if it seek to develope the railway system much further for many years to come; for be it remembered, although railroads are most advantageous in the midst of a dense population accustomed to habits of incessant locomotion, and in a country where the goods' traffic consists of articles of high value compared to their bulk, they are of much less use where the mass of the people (as in India) are rural cultivators of very stationary habits, and the bulky low-priced produce of whose fields cannot bear the high rates of railway carriage. Water communication is eight times cheaper than the minimum charge by railway, and the speed of railways is of no consequence in the transport of imperishable goods, such as cotton, rice, and grain. Useful as railways are, it is a maxim of common sense that their construction be delayed until more pressing wants and profitable works are supplied. And such wants India has in abundance; for instance, works of irrigation, of which there can hardly be too many, —the making of ordinary roads, in regions where not a wheel-track is at present to be seen, and where the cost of transport is enormous,—and lastly, the clearing of rivers for that cheapest of all means of transit, water-carriage. The cost of a single railway in India would suffice to execute a score of such other more needed and more profitable works. Therefore, while we approve of the resolution of the Court of Directors to proceed with the trunk-lines connecting the various Presidencies, we venture to think that, with the exception of these, the influence and resources of the Indian Government ought, for some time to come, to be devoted to the promotion of other works of greater industrial value.

There are always to be found individuals whose demands and expectations outrun the possibility of performance; and who, though desiring nothing but what in substance is

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folly. It would be sacrificing twenty per cent. to save five per cent. (the rate at which money can be obtained on loan)—and that to the detriment of our native subjects, as well as to the loss of our Indian Government.

Thanks to the Commission appointed by Lord Dalhousie, the postal system in India has been freed from the great defects which formerly adhered to it, and has been assimilated to the most approved systems existing in Europe. Over all India there now prevails a uniform single rate of postage of half an anna (½d.) for letters, and of an anna (1½d.) for newspapers, irrespective of distance; and at the same time the convenient system of postage-stamps has been substituted for that of cash payments. Recently, too, the Home Government have consented to the adoption of a uniform rate of postage, payable in one sum, on letters between England and India,—the rate being sixpence per half-ounce. Regulations of this kind add so much to the happiness and convenience of the people that they are not to be tested solely by the principles of profit and loss; nevertheless we may state that, since their adoption, the correspondence has increased upwards of twenty-five per cent., and the loss of revenue has been less than was expected. It is not easy to realise the extent of these postal reforms: Rowland Hill has been quite eclipsed in India. In England a single letter is conveyed to any part of the British Isles (at the utmost a distance of 700 miles) for a penny. But in India, a single letter is conveyed over distances immeasurably greater—from Peshawur on the borders of Afghanistan to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin, or from Debrooghur in Upper Assam to Kurrachee at the mouth of the Indus—distances of two thousand miles—for three farthings! Three years ago the postage chargeable on the same letter in India would have been a shilling, or sixteen times the present charge. Again, since the uniform rate of postage has been established between England and India, the Scotch recruit, whose regiment happens to be stationed on our farthest may send his letter free to her for sixpence. Three years ago the same sum would not have carried his letter beyond Lahore!

The name of Dr. W. O'Shaughnessy will descend to posterity as the originator of the Electric Telegraph in our Indian Empire. It was in November 1853 that the work of construction commenced; and so rapidly did it proceed, that by the beginning of February last 4000 miles of electric telegraph had been placed in working order. The difficulties encountered in laying down telegraphic lines in India are such as have no parallel in the civilised and cultivated countries of Europe. Throughout Central India, for instance, as Dr. O'Shaughnessy states, "the country crossed opposes enormous difficulties to the maintenance of any line. There is no metalled road; there are few bridges; the jungles also in many places are deadly for at least half the year; there is no police for the protection of the lines. From the loose black cotton soil of Malwa to the rocky wastes of Gwalior, and the precipices of the Sindwa Ghats, every variety of obstacles has to be encountered." About seventy principal rivers have been crossed in the course of these telegraphic lines, some by cables, others by wires extended between masts. And some of these crossings have been of great extent,—the cable across the Soane measuring 5300 yards, and the crossing of the Toombuddra river being not less than two miles in length. Although the construction of the lines has been rapid, their solidity has not been overlooked. For three-fourths of the distance from Madras to Calcutta the line is superior in solidity to any ever erected elsewhere, and on some portions of its length its structure is really superb. For instance, in the Madras Presidency, the line for 174 miles is borne on stone-masonry pillars capped with granite, while for 332 miles it is sustained on single slabs of superb granite, sixteen feet high above ground. The tariff of charges on the Indian lines is cheaper than

in the transmission of intelligence, the Indian lines have already accomplished performances equal to those achieved on the American lines. For example, the first bulletin of Overland news has repeatedly been sent from Bombay to Calcutta, 1600 miles, in forty minutes; despatches from Calcutta have been delivered to the Governor-General at Ootacamund, during the rainy season, in three hours,—the distance being 200 miles greater than from London to Sebastopol; and there is never a failure in delivering the Mail news from England *viâ* Bombay within twelve hours. The political and military advantages which our Indian Government derives from the possession of such an engine of power are too obvious to call for remark. So beneficial, indeed, has the telegraphic system been found in India, that the Court of Directors have just sent out orders for the construction of other 3000 miles of lines.

The astonishing rate at which the consumption of raw cotton is increasing in the British Isles, and still more the threatening clouds which are overcasting the horizon of the United States, make all reflecting men turn an anxious eye to the growth of cotton in our Indian empire. The quantity of cotton used in the British manufactories is not less than two-thirds of the whole amount produced in the United States; so that, not to speak of probable commotions in America, even the fluctuations of the seasons seriously affect the prosperity of our cotton-lords and their myriads of mill-workers. It would be a great matter if, by the introduction of a new supply of the raw material, the market could be steadied,—especially if that new supply could be drawn from our own dominions, so as to render us less dependent on the slaveocracy of America. We believe that such a result is within our reach. At present the free-grown cotton imported from Egypt and India amounts to but an eighteenth part of the 2¼ million bales imported into this country during the past year. But it must be

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price; and there is reason to believe that the cultivation of the tea-plant will spread widely in future years, and that the trade in tea produced in India will become considerable in extent. The vast extent of India, and the diversities of soil and climate existing within its limits, are eminently favourable for the production of valuable crops not indigenous to the country, and the Government is more and more directing its attention to the promotion of such undertakings. An experiment has been made for the growth of silk, and workmen skilled in the business, mulberry plants, and every other requisite, have been provided by the Government. The growth of flax has likewise been largely encouraged, and the cultivation of it has already extended to very considerable dimensions. Agricultural societies are beginning to appear,—various kinds of seeds are being introduced from Europe for the improvement of the cultivation in certain provinces,—and Merino rams have been procured by the Government from Australia for improving the breed of sheep. A breed of sheep has also been introduced into our new province of Pegu, and the experiment promises to be very successful. The natives show a strong desire to possess them; they thrive perfectly, and are singularly fruitful. The absence of sheep in that province has hitherto been severely felt by the troops and others employed there, but this privation in respect of food appears now likely to be soon removed.

The mineral riches of India are still almost entirely in an undeveloped state. The search for sparkling gems has in all ages been eagerly engaged in, but the thousand-fold more valuable seams of coal and iron have remained unsought for and untouched up to present times. A beginning, however, has at last been made, and the last and best, though poetically maligned, Age of Iron is about to spread its blessings over India. There is no doubt of the existence of coal in abundance, and rich mines of iron have likewise been discovered. Indeed sively in ten provinces," says Dr. J. M'Clelland, "namely, Tenasserim, Arracan, Orissa (Cuttack), Bengal Proper, Burdwan, Sylhet, Assam, Raginchal, Behar, and Nerbudda. In every instance iron ores—either the common clay ironstone, or red or yellow ironstone, containing from 30 to 50 per cent. of iron—occur with the coal, or extensively in the same district." And Mr. Williams, geological surveyor to the Indian Government, reports that "the actual cost of mining coal in India, including agency and rent, is one rupee (2s.) per ton, and the cost of mining iron would not exceed three shillings per ton. It could be mined in large quantities [for instance, in the Soane district] for much less." Taking coal and iron together, at the average Indian rates, the cost of the two at the pit's mouth is not more than half what it is in Scotland or Wales. Labour, too, is plentiful and cheap, for population is somewhat in excess of the means of employment; a large portion of it is ever ready to go anywhere or do anything for a mere fraction of the wages that could be offered in this country; and we have the testimony of engineers to the merits of the patient and clever Hindoo at mining, smelting, and the other processes of the iron manufacturers. In the great railway works now in progress in India, an ample market is opened for the produce both of the iron and coal mines. But the great obstacle is the want of roads. The distance and difficulty of access to the minerals are formidable impediments to their availability; and nothing but the gradual extension of railways will bring these rich stores into extensive use.

One word more, on a matter which may appear unimportant, but which is not so. We mean the Woods of India. For generations to come the Indian forests must supply a hundred and fifty millions of people with fuel, besides all the other requirements of wood-work, ship-building, &c. Hence it behoves the Government to watch over the vast living stores of timber and firewood. In all countries, at one time or other, the face of the earth has

civilisation in a country is to produce a want of that very article which was formerly over-plenteous. Even in many parts of North America a want of wood is much felt; and if we turn away from "modern instances" to the old empire of China, we find that wood is there so scarce that fires are in little use, and the deficit of household caloric has to be compensated by a multiplicity of clothing. It was manifestly the design of Providence, in thus mantling the face of the earth with primeval woods, to keep man in comfort until his wits became sufficiently sharpened and his energies developed to enable him to discover and avail himself of the better mineral fuel beneath his feet. And precisely as the forests are cleared, and the surface of the earth becomes more and more devoted to raising food for man, does the revelation take place of those fuel-stores below, which Nature prepared as a means of permitting a larger population on the face of the globe than was otherwise possible. In the New World each member of the immigrant Anglo-Saxon Race was left to do what was right in his own eyes, and (as Paddy would say) "wrong too if he likes;" but we are glad to observe that the Indian Government has recently taken measures for the preservation and renewal of forests in various parts of the country, so as at once to prevent unthrifty management of them, and to make adequate provision for the wants of the future. Rules have been laid down, and officers appointed for this purpose. The forests of Oude have hitherto furnished our chief supplies of timber for public purposes in henceforth be carefully regi preserved. On the treeless the Punjab, efforts are bein rear extensive woods; and the undertaking will succe will not only diminish the of fuel experienced in thes but also, perhaps, suffice the climate, and bring dc over the parched land rains.

Here we conclude this our great Indian Empire. occupied so much space wit position of the leading featu subject, it is impossible to any way to the probable fut people or their British rule that railways are beginnin the land, awaking, tossing and amalgamating the diffe and peoples of India,—now merce and wealth are slov ning to accumulate in nati and that natives in ever- numbers are taking part i ministration of the country ture, the goal towards whi is tending, must more press itself upon the consid thoughtful beholders. Su say, however, that India continue for many gener ject to the ascendancy of t race, and that it behoves the concomitant duty of be people over whom we rule. ful and noble though ard and we doubt not that m brightest names on the England will continue t tributed by the lordly ba sons who go forth to strange and mighty Em East.

THE ATHELINGS; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE YOUNG PRINCE.

It may be supposed that, after all they had heard of him, the Athelings prepared themselves with a little excitement for the visit of Louis. Even Mrs. Atheling, who disapproved of him, could not prevent herself from wandering astray in long speculations about the old lord—and it seemed less improper to wonder and inquire concerning a boy, whom the Honourable Anastasia herself inquired after and wondered at. As for the girls, Louis had come to be an ideal hero to both of them. The adored and wonderful brother of Rachel—though Rachel was only a girl, and scarcely so wise as themselves—the admiration of Miss Bridget, and the anxiety of Miss Anastasia, though these were only a couple of old ladies, united in a half deification of the lordly young stranger, whose own appearance and manner were enough to have awakened a certain romantic interest in their simple young hearts. They were extremely concerned to-night about their homely tea-table—that everything should look its best and brightest; and even contrived, unknown to Hannah, to filch and convert into a temporary cake-basket that small rich old silver salver, which had been wont to stand upon one of Miss Bridget's little tables for cards. Then they robbed the garden for a sufficient bouquet of flowers; and then Agnes, half against her sister's will, wove in one of those pale roses to Marian's beautiful hair. Marian, though she made a laughing protest against this, and pretended to be totally indifferent to the important question, which dress she should wear? clearly recognised herself as the heroine of the evening. *She* knew very well, if no one else did, what was the vision which Louis had seen at the old gate, and came down to Miss Bridget's prim old parlour in her pretty light muslin dress with the rose in her hair, looking, in her little flutter and palpitation, as sweet a "vision of delight" as ever appeared to the eyes of man.

And Louis came—came—condescended to take tea—stayed some two hours or so, and then took his departure, hurriedly promising to come back for his sister. This much-anticipated hero—could it be possible that his going away was the greatest relief to them all, and that no one of the little party felt at all comfortable or at ease till he was gone? It was most strange and deplorable, yet it was most true beyond the possibility of question; for Louis, with all a young man's sensitive pride, stung into bitterness by his position, haughtily repelled the interest and kindness of all these women. He was angry at Rachel—poor little anxious timid Rachel, who almost looked happy when they crossed this kindly threshold—for supposing these friends of hers, who were all women, could be companions for him; he was angry at himself for his anger; he was in the haughtiest and darkest frame of his naturally impetuous temper, rather disposed to receive as an insult any overture of friendship, and fiercely to plume himself upon his separated and orphan state. They were all entirely discomfited and taken aback by their stately visitor, whom they had been disposed to receive with the warmest cordiality, and treat as one whom it was in their power to be kind to. Though his sister did so much violence to her natural feelings that she might hold her ground as his representative, Louis did not by any means acknowledge her deputyship. In entire opposition to her earnest and anxious frankness, Louis closed himself up with a jealous and repellant reserve; said nothing he could help saying, and speaking, when he did speak, with a cold and indifferent dignity; did not so much as refer to the Hall or Lord Winterbourne, and checked Rachel, when she was about to do so, with an almost imperceptible gesture,

him with her eyes, and feeling the ground entirely taken from beneath her feet, sat pale and anxious, full of apprehension and dismay. Marian, who was not accustomed to see her own pretty self treated with such absolute unconcern, took down *Fatherless Fanny* from the bookshelf, and played with it, half reading, half "pretending," at one of the little tables. Agnes, after many vain attempts to draw Rachel's unmanageable brother into conversation, gave it up at last, and sat still by Rachel's side in embarrassed silence. Mamma betook herself steadily to her workbasket. The conversation fell away into mere questions addressed to Louis, and answers in monosyllables, so that it was an extreme relief to every member of the little party when this impracticable visitor rose at last, bowed to them all and hastened away.

Rachel sat perfectly silent till the sound of his steps had died upon the road; then she burst out in a vehement apologetic outcry. "Oh, don't be angry with him—don't, please," said Rachel; "he thinks I have been trying to persuade you to be kind to him, and he cannot bear *that* even from me; and, indeed, indeed you may believe me, it is quite true! I never saw him, except once or twice, in such a humour before."

"My dear," said Mrs. Atheling, with that dignified tone which Mamma could assume when it was necessary, to the utter discomfiture of her opponent—"my dear, we are very glad to see your brother, but of course it can be nothing whatever to us the kind of humour he is in; that is quite his own concern."

Poor Rachel now, having no other resource, cried. She was only herself in this uncomfortable moment. She could no longer remember Louis's pride or Louis's dignity; for a moment the poor little subject heart felt a pang of resentment against the object of its idolatry, such as little Rachel had sometimes felt when Louis was "naughty," and she, his unfortunate little shadow, innocently shared in his punishment; but now, as at every former time, the personal not understood." "You will know him better some time," she said, drying her sorrowful appealing eyes. So far as appearances went at this moment, it did not seem quite desirable to know him better, and nobody said a word in return.

After this the three girls went out together to the garden, still lying sweet in the calm of the long summer twilight, under a young moon and some early stars. They did not speak a great deal. They were all considerably absorbed with thoughts of this same hero, who, after all, had not taken an ineffective method of keeping their interest alive.

And Marian did not know how or whence it was that this doubtful and uncertain paladin came to her side in the pleasant darkness, but was startled by his voice in her ear as she leaned once more over the low garden-gate. "It was here I saw you first," said Louis, and Marian's heart leaped in her breast, half with the suddenness of the words, half with—something else. Louis, who had been so haughty and ungracious all the evening—Louis, Rachel's idol, everybody's superior—yet he spoke low in the startled ear of Marian, as if that first seeing had been an era in his life.

"Come with us," said Louis, as Rachel at sight of him hastened to get her bonnet—"come along this enchanted road a dozen steps into fairyland, and back again. I forget everything, even myself, on such a night."

And they went, scarcely answering, yet more satisfied with this brief reference to their knowledge of him, than if the king had forsaken his nature, and become as confidential as Rachel. They went their dozen steps on what was merely the terraced pathway, soft, dark, and grassy, to Agnes and Rachel, who went first in anxious conversation, but which the other two, coming silently behind, had probably a different idea of. Marian at least could not help cogitating these same adjectives, with a faint inquiry within herself, what it was which could make this an enchanted road or fairyland.

The next morning, while the mother and daughters were still in the full fervour of discussion about this same remarkable Louis, he himself was seen for the first time in the early daylight passing the window, with that singular rapidity of step which he possessed in common with his sister. They ceased their argument after seeing him—why, no one could have told; but quite unresolved as the question was, and though Mamma's first judgment, unsoftened by that twilight walk, was still decidedly unfavourable to Louis, they all dropped the subject tacitly and at once. Then Mamma went about various domestic occupations; then Agnes dropped into the chair which stood before that writing-book upon the table, and, with an attention much broken and distracted, gradually fell away into her own ideal world; and then Marian, leading Bell and Beau with meditative hands, glided forth softly to the garden, with downcast face and drooping eyes, full of thought. The children ran away from her at once when their little feet touched the grass, but Marian went straying along the paths, absorbed in her meditation, her pretty arms hanging by her side, her pretty head bent, her light fair figure gliding softly in shadow over the low mossy paling and the close-clipped hedge within. She was thinking only what it was most natural she should think, about the stranger of last night; yet now and then into the stream of her musing dropped, with the strangest disturbance and commotion, these few quiet words spoken in her ear,—"It was here I saw you first." How many times, then, had Louis seen her? and why did he recollect so well that first occasion? and what did he mean?

While she was busy with these fancies, all at once, Marian could not tell how, as suddenly as he appeared last night, Louis was here again—here, within the garden of the Old Wood Lodge, walking by Marian's side, a second long shadow upon the close-clipped hedge and the mossy paling, rousing her to a guilty consciousness that she had been thinking of him, which brought blush after blush in a flutter of "sweet shamefacednesse" to her cheek, and weighed down still more heavily the shy and dreamy lids of these beautiful eyes.

The most unaccountable thing in the world! but Marian, who had received with perfect coolness the homage of Sir Langham, and whose conscience smote her with no compunctions for the slaying of the gifted American, had strangely lost her self-possession to-day. She only replied in the sedatest and gravest manner possible to the questions of her companion—looked anxiously at the parlour window for an opportunity of calling Agnes, and with the greatest embarrassment longed for the presence of some one to end this *tête-à-tête*. Louis, on the contrary, exerted himself for her amusement, and was as different from the Louis of last night as it was possible to conceive.

"Ay, there it is," said Louis, who had just asked her what she knew of Oxford—"there it is, the seat of learning, thrusting up all its pinnacles to the sun; but I think, if the world were wise, this glitter and shining might point to the dark, dark ignorance outside of it, even more than to the little glow within."

Now this was not much in Marian's way—but her young squire, who would have submitted himself willingly to her guidance had she given any, was not yet acquainted at all with the ways of Marian.

She said, simply, looking at the big dome sullenly throwing off the sunbeams, and at the glancing arrow-heads, of more impressible and delicate kind, "I think it is very pretty, with all those different spires and towers; but do you mean it is the poor people who are so very ignorant? It seems as though people could scarcely help learning who live there."

"Yes, the poor people—I mean all of us," said Louis slowly, and with a certain painful emphasis. "A great many of the villagers, it is true, have never been to school; but I do not

nor has a pen in hand all his life. I save my pity for a more unfortunate ignorance than that."

"But that is very bad," said Marian decidedly, "because there is more to do than just to work, and we ought to know about—about a great many things. Agnes knows better than I."

This was said very abruptly, and meant that Agnes knew better what Marian meant to say than she herself did. The youth at her side, however, showed no inclination for any interpreter. He seemed, indeed, to be rather pleased than otherwise with this breaking off.

"When I was away, I was in strange enough quarters, and learnt something about knowledge," said Louis, "though not much knowledge itself—heaven help me! I suppose I was not worthy of that."

"And did you really run away?" asked Marian, growing bolder with this quickening of personal interest.

"I really ran away," said the young man, a hot flush passing for an instant over his brow; and then he smiled—a kind of daring desperate smile, which seemed to say "what I have done once I can do again."

"And what did you do?" said Marian, continuing her inquiries: she forgot her shyness in following up this story, which she knew and did not know.

"What all the village lads do who get into scrapes and break the hearts of the old women," said Louis, with a somewhat bitter jesting. "I 'listed for a soldier—but there was not even an old woman to break her heart for me."

"Oh, there was Rachel!" cried Marian eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, there was Rachel, my good little sister," answered the young man; "but her kind heart would have mended again had they let me alone. It would have been better for us both."

He said this with a painful compression of his lip, which a certain wistful sympathy in the mind of Marian taught her to recognise as the sign of tumult and contention in

again.

"And you were real —not an officer—onl man." Marian shrunk this, which was an actu degradation, feared as fall for the "wild son spectable families in t hood of Bellevue.

"Yes, I belong to has no privileges; the drummer in the regime better birth than Louis. "Ah, that is very well. In Napoleo I belonged to that day time there was neither a war."

"Surely," said Maria to be anxious about th young man's "prin would not wish for a wa

"Should you think it said Louis with a smile.

"Yes," answered the tor with immediate dec conversation befell in t so very long ago, wh declared that such cor over, and that it was the face of civilisatio and the electric telegr tain the faintest idea of

They had reached their talk, gradually at ease and familiar wi when it suddenly Mamma, passing from ing-room to that of th a moment to look ou middle window in th tween them, and look amazed to see this ha anthropic Louis pa along the trim pathw den, keeping his pla Marian's side. Mrs. not a mercenary moth she one much given to daughters, lest they bad marriages or fall nate love; but Mrs. was scrupulously prop to see her pretty friendly companionsh young man in such position," even thoug

self, "but we are not to go any further; and, indeed, it would be very sad if he should come to more grief about Marian, poor young man;—how pretty she is!"

Yes, it was full time Mrs. Atheling, unfortunate child! with her Marian, young roses startled on her sweet young cheeks by this faint presaging breath of a new existence, had never been so pretty all her life.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

What Louis did or said, or how he made interest for himself in the tender heart of Mamma, no one very well knows; yet a certain fact it was, that from henceforward Mrs. Atheling, like Miss Anastasia, became somewhat contemptuous of Rachel in the interest of Louis, and pursued eager and long investigations in her own mind — investigations most fruitless, yet most persevering —touching the old lord and the unknown conclusion of his life. All that was commonly known of the last years of the last Lord Winterbourne was, that he had died abroad. Under the pressure of family calamity he had gone to Italy, and there, people said, had wandered about for several years, leading a desultory and unsettled life, entirely out of the knowledge of any of his friends; and when the present bearer of the title came home, bearing the intelligence of his elder brother's death, the most entire oblivion closed down upon the foreign grave of the old lord. Back into this darkness Mrs. Atheling, who knew no more than common report, made vain efforts to strain her kindly eyes, but always returned with a sigh of despair. "No!" said Mamma, "he might be proud, but he was virtuous and honourable. I never heard a word said against the old lord. Louis is like him, but it must only be a chance resemblance. No! Mr. Reginald was always a wild bad man. Poor things! they *must* be his children; for my lord, I am sure, never betrayed or deceived any creature all his life."

But still she mused and dreamed concerning Louis; he seemed to exercise a positive fascination over all these elder people; and Mrs. Atheling, more than she had ever desired a friendly gossip with Miss Willsie, longed to meet once more with the Honourable Anastasia, to talk over her conjectures and guesses respecting "the boy."

In the mean time, Louis himself, relieved from that chaperonship and anxious introduction by his sister, which the haughty young man could not endure, made daily increase of his acquaintance with the strangers. He began to form part of their daily circle, expected and calculated upon; and somehow the family life seemed to flow in a stronger and fuller current with the addition of this vigorous element, the young man, who oddly enough seemed to belong to them rather more than if he had been their brother. He took the three girls, who were now so much like three sisters, on long and wearying excursions through the wood and over the hill. He did not mind tiring them out, nor was he extremely fastidious about the roads by which he led them; for, generous at heart as he was, the young man had the unconscious wilfulness of one who all his life had known no better guidance than his own will. Sometimes, in those long walks of theirs, the young Athelings were startled by some singular characteristic of their squire, bringing to light in him, by a sudden chance, things of which these gentle-hearted girls had never dreamed. Once they discovered, lying deep among the great fern-leaves, all brown and rusty with seed, the bright plumage of some dead game, for the reception of which a village boy was making a bag of his pinafore. "Carry it openly," said Louis, at whose voice the lad started; "and if any one asks you where it came from, send them to me." This was his custom, which all the

strained from the sport, but he scorned to lift the slain bird, which might be supposed to be Lord Winterbourne's, and left it to be picked up by the chance foragers of the hamlet. At the first perception of this, the girls, we are obliged to confess, were greatly shocked—tears even came to Marian's eyes. She said it was cruel, in a little outbreak of terror, pity, and indignation. "Cruel — no!" said Louis; "did my gun give a sharper wound than one of the score of fashionable guns that will be waking all the echoes in a day or two?" But Marian only glanced up, at him hurriedly with her shy eyes and said, with a half smile, "Perhaps though the wound was no sharper, the poor bird might have liked another week of life."

And the young man looked up into the warm blue sky over head all crossed and trellised with green leaves, and looked around into the deep September foliage, flaming here and there in a yellow leaf, a point of fire among the green. "I think it very doubtful," he said, sinking his voice, though every one heard him among the noonday hush of the trees, "if I ever can be so happy again. Do you not suppose it would be something worth living for, instead of a week or a year of sadder chances, to be shot upon the wing *now?*"

Marian did not say a word, but shrank away among the bushes, clinging to Rachel's arm, with a shy instinctive motion. "Choose for yourself," said Agnes; "but do not decide so coolly upon the likings of the poor bird. I am sure, had *he* been consulted, he would rather have taken his chance of the guns next week than lain so quiet under the fern-leaves now."

Whereupon the blush of youth for his own super-elevated and unreal sentiment came over Louis's face. Agnes, by some amusing process

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CHAPTER XXIV.—A MEETING.

This state of things continued for early a fortnight after the arrival of

Lord Winterbourne a
the Hall. They saw

church; but she either did not see them, or did not think it necessary to take any notice of the girls. Knowing better now the early connection between their own family and Lord Winterbourne's, they were almost glad of this—almost; yet certainly it would have been pleasanter to decline *her* friendly advances, than to find her, their former patroness, quietly dropping acquaintance with *them*.

The grassy terraced road which led from Winterbourne village to the highway, and which was fenced on one side by the low wall which surrounded the stables and outhouses of the Rector, and by the hedge and paling of the Old Wood Lodge, but on the other side was free and open to the fields, which sloped down from it to the low willow-dropped banks of one of those pale rivers, was not a road adapted either for vehicles or horses. The Rivers family, however, holding themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, stood upon no punctilio in respect to the pathway of the villagers, and the family temper, alike in this one particular, brought about a collision important enough to all parties concerned, and especially to the Athelings; for one of those days, when a riding-party from the Hall cantered along the path with a breezy waving and commotion of veils and feathers and riding-habits, and a pleasant murmur of sound, voices a little louder than usual under cover of the September gale, mixed only with the jingle of the harness—for the horses' hoofs struck no sound but that of a dull tread from the turf of the way—it pleased Miss Anastasia, at the very hour and moment of their approach, to drive her two grey ponies to the door of the Old Wood Lodge. Of course, it was the simplest "accident" in the world, this unpremeditated "chance" meeting. There was no intention nor foresight whatever in the matter. When she saw them coming, Miss Anastasia "growled" under her breath, and marvelled indignantly how they could dream of coming in such a body over the grassed road of the villagers, cutting it to pieces with their horses' hoofs. She never paused

own substantial vehicle ploughed the road; and for her part, the leader of the fair equestrians brightened with an instant hope of amusement. "Here is cousin Anastasia, the most learned old lady in Banburyshire. Delightful! Now, my love, you shall see the lion of the county," cried Mrs. Edgerley to one of her young companions, not thinking nor caring whether her voice reached her kinswoman or not. Lord Winterbourne, who was with his daughter, drew back to the rear of the group instinctively. Whatever was said of Lord Winterbourne, his worst enemy could not say that he was brave to meet the comments of those whom he had harmed or wronged.

Miss Anastasia stepped from her carriage in the most deliberate manner possible, nodded to Marian and Agnes, who were in the garden, and to whose defence, seeing so many strangers, hastily appeared their mother, and stood patting and talking to her ponies, in her brown cloth pelisse and tippet, and with that oddest of comfortable bonnets upon her head.

"Cousin Anastasia, I vow! You dear creature, where have you been all these ages? Would any one believe it? Ah, how delightful to live always in the country; what a penalty we pay for town and its pleasures! Could any one suppose that my charming cousin was actually older than me?"

And the fashionable beauty, though, she did begin to be faded, threw up her delicate hands with their prettiest gesture, as she pointed to the stately old lady before her, in her antique dress, and with unconcealed furrows in her face. Once, perhaps, not even that beautiful complexion of Mrs. Edgerley was sweeter than that of Anastasia Rivers; but her beauty had gone from her long ago—a thing which she cared not to retain. She looked up with her kind imperious face, upon which were undeniable marks of years and age. She perceived with a most evident and undisguised contempt the titter with which this comparison was greeted. "Go on your way, Louisa," said Miss Rivers; "you were pretty once,

you not to meddle with me."

"Delightful! is she not charming?" cried the fine lady, appealing to her companion; "so fresh, and natural, and eccentric—such an acquisition in the Hall! Anastasia, dear, do forget your old quarrel. It was not poor papa's fault that you were born a woman, though I cannot help confessing it was a great mistake, *certainly;* but, only for once, you who are such a dear, kind, benevolent creature, come to see *me*."

"Go on, Louisa, I advise you," said the Honourable Anastasia with extreme self-control. "Poor child, I have no quarrel with you, at all events. You did not choose your father—there, pass on. I leave the Hall to those who choose it; the Old Wood Lodge has more attraction for me."

"And I protest," cried Mrs. Edgerley, "it is my sweet young friend, the author of——; my dearest child, what *is* the name of your book? I have *such* a memory. Quite the sweetest story of the season; and I am dying to hear of another. Are you writing again? Oh, pray say you are. I should be heartbroken to think of waiting very long for it. You must come to the Hall. There are some people coming who are dying to know you, and I positively cannot be disappointed: no one ever disobeys *me!* Come here and let me kiss, you pretty creature. Is she not the sweetest little beauty in the world? and her sister has so much genius: it is quite delightful! So you know my cousin Anastasia; isn't she charming? Now, good morning, coz—good morning, dear—and be sure you come to the Hall."

Miss Anastasia stood aside, watching grimly this unexpected demonstration of friendship, and keenly crit-

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CHAPTER XXV.—THE BREWING OF THE STORM.

The visit of Miss Rivers was the most complimentary attention which she could show to her new friends, for her visits were few, and paid only to a very limited number of people, and these all of her own rank and

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lady was roused to q

forget, Mrs. Edgerley did not remember so much as the name. The Honourable Anastasia declared abruptly that she never read novels, yet demanded to have *Hope Hazlewood* placed without an instant's delay in her pony-carriage. "Do it at once, my dear: a thing which is done at the moment cannot be forgotten," said Miss Rivers. "You write books, eh? Well, I asked you if you were clever; why did you not tell me at once?"

"I did not think you would care; it was not worth while," said Agnes with some confusion, and feeling considerably alarmed by the idea of this formidable old lady's criticism. Miss Rivers only answered by hurrying her out with the book, lest it might possibly be forgotten. When the girls were gone, she turned to Mrs. Atheling. "What can he do to you," said Miss Anastasia, abruptly, "eh? What's Will Atheling doing? Can he harm Will?"

"No," said Mamma, somewhat excited by the prospect of an enemy, yet confident in the perfect credit and honour of the family father, whose good name and humble degree of prosperity no enemy could overthrow. "William has been where he is now for twenty years."

"So, so," said Miss Rivers—"and the boy? Take care of these girls; it might be in his devilish way to harm them; and I tell you, when you come to know of it, send me word. So she writes books, this girl of yours? She is no better than a child. Do you mean to say you are not proud?"

Mrs. Atheling answered as mothers answer when such questions are put to them, half with a confession, half with a partly-conscious sophism, about Agnes being "a good girl, and a great comfort to her papa and me."

The girls, when they had executed their commission, looked doubtingly for Louis, but found him gone as they expected. While they were still lingering where he had been, Miss Rivers came to the door again, going away, and when she had said good-by to Mamma, the old lady turned back again without a word, and very ravely gathered one of the roses. private liking; and securing it somewhere out of sight in the fastenings of her brown pelisse, waved her hand to them, saying in her peremptory voice, quite loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance, that she was to send for them in a day or two. Then she took her seat in the little carriage, and turned her grey ponies, no very easy matter, towards the high-road. Her easy and complete mastery over them was an admiration to the girls. "Bless you, miss, she'd follow the hounds as bold as any squire," said Hannah; "but there is a deal o' difference in Miss Taesie since the time she broke her heart."

Such an era was like to be rather memorable. The girls thought so, somewhat solemnly, as they went to their work beside their mother. They seemed to be coming to graver times themselves, gliding on in an irresistible noiseless fashion upon their stream of fate.

Louis came again as usual in the evening. He *had* heard Mrs. Edgerley, and did resent her careless freedom, as Marian secretly knew he would; which fact she who was most concerned, ascertained by his entire and pointed silence upon this subject, and his vehement and passionate contempt, notwithstanding, for Mrs. Edgerley.

"I suppose you are safe enough," he said, speaking to the elder sister. "You will not break your heart because she has forgotten the name of your book—but, heaven help them, there are hearts which do! There are unfortunate fools in this crazy world mad enough to be elated and to be thrown into misery by a butterfly of a fine lady, who makes reputations. You think them quite contemptible, do you? but there are such."

"I suppose they must be people who have no friends and no home—or to whom it is of more importance than it is to me," said Agnes; "for I am only a woman, and nothing could make me miserable out of this Old Lodge, or Bellevue."

"Ah — that is *now*," said Louis

pallid roses and fluctuating mood already began to testify to some anxiety out of the boundary of these charmed walls. "The very sight of your security might possibly be hard enough upon us who have no home —no home! nothing at all under heaven."

"Except such trifles as strength and youth and a stout heart, a sister very fond of you, and some—some *friends*—and heaven itself, after all, at the end. Oh Louis!" said Agnes. who on this, as on other occasions, was much disposed to be this "boy's" elder sister, and advised him "for his good."

He did not say anything. When he looked up at all from his bending attitude leaning over the table, it was to glance with fiery devouring eyes at Marian—poor little sweet Marian, already pale with anxiety for him. Then he broke out suddenly—"That poor little sister who is very fond of me—do you know what she is doing at this moment—singing to them! —like the captives at Babylon, making mirth for the spoilers. And my friends——heaven! you heard what that woman ventured to say to-day."

"My dear," said Mrs. Atheling, who confessed to treating Louis as a "son of her own," "think of heaven all the day long, and so much the better for you—but I cannot have you using in this way such a name."

This simple little reproof did more for Louis than a hundred philosophies. He laughed low, and with emotion took Mrs. Atheling's hand for a moment between his own—said "thank you, mother," with a momentary smile of delight and good pleasure. Then his face suddenly flushed with a dark and violent colour; he cast an apprehensive yet haughty glance at Mrs. Atheling, and drew his hand away. The stain in his blood was a ghost by the side of Louis, and scarcely left him for an instant night nor day.

When he left them, they went to the door with him as they had been wont to do, the mother holding a shawl over her cap, the girls with their fair heads uncovered to the moon, They stood all together at the gate speaking cheerfully, and sending

group noticed a figure sud
ing out of the darkness a
along past the paling of t
"What, boy, you here?" cr
suddenly behind Louis, w
him start aside, and they
back a little to recognise in
light the marble-white fac
Winterbourne.

"What do you mean, si
ing about the country at t
said the stranger—"what
goes on here, eh—what a
ing with a parcel of wome
to your den, you skulki
vagabond — what are
here?"

Marian, the least courag
three, moved by a sudde
which was not courage b
laid her hand quickly up
arm. The young man,
turned his face defiant a
towards the intruder, tur
instant, grasping at the l
hand as a man in danger m
at a shield invulnerable.
ceive, my lord, I am b
reach either of your insul
patronage here," said the yc
blood was dancing in his
who at that moment cared
the merest stranger, who
heard his name, for Lor
bourne.

"Come, my lad, if you ar
upon these poor people—I
you right," said the mar
called Louis's father. "Do
what he is, my good woman
harbour this idle young ra
spite of my known wishes
you young vagabond, hor
boy is ——"

"My lord, my lord,"
Mrs. Atheling, in sudden
"if any disgrace belongs to
yours and not his that
publish it. Go away, sir
door, where you once
enough, and don't try to
poor boy—perhaps we kn
is better than you."

What put this bold and
into the temperate lips of M
one could ever tell; the
however was electric. Lo
bourne fell back suddenly,

and inaudible oath. "Home, you hound!" he repeated in a mechanical tone, and then, waving his hand with a threatening and unintelligible gesture, turned to go away. "So long as the door is yours, my friend, I will take care to make no intrusion upon it," he said significantly before he disappeared; and then the shadow departed out of the moonlight, the stealthy step died on the grass, and they stood alone again with beating hearts. Mamma took Marian's hand from Louis, but not unkindly, and with an affectionate earnestness bade her entreaty, partly for the sake of Rachel. Under other circumstances this provocation would have maddened Louis; but he rung Agnes's hand with an excited gaiety as he lingered at the door watching a shadow on the window whither Marian had gone with her mother. "I had best not meet him on the road," said Louis; "there is the Curate—for once, for your sake, and the sake of what has happened, I will be gracious and take his company: but to tell the truth, I do not care for anything which can befall me to-night."

CHAPTER XXVI.—A CRISIS.

Marian, whom her mother tenderly put to sleep that night, as if she had been a child, yet who lay awoke in the long cold hours before the dawn in a vague and indescribable emotion, her heart stirring within her like something which did not belong to her—a new and strange existence—slept late the next morning, exhausted and worn out with all this sudden and stormy influx of unknown feelings. Mamma, who, on the contrary, was very early astir, came into the bedchamber of her daughters at quite an unusual hour, and, thankfully perceiving Marian's profound youthful slumber, stood gazing at the beautiful sleeper with tears in her eyes. Paler than usual, with a shadow under her closed eyelids, and still a little dew upon the long lashes—with one hand laid in childish fashion under her cheek, and the other lying, with its pearly rose-tipped fingers, upon the white coverlid, Marian, but for the moved and human agitation which evidently had worn itself into repose, might have looked like the enchanted beauty of the tale—but indeed she was rather more like a child who had wept itself to sleep. Her sister, stealing softly from her side, left her sleeping, and they put the door ajar that they might hear when she stirred before they went, with hushed steps and speaking in a whisper, down stairs.

Mrs. Atheling was disturbed more than she would tell; what she did say, as Agnes and she sat over their silent breakfast-table, was an expedient which herself had visibly no faith in. "My dear, we must try to prevent him saying anything," said Mrs. Atheling, with her anxious brow; it was not necessary to name names, for neither of them could forget the scene of last night.

Then by-and-by Mamma spoke again. "I almost fancy we should go home; she might forget it if she were away. Agnes, my love, you must persuade him not to say anything; he pays great attention to what you say."

"But, mamma — Marian?" said Agnes.

"Oh, Agnes, Agnes, my dear beautiful child," said Mrs. Atheling, with a sudden access of emotion, "it was only friendship, sympathy—her kind heart; she will think no more of it, if nothing occurs to put it into her head."

Agnes did not say anything, though she was extremely doubtful on this subject; but then it was quite evident that Mamma had no faith in her own prognostications, and regarded this first inroad into the family with a mixture of excitement, dread, and agitation which it was not comfortable to see.

After their pretended breakfast, mother and daughter once more stole up-stairs. They had not been in the room a moment, when Marian woke — woke — started with fright and

and beginning to recollect, suddenly blushed, and turning away her face, burning with that violent suffusion of colour, exclaimed, "I could not help it—I could not help it; would you stand by and see them drive him mad? Oh mamma, mamma!"

"My darling, no one thinks of blaming you," said Mrs. Atheling, who trembled a good deal, and looked very anxious. "We were all very sorry for him, poor fellow; and you only did what you should have done, like a brave little friend — what I should have done myself, had I been next to him," said Mamma, with great gravity and earnestness, but decidedly overdoing her part.

This did not seem quite a satisfactory speech to Marian. She turned away again petulantly, dried her eyes, and with a sidelong glance at Agnes, asked, "Why did you not wake me?—it looks quite late, I am not ill, am I? I am sure I do not understand it—why did you let me sleep?"

"Hush, darling! because you were tired and late last night," said Mamma.

Now this sympathy and tenderness seemed rather alarming than soothing to Marian. Her colour varied rapidly, her breath came quick, tears gathered to her eyes. "Has anything happened while I have been sleeping?" she asked hastily, and in a very low tone.

"No, no, my love, nothing at all," said Mamma tenderly; "only we thought you must be tired."

"Both you and Agnes were as late as me, — why were not you tired?" said Marian still with a little jealous fear. "Please, mamma, go away; I want to get dressed and come down stairs."

They left her to dress accordingly, but still with some anxiety and apprehension, and Mamma waited for Marian in her own room, while Agnes went down to the parlour—just in time, for as she took her seat, Louis, flushed and impatient, burst in at the door.

Louis made a most hasty salutation, and was a great deal too eager and hurried to be very well bred.

"Where is she?—I must se
cried Louis. "What! yo
mean to say she is ill,
night?"

"Not ill, but in her o
said Agnes, somewhat co
the question.

"I will wait as long as
if I must wait," said L
tiently; "but, Agnes! w
you be against me? Of
forget myself; do you g
I should? I forget ever
cept last night; let me s
I promise you I will n
her, and if she bids me,
away."

"No, it is not that,"
with hesitation; "but
thing happened last night
not think of it. Well,
said earnestly, as his has
denied what she said, "m
you, Louis, not to say
to-day."

He turned round upon
blank but haughty look.
stand—my disgrace must
here," he said; "but *she* d
it; she, the purest lily u
Ah! so that was a drea
And her mother—her m
I am to go away?"

"No, indeed—no," said
most crying. "No, Louis,
better; do not misund
She is so young, so gent
der. Mamma only asked,
sakes, if you would cons
say anything *now*."

To this softened form
the eager young man p
slightest attention. He b
the most unblushing cajo
over poor Agnes. It di
to be Louis, so entirely c
his demeanour. It was
tremely eager and persev
men of the genus "love
any personal individuality

"What! not say anythi
anybody ask such a sacri
this wilful and impetu
"It might, as you say,
at all, though it seems
tence, to me. Not kn
that hand is mine or
hand which saved

I might have killed him where he stood."

"Louis! Louis!" cried Agnes, gazing at him in terror and excitement. He grew suddenly calm as he caught her eye.

"It is quite true," he said with a grave and solemn calmness. "This man, who has cursed my life, and made it miserable—this man, who dared insult me before *her* and you—do you think I could have been a man, and still have borne that intolerable crown of wrong?"

As he spoke, he began to pace the little parlour with impatient steps and a clouded brow. Mrs. Atheling, who had heard his voice, but had restrained her anxious curiosity as long as possible, now came down quietly, unable to keep back longer. Louis sprang to her side, took her hand, led her about the room, pleading, reasoning, persuading. Mamma, whose good heart from the first moment had been an entire and perfect traitor, was no match at all for Louis. She gave in to him unresistingly before half his entreaties were over; she did not make even half so good a stand as Agnes, who secretly was in the young lover's interest too. But when they had just come to the conclusion that he should be permitted to see Marian, Marian herself, whom no one expected, suddenly entered the room. had ever seen it lower; a petulant contraction was about her red lips, and a certain angry dignity, as of an offended child, in her bearing. "Surely something very strange has happened this morning," said Marian, with a little heat; "even mamma looks as if she knew some wonderful secret. I suppose every one is to hear of it but me."

At this speech the dismayed conspirators against Marian's peace fell back and separated. The other impetuous principle in the matter hastened at once to the angry Titania, who only bowed, and did not even look at him. The truth was, that Marian, much abashed at thought of her own sudden impulse, was never in a mood less propitious; she felt as if she herself had not done quite right—as if somehow she had betrayed a secret of her own, and, now found out and detected, was obliged to use the readiest means to cover it up again; and, besides the hasty little spirit, which had both pride and temper of its own, could not at all endure the idea of having being petted and excused this morning, as if "something had happened" last night. Now that it was perfectly evident nothing had happened—now that Louis stood before her safe, handsome, and eager, Marian concluded that it was time for her to stand upon her defence.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CLOUDS.

The end of it all was, of course—though Louis had an amount of trouble in the matter which that impetuous young gentleman had not counted upon—that Marian yielded to his protestations, and came forth full of the sweetest agitation, tears, and blushes, to be taken to the kind breast of the mother who was scarcely less agitated, and to be rewarded with a certain momentary awe, amusement, and sympathy by Agnes, whose visionary youthful reverence for this unknown magician was just tempered by the equally youthful imp of mischief which plays tricks upon the same. But Mrs. Atheling's brow grew sadder and sadder with anxiety, as she looked at the young man who now claimed to call her mother. What he was to do—how Marian could bear all the chances and changes of the necessarily long probation before them—what influence Lord Winterbourne might have upon the fortunes of his supposed son—what Papa himself would say to this sudden betrothal, and how he could reconcile himself to receive a child, and a disgraced child of his old enemy, into his own honourable house,—these considerations fluttered the heart and disturbed the peace of

did not see, after all, what else she could have done. A son of shame, and of Lord Winterbourne! — a young man hitherto dependent, with no training, no profession, no fortune, of no use in the world. And her prettiest Marian! — the sweet face which won homage everywhere, and which every other face involuntarily smiled to see. Darker and darker grew the cloud upon the brow of Mrs. Atheling; she went in, out of sight of these two happy young dreamers, with a sick heart. For the first time in her life she was dismayed at the thought of writing to her husband, and sat idly in a chair drawn back from her window, wearying herself out with most vain and unprofitable speculations as to things which might have been done to avert this fate.

No very long time elapsed, however, before Mrs. Atheling found something else to occupy her thoughts. Hannah came in to the parlour, solemnly announcing a man at the door who desired to see her. With a natural presentiment, very naturally arising from the excited state of her own mind, Mrs. Atheling rose, and hastened to the door. The man was an attorney's clerk, threadbare and respectable, who gave into her hand an open paper, and after it a letter. The paper, which she glanced over with hasty alarm, was a formal notice to quit, on pain of ejection, from the house called the Old Wood Lodge, the property of Reginald, Lord Winterbourne. "The property of Lord Winterbourne!—it is our—it is my husband's property. What does this mean?" cried Mrs. Atheling.

"I know nothing of the business, but Mr. Lewis's letter will explain it, said the messenger, who was civil, but not respectful; and the anxious mistress of the house hastened in with great apprehension and perplexity to open the letter and see what this explanation was. It was not a very satisfactory one. With a friendly spirit, yet with a most cautious and lawyer-like regard to the interest of his immediate client, Mr. Lewis, the same person who had

Winterbourne's solicitor, t
the intention of his pri
"resume possession" of M
get's little house. "You
member," wrote the lawyer
did not fail to point out to
time the insecure nature o
ure by which this little pro
held. Granted, as I believ
as a gift simply for the li
Miss Bridget Atheling, sh
fact, no right to bequeath
one, and so much of her
lates to this is null and vo
informed that there are doc
existence proving this fac
the possibility of dispute,
any resistance would be
vain. As a friend, I shou
you not to attempt it; the
is actually of very small
though I speak against th
of my profession, I think i
warn you against entering
expensive lawsuit with a
Lord Winterbourne, to whc
is no consideration. For th
your family, I appeal to you
it would not be better, the
sacrifice of feeling, to give
out resistance the old hou
is of very little value to a
it were not for my lord's
having no small proprietor
neighbourhood. I should
that he was made acquai
this communication. I wri
merely from private feeling
old friend."

Mrs. Atheling rose from
hastily, holding the paper
hand. "Resist him!" she
ed — "yes, certainly, to
last;" but at that mom
came in at the half-ope
sound of childish riot, exub
unrestrained, which arre
mother's words, and sub
like a spell. Bell and Be
neglected and thrown into
for the first time in th
were indemnifying themsel
kitchen, where they reig
Hannah with the most abs
unhesitating mastery. Ma
back again into her se
pale, and with pain and
her face. Was this the

The next day, somewhat to the consternation of this disturbed and troubled family, they were honoured by a most unlooked-for and solemn visit from the Rector. The Rector, in stature, form, and features, considerably resembled Miss Anastasia, and was, as she herself confessed, an undeniable Rivers, bearing all the family features and not a little of the family temper. He seemed rather puzzled himself to give a satisfactory reason for his call—saying solemnly that he thought it right for the priest of the parish to be acquainted with all his parishioners—words which did not come with half so much unction or natural propriety from his curved and disdainful lip, as they would have done from the bland voice of Mr. Mead. Then he asked some ordinary questions how they liked the neighbourhood, addressing himself to Mamma, though his very grave and somewhat haughty looks were principally directed to Agnes. Mrs. Atheling, in spite of her dislike of the supreme altitude of his churchmanship, had a natural respect for the clergyman, who seemed the natural referee and adviser of people in trouble; and though he was a Rivers, and the next heir after Lord Winterbourne's only son, it by no means followed on that account that the Rector entertained any affectionate leaning towards Lord Winterbourne.

"I knew your old relative very well," said the Rector; "she was a woman of resolute will and decided opinions, though her firmness, I am afraid, was in the cause of error rather than of truth. I believe she always entertained a certain regard for me, connected as she was with the family, though I felt it my duty to warn her against her pernicious principles before her death."

"Her pernicious principles! Was poor Aunt Bridget an unbeliever?" cried Agnes, with an involuntary interest, and yet an equally involuntary and natural spirit of opposition to this stately young man.

"The word is a wide one. No—not an unbeliever, nor even a dis-

believer, so far as I am a
the churchman, "but,
dangerous than a positiv
doctrine, holding these fat
concerning private opini
have been the bane of the

There was a little paus
the unaccustomed audi
somewhat startled, yet q
pared for controversy, a
beside in a little natural
Rector, who ought to kno
better than they did. A
felt a stirring of unusual
for once in her life she al
her natural diffidence,
have liked nothing bet
throw down her woman
the rampant churchman,
a rash and vehement onsl
him, after the use and w
nine controversy.

"My own conviction
Rector with a little so
with a dissatisfied and fie
his eager dark eyes, "t
no medium between th
authority of the Churc
wildest turmoil of heresy
rock a man may plant h
—all beyond is a bounc
finite chaos. Therefore I
perilous to be ill-informed
ent concerning some po
creed, than to be shaken
point of the Church's a
only flood-gate that ca
against the boiling tid
which, but for this safe
overpower us all."

Having made this stat
somehow he enunciated
a solemn duty, Mr. Ri
subject abruptly, and
common things.

"You are acquainte
stand," he said, with hast
emotion, "with my unfo
relatives at the Hall?"

The question was so
unlooked for, that all th
Mamma, who was not
given to blushing, colou
"Louis and Rachel? Y
them very well," said M
with as much compo

prevent the young clergyman from discovering a rather unusual degree of interest in the good mother's answer. He looked surprised, and turned a hurried glance upon the girls, who were equally confused under his scrutiny. It was impossible to say which was the culprit, if culprit there was. Mr. Rivers, who was tall enough at first, visibly grew a little taller, and became still more stately in his demeanour than before.

"I am not given to gossip," he said, with a faint smile, "yet I had heard that they were much here, and had given their confidence to your family. I have not been so favoured myself," he added with a slight curl of disdain upon his handsome lip. "The youth I know nothing of, except that he has invariably repelled any friendship I could have shown him; but I feel a great interest in the young lady. Had my sister been in better health, we might have offered her an asylum, but that is impossible in our present circumstances. You are doubtless better acquainted with their prospects and intentions than I am. In case of the event which people begin to talk about, what does Lord Winterbourne intend they should do?"

"We have not heard of any event —what is it?" cried Mrs. Atheling, very anxiously.

"I have no better information than common report," said the Rector; "yet it is likely enough—and I see no reason to doubt; it is said that Lord Winterbourne is likely to marry again."

They all breathed more freely after this; and poor little Marian, who had been gazing at Mr. Rivers with a blanched face and wide-open eyes, in terror of some calamity, drooped forward upon the table by which she was sitting, and hid her face in her hands with sudden relief. Was that all?

"I was afraid you were about to tell us of some misfortune," said Mrs. Atheling.

"It is no misfortune, of course; nor do I suppose they are like to be very jealous of a new claimant upon Lord Winterbourne's affections," said

happy circumstances, that they can remain at the Hall."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Marian, in a half whisper, "he will be so very, *very* glad to go away!"

"What I mean," resumed Mr. Rivers, who by no means lost this, though he took no immediate notice of it—"what I wish is, that you would kindly undertake to let them know my very sincere wish to be of service to them. I cannot at all approve of the demeanour of the young man—yet there may be excuses for him. If I can assist them in any legitimate way, I beg you to assure them my best endeavours are at their service."

"Thank you, sir, thank you—thank you!" cried Mrs. Atheling, faltering, and much moved. "God knows they have need of friends!"

"I suppose so," said the Rector; "it does not often happen — friends are woeful delusions in most cases—and indeed I have little hope of any man who does not stand alone."

"Yet you offer service," said Agnes, unable quite to control her inclination to dispute his dogmatisms: "is not your opinion a contradiction to your kindness?"

"I hold no opinions," said the Rector haughtily, with, for the instant, a superb absurdity almost equal to Mr. Endicott: he perceived it himself, however, immediately, reddened, flashed his fiery eyes with a half defiance upon his young questioner, and made an incomprehensible explanation.

"I am as little fortified against self-contradiction as my fellows," said Mr. Rivers, "but I eschew vague opinions; they are dangerous for all men, and doubly dangerous in a clergyman. I may be wrong in matters of feeling; opinions I have nothing to do with—they are not in my way."

Again there followed a pause, for no one present was at all acquainted with sentiments like these.

"I am not sure whether we will continue long here," said Mrs. Atheling, with a slight hesitation, half afraid of him, yet feeling, in spite of herself, that she could consult no one

away; he says the house was only given to old Miss Bridget for her life!"

"Ah! but that is false, is it not?" said the Rector without any ceremony.

Mrs. Atheling brightened at once. "We think so," she said, encouraged by the perfectly cool tone of this remark, which proved a false statement on the part of my lord, no wonder at all to his reverend relative; "but, indeed, the lawyer advises us not to contest the matter, since Lord Winterbourne does not care for expense, and we are not rich. I do not know what my husband will say; but I am sure I will have a great grudge at the law if we are forced, against justice, to leave the Old Wood Lodge."

"Papa says it was once the property of the family, long, long before Aunt Bridget got it from Lord Winterbourne," said Agnes, with a little eagerness. This shadow of ancestry was rather agreeable to the imagination of Agnes.

"And have you done anything—are you doing anything?" said the Rector. "I should be glad to send my own man of business to you; certainly you ought not to give up your property without at least a legal opinion upon the matter."

"We expect my son to-morrow," said Mrs. Atheling, with a little pride. "My son, though he is very young, has a great deal of judgment; and then he has been—brought up to the law."

The Rector bowed gravely as he rose. "In that case, I can only offer my good wishes," said the churchman, "and trust that we may long continue neighbours in spite of Lord Winterbourne. My sister would have been delighted to call upon you had she been able, but she is quite a confirmed invalid. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. Good morning, madam; good morning, Miss Atheling. I am extremely glad to have met with you."

The smallest shade of emphasis in double expression of satisfaction was addressed to Agnes; it was to her pointedly that his stately but reverential bow bore reference. He had come to see the family; but he was glad to know Agnes, the intelligent listener who followed his sermons—the eager bright young eyes which flashed warfare and defiance on his solemn deliverances—and, unawares to herself, saw through the pretences of his disturbed and troubled spirit. Lionel Rivers was not very sensitively alive to the beautiful: he saw little to attract his eye, much less his heart, in that pretty drooping Marian, who was to every other observer the sweetest little downcast princess who ever gained the magic succours of a fairy tale. The Rector scarcely turned a passing glance upon her, as she sat in her tender beauty by the table, leaning her beautiful head upon her hands. But with a different kind of observation from that of Mr. Agar, he read the bright and constant comment on what he said himself, and what others said, that ran and sparkled in the face of Agnes. She who never had any lovers, had attracted one at least to watch her looks and her movements with a jealous eye. He was not "in love," — not the smallest hair-breadth in the world. In his present mood he would gladly have seen her form an order of sisters, benevolent votaresses of St. Frideswide, or of some unknown goddess of the medieval world, build an antique house in the "pointed" style, and live a female bishop ruling over the inferior parish, and being ruled over by the clergy. Such a colleague the Rector fancied would be highly "useful," and he had never seen any one whom he could elect to the office with so much satisfaction as Agnes Atheling. How far she would have felt herself complimented by this idea was entirely a different question, and one of which the Rector never thought.

IRENÆUS had a little adventure the other night which came without his seeking. Hearing a sort of creaking, squeaking, screwing noise at his drawing-room window, which is below his bedroom, he got up stealthily, armed himself, went out by the back door, stole round the house, and under the trees on the lawn, till he could reconnoitre the point assailed by the enemy; and descried, as he expected, a man trying to force his way into the house, the fact being shown by the luminous disc of a dark-lantern being directed on the shutters. Irenæus, by name peaceful, is by nature brave. He did not rush into sudden action, but, time sufficing, stood in observation in the nearest covert, to see what our gentleman would do next. The window in question was a few feet from the ground. As soon as a pane of glass had been artistically removed with a pitch plaster, the centre-bit had done its work, and through the hole made by that instrument the burglar had succeeded in unbarring a shutter. This done, he placed two bodies, which looked very much like a horse-pistol and a crowbar, on the sill, which projected outside, sprang on the edge of the window, and was proceeding to force himself into the room, head and shoulders first. This was what Irenæus waited for. Knowing the whereabouts of a piece of cord, as he stole down stairs he had formed it into a sort of lasso, and with this, before our friend could recover from his first astonishment, he had pinioned his legs, with an almost simultaneous motion pushing his pistol and crowbar down on the lawn. His own barkers were in his capacious dressing-gown pockets. The thief beginning to struggle, he then upset him head foremost into the drawing-room, and jumped in after him, and, cocking one of his pistols, placed the muzzle close to his ear, threatening to shoot him if he resisted. By this time the scuffle had brought the male household, and the prisoner was made safe in an outhouse till he should be wanted. Well, said I to Irenæus, as he sat telling me this story, soon after, over our claret, in the octagon snuggery, I suppose the fellow has been committed, and you will have to stand in the witness-box at the quarter sessions, as a butt for the sarcasm of his counsel. Depend upon it he will make out that the burglar was the injured man, a carpenter doing job-work or something of the kind, against whom you have had a spite ever since the election, and terrify you with an action for false imprisonment.

IRENÆUS.—No fear of that; I did not commit him.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Then you committed yourself. You did not vindicate the majesty of law. But you don't mean to say you let him loose on society again.

IRENÆUS.—Not that either. I thought one ticket of leave was enough for him.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I hope you did not take the law into your own hands and put him to death; it would have been just, but scarcely constitutional.

IRENÆUS.—Not that either.

TLEPOLEMUS. Then have you got him still a prisoner, paying for his keep? I would rather keep another big dog like my Newfoundland.

IRENÆUS.—I see that I must let you into my secret, which belongs, as well as to myself, to my butler and footman. I bound them, not by oath, for I have still some Quakerish scruples on that point, but by solemn promise, and I think I can depend on them. The fact is, I have taken the fellow into my service as a wood-cutter.*

TLEPOLEMUS.—And poacher.

IRENÆUS.—Very likely. It was through poaching he got into his first trouble; he had knocked down a gamekeeper,

TLEPOLEMUS. — How could you have been so rash?

IRENÆUS. — Considering all the circumstances, I did not see any other way of getting out of my

* This is borrowed from an incident in the life of the Rev. Rowland Hill.

that he seemed more agitated than I did, and remarked that the work was evidently unnatural to him. I examined his pistol, and found it not loaded. There was a mixture of shame in his trouble which I could not overlook. I dismissed the servants and questioned him, having prepared a white lie for my female household, to the purport that the thieves had escaped in the struggle. He admitted at once that he was a ticket-of-leave man. I hardly wanted a practical example to convince me of the necessity of changing as soon as possible that nonsensical system. He had poached, being out of work, to keep his family. A keeper having come on him suddenly and tried to capture him, he had knocked him down, and for some days the man's life was despaired of. He had been in gaol for some time; conducted himself well, and received his ticket of leave. Loose on the world, he had knocked at a good many gates for employment, but was very shortly rejected from all. He was watched by two classes of police, the legal and the illegal. One of the latter found him hungry and desperate, wandering about the fields. His wife and children were safe in the union. The invitation to take a glass of spirits was irresistible in the damp fog to an empty stomach. Desperate talk led to more glasses, and desperate resolves. The confederate had marked out Irenæus's house, and the two were to meet on the night in question and rob it. A lesson in the art was soon given. Our ticket-of-leave man was true to his appointment, but the friend had disappointed him; and in an evil moment, instead of seeing that he had been cheated, and would, if successful, have his own share of the spoil wrung from him under a threat of information, he went to work alone. I confess it was weak to act as I did, but there was one expression in the burglar's account that touched me. He said he tried high and low for work, but he found the world too respectable. I pondered on that word respectable, saw the truth and force of the remark, and determined to

in an out-door situation. against a repetition of and the temptation to furnish me at a smal test of the man's sinceri

TLEPOLEMUS.—Now derstand you. My ov sion to respectability certain sympathy with ious friend; and I d believe, that your ex turn out well. As for Celsus, he has the a his Congregation that is the English Antichri which may do harm Do you agree with me

IRENÆUS.—I don't k thought much about we'll have the curtain in coffee, and discuss over, or rather under, a

TLEPOLEMUS.—Respe smokes.

IRENÆUS. — Never make her for once.

TLEPOLEMUS. — Don it. I never give the f to anything I do not li

IRENÆUS. — If smokes not, does it drin

TLEPOLEMUS.—Yes, cret. Witness the t bescence on the wing Otherwise it might be pious horror of ferm its present efforts to Maine Liquor Law, th which is known to be ing private instead of turn public-houses into I confess myself rather thoroughly British ter as it shows that wh there, right or wrong, i at least, if not honestly

IRENÆUS.—I confess against public-houses. grant a license in my p

TLEPOLEMUS. — So farther and fare worse. respectability has ta houses that they ha they undoubtedly ar of demoralisation to th would respectability ouring man live? I you. He must rise at

a dinner which respectability has not chosen to teach his poor wife how to cook: it is consequently indigestible. Never mind. He drinks water with it, a liquid which, in very few parts of the country, can be obtained genuine. He works again till nightfall. Then he comes home again to bread and cheese and the same water, and respectability allows him a pipe, in consideration of his belonging to the lower classes, and with the pipe a tract which it has left at his cottage in the morning. Perhaps his fatigue has been refreshed by some falsified tea and adulterated sugar, for respectability sells these things. and therefore attaches no penalty to its own gains. Such is the life of poor Hodge in *theory*. As for Joan his wife, she has been to school; she knows how to read, write, and cast accounts; has learned at the Sunday school her duty to God and man *theoretically;* at the day-school, the use of the globes and universal history; and once a-month she has attended a lecture on hydraulics, hydrostatics, or vegetable physiology. Poor creature! she is well-educated, well-meaning, patient, industrious, and Hodge is perhaps a brute not to appreciate her because she cannot keep a cottage clean, or dress a dinner that will agree with him, or for the more selfish reason that she has never been taught, like the costumed peasants of the Continent, to set off her personal attractions to advantage. That, of course, is all vanity in the eyes of respectability. Alas, poor Hodge! He is tempted and falls. He wants to know what is going on in the world, to look at a paper, to have a chat with a neighbour who understands something more homely than hydrostatics; perhaps he is unreasonable enough to wish to indulge in a game of skittles. All these things are to be had at the Blue Lion for the price of a pint of beer. But the beer at the Blue Lion is poisoned with intoxicating drugs. His intellect grows darker and darker. The animal within him is stirred to madness. His poor helpless helpmate tries to wean him, but in vain. He becomes that Saxon cannibal, a wife-beater, and eyes and wonders that such wickedness should exist in the world.

Now, Irenæus, I cannot in my heart believe that that poor man is naturally worse than you or me. You know the strength of temptation, for not even in you is the animal quite extinct. You belong to the Codger's Club, do you not? Answer me truly, What use do you make of it?

IRENÆUS.—I do not abuse it. Although the *cuisine* at the Codger's is irreproachable,—in fact, the best in the world, as it applies French art to English materials, — yet my home-dinner (for Mrs. I. is not ashamed to apply her attention to these matters), combined with domestic society, generally counterbalances and overbalances the club's attractions. I will be sincere in my confessions. I sometimes do go there for a change—for a little men's society, and for the exceeding quietness of the library. There are two ways of abusing clubs, neither of which I practise. One is that of dining there perpetually, which some men do when they have families at home. But I suspect that the domestic cold mutton was originally at the bottom of that grievance. The other is that of more than taking out the annual six guineas in bread and beer, both of which are *à discretion*, and making a dinner of luncheon in the middle of the day. But there are so few who practise this that it does not much matter, they are chiefly poor idletons; for the City men, some of whom might do it, are engaged at that hour.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But as to the beer *à discretion*, do they not take too much of it? and what effect has it on the servants?

IRENÆUS. — The club is the loser, but they are the gainers. Not a man, of either masters or servants, was ever the worse. As for the latter, it all goes to swell the porter's cheeks and the waiter's calves. The reason is easily told. It is Ind and Coope's A. K., one of the most translucent, honest, refreshing, beneficent, transcendent, if not transcendental, beverages ever concocted by lovers of their species in October. Some people believe in the infallibility of the

great firms of British beer-kings; and if new constellations are ever discovered, I should not object to place them in the heavens with Orion and the ship Argo. Quite as good as those names of heathendom would sound Ind, Coope, and Co., Barclay and Perkins, Coombe and Delafield, &c. &c. As for Bass and Allsop, they have been tested by Liebig, and come forth from the ordeal pure as gold from the refiner; and the triumph has even seemed to my fancy to increase the friskiness of the liquid gold they produce. All honour to our noble ale-kings! As their ancestors the sea-kings ruled the waters, may their beneficent sway long continue over the fermented liquors of our land! *They* never poison poor Hodge's beer. He suffers from the low class of retailers, for there are dishonourable as well as honourable publicans, and the former class ought to be branded.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Brandied! no, indeed; so far from that, I would punish them with death; for their crime is the crime of Palmer, and like him they poison for base gain, and scarcely more slowly. Yet there is some excuse for them, because respectability has all long treated those of their calling as Pariahs. Well, Irenæus, I now come to what I was going to say when you brought in your panegyric on the beerocracy—a better thing, I grant you, than bureaucracy. Let the poor man have his club as well as the rich. Recognise the publican, and do not, as a matter of course, assimilate him to his Scriptural namesake, who also had much unjust obloquy to bear. After all, how often has his refreshing glass been to you and me, shooting, hunting, or simply pedestrianising—

ὁδοιπόρῳ δοψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος—

a very fountain-rill to the thirsty wayfarer, when no other fountain was at hand, even though a single draught contented us. Good as model lodging-houses may be, I think model public-houses quite as great a desideratum. Let there be clubs for the poor, and clubs in every sense of the term. To prevent any interference where men, wives, and children may dine, as at some places on the Continent. Nothing puts a small establishment so much out of its way as the necessity of providing a daily dinner at home. It is one of those things which is done more cheaply and much better by combination. You know that the combination-rooms at Cambridge have some of the best port in the world. Let the landlord himself preside at such ordinary, and the clergyman occasionally look in and say grace. Let there be half an hour of chat, repose, or amusement afterwards, and the men might be allowed an extra glass wherewith to talk over their own affairs, after the retirement of the ladies, as their betters are. But such places must be thoroughly well regulated, and there is no reason they should not be; the higher classes have been sobered by public opinion, and not by Maine liquor laws; and if they will look well to the matter, that public opinion will gradually extend itself amongst the poor. Restriction has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting: it only leads to concealment and hypocrisy; while respectability throws a coat of whitewash on the ruinous wall, pronounces it sound, and then is exceedingly astonished when it comes down with a crash on its own head.

IRENÆUS.—But you have said that respectability drinks not in public but in private, and does not smoke. These are only accidents—what is its essence? I want to understand better what it is.

TLEPOLEMUS.—What do you sometimes call this room—this octagon snuggery of yours—where you wish all your guests to speak their minds?

IRENÆUS.—The Temple of Truth. You see here I have a statuette of that goddess in a glass shrine, with the motto—

ὀρθὸν ἀληθέι 'ἄει.

TLEPOLEMUS.—It is winked at across the room by Bacchus holding out a cup, round which twines a fillet, inscribed "In vino veritas." It looks to me more like Aphrodite.

profession is a ruling one — rector meaning ruler in Latin; and although high in my views, I am not long in the skirts, or one of your petticoated priests of the epicene gender. When I take exercise, I like it with some meaning in it; a constitutional walk or macadamised ride will not unstring my bow. Although I do not neglect my duties, I hope, I shoot and fish, yea, and even take an occasional canter with the hounds; for the hunting-field is not what it used to be in the time of our fathers. It is now a mere social party on horseback of the cream of the land—"la crême de la crême."

TLEPOLEMUS.—Devonshire cream, I suppose.

CELSUS. — Exactly. The gentlemen I meet there are among the first men of the county; and as for an oath being heard, such anachronisms do not proceed from lips of the present day, even when the M. H. is slanging a Cockney for riding on his hounds; they belong to elderly gentlemen, whom I would not exclude from the field, if only for the sake of showing that the present generation, which swears not at all, can ride just as well as the last, which did swear. It makes my position in this company more easy that no oath is heard. Whatever the men of the present day do, they prove that strong drink and strong language do not furnish a mysterious cement to attach buckskin to pigskin.

IRENÆUS.—You mean to say that the field is so much more respectable than it was formerly, that you find no professional inconvenience in mixing with it. This is a singular comment on Tlepolemus's tirade against respectability, which he was indulging in before you arrived.

TLEPOLEMUS. — One of the worst points about respectability is its unwarrantable assumption in claiming to do good that does not belong to it. Respectability is a commercial virtue, and has nothing to do with the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease. They have given up swearing and drinking not through fear of what respectability will say of them, found out more intellectual pleasures. For these reasons they have become, as a class, fit company for good clergymen, which their fathers scarcely were at all times. Squire Western might hob-nob with Parson Thwackum, but Bishop Burnet would scarcely have felt at home with him. Allworthy is now a much more common character than Western amongst our squirearchy; and if God speeds the plough, our yeomen and farm-labourers will not be long in following in the steps of their betters.

CELSUS.—Just be kind enough to initiate us two into the subject of that Eleusinian conversation which appears to have preceded our arrival.

TLEPOLEMUS recapitulates.

CELSUS. — I do not quite know what to say as to your division into Arabs and Philistines. Your allusions are Eastern. The Philistines stand for the Canaanites; and what is to become of the Jews, who, being a people remarkable for vitality and fertility, will not be extinguished or ignored?

TLEPOLEMUS.—The Jew class lives amongst us now; but as their fathers were very much mixed up with the Canaanites, through their disobedience to the divine command, so are they now; and they make hewers of wood and drawers of water of them as they did of old. They pull the strings of all their commercial transactions, and sometimes upset their equilibrium. The fact at the present day is, it is hard to know these two Semitic tribes apart. But, apropos of the Arabs, you have some among the clergy. By the way, what do you west-country people say of the Archbishop's decision in the case of Archdeacon D.?

CELSUS.—Archdeacon D. is a man of fine nature, and, as well as being a thoroughly good parochial workman, a favourite in the society in which he moves. But Archdeacon D. is too much of an Arab for his earthly peace. He has been too long, like the Irishmam at Donnybrook, sweeping the earth with his upper garment, and crying, "Is there no gintleman who will have the kindness to trid on my coat?" A certain

absurd principles, if carried out, would make England a province of Russia or France, or a sort of puritan Cuba, to be annexed by the Southerners at the first convenient opportunity. Nevertheless, I cannot resist the temptation of pointing them out as fine specimens of the priesthood of respectability.

IRENÆUS.—They surely do not worship idols.

TLEPOLEMUS. — Respectability is not an idol; it is only a temple. Its high altar is not occupied by an image or *reredos*, but by a huge looking-glass, in which its votaries gaze, and fall in love, Narcissus-like, with their own perfections. Its religion is simply the religion of selfishness. The principles of your quondam sect have greatly changed since their first propagation. George Fox was a fanatic, three parts mad. He made war on society and society on him, though not with carnal weapons. His followers were persecuted, then tolerated, and lastly petted. They began with being iconoclasts, and ended with being well-to-do commercial people, priests of respectability. They began with being Arabs, and ended with being Philistines.

IRENÆUS. — I don't understand you.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I will explain by-and-by, what I mean by those two words. They began with their words, if not their hands, being against every man, and every man's hands as well as words against them; they ended with the mere advocacy of selfish principles, denunciations of war, denunciations of all institutions founded on antiquity and divine fiat, making undisturbed money-getting and calm sensual enjoyment the chief good of life.

IRENÆUS.—How sensual enjoyment? I am sure they are generally very sober and moral.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I do not deny it. By sensual enjoyment I do not necessarily mean sensual excess. Enjoyment human nature will have. When a man or a sect denounces all enjoyments, which, indeed, are the highest apart from those of a purely religious sense and intellect—the enjoyments of music, painting, theatricals, field-sports, &c.,—I say that he and they are much more likely to relapse into a state of mere animal and sensual comfort, good dinners, good wines, and sleepy chairs, than to rise into an ecstatic state of heavenly beatitude, with their earthly five senses still clinging to them. In my diatribe against respectability, while wishing to spare your feelings, I cannot pass over the fact that your late sect in particular has furnished some of the strongest illustrations of its priesthood, and indeed are chiefly to be found in those countries which are most favourable to the development of the respectable character. They are, as many a magistrate has borne witness when condemning some exceptional mal-practices of a Quaker, a most respectable sect.

IRENÆUS.—Enough. But explain what you meant by Arabs and Philistines.

TLEPOLEMUS.—There are very few generalisations which are so strictly founded on fact that it is not easy for a cavilling spirit to find many exceptions to every rule laid down. And Nature herself seems to take a secret pleasure in abating that human conceit which delights in showing its own power by endless classification. For this purpose it may be amongst others that she created the bat, the nyl-ghau, the zoophyte, and above all, the duck-billed platypus of Australia. Still, no doubt, there is a certain amount of truth in every classification founded on a good number of examples. Ethnologists have divided mankind into black, white, brown, olive, yellow, red, and according to the names of their forefathers, Shem, Ham, and Japhet; politicians have divided them into civilised and barbarous; divines into Pagan and Christian; and moralists and divines both, into good and bad. A great many other divisions might be made, and I choose to divide in a manner which suits my own fancy, according to a religion they profess, or rather practise, quite separate from any other division according to religious profession. I divide them into those

worship in the temple of Untruth, whom I am pleased to call Philistines. All men are in some sense or other, at some season or other, or in some frame of mind or other, either Arabs or Philistines, more or less so.

IRENÆUS.—How Arabs?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Wait a bit. When Aristotle drew up his scheme of virtues and vices, the virtues consisting in means, and the vices in extremes, he was somewhat inconsistent, for he allowed that the mean virtue was always more or less like one or the other of the extreme vices. Thus the liberal man (not the liberal politician) was more closely allied to the extravagant than the miserly, and indeed would be merged in him in time, because, being quick in giving away and slow in receiving, his property in time would be sure to come to nothing. Now, the Arab and the Philistine are, one a mean and the other an extreme, though the Philistine is, in a punning sense, the meaner character of the two. As the Arab is my favourite, I include under his name the real mean, the true man, the "Homo factus ad unguem" of the Latins, the χαριεὶς of the Greeks, the Anständiger Mann of the Germans, the "Homme comme il faut" of the French, and the Gentleman (though this last term must be limited) of the British. But as it is ruin to a man's worldly prospects, if he be not independent in means, to be too much of an Arab, although I like him, I must grant that he is licensed so far to deceive the world as occasionally to wear, instead of his own light garments, the Philistine's coat of mail.

"Why should I wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at?"

Our climate is cold, and therefore the Arab to live has a right to borrow the livery of respectability, but he must be careful not to let it alter his truer nature. But what do I mean by Arab? I use the term because I can find no better word to express the true and genuine man, the unclad son of nature. It is an accident, and not an essential condition, from which I borrow the word. The man the Ishmaelite of old and of the present day, to have every man's hand against him, and, as a consequence, his own against every man. If the true man is not prepared for this extreme consequence, he must take refuge in reticences. He must satisfy himself with denying falsehoods, and confine his declarations of truth to that which it is his manifest duty to declare, which it will do others good for him to declare, and, above all, to the declaration of that which he is quite sure is truth, for he cannot trust his own judgment too far. One of the chief characteristics, then, of my Arab is his love of truth, another his position of hostility to society. If the former characteristic grows weak and the latter strong, he degenerates into the blackguard. I have not, I confess, an unmitigated aversion to a blackguard; he is simply an unphilosophical Diogenes. A blackguard may be a gentleman: Charles II. was both: but he can never be a snob, or, what is something like it, a Philistine.

IRENÆUS.—I think I enter into your meaning in using the term Arab. I heard it once well said from the lips of a distinguished man, that if he had the whole of truth in his hand, he would only open his little finger. He loved truth, but loved peace at the same time. Thus the world generally supposes the opposite of truth to be falsehood. Aristotle, not very complimentary to his teacher, assumes that it is Plato; you seem to assume it to mean respectability.

TLEPOLEMUS.—The opposite of truth is untruth; but, if you paid me attention, you remarked that I called respectability not untruth itself, but the temple where it is worshipped.

IRENÆUS.—Explain your term Philistine.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I was in great difficulty to find a word to explain what I mean, and I found it at last in the vocabulary of the German students. Thackeray's "snob" would not quite do; he used the word in an acceptation in which it is not used by the world—namely, to

second intention is more likely to lead astray than to borrow a foreign word for one's purpose. Besides, the word Philistine is more cosmopolitan than snob, as that of Arab is wider than gentleman. Again, the division of gentleman and snob is not exhaustive. Many of mankind are neither one nor the other. The Philistine of my drawing is very nearly the Philister of the German student. The name of Philister comprehends the whole of mankind who are neither students, women, nor children. The Bursch or student is the covenanted person, and the Philister the uncovenanted. And it counts as nothing that a man has been a student once; let him take a certain step in life—for instance, a government office — and back he goes to the Philisters again. But the marrow of the distinction according to the students is, that the student is free and the Philister a slave; that the student is true, and the Philister fictitious; that the student is a real character, and the Philister an impostor; the student holy, the Philister unholy; the student ever green in youth, the Philister old in temperament and manners—in short, the student a trump, and the Philister a muff. And *Philisterei*, in the language of the student, or student-like professor, is a word that denotes generally conventionality, subservience, snobbishness, meanness, priggishness. Now Philister or Philistine is just the word I want. Impostor is too strong, and marks the exaggeration of the character. Actor is too honourable, for a real actor is a great artist, and by no means a Philistine. All the men I have ever met have been, are, or will be — for I do not include women in one or the other of the categories — either Arabs or Philistines.

IRENÆUS. — Why not include women?

TLEPOLEMUS. — Because, if I do, I shall put my foot in it. And again, women are such mysteriously composite characters — they have so

ends of ideas sticking in
ligences, like old nails i
which you may knock i
off, but never can pull
means; so many pretty
dices, "quips, cranks, a
wiles;" truth and fal
rather I should say ficti
ing each other so intrica
constitutions, that it i
west coast of Scotland
describe as land or
which is natural in them
cial, and that which is
natural, as Goethe says—

"Das naturel der Frauen
Ist so sehr mit Kunst ver

that the task of discrim
tinction, or classification,
my powers. If you wan
stand what I mean, read
Shirley, and *Villette*. I
Currer Bell is a bit of a f
though in saying so I s
on a course where I just
self without mark or com

IRENÆUS.—The fact is
you have not the same
feminine as for masculi
ites. Let's change the su

[*Enter, with a small*
on his shoulder, C
followed by Mrs.
the "Rose of Dev
cheeks.]

MRS. COPE.—What su

IRENÆUS (*kissing he*
mind, daughter, dear.
am to see you, though
pected you to-morrow!
you have quite recover
first instalment of yo
move, which your bette
skilfully evaded by find
necessary at the crisis f
of her last edition. W
bility has actually allo
carry your own bundle.

CELSUS. — My *biceps*
and *pectoralis major* a
dorsi, were given me fo
purpose than to ring du
swing loaded clubs. I
agree with Cowper's fan

"A kick that scarce would
Would kill a sound divine.

* See KINGSLEY'S *Westward Ho!*

cially those who have seen service, like Byron's married women,

> "Know the world, and are at ease,
> And being natural, naturally please."

Men generally find them the pleasantest of companions, and sensible women, whose verdict is still more important, amongst the most charming of men. As for the common sailors, they carry the Arab disposition to excess, and are even said, but I think that is a libel, to have a penchant for polygamy.

CELSUS.—The influence of the officers is fast improving the sailors in mind and morals; but the sterling Arab nature of poor Jack, no schooling, I hope, will ever take away from him. It is lucky for him that

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> And takes care of the life of poor Jack."

IRENÆUS.—In what classes do you find the greatest proportion of Arabs?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Among the artists, undoubtedly. They are nearly all Arabs to a man. Painters, because the picture is judged by society, and the man overlooked; sculptors for the same reason; musicians and actors also, because without talent they cannot exist, and talent carries the world on its lance-point. I believe this class of persons were once said by a popular preacher, on the occasion of an oratorio, to be "out of the pale of respectability." Perhaps they are all the better for the fact of respectability ignoring them. Certain it is, that, as far as my experience goes, I find quite as much honour, honesty, and religion among them as amongst any other class of public servants, and far more independence of character. Actors are by no means hypocrites, though the strict etymology of that word identifies it with them. Actors are often good men, but a great many good men by reputation are only bad actors. As for those who are more emphatically called artists, they are amongst the most delightful of mankind. What do they care for conventional riches, the monarch stooped to pick up the brush of Titian, he meant to say by the act that he acknowledged his kingly brotherhood; and Ludwig of Bavaria never did himself greater honour than when he was walking arm in arm with Thorwaldsen. The empire of the artist is only second to that of woman. He reigns by producing what she possesses—beauty. But a woman must be really so to exercise this power by Divine Right, and not a mere female man; and the artist must be endued with the true Promethean fire. Assumption in the one, and affectation in the other are equally not to be tolerated. The real characters in both cases are—

> "Freie Kinder der frommen Natur"

and a slavish subservience to the world destroys the vestal purity of both.

MRS. CELSUS.—I do not know whether to give you credit for seeing quite clearly the true position of woman. It does not befit us to be quite one or the other—Arabs or Philistines. Our special mission is to be the reconciling element, the heralds of peace between these contending factions. If I may quote from a translation of Schiller's "Dignity of Woman"—

> "But sweetly heralding harmony's banners,
> Wield gentle women the sceptre of manners;
> Quench the white fire in its murderous glow,
> Lure the grim faces which glare on each other,
> Into the warmest embrace of a brother;
> Mingle the streams that asunder would flow."

IRENÆUS.—You would be for ever acting the part of the Sabines, and running between the levelled spears of Romulus and Tatius. Right! Pericles said at Athens that it was the highest praise of a woman not to fall below her proper nature, and not to furnish much subject of conversation for the men, either in the way of praise or blame.

MRS. CELSUS.—Not very complimentary, but in good part true. And that is why the Arab character does not befit us beyond a certain point. Amazons and Bloomers, and female

be themselves, or because, from some fault of constitution, they have let their legitimate sceptre drop from their hand. Female artists, female novelists and poets, female fox-hunters, are more tolerable; and yet men in general are so perverse, that they are most apt to fall in love with those who are not distinguished in any way. And there is perpetual danger of the female Arab lapsing into that horrible French character the *lionne*. Besides, that fear of opinion, which is effeminate, unlovely, and slavish in a man, is so closely united to our self-respect that it is rather graceful than otherwise. The Arab character in woman is apt to degenerate into the masculine, as the Philistine character in man is ungracefully effeminate. There is a deep significance in our promising to obey in the marriage service. Obedience is the gate that leads into our empire. I confess to a certain deference to the opinion of the world, even to your bugbear respectability, and you will never argue me out of it. Till the world is guided by a higher standard, it is better than no law at all, surely.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Then what did Celsus mean when he called Respectability the British Antichrist?

CELSUS.—I did not use the word precisely in the same sense as my wife. There is a respectability which is to the fear of God

> "As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

I object to it, not because of the light it sheds, which is better than utter darkness, but because it turns away men's eyes from the greater and warmer luminary.

But there is another kind of respectability which lights a lamp as treacherous and deadly as the false lights which the wreckers, I am sorry to say, used to hold out on our coast. When I have done duty in some town where respectability holds court, I have been much impressed with this. The congregation fills the church, but does not pray in it. It is easy to see that it is worshipping in another temple. It certainly wakes up at the sermon, because I make it, by dint ly by the spirit of criticism, partly by the love of excitement. Respectability at this day is the long cold shadow of the earnest Puritanism of the Pilgrim Fathers, which, however frightful in its life, had more of truth in it than its mouthing and gibbering ghost. Preaching, which used to be a means of teaching people truths, has now become, under the auspices of respectability, a mere substitute for the legitimate drama, and other healthy sources of pleasure. That was a truly instructive event which took place the other day at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. A young man, whose ideas are of the wildest, and whose declamation is the coarsest rant, attracts such crowds that they cannot hear him without crushing each other to death. He appears to be sincere in his fanaticism, and that sincerity is such a wonder in these days that its exemplification in one man overcomes all other sources of attraction. If these people had been properly amused during the week, they would not have required such spiritual dram-drinking on the Sunday. But that bastard Puritanism which calls itself respectability, has chosen to look coldly on popular amusements, and hence the sanctuary itself is invaded and desecrated. I hate the thing, because it is a whited sepulchre, which conceals all manner of abomination. The grocer orders Tom to sand the sugar and water the tobacco, and then come down to prayers. The stock-jobber goes twice to church on Sunday, and on Monday makes his most successful hit on 'Change, as the result of his devotions. His northern brother fuddles himself with whisky on Sabbath evening, because he is too respectable to take a walk on Sabbath morning. Yet I suppose, as far as mere police is concerned, respectability is no bad substitute for the fear of God, the chief objection to it being that it ignores the destiny of the soul. There is a most striking chapter in that excellent little book, *The Friends in Council*. As the author treats a difficult subject with far more delicacy than I can, I advise you all to read

it. There you may see how the white-washed Juggernaut of our days drives his car over hecatombs of living bodies and living souls, not of men, but of women. Respectability ousts women from their employments, and then pushes them cold-bloodedly over the precipice of destruction. It is through respectability that London is perhaps the only large city in Europe where you cannot walk with a female relative after dark. Respectability enacts that pale-faced youths, with white neckcloths, shall serve behind counters and keep books, and that ruddy-faced youths, with black whiskers, shall wait at table, and answer the door; so that the state of things becomes here much what it was in ancient Egypt, when the woman performed the outdoor and the man the indoor work, with the important difference that with us the women are debarred from both, seeing that our Arabs monopolise the active, and our Philistines the sedentary life. The consequence is, that the unattractive are driven to illustrate Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" and the attractive, who might be the joys and the jewels of many a happy home, are driven to a living death in this life—may Heaven forgive them in the next!

How I long for a new Press-gang, endowed with plenary power to arrest all linen-drapers' assistants, bankers' clerks, and superfluous footmen—all men, in fact, not engaged in manly occupations—and sweep them off to fight the pirates in the Chinese seas, until they are sufficiently gymnasticised to be a match for Russians. I can picture to myself with delight the outward-bound cargo of land-lubbers dedicated to Neptune on crossing the Line, with the usual ceremonies, and gradually becoming new men after that effectual saline christening. What a fund of amusement they would furnish to dear old Jack! Certainly God did not create a greater number of males than females in the world, that women should be ousted from the only employments open to them, by the iniquity of respectability, and the selfishness of the ruffians who administer its services. I think I have abundant reason for what I say in my sermons, for there is no commandment in the Decalogue whose breach may not be laid at the door of respectability; and its worship, as it is carried on with us, is simply the arch-enemy of mankind disguised as an angel of light.

TLEPOLEMUS.—To speak more moderately, I am surprised that the word does not exist in the same sense in any other language, or in fact its equivalent. "Respectable," in French, means "venerable." "Anständig," in German means well-conducted. The thing and the name exist only with us, and the sooner we can find some substitute for it the better. As it is, it is the only real oppressor of the poor in the freest country in the world. The parks which are shut to cab and omnibus, are open to the family brougham, no longer the gig, of respectability. And some day or other the nuisance must be abated, or the poor, from being discontented, will become dangerous, and we shall all be whirled away, Church, State, and Society, first in wide sweeps, then in more narrowly converging eddies, till we suddenly drop plumb down in the bottomless maelstrom of revolution.

IRENÆUS (makes a sign to Celsus).

MRS. CELSUS (with some alarm).—Well, I did not know that before; but I believe you two are freemasons.

CELSUS.—Madame Suspicion, he only meant to say that it was time to go to bed. And suppose we were masons?

MRS. CELSUS.—All good-for-nothing men that ever I have known have been masons.

IRENÆUS (warmly).—Indeed!

TLEPOLEMUS.—But that is a very different thing from saying that all masons are good-for-nothing men. It is late, but I cannot help observing, that the masonic character is nearly allied to the Arabian. Among the real Arabs are many masons, and the fact of brotherhood has ere now saved a man's life among the Bedouins. The mason, like the Arab, is a much calumniated character. The principles of both are freedom and brotherly love, when you take them in their homes or in their tents; but abroad, they are in a certain position of hostility to society.

market-place; surely the world, without respectability, would be a very sad place.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I am glad that you give me a minute for explanation. Our tirades against respectability must be confined to the commonest and most popular sense of the term. But, in the opinion of the good, there is a higher respectability, very like in aspect to the other, but entirely different in nature, as the tares of Palestine are like the wheat, and yet entirely different from it. The real respectability is founded alone on those qualities for which a man is really to be respected, and it is fully

who is true and just in with man, and reverenti ings with God; who lo bour as himself, and w his way to serve him; preachable in his fam and especially when he wife, as you have, Celsu to value her; in fact,

"Qui consulta Patrum, qui servat;"

but not necessarily a m a certain coat, or says tain conventional thing vours in the face of the der ridiculous the prou that "Britons never w Good-night.

DRED.

WE read lately, in an ill-natured and *ex parte* review, which we shall not more particularly specify, that a young author should be treated hospitably, as a stranger, and dismissed with good wishes and a courteous farewell. But if he should knock at our door a second time, then, according to this literary lawgiver, we are to receive him with formality, preparatory to treating him with rudeness. So that, in fact, however impressed we may have been with the dignity of his presence or the sweetness of his manner, his frank genial conversation, or (what might produce a still more insinuating effect upon us) the coincidence of his opinions with our own, and the respectful deference with which he played the part of listener,—no prepossession in his favour, and much less the conviction that he has returned in the most friendly spirit, and under the influence of the encouragement which he formerly received, is to prevent us from asking him, in as peremptory a tone of voice as possible, if he wiped his feet upon the mat, or from desiring him not to sit upon that chair, which is in a warm corner, but upon that other, which is in a thorough draft. Straining the reviewer's precept, then, and following his example, if, as a

counterpoise to the which we formerly trea ger, we contribute only to the conversation, an fered neither warmth ment, dismiss him with we may retire to rest u sense of gratification at having deceived o compliments which emanation of a genial drop the metaphor, we can find it — in h the mask from our c shown, in the cynics leering stare of the n absence equally of g good nature, and the which divides the from the true lover much more from that even when not admi the eyes of the true of respectful regard.

It would be for the of authors nor of reade such an arbitrary can truth, the courses open will depend not me status of the writer may have taken up, the literary merit of upon the nature of cussed, upon the sou soundness of the opi

beyond this still, upon whether the degree of general information as regards the question bears a proportion to its importance, and if the popular mind be imbued with the spirit of inquiry, or be in a state rather of ferment and excitement. With respect to the mode of treatment of those who have a status and those who have none, and omitting, for the sake of argument, all the above at least equally important considerations, we hold an opinion the exact contrary to that of our cotemporary. The worst treatment which a young author can receive is of course total neglect. We mean to say that this is what will please him least, though it may be the best for him. If he be noticed at all, however, it will be because either of his merits or of his promise. He may have written badly, but thought or conceived well; or, *vice versâ*, he may have written with remarkable force and beauty, and enunciated very unsound opinions. In the one case he should be complimented on the vigour of his understanding or the inspiration of his genius, while he was soundly rated for his carelessness or ignorance; in the other, a few words of eulogy of his style would be all that was due to him, and to combat his errors would be to pay him as great a compliment as he deserved. But verily, unless he were faultless, we should not, for his own sake, set aside the question of our duty to our readers, receive him with bows, and load him with caresses.

On the other hand, if an author whether young or old, have proved his genius and achieved fame, although the duty which a reviewer owes to the many readers who are anxious to hear some opinions of a book before they order it, would compel them to mark its faults, not less than its beauties, we hold that he should perform this task under a wholesome reccollection that it is much easier for him to point out the flaws in the limner's work, than to change a piece of canvass into a spirited picture. There is a respect due to genius; even though its wing

among the evil qualities of his acquaintances; extremely perverse, self-willed, unwise men can detect the bad. One essential — and perhaps the greatest essential — to the acquirement of true knowledge of character, is humility; and what humility is to the moralist, reverence is to the critic. As the one obtains his perception of character through self-perception, which he acquires by the just measurement of himself by a true moral standard, so the other can only obtain his power to estimate the defects of genius by a habit of dutifully contemplating, or rather by a necessity so to contemplate the power and beauty of genius. He who is without this spirit of reverence, has indeed neither charter to trade to the coasts of literature, nor license to expose his goods to sale after he has made the voyage. His conduct is that of a butcher who sells only bad meat; and we would do with him as is done in Eastern countries—send for the cadi, destroy his property, and summarily flog him.

Dred, to one of these filchers of better men's names, should be a godsend. Not only is it the work of a writer who has contributed to "the literature of power," as distinguished from, and superior to, "the literature of knowledge," but it is the legitimate successor, though not the direct one, of a tale which has appealed to all the sympathies of man, and been read wherever the English language is known. Yet *Dred* could be proved to be one of the dullest and most vulgar productions ever published. A malignant critic could convince his readers that the heroine is characterised by the manners, mind, and conversation of a milliner, and that her lover, the model American, is neither more nor less than a conscientious blockhead. He could instance long didactic chapters to prove that Mrs. Stowe, attempting to be ironical, is only dull; and he might make his extracts from the beginning, middle, or latter part of the book. He could do his dirty business, indeed by extracts alone. For so unequal is *Dred*; so overlaid are the opening chapter with American vul-

when we fancy that we have found the scent of the plot; so often and completely do we lose what we fancy is the scent, only to find and lose a totally different one; and, finally, so entirely, by the time we have approached the end of the book, have we abandoned all interest in such of the characters as have not died suddenly or been unexpectedly killed, that in place of the feeling of regret with which we have usually laid down a tale of Mr. Dickens or Sir Bulwer Lytton, it is one of satisfaction, amounting even to exhilaration, that we close the volume —the exhilaration resulting from a conviction that we have done our duty; that for the sake of the merits, which are great, we have borne with the defects of the tale; and, above all, that, sustained by our respect for Mrs. Stowe, and for the motives by which she is animated, we have listened—twice, thrice, four times over often—to every word which she was pleased to say.

When we say that the book is unequal, and specify such faults as the foregoing, the reader will presume that the merits must be rare which contribute to the inequality. They are so indeed. Mrs. Stowe is a woman of genius, and a perfect mistress of her art in two important particulars. She knows how to exercise power over our affections, and she knows how to charm our imaginations. She can appeal to our love of our kind, and to our love of nature. Two of her characters, Tiff and Milly—an old black man and an old black woman — enlist the interest of the reader on first acquaintance. Tiff we at once love for his fidelity, drollery, and mother-wit; and Milly, by the recital of her wrongs, moves our indignation only to supplant it by sympathy with that Christian nobility which enables her to forgive them. Unfortunately, however, no character can sustain a book which, professing to be a story, is by one third a repetition of its own contents. And it is to pay Mrs. Stowe a high compliment, but one of which she is quite deserving, to say that her splendid descriptions of scenery, and her

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'Well, his name is
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such deep-set eyes—

they were in a cave—and such black hair! and his eyes have a desperate sort of sad look, sometimes quite Byronic. He's tall, and rather loose-jointed; has beautiful teeth; his mouth, too, is—well, when he smiles, sometimes it really is quite fascinating; and then he's so different from other gentlemen. He's kind, but he don't care how he dresses, and wears the most horrid shoes. And then, he isn't polite; he won't jump, you know, to pick up your thread or scissors; and sometimes he'll get into a brown study, and let you stand ten minutes before he thinks to give you a chair, and all such provoking things. He isn't a bit of a lady's man. Well, the consequence is, as my lord won't court the girls, the girls all court my lord—that's the way, you know. And they seem to think it's such a feather in their cap to get attention from him, because, you know, he's horrid sensible. So, you see, that just set me out to see what I could do with him. Well, you see, I wouldn't court him, and I plagued him; and laughed at him, and spited him, and got him gloriously wroth; and he said some spiteful things about me, and then I said some more about him, and we had a real up-and-down quarrel; and then I took a penitent turn, you know, and just went gracefully down into the valley of humiliation—as we witches can—and it took wonderfully, brought my lord on his knees before he knew what he was doing. Well, really, I don't know what was the matter just then, but he spoke so earnest and strong that actually he got me to crying—hateful creature!—and I promised all sorts of things, you know, said altogether more than will bear thinking of!'

'And are you corresponding with all these lovers, Miss Nina?'

'Yes; isn't it fun? Their letters, you know, can't speak; if they could, when they come rustling together in the bag, wouldn't there be a muss?'"

She had previously compared one of her lovers to his own "dickie"!—what are we to think, or rather how are we ever to think, anything of the favourite of the three, but that he is an ass? Conceive a sensible man behaving in the manner described here:

"'But there—there's a letter Clayton wrote to me, one time when he had a quarrel. Just a specimen of that creature!'

'Pray, tell us about it, Miss Nina,' said the young man, with his eyes fixed admiringly on the little person, while he was smoothing and arranging the crumpled documents.

'Why, you see, it was just this way, You know, these men—how provoking they are! They'll go and read all sorts of books—no matter what *they* read!—and then they are so dreadfully particular about us girls. Do you know, Harry, this always made me angry! Well, so, you see, one evening, Sophy Elliott quoted some poetry from *Don Juan;* I never read it, but it seems folks call it a bad book, and my Lord Clayton immediately fixed his eyes upon her in such an appalling way, and says, "Have you read *Don Juan*, Miss Elliott?" Then, you know, as girls always do in such cases, she blushed and stammered, and said her brother had read some extracts from it to her. I was vexed and said, "And pray, what's the harm if she did read it? *I* mean to read it, the very first chance I get." O! everybody looked so shocked. Why, dear me! if I had said I was going to commit murder, Clayton could not have looked more concerned. So he put on that very edifying air of his, and said "Miss Nina, I *trust*, as your friend, that you will not read that book. I should lose all respect for a lady friend who had read that." "Have you read it, Mr. Clayton?" said I. "Yes, Miss Nina," said he, quite piously. "What makes you read such bad books?" said I very innocently. Then there followed a general fuss and talk; and the gentlemen, you know, would not have their wives or their sisters read anything naughty for the world. They wanted us all to be like snow-flakes, and all that. And they were quite high, telling they wouldn't marry this, and they wouldn't marry that, till, at last, I made them a courtesy, and said, "Gentlemen, we ladies are infinitely obliged to you, but *we* don't intend to marry people that read naughty books, either. Of course, you know, 'snow-flakes don't like soot!'" Now, I really didn't mean anything by it, except to put down these men, and stand up for my sex. But Clayton took it in real earnest. He grew red and grew pale, and was just as angry as he could be. Well, the quarrel raged about three days. Then, do you know, I made him give up, and own that he was in the wrong. There, I think he was too. Don't you? Don't you think men ought to be *as* good as we are, anyway?'"

Is it not a proof of Mrs. Stowe's great merit, that, having introduced her hero and heroine in the foregoing fashion, she overcomes the prejudice which she has raised so audaciously against them? It is our duty to inform the many readers who have bought *Dred* and laid it down in

discover that even Clayton is sometimes endurable. This first chapter is the more to be condemned because it tells nothing which is not repeated. It seems to have been written for the sake of showing that an educated slave who had expected emancipation, is not content with a gold watch! That is the climax of the chapter. "A host of conflicting emotions, &c., passed over the young man's face," as he unpacked the watch. Notwithstanding these emotions, he is, and continues to the last to be, although the centre-piece of more than one plot, the least interesting character, perhaps, in the book.

The second chapter is, if possible, worse, however, than the first. There are, as the late Sir Robert Peel would have said, three courses open to the novelist who would portray character. 1st (and best), To let the colloquy and actions of the people—their "words and acts"—stand alone. This is the true dramatic method. 2d, There is the more biographical style. A person is introduced, his appearance described, and his character summed up in a pungent and masterly manner. The writer of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* was a great adept at this mode, as is Mr. Disraeli. Whatever, however, such a one, so introduced, may say or do, it is only mentioned because it is *subservient to the tale.* A good sketch having been given of the person, it is not necessary that he should do and say things *solely to prove the accuracy of the sketch.* A certain amount of biographical power has been displayed; and a proportionate amount of dramatic power thereby dispensed with. 3d (which is the worst, for it precludes action, and supposes that the persons described play but secondary parts), There is the purely colloquial mode.

Now Mrs. Stowe is not content to adopt one or all three of these methods. We have, 1st, A biographical sketch; 2d, Words and acts which are subservient to no other purpose than the illustration of the character which was the subject of the sketch; and 3d and 4th, Long colloquies, in which her people describe *both themselves*

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book, listen to what
Russel" says:—

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these United States. W
as another man?'

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'Ah! ah! I fancy I s
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faces! Yet I know you'
able there as you would
And yet, after all, you are
to me in every respect.
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by second-rate fellows; J
like me, simply because
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'And what sort of sup
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truth, if I were already set up in life, and had as definite a position as you have—family, friends, influence, and means—why, perhaps I might afford to cultivate this style of thing. But I tell you what it is, Clayton, such a conscience as yours is cursedly expensive to keep. It's like a carriage—a fellow mustn't set it up unless he can afford it. It's one of the luxuries.'

'It's a *necessary* of life with me,' said Clayton dryly.

'Well, that's your nature. I can't afford it. I've got my way to make. *I must succeed*, and with your ultra-notions I couldn't succeed. So there it is. After all, I can be as religious as dozens of your most respectable men, who have taken their seats in the night-train for Paradise, and keep the daylight for their own business.'

'I dare say you can.'

'Yes, and I shall get all I aim at; and you, Clayton, will always be an unhappy, dissatisfied aspirant after something too high for mortality. There's just the difference between us.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the return of the family party."

Will it be believed that an entire chapter of more than ten pages is devoted, towards the close of the second volume, to the opinions of this "Jerry-go-nimble"! Such, however, is the fact.

The thread of the story has been repeatedly broken, and we have discovered that interest is wasted upon the fate of any one: Nina is dead; Dred has been coming and going, and not doing the thing, or anything like the thing, which we had been led to expect from him (of Dred more presently), and once again the two friends are brought together for the purpose of discussing the much-vexed slave question. As might be expected, the "Jerry-go-nimble" is not disposed to thwart his success in life for the sake of any cause whatever. He is, however, still thinking of becoming President of the United States. Hark again to "the brilliant Russel":—

"'I know it,' said Frank Russel. 'There never was anything under heaven so atrocious as our slave code. It's a bottomless pit of oppression. Nobody knows it so well as we lawyers. But then, Clayton, it's quite another thing what's to be done about it.

'Why, I think it's very plain what's to be done,' said Clayton; 'go right forward and enlighten the community. Get the law reformed. That's what I have taken for my work, and, Frank, you must help me.'

'Hum,' said Frank. 'Now the fact is, Clayton, if I wore a stiff white neckcloth, and had a *D.D.* to my name, I should tell you that the interests of Zion stood in the way, and that it was my duty to preserve my influence for the sake of being able to take care of the Lord's affairs. But as I am not so fortunate, I must just say without further preface, that it won't do for me to compromise Frank Russel's interests. Clayton, I can't afford it, that's just it. It won't do. You see our party can't take up that kind of thing. It would be just setting up a fort from which our enemies could fire on us at their leisure. If I go in to the legislature, I have to go in by my party; I have to represent my party; and of course I can't afford to do anything that will compromise them.'

'Well now, Frank,' said Clayton, 'seriously and soberly, are you going to put your neck into such a noose as this, to be led about all your life long the bond-slave of a party?'

'Not I, by a good deal,' said Russel. 'The noose will change ends one of these days, and I'll drag the party. But we must all stoop to conquer at first.'

'And do you really propose nothing more to yourself than how to rise in the world?' said Clayton. 'Isn't there any great and good work that has beauty for you? Isn't there anything in heroism and self-sacrifice?'

'Well,' said Russel, after a short pause, 'may be there is—but after all, Clayton—*Is* there? The world looks to me like a confounded humbug—great hoax. Everybody is going in for grub, and I say, hang it all! why shouldn't I have some of the grub as well as the rest?'

'Man shall not live by bread alone,' said Clayton."

It would be easy to quote other passages which show that Mrs. Stowe, regarded as a moral artist, is unhappy in many of her portraits. That this "Jerry-go-nimble" is a fair type of an American likely to become President of the Republic or the leader of a party, we do not believe. Mrs. Stowe intends us to be moved with indignation because the institution of slavery, constituting as it does a national sin, and, like all cherished sins, being productive of hypocrisy in professing Christians, is the remote cause

She fails in leading us to any such reflections. Russel, meant to be an American Bolingbroke, is merely a vulgar buckeen, whose parallel could easily be found in the billiard-room of any country town—just as Clayton, meant to be the Gladstone of the story (according to the popular view of that right honourable gentleman), is described as an introspective blockhead and moral prig, fit only to frequent a billiard-room with the ambition of being hailed "Mentor" among his vulgar companions.

It is not only, however, when she delineates character that she is guilty of the fault of repetition: she repeats her very incidents. By the two following extracts, it will be seen that Nina is presented in a more favourable light; take them, however, as evidence of the blemish to which we refer.

"Nina was not habitually an early riser, but on this morning she had awaked with the first peep of dawn, and finding herself unable to go to sleep again, she had dressed herself and gone down to the garden. She was walking up and down in one of the alleys thinking over the perplexities of her own affairs, when her ear was caught by the wild and singular notes of one of those tunes commonly used among the slaves as dirges. The words,

'She ar dead and gone to heaven,'

seemed to come floating down upon her, and though the voice was cracked and strained, there was a sort of wildness and pathos in it which made a singular impression in the perfect stillness of everything around her. She soon observed a singular-looking vehicle appearing in the avenue. The waggon, which was no other than the establishment of Cripps, drew Nina's attention, and she went to the hedge to look at it. Tiff's watchful eye immediately fell upon her, and, driving up to where she was standing, he climbed out upon the ground, and, lifting his hat, made her a profound obeisance, and 'hoped de young lady was bery well, dis morning.'

'Yes, quite well, thank you, uncle,' said Nina, regarding him curiously.

'We's in 'ffliction to our house,' said Tiff, solemnly. 'Dere's been a midnight cry dere, and poor Miss Sue (dat's my young missis), she's done gone home.'

'Who is your mistress?'

'Well, her name *was* Seymour 'fore

Peytons! She was so
to get married, as g
times,' said Tiff, speak
fidential tone. 'The
'count, and she's had a d
to travel, poor thing!
a lying at last, stretche
not a woman nor nobod
thing! And please, mi
for to see if de young lad
a woman for to do for
ready for a funeral.'

'And who are you, pr

'Please, missis, I'se T
I's raised in Virginny, on
place, and I's gin to Mis
and when Miss Sue marr
dey was all 'fended, and
to her; but I tuck up
what's de use of maki
worse? I's a 'pinion, ar
he oughter be 'courage
self, seeing de thing w
couldn't be helped.
wouldn't; so I jist tel
"you may do jis you
Tiff's a gwine with her,
follow Miss Sue to the
says I, and ye see I has

'Well done of you
better for it,' said Nin
drive up to the kitchen,
Rose to give you some b
go up to aunt Nesbit.'

'No, thank you, Miss
hungry. 'Pears like,
like as I be, swallerin' d
old times rising in der th
dey can't eat; dey get's
der eyes, with feelin's.
I hope you won't never
to stand outside de gat
friend you've got's gone
dat ar is!' And Tiff p
cayed-looking handkerch
it under his spectacles.

'Well, wait a minu
Nina ran into the ho
gazed mournfully after h

"Well, Lor; just de
used to run—trip, trip, t
like mice! Lord's will b

The chapter closes;
tronly slave, has been
Tiff's assistance; and
Nesbit (a wearisome
to be an amusing por
ness, but only a fee
quite superfluous one)
fast. Nina has anno
pose of driving over to

"'I think,' said aun

your position in life.'

'My position in life! I don't see what that has to do with it. My position in life enables me to do anything I please—a liberty which I take pretty generally. And then, really, I couldn't help feeling rather sadly about it, because that old Tiff there (I believe that's his name) told me that the woman had been of a good Virginian family. Very likely she may have been just such another wild girl as I am, and thought as little about bad times and of dying as I do. So I couldn't help feeling sad for her. It really came over me when I was walking in the garden. Such a beautiful morning as it was—the birds all singing, and the dew all glittering and shining on the flowers. Why, aunt, the flowers really seemed alive; it seemed as though I could hear them breathing, and hear their hearts beating like mine. And all of a sudden, I heard the most wild, mournful singing over in the woods. It wasn't anything very beautiful you know, but it was so wild and strange:—

"She is dead and gone to heaven,
She is dead and gone to heaven!"

And pretty soon I saw the funniest old wagon—I don't know what to call it—and this queer old black man in it, with an old white hat, and surtout on, and a pair of great funny-looking spectacles on his nose. I went to the fence to see who he was; and he came up and spoke to me, made the most respectful bow—you ought to have seen it! And then, poor fellow, he told me how his mistress was lying dead, with her children around her, and nobody in the house! The poor old creature, he actually cried, and I felt so for him! He seemed to be proud of his dead mistress, in spite of her poverty.'"

It was one of Mr. Hume's reflections that criticism would always be worthless, unless supported by copious quotation. We agree with that great judge and master of the English language. But though we had noted passages for extraction from the second volume of *Dred*—in order to prove that it is disfigured in the manner in which we have proved the first to be—want of space obliges us to withhold them. We beg, however, to draw Mrs. Stowe's attention to pages 25-26, and to page 42—to the climax, "My little Baltimore oriole," Clayton's endearing address to Nina; and Russel,—as outrageous examples of the vulgarity which we complain of.

From the consideration of such blemishes, however—blemishes which have affected her portraiture of character, and added to her book bulk without value, we pass to the examination of *Dred*, regarded as a tale. As a work of "moral art," we cannot, we are sorry to say, speak in commendation of it. The moral artist is eminently successful precisely where Mrs. Stowe has egregiously failed. He succeeds in sustaining to the last, our interest in his characters, leaving us with our indignation excited against the wicked, and our sympathy extended to the good. Or, if he have done what Mrs. Stowe alludes to in her preface—if, in the person of a gay and accomplished hero, he have made profanity and vice matters of interest, he has still executed a work of art; though in this case he must be considered, not as a moral, but as an immoral artist. Imagine such a one to have involuntarily excited our indignation *against* his "gay and accomplished" hero, and he will have failed much as Mrs. Stowe has failed. Nor need we look to the bill of fare contained in her preface, nor consider only her portrait of Clayton, in order to account for her failure. So long as she paints for us the sorrows of the negro, so long as she draws attention to the moral consequences of the slave laws, Mrs. Stowe is doing a work which fairly belongs to the domain of the "moral artist." Thus by Milly's story—an episode, and all of which is related in negro gibberish—our interest is sustained, and our indignation moved. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Stowe has invested the interest of her plot, not in the enduring, but in the resisting negro. What was to be done? Were we to accompany Dred on his way of slaughter, and sympathise with the atrocities of a servile insurrection? This would never have answered. The "gay and accomplished hero" (about whom, by the by, there has a vast deal of cant been written) would have been acceptable in the eyes even of Exeter Hall, compared to the ferocious negro, reeking with

fore Dred neither does nor attempts to do aught, for the fulfilment of his prophecies. They must, however, be accomplished. Something must happen to account for his mysterious ravings and uncompromising threats. He has denounced vengeance upon the whole white population, and hinted — not darkly — that it will reach Nina. Nina has become, by this time, an object of regard to us. What will Dred do? we think. By what artistic method is he to destroy Nina, yet awaken no horror against himself or his race? The climax is truly ludicrous. It is as if the conspirators, being met for the assassination of Cæsar, received a message that he was not coming. Or it is as if, after the interview between Brutus and Cassius, and the scene with Portia, a herald were to announce to the conspirators that Cæsar was dead, and they were not wanted. We had lost more than one scent; every one will allow, however, the significance of a hint dropped in the closing pages of the first volume. Who would not conclude, from the following, that we had "winded" the plot?

"We have one scene more to draw before we dismiss the auditors of the camp-meeting. At a late hour the Gordon carriage was winding its way under the silent, checkered, woodland path. Harry, who came slowly on a horse behind, felt a hand laid on his bridle. With a sudden start he stopped.

'Oh, Dred, is it you? How dared you —how *could* you be so imprudent? How dared you come here, when you know you risked your life!'

'Life!' said the other,—'what is life? He that loveth his life shall lose it. Besides, the Lord said unto me, Go. The Lord is with me as a mighty and terrible one. Harry, did you mark those men? Hunters of men, their hands red with the blood of the poor, all seeking unto the Lord! Ministers who buy and sell us! Is this a people prepared for the Lord? I left a man dead in the swamps, whom their dogs have torn. His wife is a widow—his children orphans! They eat and wipe their mouth, and say, "What have I done? The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we."'

'I know it,' said Harry, gloomily.

I won't betray you, but I
to have blood shed. My
sister.'

'Oh, yes, to be sure. Tl
ture, don't they? Cast o
of the bond-woman? T
for them?'

'Dred,' said Harry, 'I l
than I love myself. I wil
to the last, but never
hers.'

'And you will serve
said Dred.

'Never!' said Harry."

We cannot too much
chapter from which the
an extract. It is hea
Meeting," and is a stril
that the purely drami
representing character
perior to all the other
to by Mrs. Stowe. It
a unique and most re
ture of a peculiar ph
in the Southern States.
mend is not at present
After reading seven cl
take up eighty-six page
volume, we get upon
had deceived us early
and have a good look
ordinary animal which
unconsciously hunting.

"'Dred! Dred! Dred
pushing him by the shoul
of this; come out. It's f

Dred stood looking b
his head inclined forwar
raised, and his eyes str
air of one who is tryin
something through a thic

'I see her!' he said.
by her? His back is t
see; it is he. And th
Milly. Try hard, try.
No; no use sending
There's not one to be ha
too busy. Rub her hand
no good. "Whom the
taketh away from the
Lay her down. Yes, it i
death!'

Harry had often se
moods of Dred, and he
because he partook so
common superstitions v
among the slaves of his
He shook and called hi
slowly away, and, with
to see nothing, yet guid
his usual dexterous ag

After his return home, it was with a sensation of chill at his heart that he heard aunt Nesbit reading to Nina portions of a letter, describing the march through some northern cities of the CHOLERA, *which was then making fearful havoc on our American shore.*

'Ah!' said Harry to himself, 'I see the meaning now; but what does it portend to us?'

How the strange foreshadowing had risen to the mind of Dred we shall not say. *Whether there be mysterious* ELECTRIC SYMPATHIES *which, floating through the air, bear dim presentiments on their wings*, or whether some stray piece of intelligence had dropped on his ear, and been interpreted by the burning fervour of his soul, we know not," &c.

The plot of a tale should be like a good fox-hunt. Mrs. Stowe invited us to her meet, made us don tops and pink, cried tally-ho! not without keeping us half the morning in the rain—and now it turns out that we have been running a drag! We submit that, however often the scent may be crossed, however we may be sometimes baffled, and though it be perfectly right that we should breathe our horses and admire the scenery—a fox is a fox, and a red herring is a red herring. Let us take a glance, however, at the hunting-field with the assistance of the bright eyes of the huntress: it will be seen that reynard is either chopped or goes to earth whenever we find him, and that the baffled and exhausted "field" runs red herrings to the end of the day.

"The reader who consults the map will discover that the whole eastern shore of the Southern States, with slight interruptions, is belted by an immense chain of swamps, regions of hopeless disorder, where the abundant growth and vegetation of nature, sucking up its forces from the humid soil, seems to rejoice in a savage exuberance, and bid defiance to all human efforts either to penetrate or subdue. These wild regions are the homes of the alligator, the moccasin, and the rattle-snake. Evergreen trees, mingling freely with the deciduous children of the forest, form here dense jungles, verdant all the year round, and which afford shelter to numberless birds, with whose warbling the leafy desolation perpetually resounds. Climbing vines, and parasitic plants, of untold splendour and of the highest dyes, pennons of gold and purple—triumphant banners which attest the solitary majesty of nature. A species of parasitic moss wreaths its abundant draperies from tree to tree, and hangs in pearly festoons, through which shine the scarlet berry and green leaves of the American holly. What the mountains of Switzerland were to the persecuted Vaudois, this swampy belt has been to the American slave. The constant effort to recover from thence fugitives has led to the adoption, in these States, of a separate profession, unknown at this time in any other Christian land—hunters, who train and keep dogs for the hunting of men, women, and children. And yet, with all the convenience of this profession, the reclaiming of the fugitives from these fastnesses of nature has been a work of such expense and difficulty, that the near proximity of the swamp has always been a considerable check on the otherwise absolute power of the overseer."

Living in the vicinity of this savage sanctuary are three groups of characters—living in it, Dred. Dred is a fugitive negro, the son of Mark Vesey, who, with other leaders of a servile insurrection, had committed many murders, and died upon the scaffold. The first group of people—viz., Nina, Harry, Milly (the matronly slave-woman), Lisette (Harry's wife), Aunt Nesbit, and a little disagreeable black boy—Tomtit, a reproduction of Topsy—dwell, with the exception of Lisette, on Nina's property of Canema. Lisette is the slave of a neighbouring proprietress.

The second group of people consist of a squatter's family, of the name of Cripps. These, with their immediate neighbours and acquaintances, are intended to impress upon our minds that, in consequence of the institution of slavery, there is growing in the Southern States a white population, penurious and immoral. That is what we are meant to understand, though the reasoning is by no means clear. That the climate of southern America admits of the existence of an Anglo-Saxon labouring population we are not told. We are meant to assume that it does, and that slavery is, in consequence, a curse to white as well as black. The real use of the Cripps family—

brother—is to develop the benevolence of Tiff, and place Nina in a more attractive light. Nina visits them in their distress, and reminds us forcibly of the character of "Shirley."

Group third consists of Judge Clayton and his wife, and Edward and Anne Clayton. These, together with Uncle Jack and a host of lawyers and clergymen, all equally vulgar, perform the didactic part of the business. We shall dismiss them once for all, by saying that they are chiefly instrumental either in discussing scenes which, having been dramatically represented by Mrs. Stowe, had taught their own lesson, or in repeating platitudes anent the slave laws. Judge Clayton is the best of them.

The main object sought to be attained by introducing us to the principal group—group first—is to enlist our sympathies in the fortunes and character of Nina, dependent as these are on her marriage with Clayton, and on the effect of her love for him. Another object, however, of perhaps still more importance to the interest of the tale, is the jeopardising of the happiness of the slave by reason of the power of his master, and especially of the power to buy or sell him. Hence the intrusion of Tom Gordon into the group. He—hating the slave-overseer Harry, and coveting Lisette—threatens to buy the latter from her mistress at Belleville.

This is the first plot which has any interest for us. We have indeed been introduced to the Cripps family, and have become reconciled to Nina because of her conduct in regard to them. We have been regaled with some splendid descriptions of forest scenery, and we have been moved by the true pathos with which were described the death and funeral of Mrs. Cripps. But omitting as quite unworthy of the name of plot, and totally without interest, the progress and denouement of Nina's flirtation—the simultaneous visit, we mean, which she receives from two of her lovers — only naming as worthless *that* feeble farce—the question, "Shall any anxiety. Here, h
ing Mrs. Stowe's vital
terest in Harry is me
corner-stone of the plot
is not the enduring n
negro martyr; Harry
indignant;—a faithful
doubt, but unhappily
heroes whose eyes, to
flash nothing but fire
blood has a rebellious
burst the veins of th
He is, in fact, a concei
such, a *very well dra*
and it is, therefore, an
of justice, and a grow
for Nina (who determi
fore her brother in the
are the main support
of this plot. We are
pense; after a few pa
summates her purcha
chopped *i.e.*); and, aga
wait anxiously for the t

Chapter xv., first
duces us to plot two.
being the enemy of
Harry's mind being
his wife, it is necessar
mical shaft shall be ai
sister. Now a fine
and for a little while
view of her. (See Ni
the by, beginning, "
of the towstring order
a proof of Mrs. Stowe'
in diminishing the re
had succeeded in awak
—a speech descriptive
from whom Lisette had
This sister had marri
who had taken her to
manumitted her. S
had bequeathed her th
which she was formerl
the law as interpreted
makes her part of it.
Tom and his sister to
rent. Nina, quite in
disclaims her right.
disappear, determined
ing it.

Ho, ho, we think, I
at last, and not a
This manumitted sl
her two children app
our sympathies, with
efice to their Creole

stances? In course of time it is answered.

Meanwhile, however, plot two is doomed to wait in abeyance for plots three and four. Plot three we have disposed of. It is the Julius Cæsar plot, minus the assassination of Julius Cæsar — the hunt, which terminates in the capture of a fish. Plot four concerns Milly. She — faithful and disinterested among women—hires herself out to a strange master. She does so with the view partly of saving to Nina her bed and board, partly to pay to Aunt Nesbit, whose attendant she more peculiarly is, from the wages of her labour. She comes back with a mutilated arm. (*Vide* the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*). Her master has, in fact, fired at and shot her, and, encouraged by Nina, Clayton determines to prosecute him.

This he does; wins his case in the chapter headed "The Trial," and sees it lost to him in that headed "The Legal Decision." His father has reversed the verdict. Clayton, in consequence, quits the profession, proving that he has neither the genius, the spirit, nor the patriotism which Mrs. Stowe vainly endeavours to ascribe to him.

Plot four being thus consummated, and plot three — the cholera-morbus —the great red-herring being fairly caught — we come to plot five, which finds us far advanced in the second volume. Harry, in fact, on whom so much of our interest has been meant to hinge, now appeals to it more directly. Nina being dead, her brother inherits the property of "Canema." Lisette and Harry are thus both the slaves of the detested Tom Gordon. Harry appeals, however, to a contract for his manumission, which Mr. Jekyl explains to be an illegal document. Clayton stands helplessly looking on; Harry is highly indignant, and expresses himself accordingly; and Tom Gordon, advancing whip in hand, orders him on his knees to beg pardon; he declines to do so; knocks Tom Gordon down; springs through the open window and upon his enemy's horse, and, "before sunset of that evening, Harry and Lisette were tenants of

And now when we have arrived at the 151st page of the second volume—plot five—which involves the question, what is to be the course of Dred and Harry?—when and in what manner is to fall the bolt of their vengeance?—must wait like its predecessors — for *plot two*. Clayton having vainly endeavoured to move the clergy to denounce the slave system from the pulpit, and Mrs. Stowe having as vainly attempted to rival Pascal; the one having visited a clerical friend, and the other having proved in the chapter "A Clerical Conference," that she is a bad manager of dialogue, and no mistress of irony, we make acquaintance at last with Harry's sister. In effect, Harry having communicated with Clayton by letter, that well-intentioned person concerns himself in the matter. The unfortunate woman has, however, murdered her children, and helpless as usual, and for once excusably so—Clayton leaves her in gaol—her fate undetermined, which it remains to the last, for we hear no more of her.

The most promising plot of all being thus ruthlessly abandoned, we have now to interest ourselves in plot five. This proceeds, not without halting. There intervenes a chapter headed "Lynch Law" — a *rechauffé* of the intelligence which may be seen often in the newspapers; also another, in which the runaway slaves are assembled round Dred to relate the cruelties of which they have had experience. (Vide *Uncle Tom*, the *Key to Uncle Tom*, and the notes to *Dred*, for three other editions of these cruelties.) A Father Dickson, an abolitionist preacher, endures chastisement at the instigation of Tom Gordon, Clayton interferes; high words are exchanged; the two part; Clayton is riding through the forest; Gordon assails him from behind; Clayton's arm falls broken to his side, as in a moment afterwards does his assailant's. Bullets fly about; Dred and Harry are hand; Gordon and his friends make off; Clayton, insensible, is taken by Dred to the forest fastness —the stronghold of Engeddi—where

slaves. At last something is to be done! Late as it is, Dred is still to act; but we smell blood, and revolt at the prospect of a servile rising.

So does Mrs. Stowe. The negro murderess, a hopeless heroine, has been left for judgment; the negro murderer must not murder. Wherefore, once more, we have the play of Cæsar without Cæsar's death. Nemesis, appalled at the prospect which she had opened, stays her hand, and, vowing retribution, destroys the instrument of her vengeance. We have not John Kemble, it will be seen, but Mr. T. P. Cooke!

"The conversation was here interrupted by Harry, who, suddenly springing from the tree, came up in an afflicted and agitated manner.

'The devil is broken loose,' he said. 'Tom Gordon is out with his whole crew at his heels, beating the Swamp. A more drunken, swearing, ferocious set I never saw. They have got on to the trail of poor Jim, and are tracking him without mercy.'

A dark light flashed from Dred's eye as he sprang upon his feet.

'The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; yea the wilderness of Kadesh. I will go forth and deliver him.'

He seized his rifle and shot-bag, and in a few moments was gone.

It was Harry's intention to have followed him; but Lisette threw herself weeping on his neck.

'Don't go! don't!' she said. 'What shall we all do without you? Stay with us! You'll certainly be killed, and you can do no good."

'Consider,' said Clayton, 'that you have not the familiarity with these swamps, nor the wonderful physical power of this man. It would only be throwing away your life.'

The hours of that day passed gloomily. Sometimes the brutal sound of the hunt seemed to sweep near them—the crack of rifles, the baying of dogs, the sound of oaths—and then again all went off into silence, and nothing was heard but the innocent patter of the leaf upon leaf, and the warbling of the birds—singing cheerily, ignorant of the abyss of cruelty and crime over which they sang.

Towards sunset a rustling was heard in the branches of the oak, and Dred dropped down into the enclosure wet, and soiled, and wearied. All gathered round him in a moment.

'Where is Jim?' said Harry.

the wilderness.'

There was a general exclamation horror.

Dred made a movement to sit down the earth. He lost his balance and fe and they all saw now, what at first th had not noticed, a wound in his brea from which the blood was welling. H wife fell by his side with wild moans sorrow. He lifted his hand and motion her from him.

'Peace!' he said, 'peace! It is enoug Behold, I go unto the witnesses who c day and night.'

The circle stood around him in mu horror and surprise. Clayton was t first who had presence of mind to kn and stanch the blood. Dred looked him—his calm large eyes filled with s pernatural light.

'All over!' he said.

He put his hand calmly to his si and felt the gushing blood. He to some in his hand and threw it upwa crying out with wild energy, in the wor of an ancient prophet—

'Oh, earth—earth—earth! Cover th not my blood—'

Behind the dark barrier of the woo the sun was setting gloriously. Piles loose floating clouds, which all day lo had been moving through the sky white and silvery stillness, now one af another took up the rosy flush, and t came each one a light-bearer filled wi ethereal radiance. And the birds sa on as they ever sing, unterrified by t great wail of human sorrow. It w evident to the little circle that he wh was mightier than the kings of the ear was there; and that that splendid fram which had so long rejoiced in the exub ance of health and strength, was nc to be resolved again into the eternal el ments.

'Harry,' he said, 'lay me beneath t heap of witness.—Let the God of th fathers judge between us.'"

The reader will not have failed note the beauty of the descripti which begins, "Behind the dark b rier of the woods." It is so very fi as to mitigate the ridiculous effe produced in us by the manner of t hero's death. This, in point of la guage and the throwing the blo into the air as if it were so mu sand, is well worthy of the Stra Theatre — while Dred's descent fr the tree reminded us partly of th of a bear and partly of that of a b

boon. We never were present at the shooting of poor Jacko, but we have heard from one who has perpetrated the tragedy, that the scene becomes painful in the extreme; that the creature looks at his destroyer with expressions of the most touching reproach, and that these are all the more powerful because of the sense of the ludicrous which is produced by his appearance—so different from that of the sportsman's ordinary game—midway between his branch and the earth. The last moments of Mrs. Stowe's man-monkey excite no such emotions.

The foregoing forms the climax of a chapter headed "Clayton's Recovery." Clayton being well again, and Dred dead, the former returns to his property and the latter to his mother earth. Dred is buried by midnight in Chapter XXIX.—four other chapters still remain.

We have to return with Clayton to his property, and wait for the development of Tom Gordon's plans, which consist in exciting against him the animosity of the neighbourhood, and in burning the school which he had established for his slaves. This done, he is easily persuaded that "he is checkmated," that "his plans for gradual emancipation or reform, or anything tending in that direction," are "utterly hopeless," that slavery is "a finality," and that he had better emigrate with all his people. He does so accordingly—as do, escaping from the Swamp, Tiff, (who with his young charges had taken refuge there from a brutal stepmother,) Milly, Harry, Lisette, &c. As the fugitives are not pursued, the escape has no interest. The story has behaved throughout, however, like a jibbing horse, and, conscious apparently of the fact, Mrs. Stowe make a final and forlorn effort to leap the bar.

"Before they reached the coast of New York, there was a change in their prospects. The blue sky became darkened, and the sea, before so treacherously smooth, began to rise in furious waves. The little vessel was tossed, baffling about by contrary and tumultuous winds.

When she began to pitch and roll in all the violence of a decided storm, Lisette and the children cried for fear. Old Tiff exerted himself for their comfort to the best of his ability. Seated on the cabin-floor with his feet firmly braced, he would hold the children in his arms, and remind them of what Miss Nina had read to them of the storm that came down on the lake of Gennesaret, and how Jesus was in the hinder-part of the boat, asleep on a pillow, 'and he's thar yet,' he would say.

'I wish they'd wake him up, then,' said Teddy, disconsolately; 'I don't like this dreadful noise; what does he let it be so for?'

Before the night of that day the distress of the ship increased, and the horrors of that night can only be told by those who have felt the like."

In one page, the ship is abandoned with Tiff on board—in the next, Tiff reappears, changed, it will be seen, into a grinning buffoon!

"'Oh, Fanny! Fanny! Tiff isn't dead; I heard him laughing!'

Fanny started up, and, sure enough, there came through the partition which separated their little sleeping-room from the kitchen, a sound very much like Tiff's old unctuous laugh. One would have thought no other pair of lungs could have rolled out the jolly 'Ho! ho! ho!' with such a joyous fulness of intonation.

The children hastily put on their clothes, and opened the door.

'Why, bress de Lord, poppets! here dey is, sure enough! Ho! ho! ho!' said Tiff, stretching out his arms, while both the children ran and hung upon him.

'Oh, Tiff! we are so glad! Oh, we thought you was drowned! we've been thinking so all night.'

'No, no, no, bress de Lord! you don't get shet of old Tiff dat ar way. Won't get shet of him till ye's fetched up, and able to do for yourselves,' said Tiff, shaking his sides joyously.

'Oh, Tiff! how did you get away?'

'Laws, chil'en! 'twas a mighty straight way. I told de Lord 'bout it. Says I, "Good Lord, you knows I don't car' nothing 'bout it on my own count; but 'pears like dese yer chil'en is so young and tender, I couldn't leave 'em no way;" and so I ax'd Him if he wouldn't just please to help me, 'cause I know'd he had de power of de winds and de sea. Well, sure 'nuf, dat ar big wave toted me clar up, right on de sho', and here I is! But it tuk my bref and my senses so, I didn't farly know where I was; and de people dat found me, dey toted me off a good bit away to a house down here, and

peart dis mornin,' and came out to look up my poppets, 'cause, you see, it was kinder borne on my mind dat I should find yo' all; and now, ye see, chil'en, you mark my words. De Lord's been wid us in six troubles, and in seven; and He'll bring us to good luck yet. Tell ye de sea han't washed dat ar' out o' me, for all its banging and bruising.'

And Tiff chuckled in the fulness of his heart, and made a joyful noise."

So successful is the writer in mitigating our heretofore unqualified admiration of her best character!

But we cannot part with old Tiff with such an unfavourable impression of him as is derived from the foregoing. We come therefore to the more pleasant part of our duties, and we shall now prove that Mrs. Stowe has a finer wit than that of the clown of a circus, even as she has a purer genius than that of the melodrama,

"The announcement of the expected camp-meeting produced a vast sensation at Canema, in other circles besides the hall. In the servants' department everybody was full of the matter, from aunt Katy down to Tomtit. The women were thinking over their available finery; for these gatherings furnish the negroes with the same opportunity for display that Grace Church does to the Broadway belles. And so, before old Tiff, who had brought the first intelligence to the plantation, had time to depart, Tomtit had trumpeted the news through all the cluster of negro houses that skirted the right side of the mansion, proclaiming that 'dere was going to be a camp-meeting, and tip-top work of grace, and Miss Nina was going to let all de niggers go.' Old Tiff, therefore, found himself in a prominent position in a group of negro-women, among whom Rose, the cook, was conspicuous.

'Law, Tiff, ye gwine? and gwine to take your chil'en? ha! ha! ha!' said she. 'Why, Miss Fanny, dey'll tink Tiff's yer mammy! Ho! ho! ho!

'Yah! yah! Ho! ho! ho!' roared in a chorus of laughter on all sides, doing honour to aunt Rose's wit; and Tomtit, who hung upon the skirts of the crowd, threw up the fragment of a hat in the air, and kicked it in an abandon of joy, regardless of the neglected dinner-knives. Old Tiff, mindful of dignities, never failed to propitiate Rose, on his advent to the plantation, with the gift which civilized her own peculiar stock of domestic fowl by the present of a pair of young partridge chicks, a nest of which he had just captured, intending to bring them up by hand as he did his children. By this discreet course, Tiff stood high where it was of most vital consequence that he should so stand; and many a choice morsel did Rose cook for him in secret, besides imparting to him most invaluable recipes on the culture and raising of sucking babes.

Old Hundred, like many other persons, felt that general attention lavished on any other celebrity was so much taken from his own merits, and, therefore, on the present occasion, sat regarding Tiff's evident popularity with a cynical eye. At last, coming up, like a wicked fellow as he was, he launched his javelin at old Tiff, by observing to his wife 'I's 'stonished at you, Rose! *You* cook to de Gordons, and making yourself so cheap—so familiar with de poor white folk's niggers?'

Had the slant fallen upon himself, personally, old Tiff would probably have given a jolly crow, and laughed as heartily as he generally did if he happened to be caught out in a rain-storm; but the reflection on his family connection fired him up like a torch, and his eyes flashed through his big spectacles like firelight through windows.

'You go 'long, talking 'bout what you don't know nothing 'bout! I like to know what you knows 'bout de old Virginny families? *Dem's* de real old stock! You Car'lina folks come from *dem*, stick and stock, every blest one of you! De Gordons is a nice family—an't nothing to say agin de Gordons—but whar was you raised, that ye didn't hear 'bout de Peytons? Why, old Gen'ral Peyton, didn't he use to ride with six black horses afore him, as if he'd been a king? Dere wan't one of them horses dat hadn't a tail as long as my arm. *You* never see no such critters in *your* life!'

'I han't, han't I?' said Old Hundred, now in his turn touched in a vital point. 'Bless me, if I han't seen de Gordons riding out with their eight horses, any time o' day.'

'Come, came, now, dere wasn't so many,' said Rose, who had her own reasons for staying on Tiff's side. 'Nobody never rode with eight horses!'

'Did too! You say much more, I'll make sixteen on 'em. Fore my blessed Master, how dese yer old niggers will lie! Dey's always zaggerating der fami-

lies. Makes de very har rise on my head, to hear dese yer old niggers talk; dey lie so?' said Old Hundred.

'You tink folks dat take to lying is using up your business, don't ye?' said Tiff. 'But, I tell you, any one dat says a word agin de Peytons got me to set in with!'

'Laws, dem chil'en an't Peytons!' said Old Hundred; 'dey's Crippses; and I like to know who ever hearn of de Crippses? Go way! don't tell me nothing about dem Crippses! Dey's poor white folks! A body may see *dat* sticking out all over 'em.'

'You shut up!' said Tiff. 'I don't b'lieve you was born on de Gordon place, 'cause you an't got no manners. I 'spects you some old, second-hand nigger Colonel Gordon must a took for debt, some time, from some of dese yer mean Tennessee families, dat don't know how to keep deir money when they gets it. Dese niggers is allers de meanest kind. Cause all the real Gordon niggers is ladies and gentlemen—every one of 'em,' said old Tiff, like a true orator, bent on carrying his audience along with him.

A general shout chorused this compliment; and Tiff, under cover of the applause, shook up his reins, and rode off in triumph.

'Dar, now, you aggravating old nigger,' said Rose, turning to her bosom lord, 'I hope yer got it now! De plaguest old nigger dat ever I see! And you, Tom, go 'long and clean your knives, if yer don't mean to be cracked over.'

Meanwhile Tiff, restored to his usual tranquillity, ambled along homewards behind his one-eyed horse, singing—

'I am bound for the land of Canaan,'

with some surprising variations. At last Miss Fanny, as he constantly called her, interposed with a very pregnant question:—

'Uncle Tiff, where is the land of Canaan?'

'De Lord-a-mercy, chile, dar ar's what I'd like to know myself.'

'Is it heaven?' said Fanny.

'Well, I reckon so,' said Tiff, dubiously.

'Is it where ma is gone?' said Fanny.

'Chile, I reckon it is,' said Tiff.

'Is it down under ground?' said Fanny.

'Why, no; ho! ho! honey!' said Tiff, laughing heartily. 'What put dat ar in your head, Miss Fanny?'

'Didn't ma go that way?' said Fanny; 'down through the ground?'

'Lordy, no, chile! Heaven's up!' said Tiff, pointing up to the intense blue sky, which appeared through the fringy hollows of the pine-trees above them.

'Is there any stairs anywhere? or any ladder to get up by?' said Fanny; 'or do they walk to where the sky touches the ground, and get up? Perhaps they climb up on the rainbow?'

'I don't know, chile, how dey works it,' said uncle Tiff. 'Dey gets dar somehow. I's studdin upon dat ar. I's gwine to camp-meeting to find out. I's been to plenty of dem ar, and I never could quite see clar. 'Pears like dey talks about every thing else more'n dey does about dat. Dere's de Methodists, dey cuts up de Presbyterians; and de Presbyterians pitches into de Methodists; and den both on 'em's down on de 'Piscopals. My ole mist' was 'Piscopal, and I never seed no harm in't. And de Baptists think dey an't none on 'em right; and, while dey's all a-blowing out at each other dat ar way, I's a wondering whar's de way to Canaan. It takes a mighty heap o' larning to know about dese yer things, and I an't got no larning. I don't know nothing; only de Lord he 'peared to your ma, and he knows de way, and he took her. But, now, chile, I's gwine to fix you up right smart, and take you, Teddy, and de baby, to dis yer camp-meeting, so you can seek de Lord in yer youth.'

Accordingly, in the chapter headed "Camp Worshippers," he fulfils this resolution:—

"We come next to Tiff's cottage, of which the inmates were astir, in the coolness of the morning, bright and early. Tiff's wagon was a singular composite article, principally of his own construction. The body of it consisted of a long packing-box. The wheels were all odd ones, that had been brought home at different times by Cripps. The shafts were hickory poles, thinned at one end, and fastened to the wagon by nails. Some barrel-hoops bent over the top, covered by coarse white cotton cloth, formed the curtains, and a quantity of loose straw dispersed inside was the only seat. The lean, one-eyed horse was secured to this vehicle by a harness made of old ropes; but no millionaire, however, ever enjoyed his luxuriantly cushioned coach with half the relish with which Tiff enjoyed his equipage. It was the work of his hands, the darling of his heart, the delight of his eyes. To be sure, like other mortal darlings, it was to be admitted that it had its weak points and failings. The wheels would now and then come off, the shafts get loose, or the harness break; but Tiff was

alacrity, that if anything he rather seemed to love it better for the accident. There it stands now, before the enclosure of the little cabin; and Tiff, and Fanny, and Teddy, with bustling assiduity, are packing and arranging it. The gum-tree cradle-trough took precedence of all other articles. Tiff, by the private advice of aunt Rose, had just added to this an improvement, which placed it, in his view, tip-top among cradles. He had nailed to one end of it a long splint of elastic hickory, which drooped just over the baby's face. From this was suspended a morsel of salt pork, which this young scion of a noble race sucked with a considerable relish, while his large round eyes opened and shut with sleepy satisfaction. This arrangement Rose had recommended, in mysterious tones, as all powerful in making sucking babies forget their mammies, whom otherwise they might pine for, in a manner prejudicial to their health. Although the day was sultry, Tiff was arrayed in his long-skirted white great-coat, as his nether garments were in too dilapidated a state to consist with the honour of the family; his white felt hat still bore the band of black crape.

'It's a 'mazing good day, bless de Lord!' said Tiff. ''Pears like dese yer birds would split der troats praising de Lord. It's a mighty good zample to us, any way. You see, Miss Fanny, you never see birds put out, nor snarly like, rain or shine. Dey's aller a-praising de Lord. Lord, it seems as if critters is better dan we be!' And as Tiff spoke he shouldered into the waggon a mighty bag of corn; but failing in what he meant to do, the bag slid over the side, and tumbled into the road. Being somewhat of the oldest, the fall burst it asunder, and the corn rolled into the sand with that provoking alacrity which things always have when they go the wrong way. Fanny and Teddy both uttered an exclamation of lamentation; but Tiff held on to his sides and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. 'He! he! he! ho! ho! ho! Why, dat ar is de last bag we's got, and dar's all de corn running out in de sand! Ho! ho! ho! Lord, it's so curus!'

'Why, what are you going to do?' said Fanny.

'O, bless you, Miss Fanny,' said Tiff, 'I's bound to do something, any how. 'Clare for it, now, if I han't got a box!' And Tiff soon returned with the article in question, which proved too large for the seriously to the task of stitching up the hole. 'De Lord's things an't never in a hurry,' said Tiff. 'Corn and 'tatoes will have der time, and why shouldn't I? Dar,' he said, after having mended the bag and replaced the corn, 'dat ar's better now nor 'twas before.'

Besides his own store of provisions, Tiff prudently laid into his waggon enough of garden stuff to turn a penny for Miss Fanny and the children, on the camp-ground. His commissariat department, in fact, might have provoked appetite, even among the fastidious. There were dressed chickens and rabbits, the coon aforesaid, bundles of savory herbs, crisp, dewy lettuce, bunches of onions, radishes, and green pease. 'Tell ye what, chil'en,' said Tiff, 'we'll live like princes! And you mind, order me round *well*. Let folks har ye; 'cause what's de use of having a nigger and nobody knowing it?' And everything being arranged, Tiff got in, and jogged comfortably along.

At the turn of the cross-road, Tiff, looking a little behind, saw, on the other road, the Gordon carriage coming, driven by Old Hundred, arrayed in his very best ruffled shirt, white gloves, and gold hat-band. If ever Tiff came near having a pang in his heart, it was at that moment; but he retreated stoutly upon the idea that, however appearances might be against them, his family was no less ancient and honourable for that; and, therefore, putting on all his dignity, he gave his beast an extra cut, as who should say, 'I don't care.' But, as ill luck would have it, the horse, at this instant, giving a jerk, wrenched out the nails that fastened the shaft on one side, and it fell trailing dishonoured on the ground. The rope harness pulled all awry, and just at this moment the Gordon carriage swept up.

''Fore I'd drive sich old trash!' said Old Hundred, scornfully; 'pulls all to pieces every step! if dat ar an't a poor white folksy's 'stablishment, I never seed one!'

'What's the matter?' said Nina, putting her head out. 'O, Tiff, good morning, my good fellow. Can we help you there? John, get down and help him.'

'Please, Miss Nina, de hosses is so full o' tickle dis yer mornin', I couldn't let go, no ways!' said Old Hundred.

'O, laws bless you, Miss Nina,' said Tiff, restored to his usual spirits, 'it an't nothin. Broke in a strordinary good place dis yer time. I ken hammer it up in a minute.'

And Tiff was as good as his word, for a round stone and big nail made all straight.

'Pray,' said Nina, 'how are little Miss Fanny and the children?' 'Miss Fanny!' If Nina had heaped Tiff with presents, she could not have conferred the inexpressible obligation conveyed in those words. He bowed low to the ground with the weight of satisfaction, and answered that 'Miss Fanny and the chil'en were well.'

'There,' said Nina, 'John, you may drive on. Do you know, I've set Tiff up for six weeks, by one word. Just saying, *Miss* Fanny has done more for him than if I'd sent him six bushels of potatoes.'"

The following picture is so very fine and graphic, that, as it immediately succeeds our last extract, we must indebt ourselves still more to Mrs. Stowe, and transcribe it here.

"We have yet to take our readers to one more scene before we finish the review of those who are going to the camp-meeting. The reader must follow us far beyond the abodes of man, into the recesses of that wild desolation known as the 'Dismal Swamp.' We pass over vast tracts where the forest seems growing out of the water. Cypress, red cedar, sweet gum, tulip, poplar, beech, and holly, form a goodly fellowship, waving their rustling boughs above. The trees shoot up in vast columns, fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred feet in height; and below are clusters of evergreen gall bushes, with their thick and glossy foliage, mingled in with swamp honeysuckles, grape-vines, twining brier, and laurels, and other shrubs, forming an impenetrable thicket. The creeping plants sometimes climb seventy or eighty feet up the largest trees, and hang in heavy festoons from their branches.

It would seem impossible that human foot could penetrate the wild impervious jungle; but we must take our readers through it to a cleared spot, where trunks of fallen trees, long decayed, have formed an island of vegetable mould, which the art of some human hand has extended and improved. The clearing is some sixty yards long by thirty broad, and is surrounded with a natural rampart, which might well bid defiance to man or beast. Huge trees have been felled, with all their branches lying thickly one over another, in a circuit around; and Nature, seconding the efforts of the fugitives who sought refuge here, has interlaced the framework thus made with thorny ...rs, cables of grape-vine, and thickets of Virginia creeper, which, running wild in their exuberance, climb on to the neighbouring trees, and, swinging down, again lose themselves in the mazes from which they sprung, so as often to form a verdurous wall fifty feet in height. In some places the laurel, with its glossy green leaves, and its masses of pink-tipped snowy blossoms, presents to the eye, rank above rank, a wilderness of beauty. The pendants of the yellow jessamine swing to and fro in the air like censers, casting forth clouds of perfume. A thousand twining vines, with flowers of untold name, perhaps unknown as yet to the botanist, help to fill up the mosaic. The leafy ramparts sweep round on all the sides of the clearing, for the utmost care has been taken to make it impenetrable; and in that region of heat and moisture, Nature, in the course of a few weeks, admirably seconds every human effort. The only egress from it is by a winding path cut through with a hatchet, which can be entered by only one person at a time; and the water which surrounds this island entirely cuts off the trail from the scent of dogs. It is to be remarked that the climate in the interior of the swamp is far from being unhealthy. Lumbermen, who spend great portions of the year in it, cutting shingles and staves, testify to the general salubrity of the air and water. The opinion prevails among them that the quantity of pine and other resinous trees that grow there, imparts a balsamic property to the water, and impregnate the air with a healthy resinous fragrance, which causes it to be an exception to the usual rule of the unhealthiness of swampy land; the soil also, when drained sufficiently for purposes of culture, is profusely fertile.

Two small cabins stood round the border of the clearing, but the centre was occupied with patches of corn and sweet potatoes, planted there to secure as much as possible the advantage of sun and air. At the time we take our readers there, the afternoon sun of a sultry June day is casting its long shadows over the place, and a whole choir of birds is echoing in the branches. On the ground in front of one of the cabins lies a negro-man, covered with blood; two women, with some little children, are grouped beside him; and a wild figure, whom we at once recognise as Dred, is kneeling by him, busy in efforts to stanch a desperate wound in the neck. In vain! The dark blood spirts out at every pulsation of the heart with a fearful regularity, telling too plainly that it is a great life-artery which has been laid open. The negro-

she has stripped from a portion of her raiment."

The reader will observe that we are treating the beauties of the book, in detachment. Our verdict, in fact, is, that in point of plot and delineation of character, Mrs. Stowe has inexcusably violated the leading principles of her art. But we have said, it will be remembered, that she can appeal equally to our love of our kind, and to our love of Nature. It cannot be allowed that these great merits redeem *Dred;* because, on the one hand, the book is in danger of being laid aside on account of its unpardonable blemishes; and, on the other hand, the effect produced on one who reads it to the end, is that of extreme fatigue. But, though *Dred* is not redeemed, Mrs. Stowe's genius is certainly vindicated; and we have no hesitation in saying that, by those who have read the book most faithfully, and who have most felt that their patience was tried by it, will the acknowledgment be most freely made, that these occasional beauties repay the toil of searching for them. Amongst those chiefly remarkable are the scenes in which the writer overcomes the prejudices which she had raised against Nina. We cannot and do not allow that the character of Nina is well drawn—because, in order that a great effect may be accounted for, there should be a sufficient cause assigned. The cause assigned for the reformation of Nina's character is her love for Clayton, and the influence of his mind upon hers. But Clayton, it has been seen, is a blockhead, and we are reduced thus to the hypothesis that Nina must be a girl of the poetic temperament which idealises idols. "Of its own beauty is the mind diseased." But then, how can we reconcile this poetic temperament—the combination of fancy and feeling which causes a woman to make a hero of a fool, and a man to make a sympathising angel of a lovely piece of heartless clay—how are we to reconcile it with the levities and vulgarities of that period of life when, most sensitive and most imaginative, Nina should be quite incapable of willing to dwell on it, we will remind our readers that we have said of group two—the Cripps family—that it is chiefly useful in bringing the heroine of the story into a favourable light. Observe the skill with which Mrs. Stowe manages so difficult a task:—

"By this time Tiff had perceived their approach, and came out to assist them in dismounting.

'De Lord above bress you, Miss Gordon, for coming to see my poor missis! Ah! she is lying dere, just as beautiful, just as she was de very day she was married. All her young looks come back to her: and Milly, she done laid her out beautiful! Lord, I's wanting somebody to come and look at her, because she has got good blood, if she be poor. She is none of your common sort of poor whites, Miss Nina. Just come in; come in, and look at her!'

Nina stepped into the open door of the hut. The bed was covered with a clean white sheet, and the body, arranged in a long white night-dress brought by Milly, lay there so very still, quiet, and life-like, that one could scarcely realise the presence of death. The expression of exhaustion, fatigue, and anxiety, which the face had latterly worn, had given place to one of tender rest, shaded by a sort of mysterious awe, as if the closed eyes were looking on unutterable things. The soul, though sunk below the horizon of existence, had thrown back a twilight upon the face, radiant as that of the evening heavens. By the head of the bed the little girl was sitting, dressed carefully, and her curling hair parted in front, apparently fresh from the bush; and the little boy was sitting beside her, his round blue eyes bearing an expression of subdued wonder.

Cripps was sitting at the foot of the bed. . . . .

The little, thoughtless, gay coquette had never looked on a sight like this before. She stood with a fixed, tender thoughtfulness, unlike her usual gaiety, her riding-hat hanging carelessly by its strings from her hands, her loose hair drooping over her face. She heard some one entering the cottage, but she did not look up. She was conscious of some one looking over her shoulder, and thought it was Harry.

'Poor thing! how young she looks,' she said, 'to have had so much trouble!' Her voice trembled, and a tear stood in her eye. There was a sudden move-

ment; she looked up, and Clayton was standing by her. She looked surprised, and the colour deepened in her cheek, but was too ingenuously and really in sympathy with the scene before her even to smile. She retained his hand a moment, and turned to the dead, saying in an under-tone, 'See here!'

'I see,' he said. 'Can I be of service?'

'The poor thing died last night,' said Nina. 'I suppose some one might help about a funeral, Harry,' she said, walking softly towards the door, and speaking low. 'You provide a coffin; have it made neatly. Uncle,' she said, motioning Tiff towards her, 'where would they have her buried?'

'Buried?' said Tiff, 'O Lord! buried!' and he covered his face with his hard hands, and the tears ran through his fingers. Lord, Lord! Well, it must come, I know, but 'pears like I couldn't! Laws, she's so beautiful! Don't to-day—don't!'

'Indeed, uncle', said Nina, tenderly, 'I'm sorry I grieved you; but you know, poor fellow, that must come.'

'I's known her ever since she's dat high!' said Tiff. 'Her har was curly, and she used to war such pretty red shoes, and come running after me in de garden! "Tiff! Tiff!" she used to say—and dar she is now, and 's troubles brought her dar! Lord, what a pretty gal she was! pretty as you be, Miss Nina. But since she married *dat ar*, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, and speaking confidentially, 'everything went wrong. I's held her up—did all I could; and now here she is!'

'Perhaps,' said Nina, laying her hand on his, 'perhaps she's in a better place than this.'

'O Lord, dat she is! She told me dat when she died. She saw de Lord at last—she did so! Dem's her last words. "Tiff," she says, "I see Him, and He will give me rest. Tiff," she says—I'd been asleep, you know, and I kinder felt something cold on my hand, and I woke up right sudden, and dar she was, her eyes so bright, looking at me, and breathing so hard; and all she says was—"Tiff, I've seen Him, and I know now why I've suffered so; He's gwine to take me, and give me rest!"'

'Then, my poor fellow, you ought to rejoice that she is safe.'

''Deed I does,' said Tiff; 'yet I's selfish. I wants to be dere, too, I does; only I has the children to care for.'

'Well, my good fellow, said Nina, 'we must leave you now. Harry will see about a coffin for your poor mistress, and whenever the funeral is to be, our carriage will come over, and we will all attend.'

'Lord bress you, Miss Gordon! Dat ar *too* good on ye! My heart's been most broke tinking nobody cared for my poor young mistress! you's too good, dat you is!' Then, drawing near to her, and sinking his voice, he said, 'Bout de mourning, Miss Nina; he an't no 'count, you know—body can see how it is with him very plain. But missis was a Peyton, you know; and I's a Peyton, too. I naturally feels a 'sponsibility he couldn't be 'spected fur to. I's took de ribbons off of Miss Fanny's bonnet, and done the best I could, trimming it up with black crape what Milly gave me; and I's got a band of black crape on master Teddy's hat; and I 'lowed to put one on mine, but there wasn't quite enough. You know, missis, old family servants always wars mourning. If missis just be pleased to look over my work! Now, dis yer is Miss Fanny's bonnet. You know I can't be spected for to make it like a milliner.'

'They are very well indeed, uncle Tiff.'

'Perhaps, Miss Nina, you can kind of touch it over.'

'O, if you like, uncle Tiff, I'll take them all home, and do them for you.'

'The Lord bless *you*, Miss Gordon! Dat ar was just what I wanted, but was most 'fraid to ask you. Some gay young ladies doesn't like to handle black!'

'Ah! uncle Tiff. I've no fears of that sort; so put it in the waggon, and let Milly take it home.'

So saying, she turned and passed out of the door where Harry was standing, holding the horses. A third party might have seen, by the keen, rapid glance with which his eye rested upon Clayton, that he was measuring the future probability which might make him the arbiter of his own destiny—the disposer of all that was dear to him in life. As for Nina, although the day before a thousand fancies and coquetries would have coloured the manner of her meeting with Clayton, yet now she was so impressed by what she had witnessed, that she scarcely appeared to know that she had met him. She placed her pretty foot on his hand, and let him lift her on to the saddle, scarcely noticing the act, except by a serious, graceful inclination of her head. One great reason of the ascendancy which Clayton had thus far gained over her was, that his nature, so quiet, speculative, and undemonstrative, always left her such perfect liberty to follow the more varying moods of her own. A man of a different mould would have

manner, or rained her on her silence. Clayton merely mounted his horse and rode quietly by her side, while Harry, passing on before them, was soon out of sight."

The whole progress of Nina's character from this time forward is such as to make us fully pardon her former vulgar levities. Her conduct to her slaves, when they are overwhelmed by the visitation of cholera, is truly feminine and noble, and her own last hours awaken our softest emotions. The night walking on with silent and solemn footsteps, and the cadence of soft showers upon the murmuring leaves without, while inside the chamber the appointed bride is dying, form a picture in which there is true harmony, both of thought and colouring. A painter might tell us the tale upon his canvass, even to the sound of the rain-drops upon the leaves;—and to inquire if the written picture could be so delineated as to be understood without the aid of narrative, is perhaps as severe, though just, a criterion as could be brought to bear upon it. Yet even here we trace the progress of Mrs. Stowe's great dilemma. The pestilence being, for reasons which we have above assigned, substituted for the servile insurrection, and by this means Dred's prophecies being unexpectedly fulfilled, the interest of the story is necessarily invested in the development of Nina's better character, and the pathos of her dying hours. But did any one ever hear of a case of cholera progressing and terminating in the painless and quiet manner described by Mrs. Stowe? No doubt, when the state of collapse has arrived, the writhings and agonising cries of the patient are succeeded by the silent work "of death, that captor and deliverer." But in the absence of any assurance in the shape of a footnote, that the writer has witnessed or heard of such a case of cholera, we can only trace in the necessity to substitute for a servile insurrection, that particular pestilence—an after necessity to transgress the rules of art by representing a death-scene out of all nature considered in connection with the particular cause of death. cholera in that noiseless manner

Little room is left to us—and will be enough—to consider the as the work of a political sopher. As such we cannot mend it. We complain of its a and of its teaching. In fact, Stowe, being an extreme aboliti would convince her readers tha tween the triumph of her own and the predominance of the party there is no choice. Henc climax of Edward Clayton's c and hence his father's judgm "THE POWER OF THE MASTER BE ABSOLUTE TO RENDER THE MISSION OF THE SLAVE PERF What Mrs. Stowe desires to in upon us—but what we are not vinced of—is, that nothing ca done towards the mitigation o very. Our surprise, however, upon a question which she has so peculiarly her own, she has t so small a light, was lessened we read the following passa "Of course," said Clayton, "*a notions on such a subject* MUS CRUDE; but it occurred to m to ENDEAVOUR TO EXCITE THE LIC MIND *on the injustice of th sent slave law, with a view to al it.*" Exactly. This was the effected by *Uncle Tom;* and that, with the view of turning account, *Dred* lies before us, w all the symptoms of the origina dity. Because Clayton is thw in his attempt to educate his sla because the effort of an *indi* to act contrary to the law is b by the malevolence of a *p* enemy; therefore must aboliti decreed, and we are to summ furies of civil war. But evi the question must be decided, an individual—and certainly n a Clayton—but by the legi and executive of America. Cl the lawyer and member of Co could have done much more t it than Clayton the landed p tor, who succumbs without ance to Tom Gordon.

The question is happily n English one, though England is ly interested in its peaceful so Plainly it is desirable that A

should remain united, and equally evident—to ourselves at least it is—that she can only maintain her unity by arresting the progress of slavery. This is the *first* thing which must be done; and in order to effect it, two more are essential: the strengthening of the arm of the executive, and the allaying of that bitter spirit which Mrs. Stowe would keep alive. Guided by the lights of her wisest statesmen—of the ancients and sages of her history—America should revert to the law which forbade the incorporation of new slave States in her system. Serfdom should then supplant slavery. The trade should be abolished, the slaves become inseparable from the land, and so the master's interest made one with theirs. Thus made inseparable from the land, they should form the peculiar care of the State executive. They should be the peculiar care, also, we think, of the Government of America—of the federal executive as much as of the executive of the "State." Why should not a commission be issued from time to time—we mean a commission from the President—for the doing of justice to the slave population? Nay, admitting the impossibility of preventing over-severity of punishment when hastily—though justly perhaps—administered, why should not the instrument of correction be prescribed, and the number of lashes limited for the more formal occasions of chastisement? These are hints—we mean them for no more. The practicability of such suggestions rests, first, upon the general recognition of the evil of slavery; and, second, on the purity of the ermine of America and the sharpness of her civil sword. On the abatement of party-spirit and the nourishment of patriotism depends mainly the first of these questions. Slavery will not be recognised as an evil to the commonwealth by men who have lost all sympathy with a moiety of the commonwealth. Even Mrs. Stowe admits that the desire to abolish it is not absent in the South. We recommend her to reason on the question, but so as we can read her reasoning. We advise her by all means also to appeal to American hearts (which she is able to do), but not to fan the flame of American passions. We have judged her as "a moral artist," and found her portraits disfigured and her picture incongruous. Would she achieve the highest aim of an artist—to impress upon us the unity of his design, and the purity and simplicity of his taste—let her imitate the skill, as perhaps she could rival the pathos, of the following beautiful poem of her own countryman:—

"The slaver on the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the grey alligators slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange flowers and spice
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The planter under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The slaver's thumb was on the latch—
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, 'My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon.'

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half-curious, half-amazed,
A quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were like a falcon's, gray,
Her arms and neck were bare,
No garment she wore, save a kirtle gay,
And her own long raven hair.

On her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

'The soil is barren—the farm is old,'
The thoughtful planter said;
Then looked upon the slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak,
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land."

We are tempted to exclaim of the English Ecclesiastical Courts—what has been often said of the Church they belong to—that some divinity must hedge about their cause, so deadly have been the assaults they have sustained, so apparently desperate the diseases they continue to survive. The difference is, that while the abuses of the Church are overbalanced by the general conviction of her many and priceless advantages, the Courts, universally condemned, continue to drag along a dishonoured existence from the yet greater aversion which is due to the substitutes proposed in their place. It is not in this instance that "we fear the ills we have, rather than rush on others that we know not of." So conservative a sentiment, indeed, seldom checks the progress of modern legislation. But reformers of ecclesiastical jurisprudence have hitherto so managed a cause universally popular, as to make their supporters palpably feel that the remedy is worse than the disease. The patient public, therefore, goes on grumbling and bearing, only becoming more hopeless and passive as another and another still succeeds in the doomed procession of ill-considered or interested reforms.

It has been the fashion in some quarters to charge the failure of every successive measure on the opposition of the Church and the practitioners in Doctors' Commons. No charge, we believe, was ever more unjust. What interest the Church can have in preserving abuses from which she is herself the principal sufferer, it passes an ordinary mind to conjecture. The appointments in the patronage of her prelates are too few, or too unimportant, to outweigh the general feeling of the clergy, which is notoriously in favour of a reform. The complaint of almost every clergyman you meet with is, that the church courts are wholly inadequate to their proper ends; that by the cost and uncertainty of their process, they corrupt instead of administering ecclesiastical discipline, vexing the hard-working parish priest at the instigation of some ill-conditioned schismatic, and enabling the "criminous clerk" to retain the benefice or dignity which he disgraces, in spite of every effort of the bishop to remove him.

Neither do we believe the intelligent and valuable profession connected with Doctors' Commons to be so deeply enamoured of the curious and antiquated mysteries of their craft, or so far behind the rest of the community in the race of legal reform, as not to desire the removal of every proved abuse in the courts where they practise. We have often, however, the duty of remarking that it is one thing to reform and another to destroy. Neither the Church nor the doctors and proctors can patiently allow their whole system and convictions to be sacrificed to a theory or a job; and such, we fear, has been too often the real nature of measures introduced under the captivating character of a reform of the ecclesiastical courts.

To understand the genuine bearings of a question which will in all probability engage a leading share of attention in the approaching session of Parliament, we must briefly review the origin and extent of the several branches of jurisprudence that will have to be dealt with.

The ecclesiastical jurisdiction has descended to the Church of England, with little alteration, from the period before the Reformation. The peculiar feature of that gigantic movement, as there carried out, was the reform, not the abolition, of existing institutions. With the episcopal succession was preserved all that was possible of its ancient power and authority, and accordingly the ecclesiastical courts were continued on their former footing, save that the Crown was substituted for the Pope as the appeal in the last resort, and all laws and precedents were declared invalid which should

militate against the royal supremacy, or the laws and usage of the realm. With these two grand limitations, the ecclesiastical tribunals were left in the exercise of their ancient jurisdiction, and continued to administer the received laws and discipline of the Church, which comprehended both the civil and canon law of Rome, and even such papal decrees as had been received in England, and were not invalidated by the general provisoes before named.

It was designed, indeed, to effect a complete revision of the ecclesiastical law and jurisdiction. For this purpose commissions were issued by Henry VIII. and Edward VI. to the most learned divines, civilians, and common lawyers of the day. The result of their labours (in which a leading share was taken by Archbishop Cranmer) was the well-known code entitled "*Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum.*" This elaborate compilation would certainly have become the law of the land but for the untimely death of Edward, who was prepared to go all lengths in the cause of the Protestant Reformation. It was regarded with other eyes by Elizabeth and her legislature.

The spiritual courts, deprived of their foreign appeal, and to a great extent of their power of persecuting, had lost much of their terror in the eyes of the laity. Comparatively few of that class could now expect to make personal acquaintance with their dim mysterious recesses. The ravenous beast which had glutted itself with Protestant blood, lay smitten by a powerful arm, and might be left to die in its den. On the other hand, the new ecclesiastical code was a vigorous measure of genuine Protestant church discipline, standing sharply out in high elaborate relief, and dealing, with no gentle hand, condign justice on offenders, lay as well as clerical. If our readers have the curiosity to consult the last edition by Dr. Cardwell, printed at the Oxford Clarendon Press in 1850, and constituting a goodly octavo of 344 pages, they will there find distributed, under fifty titles, a catalogue of religious *dogmata*, accompanied by penalties upon heresy, blasphemy,* idolatry, defamation, *adultery*,† and other immoralities, enough to make both Houses of Parliament quake in their honourable and right honourable shoes. Moreover, the process of ecclesiastical censures—happily known to few—is there revealed with a terrible distinctness, inviting the reader, amid shiverings which even Sir John Speke's elegant Latinity cannot control, to contemplate the amendment of his soul's health, not only by suspension and excommunication from the sacred mysteries, but by the more mundane expedients of *perpetual imprisonment and exile.* Further, the withholding of tithes and the alienation of church goods were dealt with by this uncompromising measure in a spirit that could not but prove odious in the extreme to the numerous class of Protestants, who have always considered the appropriation of "surplus church revenues"—to adopt the euphuism of a later day—one of the most valuable prerogatives of civil and religious liberty. Lastly, the queen herself was notoriously indignant at all legislation on ecclesiastical affairs that did not emanate from her own most royal authority.

For these and other reasons which we forbear to touch upon, it excites but little surprise that a Church Discipline Bill of these portentous dimensions was unable to pass in

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* Blasphemy is designed to be the utterance of any reproach (*convitium*) upon God or the things pertaining to the Divine Majesty, whether from a fixed contempt, *vel fervescente furoris impetu*, and is to be punished as heresy by excommunication, and delivery to the secular arm.

† "Laicus adulterii damnatus uxori suæ dotem restituito; deinde bonorum universorum dimidiam partem eidem uxori concedito. Præterea, vel in perpetuum exilium ito, vel æternæ carceris custodiæ mancipator."—*De Adulteriis*, cap. 3, p. 50. So also, by cap. 4, wives offending in the same manner are to forfeit all claim to their own or their husbands' property, and be sent into perpetual exile, or consigned to a dungeon for life!

ground."

With this failure under Queen Elizabeth, the design of a thorough reform of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction seems to have been laid aside. Public attention was engrossed by the Courts of High Commission and Star Chamber, where the Stuarts began to push the newly-acquired prerogative to an extent that went far to disgust the nation with that great instrument of the Reformation. On the restoration of the monarchy and the church, security was taken by the Legislature against the repetition of these excesses on the part of the *Regale*. By the repeal of the clause in Queen Elizabeth's statute, which had authorized the extraordinary tribunals complained of, the spiritual jurisdiction was reduced to its ancient and constitutional channels. Other reforms would probably have followed, could the Puritans have been satisfied with any terms of conformity which it was possible for the bishops to concede. But while the canons, Liturgy, and whole discipline of the Church were the subjects of discussion and complaint, there was little time to consider the state of the court in which its laws were enforced. At the Revolution an ill-considered attempt was made to surprise the Church and the country into a latitudinarian comprehension, upon the failure of which nothing was cared for but protection to the Nonconformists, who now assumed a permanent position without the pale of the Establishment. By the Toleration Acts a large portion of the nation was practically withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, which were then allowed to prolong a crippled and suspected existence, till they should encounter the scrutiny of some more competent or more ruthless reformers.

The next blow was inflicted by the statute 53 Geo. III. cap. 127. The only means which the spiritual judge had hitherto possessed of enforcing citation, process, or sentence, was by proceeding to excommunicate the recusant party, after which he was

punishments of no little severity. An excommunicated person was disabled from giving evidence or maintaining a suit in the courts of law, from making a will and from administering to the effects of another. In addition to all which, on the sentence being certified to the king in Chancery, a suit *de excommunicato capiendo* was issued, under which the delinquent was arrested and consigned to *prison* till absolved by the ecclesiastical tribunal.

This tremendous censure being, as we have said, the only weapon which the spiritual judge could wield against a defendant who should persist in disregarding his affectionate admonitions for his soul's health, it was often brought into play upon suits for tithes, church-rates, Easter dues, and other temporal accidents of the spiritual function. By the statute referred to, the ecclesiastical courts were restrained from giving sentence of excommunication against the recalcitrant party in suits of this kind, and directed instead to pronounce him *contumacious*, on the signification of which to the king in Chancery, a suit was authorised *de contumace capiendo*, similiar to the old one *de excommunicato*, and the delinquent was to be *imprisoned* as before, till he should have purged his contempt by obeying the court and discharging the costs. The statute provided further that small tithes and church-rates might be recovered before justices, thus again practically withdrawing a considerable amount of litigation from the spiritual courts; and finally, it enacted that in cases where these courts were still authorised to pronounce sentence of excommunication—that is to say, as a spiritual censure for an offence of ecclesiastical cognizance — the sentence should be attended by no civil penalty or incapacity, beyond six months' imprisonment under the suit *de excommunicato capiendo*. This last enactment, obviously dictated by jealousy of the spiritual tribunal as much as by concern for the liberty of the subject, rendered the ecclesiastical courts absolutely powerless in the

from the holy mysteries, and prefer six months' sojourn in a gaol to the sacrifice of his own sweet will. Some further provisions for enforcing process in cases of contempt were enacted by the 2d and 3d William IV. c. 93, while by a later statute (18 and 19 Vict. c. 41) the jurisdiction of these courts in cases of defamation was altogether abolished.

In this downcast and disordered condition, the much vilified relics of institutions that once carried terror through the land, and shook the very foundations of the throne, are now placed at the bar for the further scrutiny and sentence of a Legislature which derides their antiquity, knows but little of their operation, and is largely influenced by those who dispute and reject the very principle of their existence. This principle will be found intimately, if not inseparably, connected with the union of Church and State, which has subsisted in this country ever since the Conquest.

It is the essence of this alliance that the Church acquires power to enforce the requisitions of religion in a legal court, and the State is in consequence necessitated to take cognisance of religious disputes in order to protect the subject from the excess and perversion of the jurisdiction granted to the Church. They who maintain the crude and ill-defined maxim that the civil magistrate has no authority in matters of religion—a maxim, by the way, in the very teeth of all Protestant doctrine and practice, and, in fact, *distinctly Popish* — must, of course, contend that it can depute no such jurisdiction to the Church. Their principle, carried to its logical conclusion, would be equally fatal to the trust-deeds of dissenting chapels, with all other means of endowing and giving succession to particular views of Christianity; for none of these could be enforced in law or equity without trying the "religious question," on which every such suit must mainly turn. In the memorable Lady Henley case, the Court of Chancery was made the ecclesiastical tribunal may deserve a place, for theological criticism, among the reports of Doctors' Commons. The difference in this respect between established and non-established churches, is simply this,—that the former are allowed courts of their own, while the latter must carry their religious controversies to the ordinary tribunals, where the "civil magistrate" dispenses justice upon groceries and larcenies, as well as on the various ramifications of Popish and Protestant dissent.

To return, then—the Established Church in England being episcopal, it is one of her fundamental principles that the bishop has authority *by God's Word* to admonish and correct both the clergy and laity of his pastoral charge. This authority, until recognised and enforced by *temporal law*, is available only in the *forum* of the conscience. It is exercised, like all other pastoral claims, by declaring the doctrines and duties of religion, and by administering its sacred ordinances; in which last is involved, of course, the right of excluding unworthy or unqualified persons. Its appeal is to the righteous judgment of God, and the sanctions of a future life. To make this appeal with freedom to the conscience of the flock, and to exercise the purely pastoral authority which results from its voluntary reception, are the indefeasible right and duty of the Christian ministry, which it were simple persecution on the part of the civil magistrate to deny. But to administer pastoral authority in a *legal court*, with power of enforcing attendance and executing judgment by means of temporal penalties, or exclusion from temporal advantages, is a privilege clearly not granted in God's Word—not enjoyed by the Apostles and first bishops of the Church—and which their successors, therefore, can only derive from the laws of the land they live in.

Now, it is to this latter power that the civil-law term *jurisdictio* properly applies. The original inherent power of the bishop may be called his "spiritual *authority*"—the ex-

carefully distinguished in early jurisprudence, were confounded by the Roman canonists, in their desire to assert the universal supremacy of the Pope, and some of our English divines have incautiously followed them into this error. It is only, however, by attending to the legal use of the word that we can properly understand the great constitutional maxim, that all *jurisdiction*, whether spiritual or temporal, is derived from the Crown. The 37th Article of the Church of England declares that "we give not our princes the ministering either of God's Word or of the sacrament," in which resides the proper pastoral authority, "but only the prerogative to rule all estates and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the *civil sword* the stubborn and evil doers." Here the power of *enforcing* justice is properly claimed for the *civil* authority even in matters of religion; and it is this power of enforcing and judging, as between man and man, which is meant by the word "jurisdiction."

The distinction appears again in the consecration-vows of the English bishops, which, as forming part of the Book of Common Prayer, have the force of statute law. "Will you within your diocese correct and punish according to such authority as you have by God's Word, and as to you shall be committed by the ordinance of the realm?" In these words the two sources of episcopal power are distinctly recognised: the term "*authority*" is applied to the scriptural, pastoral, indefeasible power, which the State can neither give nor take away; while a superadded right is recognised as committed by the ordinance of the realm. It is the latter which constitutes the episcopal "*jurisdiction*."

Now jurisdiction may be exercised Christianity, as is the case in England with respect to blasphemy; or by constituting church courts for that express purpose. The former was the course taken by the first Christian emperors, who commanded their temporal judges to act in aid of the bishop's authority. The latter was the policy which, in the twelfth century, gave rise to the "spiritual jurisdiction" properly so called, by erecting the bishop himself into a judge, with power to hold a legal court, and enforce its process. It must be remembered that the terms *spiritual* and *temporal*, as applied to courts and jurisdictions, have no reference to the nature of the matter in litigation, or to the law, whether divine or human, by which it is to be determined, but solely to the quality of the judge or court,* whether clerical or lay. The courts of equity and of common law at this day respect the laws of Christianity as much as the spiritual courts, and the latter, no less than the former, administer human legislation. The Queen's Bench is not made an ecclesiastical tribunal by trying an indictment for blasphemy; nor does the Dean of Arches become a temporal judge when granting probate of a will. But jurisdiction is called spiritual when exercised by a spiritual court, and temporal when by a temporal court; being in both cases equally derived from the Crown, and equally defined by the laws of the land.

While on the subject of nomenclature, it may be added that "*spiritual*" and "*ecclesiastical*" are simply interchangeable terms. From their etymology alone, it might be thought the one is applicable exclusively to the affairs of the conscience, or internal *forum*; and the other to the outward accidents of the national ministry. But this is not the language of English law, which, dividing the whole community into two orders

* Not the quality of the *individual* actually presiding, since bishops have been chancellors and judges, and laymen usually preside in our present ecclesiastical courts, but the quality of the *court*, or person in whose name the process runs.

all which appertains to the former.*

To proceed, then, to the courts in which this jurisdiction is exercised in England. They are primarily of two kinds: the Bishop's or *Consistory* Court (as is termed) in every diocese, and the Archbishop's or *Prerogative* Court of the province; to which the supremacy of the Crown adds a third, as the Court of ultimate *Appeal*.

It being inherent in the bishop's office to admonish and correct his flock, jurisdiction cannot be denied him in a legally established Episcopal Church without subverting the *principle* of its alliance with the State. The particular Church of England, again, being constituted in two provinces, in each of which the bishops owe canonical obedience to their archbishop, the latter also must be empowered to exercise a *metropolitan* jurisdiction, to correct the bishops themselves, and receive appeals from their judgments. The *Diocesan* Court is essential to the assertion of the scriptural institution of episcopacy; the *Provincial* to the ancient canonical constitution of the Church; and the *Royal* (at present consisting of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) to the supremacy of the Crown. These, then, are the normal and only necessary courts in the English ecclesiastical constitution.

One of the abuses of the Papacy, however, was to multiply inferior jurisdictions, on the principle, we suppose, of *divide et impera*. This was effected sometimes by the grant of jurisdiction to subordinate dignitaries, with an appeal to the bishop, or more often by the *exemption* of monasteries, chapters, and colleges from the diocesan jurisdiction, with subjection only to the archbishop or to the Pope. The example once introduced, the privilege was claimed by royal and noble founders almost as a point of honour, and conceded by the pontifical court with very intelligible complacency. Hence arose a multitude and were conveyed to its rapacious grantees, along with the property of the original holders. It is not uncommon at the present day to find the "court ecclesiastical" of some ancient prebendal stall appended, like a court leet, to the manors which have become the private inheritance of a lay proprietor. Others are appurtenant to deaneries, archdeaconries, and inferior dignities, and are sometimes devolved, in like manner, to the lessees of their estates. The total number of courts thus claiming ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and entitled to issue ecclesiastical process, is said to exceed three hundred. Many of these, however, are merely nominal; others limited in their jurisdiction to perhaps a single country parish; while almost all are subject, if not to the Diocesan, yet to the Provincial Court, which practically leads to the great mass of litigation being carried to the superior jurisdiction.

The papal authorities were equally active in enlarging the subject-matters of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Originally granted in aid of the pastoral authority, and designed (as the language of its process still runs) "for the soul's health" of the party proceeded against, it was quickly extended, by their exaggerated views of pastoral rights, to all that even incidentally affected religion or morals. Both *jus* and *jurisdictio* were thus claimed for the spiritual tribunal over almost every act of a man's life, since there was hardly any that could not be alleged to involve his "soul's health." Especially that last and most deeply interesting act of this mortal coil — the disposition of property by will — was seized upon with a grasp which has never relaxed in tenacity. It was a rule, that no excommunicated person could either make or witness a will, nor act as an executor or administrator. Hence the authority which alone could bind and loose, claimed the cognisance of

* *e. g.*, The "spiritual *or* ecclesiastical estate;" "spiritual *or* ecclesiastical courts," causes, judges, and persons.

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probate for property beyond its jurisdiction; whence, unless the whole estate of the deceased be situate within the narrow precinct of an inferior court, the will is carried at once to the metropolitan tribunal.

Having now sketched the position and general bearings of the questions before us, we are ready to inquire into the nature of the latest reforms offered for our acceptance.

Three distinct schemes were introduced last session, from as many different quarters of the Legislature, for the reform of the ecclesiastical courts. One by the Solicitor-General, on the part of Her Majesty's Government; a second by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, which may be presumed to embody, along with his great professional knowledge, the general views of at least a portion of the Conservative party; and a third by Mr. Collier. The last consisted of a proposition to transfer the whole ecclesiastical jurisdiction to the superior Courts of Equity and the county courts—a reform which, in principle, would have taken us back to the policy of Justinian. But as this proposal found but little acceptance either in Parliament or in the profession, we may dismiss it for the present from our further consideration.

The Government scheme was propounded in three bills: one for the removal of the testamentary jurisdiction to a new tribunal, to be erected under the designation of "Her Majesty's Court of Probate;" another for a similar transfer of the matrimonial jurisdiction to a court established for that especial purpose; and the third for the reform of the ecclesiastical courts, thus denuded and reduced to the simple enforcement of church discipline upon the clergy. Sir Fitzroy Kelly also contemplated a similar withdrawal of the testamentary and matrimonial jurisdictions, but to be lodged in *one* "new court" established for the purpose. In other respects the Solicitor-General's bill became in committee so closely assimilated to Sir Fitzroy Kelly's, that it will be unnecessary to distinguish them in our present remarks. We confine ourselves, then, to the Government scheme, which either wholly or in part may be confidently expected to reappear in the ensuing session.

It was perhaps a misfortune to its authors that the portion which came first under the discussion of the Legislature was that on which the least amount of practical knowledge would appear to have been employed, and of which its parliamentary sponsor was the least able to explain and recommend its provisions;—we mean the bill moved by the Lord Chancellor, entitled a "Church Discipline and Registry Act." The drawing of this measure is generally understood to have been left to Mr. Archibald J. Stephens, a barrister who has distinguished himself by editing the Ecclesiastical Statutes, and by some useful compilations on that branch of the law. The bill was admitted to the English and Irish bishops in the year 1855; but in consequence of the disagreement that ensued, its introduction to the Legislature was postponed till the next year. It was then laid on the table of the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor, and on the second reading two results became apparent, which were more amusing to the bystanders than creditable to the parties concerned. In the first place, the noble and learned lord who undertook to move the adoption of the bill, showed himself very imperfectly informed of its contents; and secondly, the right reverend bench, who were naturally supposed to be the best acquainted with the subject, exhibited a most extraordinary division upon its merits; the *whole* of the English bishops, without exception, sustaining their primate in a motion for the unqualified rejection of the measure,—and the *whole* of the Irish prelates, with equal unanimity, supporting the Lord Chancellor and the Government in the attempt to carry it!

Such a division was perhaps never before witnessed among the Lords Spiritual. High and Low Church—Tory and Whig politics—with the yet more interesting calculations attending the chances of translation—faded absolutely away from the eyes of the episcopal legislators. Archbishop

lish bishops followed the lead, voting without hesitation dead against the Government, though the intelligence arrived in the course of the debate that the Archbishop of York was not expected to live! On the other hand, the Irish Lord-Primate Beresford headed Bishops Daly, Higgins, and another, fortified by a round-robin from *all* their absent brethren, in a zealous defence of the scheme. The "situation" was complete, when it appeared in the debate that the Lord Chancellor did not understand his bill, and could not be made to do so by all the promptings received from *behind* the Woolsack; and further, that the Irish prelates, in arraying themselves against the whole of the English bench, were influenced by a desire to *perfect the union* between the two churches!! The opposition almost walked over the course. Poor Lord Cranworth was demolished by the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford. The Duke of Argyll, who sat looking unutterable disgust at the Episcopalian doctrines successively enounced by the prelates, was prudently gagged by his colleagues. Lord Granville made a good-natured effort to show himself as ignorant of the subject as the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Harrowby came to his assistance with almost as much vigour and intelligence as might have been contributed by his grandmother. Lord Derby, who had come down "open to reason," and really inclined to support the bill rather than otherwise, was convinced by the opposition;—and the fate of one part of the Government reforms was irrevocably sealed.

We must refer to the debate for the conclusive arguments which led to the rejection of this bill;—we

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to the form in which the suit may begin.

1. On a case of *duplex querela*, which is the complaint of a cl
bishop for refusing induction, the appeal is to the judicial comm
Council.

2. The same committee, with the addition of the Archbishops
London, are the court of appeal under the Church Discipline Acts.

3. If an action of *quare impedit* be brought against the bishop,
Queen's Bench, and the appeal is to the House of Lords.

The same question might be raised in each of these shapes—*e. g.*,

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might be advantageously adopted. The abolition of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction but the diocesan and the provincial—the reform and simplification of the procedure—the appointment of competent judges—and the removal of conflicting or heterogeneous modes of proceeding,—are improvements required not only for the discipline of the clergy, but for the reform of the testamentary and matrimonial jurisdiction also. These advantages, however, great as they are, may be purchased too dearly. The English bishops objected to Mr. Stephens's bill, that it placed their clergy and themselves in absolute subjection to the lay-chancellors appointed by the archbishops—so subordinating diocesan episcopacy, which the Church regards as a divine institution, to one which is confessedly of human appointment. The Irish bishops, on the other hand, supported the bill, because it linked them more closely with the larger and stronger Church of England, and even gave them power over English tribunals. But this advantage to them was itself no inconsiderable objection with many in England, who are by no means disposed to put to sea in the same boat with the Irish Establishment, and would count the intermeddling of Irish archbishops in English appeals but poorly compensated by the extension of a like privilege to their own primates.

The clergy again objected with the utmost reason to the transfer of all their licences to a *central registry*, accompanied, as the proposal was, not only with no remission of the present fees, but with an enactment to saddle them for ever with charges of which the legality is disputed, and the amount in many dioceses actually in course of reduction by the bishops.

viding new courts on an extensive scale for the testamentary and matrimonial jurisdiction, *six* learned chancellors were still to be appointed to administer the *residuum* of ecclesiastical jurisprudence which concerns the correction of the clergy. Adverting to the insignificant number of such cases which (to the credit of the clergy) annually arise in England, the Bishop of Exeter declared that each of the new judges would have about *one criminous clerk and a quarter* to correct in the course of a twelvemonth. Truly an onerous duty to be compensated with a salary of £2000 per annum!

It was in vain to ask the House to go into committee on such an absurdity. The axe was laid to the root of the measure by this exposure. For by no possible rearrangement of clauses or fees could so small an amount of business be made to sustain either a court or a bar. The present courts derive their revenue mainly from the testamentary jurisdiction, and if this be withdrawn, the administration of church discipline must be appended to some other court, or permitted to fall entirely into the hands of clerical dignitaries. The correction of clerks will never (it is to be hoped) supply either work or the pay for even one professional judge. Mr. Stephens, like other reformers, may have dreamed of providing a snug birth for himself in the bill he was commissioned to draw; but we advise him to turn his eyes in some other direction. The clerical soil is too poor to reimburse the expenses of legal high-farming.

The Testamentary Bill made a better start. Being more distinctly a legal question, and securing a large amount of professional support in the Lower House, where it was introduced,—it proceeded through the second reading with success, and

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clergyman for his duties,—and it is conceivable that a different ruling might in each be *finally* laid down for law!

4. Lastly, the High Court of Delegates, for which the judicial committee was substituted in England, still continues the ultimate court of appeal from the ecclesiastical courts of Ireland.

it over to next year. The proposition now is to erect a new Court of Probate in the Queen's name, abolishing the present testamentary jurisdiction of all ecclesiastical tribunals. The new court is to have a judge with the rank and precedence of a vice-chancellor, a salary of £5000 per annum, and a pension on retirement. His honour is to be attended by a secretary at £300, an usher at £200, and a train-bearer at £100 per annum. There is to be also a *principal registrar* of the new court, three *registrars*, ten *official proctors*, and a proper establishment of clerks. Farther, three are to be *district registrars* in the country, to whom application can be made for probate or administration, and who will transmit the same to the court in London, and again deliver the instrument to the parties. Lastly, the new courts, with all the district offices, are thrown open to the whole profession of barristers and solicitors, and not, like the ecclesiastical courts, limited to advocates and proctors.

By the operation of this measure the judges and practitioners in the ecclesiastical courts would, of course, be seriously damaged; the Act provides, accordingly, for their being compensated by the Treasury. The judge of the Prerogative Court at Doctors' Commons is to receive an annuity equal to the full value of his office, and other judges and registrars in proportion to their loss. The proctors are to obtain a sum or annuity equal to half their net profits on an average of five years, and their clerks a return of the third part of the fee paid on their articles. Provision is further made for the compensation of Viscount Canterbury, to whom, in his infancy, his grandfather, Archbishop Manners Sutton, granted the reversion of the lucrative office of registrar.

Now, it is evident that all these various compensations must amount to a considerable sum; and the general public has this interest in the ciency from the national resources.

It is apparent also that the new Court of Probate will be a far more expensive establishment than the ecclesiastical courts in which the business is at present transacted. Notwithstanding the number of tribunals nominally invested with testamentary jurisdiction, the great mass of the business is administered in the Prerogative Courts of Canterbury and York, the judges of which can hardly receive between them, for the testamentary, matrimonial, and all other business of their courts, so much as is allotted by the new bill to the single judge of the Court of Probate.

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edly fallacious; but, waiving a moment the rights of individuals, it is clear the college itself must be dissolved; and therewith the study of the *civil law* in England will cease and determine. Now, this we should regard as an immense loss to the jurisprudence of the country. The legislative and judicial mind of England is already too much cramped by the narrow precedents of Westminster Hall. It can little afford to dispense with an occasional recurrence to the great system which was the means of civilising Europe—which forms the basis of the Scottish and ecclesiastical laws at this day—by which the *jus gentium* must be regulated both in our Admiralty Courts and in the discussions of our diplomatists—and in whose capacious bosom equity and common law itself were conceived and nurtured into being. The debates of Parliament, and the very tone and character of the nation, would be impaired by the sacrifice of a branch of jurisprudence which has known how to elevate a Stowell to equal honours with an Eldon.

For what object, then, may we respectfully inquire, are these extensive alterations demanded? *cui bono?* It seems easy enough to extinguish the inferior ecclesiastical tribunals, and so abolish the grievance of an excessive number of courts, without all this change and damage. The improved and simplified process embodied in the bill might be introduced into the ecclesiastical courts, as readily as into the proposed new Court. The diocesan courts would in fact exactly answer the purposes of the proposed "District Registries," and the Prerogative Courts of Canterbury and York might be exactly what is now proposed under the name of Her Majesty's "Court of Probate." If it be alleged that *two* courts are objectionable, we answer, that nothing is easier than to make the probate obtained in either province effectual in the other also; and if this be insufficient, we see no objection to abolishing altogether the testamentary jurisdiction of the

should still be urged that the judge of that court is not possessed of the public confidence, by reason of his being appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury,—we beg leave first to deny the fact, and secondly, to suggest that the Archbishop might be required to submit his nomination in future for the approval of the Crown. A similar check might be imposed on the patronage of the different diocesan bishops. There would then remain absolutely *nothing* to distinguish between the proposed new court and the reformed ecclesiastical tribunal, except that the one would be *called* "Her Majesty's Court of Probate," and the other, as at present, the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop. That the latter as much as the former derives its jurisdiction from the Crown, and is in fact and law equally the Queen's court, we have already shown. It is no whit less the creature of the law, and not less controllable by the authority from which it sprung. We submit, then, that the cost of the proposed changes is much too great to be incurred for a mere *name*.

These are not days to be frightened from our propriety by scarecrows which have long been stripped to the very straw. Time was when the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was full of peril to the liberties of the country. We are now perhaps verging to the opposite extreme. At all events, if these courts can be made to carry a burden for which we must otherwise purchase a new horse, why, the animals we possess are just as useful and as manageable as any we are likely to buy. A judgeship of £5000 a year, with little to do, *and not incapacitated from a seat in the House of Commons*, may be a very pretty thing for a solicitor-general *en attendant* the Great Seal; but the public and the suitors can be perfectly contented with a less splendid reform.

We have to remember that, in addition to the testamentary jurisdiction, there will still be the matrimonial and the clerical to provide for. The latter, as we have seen, will never sa-

be worse than a blunder to throw upon it this additional load. The Judicial Committee, on the other hand, is declared to be a highly satisfactory tribunal, and apparently competent for additional work.

Our suggestion then, in fine, is to form the ecclesiastical courts *as a whole*—to extinguish all tribunals inor to the Bishops—to give the wn a *veto* on the appointment of udges both in the provincial and he diocesan courts to simplify economise the procedure — to probate or administration, in ver court obtained, available hout the British dominions— e (if necessary) the Provincial f York in that of Canterbury having thus reduced these ribunals to a uniform system, the demands of the Church untry, to continue them in e of their present threefold , with their own proper llege of Advocates, and s instructing them. To bring to maturity such a uld be a fitting employme great conservative the law, in a session ent promises little else legal or constitutional

THE FOOD OF LONDON.

We are seriously apprehensive that a somewhat plethoric habit, engendered by a too liberal and generous diet during the holidays, may render us incapable of producing an adequate digest of a subject so copious and alluring. No one but a writer who has undergone the previous pangs of starvation could do justice to it—indeed, we are of opinion that the best possible training for such an article would be incarceration for a period of not less than sixty days, during which time the appetite, stimulated by wholesome exercise at the crank, would be brought into splendid play by infinitesimal rations of water-gruel. None have written so touchingly, so magnificently, so gorgeously upon the subject of wealth, as those to whom a sovereign in the pocket is matter of extremest rarity. Kit Marlowe, himself sorely out at elbows, becomes positively ecstatical when describing the Jew of Malta as counting out his hoards, and measuring gems by handfuls.

"Give me the merchants of the Indian mines
That trade in metal of the purest mould.
The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight.
Bags of fire opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity!"

Even so is it with food. The grandest waking aspirations of Apicius or Lucullus, habituated as they were to stewed lampreys, barbels' beards, nightingales' tongues, and other approved confitures of the Roman kitchen, must have been feeble, dull, and indistinct, compared with the visions which nightly haunt the sleep of the supperless convict. Why pity him for the scantiness of his fare, when we know that this forced abstinence has opened to him the vast realms of the world of imagination? Hears he not in his sleep the gurgling of perennial porter from pewter fountains as capacious as the springs of the Ganges, and cool as the lymph of the glacier? Fancy-driven by the gentle spiriting of thirst, he wanders by the margin of the brown aromatic stream, until, collecting itself for a gigantic effort, it thunders down a glorious Niagara of stout into a whirlpool, compared with which, the biggest vat of Barclay & Perkins is as an infant's porringer. Ah, celestial froth—product of a million dream-pots—how pleasant seem thy whirlings in that barmy abyss to the parched palate of the sleeper! But a new phase intervenes. Hunger reasserts her prerogative, and the convict, led by Pluck, not Puck, marches along a road paved with periwinkles instead of pebbles, through an infinity of baked-potato stalls—a streaming avenue where the savoury tripe, and the glutinous cow-heel, and the bullock's liver, fit offering to the gods, mingle their meaty incense, and, in his distorted dream, he moans over the infinity of his choice. Pity him, indeed! Why, the proudest alderman of London—nay, the Lord Mayor himself—would gladly surrender his dignity on condition that he should be visited by visions such as these. Fancy a city magnate retiring to rest—or what he supposes to be rest—after one of those civic banquets of which the newspapers give us such abundant detail. After two, or it may be three, helpings of turtle, with its concomitant punch—after a huge portion of turbot — after *entremets*, which, like wafers, are absorbed by the enormous gullet—after capon and venison and game, not to mention pies and tarts, and custards, and marrow-pudding, and whipt cream, and blanc-mange,

The Food of London. By George Dodd, Author of *British Manufactures*, &c. London: Longmans, 1856.

champagne, madeira, hock, port, and claret—how can his slumbers be light, or his visions blissful and Elysian? Haunted is he by apparitions more horrible than ever rose before the view of geologist when contemplating the ruins of an earlier world. The turtle, swallowed so late, reappears in the form of a cawana or snapping tortoise, resting its unwieldy weight upon the aldermanic chest, and epileptically struggling upwards. Saurians surround his bed; pterodactyles rattle through the curtains. Bleeding turkeys and half-executed geese gobble and hiss in his ear. Visionary pies open of their own accord, and disclose a nest of serpents. Fear transforms him into an effigy of blanc-mange, and he dreams that he is smothered in custard. Thus does nature avenge the rapine of the remorseless and unconscious gormandiser!

It must be acknowledged that the subject which Mr. Dodd has selected for treatment is in itself stupendous, and capable of the most various illustration. We start with the fact that, in London alone, daily food must be supplied to two millions and a half of people; and this circumstance or proposition, which we shall not attempt to controvert, seems to have impressed Mr. Dodd with a sensation of the profoundest awe. Led astray by his imposing rhetoric, we, for a time, considered this as something little short of a miracle; but, upon more mature reflection, our wonder has materially decreased, and we recognise in the fact nothing more than a simple statement from the census. That the people of London should be supplied with daily food, and have ample opportunity of choice, is not one whit more wonderful than that the same kind of supply should extend to Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, or even the remotest villages. If London had risen at once like a huge exhalation from the earth—if its population had descended from the skies like locusts, or sprung up, ready made and full-stomached, like the armed men from the dragon's teeth, scattered by Deucalion and Pyrrha—then, indeed, we might

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carpenter's shaving, is no more entitled to be regarded as a meal, than a bottle of soda-water. It has less nutriment in it than a pint of stout, which, in warm weather, may be blamelessly consumed throughout the day at inconsiderable intervals. But that is not a meal. Our informant, who was an alderman, must, we think, have been led astray by a fine devouring enthusiasm. Putting aside the humbler classes, who certainly do not so preposterously cram themselves, we could cite instances of famous epicures, who upon principle, and with the view of maintaining the rectitude of their appetites, rigidly restrict themselves to two meals *per diem*. We admire their wisdom, and approve their practice; and infinitely rather would we be seated at the board of such a man, than deposit our limbs under the mahogany of a member of the body esurient, who recklessly multiplies his repasts. In the one case we know that we shall have a good dinner: in the other we anticipate kickshaws. Perpetual stuffing throughout the day is unseemly and revolting in a man, but odious and immodest in a woman. We are not of the number of those who think that the fair sex ought to subsist, like Peris, upon odours and dew. We like to see the blushing maiden beside us exhibit a certain degree of *friandise*, and show a healthful appetite, corresponding to the brilliant colour of her cheeks. It is a mere delusion to suppose that a ball or soirée afford the best opportunities of making love. An adroit cavalier will make more impression upon the virgin heart between soup and dessert, than he can hope to effect in fifty plunging polkas. We are a dining nation; and, at dinner, the finest qualities of the heart and intellect are instinctively exhibited. We do not like to see a young lady ignore her food, or turn from the proffered wing of chicken, albeit with an air of the prettiest disgust. That always, to us at least, engenders suspicion of previous banquets—of surreptitious luncheons—of forenoon indulgences in cakes and hot jelly, it may be with a flavour of maraschino. We see at once that there is a falsity in our sweet neighbour's performance—that she is acting a part, deliberately studied and conned—and we remember, with a shudder, the story in the *Arabian Nights*, of the lady who restricted herself to a few grains of rice at regulated meal-times, in order that she might be properly appetised for her hideous supper with the Ghouls. This is bad enough, but what shall we say of an undisguised voracious woman? It is frightful that such a thing should be; yet, nevertheless, we lie not when we assert its existence. Gluttony is not altogether a male sin; it can be found in the female. How often have we beheld in the Park, carriages rolling by, containing enormous women, bursting with plethora, in whose rubicund countenances the awful signs of habitual hot luncheons appeared! Are they to be pitied? Yes; but their husbands are more pitiable still. For we cannot conceive anything more wretched and deplorable than the case of a man who, after his day's work in the City or at chambers, returns home with a freshened appetite, and seats himself at table with a few friends whom he proposes hospitably to entertain—when, opposite him, the partner of his couch, the once slim and elegant Laura Matilda, sits in mute obesity, her perceptions dulled by satiety, and a sullen scorn upon her heavy lip—when Brown, and Jones, and Smith, the dearest friends of his soul, vainly assail her with Threadneedle jokes, and the last pungencies of the Exchange—when even Bosh, the wit of the Club, who has been known to extort a grin from a red-tapist, attempts his fascinations in vain! Poor devil! what is left to the wretched husband after the disappearance of his sulky Cleopatra, rendered incapable of social converse by her meridian excesses, but to get drunk with all convenient speed, and stifle in riotous excesses the consciousness of his domestic misery? "As the husband is, the wife is," said Alfred Tennyson, in the very best poem he has yet written. That is fudge. If it were so, in every case would the matrimonial unity be complete; whereas, no one, surveying the circle of his own acquaintance,

able that it should be otherwise, for a too close resemblance of taste must lead to domestic jar. Difference is sometimes desirable, as is well set forth in the fine old English ballad:—

> "Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
> His wife could eat no lean;
> And so, betwixt them both, you see,
> They licked the platter clean."

In that instance dissimilarity of inclination must have promoted the happiness, while it secured the economy, of an amiable household.

But we must not depart from our topic. That our friend, the aforesaid alderman, erred in his estimate of the total number of daily rations, is evident; but we forgive him, as we forgive the general who enhances the value of his victory by doubling the number of the slain. Even in its reduced proportion the subject is colossal enough; only we have not yet been able to discover the practical importance of such inquiries. This is pre-eminently the age of statistics, when, in default of greater attainments, public men can earn a reputation for profundity by compiling tables, and announcing large results with an air of oracular wisdom. "Facts, like stones," says Sir E. B. Lytton, in his *England and the English*, "are nothing in themselves; their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied." And he thus amusingly typifies a large class of men who pass for practical philosophers, whereas in reality they are scarcely qualified to bear the baton of Dogberry, or to carry the lantern of Verges. "Mr. Bluff is very intolerant to other people's hobby-horses; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of the multiplication table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus—'When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' he would think you a shallow fellow—a theorist; but if London; in 1825, wheat was forty-nine shillings; hop-grounds let from ten to twelve shillings an acre, and you must *therefore* confess that, when abuses rise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,'—Mr. Bluff would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbour, 'That's the man for my money; you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech.'"

Deeply grieved at soul is our worthy monitor Mr. Dodd, on account of the apparent impossibility of procuring accurate and precise statistics of the different kinds of food daily engulfed in the roaring maelstrom of London. If he had his own way he would register each lobster, compute every individual oyster, take accurate tale of the sprats, nor omit a single periwinkle. Evidently he thinks that to undertake this charge on behalf of devouring Cockneydom, is the paramount duty of a paternal government; and he confidently expects that sooner or later some steps will be taken in that direction. Let us present the reader with his views in their native grandiloquence:—

"These, then, are some of the remarkable aspects under which the food-supply of London presents itself for notice, and some of the difficulties which beset any attempt to ascertain rightly its nature and quantity. The difficulties in this matter are indeed considerable. There is no sufficient machinery for obtaining statistical details; there is doubt respecting the actual limits of the metropolis to be supplied; there are errors of misconception and transcription; there are variations in the relative values of food and other commodities; there are changes wrought indirectly by taxation; there are changes resulting from the prevailing views concerning the moral aspects of trade in food or drink; there is the cloud of doubt which hovers around the quality of the commodities sold; and there are the conflicting opinions of dietetic inquirers concerning the best kinds of food, and the influence which these opinions exert on the plans and purchases of food-consumers. All these throw embarrassment into the determination of the kinds and quantities of the provisions brought into and con-

quent partly on the tabulation of trustworthy statistical inquiries by societies or by the Government, and partly on the general desire now felt to probe to the bottom of all great social questions."

We are much afraid that some of the "difficulties" above specified cannot be removed by the most liberal application of statistics; but we are totally unable to see their relevancy. What, after all, is the question? Simply, as we understand it, the amount of meat, fish, bread, and vegetables daily consumed in London. The main point is to ascertain that every man gets his bellyful, which we apprehend to be beyond the power of statistics. As to the kind of food which is consumed, we venture to think that is wholly immaterial. One man, of cannibalistic tendencies, has a craving for joints, and esteems himself ill-dined if he does not fatten on hot roast-beef underdone. Let him by all means indulge his appetite: the cattle on a thousand hills are ready for his consumption. Another is a muttoneer: for him Wales, and the Border, and the southern downs, are kept in a perpetual bleat. Another, of pure Saxon tendencies, regards pork as the staff of life: lo! from the sties of many shires rises a chorus of grunting. A feeble puny gentleman, who is cultivating poetry and an incipient mustache, considers it his duty to imitate Shelley by abstaining from animal food: for him in Covent Garden we know that there are greens and brocoli enow. The roisterer need be under no apprehension that a single season will pass away without an adequate supply of his beloved lobsters; nor need the oysterer dread the rapid diminution of his shells. Many generations must pass away before the concoction of porter shall be a lost secret; and in the mouths of our grandchildren the names and liquors of Bass and Allsopp will be familiar as household words. Having these securities, and entertaining this settled belief, why should we go further? Would you consider yourself a better and a wiser man if you knew to a pint how much

sity, you had bribed the baker and the butcher to give you the details of the domestic bills? If you are helped plentifully to turtle at a Lord Mayor's feast, why cannot you enjoy yourself and be contented, without vexing yourself by insane speculations as to the amount of live calipash which still may be purchased in the market? Eat and be thankful. That is the true peptic philosophy. Pay due respect to the victuals before you; and believe that, if you survive until six o'clock to-morrow, another dinner of some sort will be provided. But do not carry your gluttony so far as to prowl through the market, nor disgrace the memory of Cocker by calculating what space would be occupied by the bread of London if heaped in a pyramidal form.

Will those ridiculous chemists never cease from their absurdities? The transformation of Saxon ox into Norman beef, of which poor Wamba so bitterly complained, was trivial compared with the hocus-pocus of those malignant Pundits. Do you know, sir, what you swallow every day of your life? Are you aware that your food resolves itself into twelve divisions—aqueous, mucilaginous, saccharine, amylaceous, ligneous, pectinacious, acidulous, alcoholic, oleaginous, proteinaceous, and saline? And yet you call yourself a moderate man, and protest against being styled a glutton! Science, with its sledge-hammer fist, gives you the lie direct in your teeth. Never again display your ignorance by calling for a mutton-chop. Do not trouble yourself about adulterations—human life is barely long enough to ascertain what kinds of food may be eaten with impunity. We have returned back to the days of Sancho's family physician. "Flesh is poison," saith one practitioner of considerable note. "There is no nutriment in fish," quoth an ultra-Protestant doctor. "Flee from fowl," exhorteth a third. "Abstain from wine," snarleth a lantern-jawed impostor. "Eschew beer!" cries a bilious Galen. "Fruit is cholera!" exclaims a sixth Hippocrates—and so on to the end of the chapter. In fact, there

defenders; except, perhaps, bread, which they all maintain cannot be found in an unadulterated form, and water, which they aver is rendered poisonous by being passed through leaden pipes.

Now, considering that all those substances form the usual food of man, and that many hundreds of millions of persons have consumed them from day to day, and yet have attained the limits of longevity, it does appear to us a most preposterous thing that the utterers of such quackeries should escape the penalties of Bedlam. Some few years ago the vegetarians, who hold all flesh in abhorrence, contrived to bring themselves rather prominently forward under the auspices of the Peace Society. It was believed that, by abstinence from beefsteaks and such like, and by an universal substitution of broccoli, cucumber, beans, and Jerusalem artichokes, all pugnacity would disappear, and the spirit of the nation be tamed down to such a point that war could occur no more. These lads, whose addiction to onions rendered them exceedingly unpleasant in conversation, held soirées in various towns, and publicly munched their forage. We have heard nothing of them for a long time; but prefer believing that they have relapsed into the meat heresy, to the awful supposition that they have perished of bowel-complaint.

More powerful because more plausible is the League for the introduction of the Maine Liquor Law—that is, for the forcible suppression of the sale of all liquors that can intoxicate. The extinction of drunkenness, which we all know to be the fertile cause of crime, is an object so desirable, if it could be attained, that we need not wonder if people of character and principle have been led to favour the movement. But the arguments of these men will not stand the test of examination. They propose to check the abuse by compulsorily preventing the use of beverages which in all ages have been considered as wholesome for the body, and as contributing to the comfort of man. We say this fearlessly, and we appeal to the practice, have advocated the use of wine. Very strong efforts have been made to controvert this; and we are perpetually told by individuals who have renounced the use of stimulants, that they feel better, and stronger, and happier, and lighter on account of their abstinence. We yield them our implicit belief, especially when we know that, previous to abstinence, they had been stimulating themselves to excess. One of the most popular lecturers of that League is, we are told, in the habit of describing from the platform his mental and bodily sensations previous to his conversion from drunkenness. We can easily credit the statement that delirium tremens is a very unpleasant visitation. We pity, most sincerely, the case of the unfortunate men who fall into habits of drunkenness; and we approve most highly of the efforts which have been made by temperance societies for their reformation. But temperance is one thing, and abstinence is another. It may be that the previous drunkard is too conscious of the strength of the appetite within him to trust to temperance, but takes refuge from temperance in total abstinence. He does well and wisely; but who made him a judge or a ruler over his brethren? It is easy to say that all stimulants are poison—so speak the vegetarians of beef—but the experience of the world belies it. It is a daring and even an impious thing to denounce as sinful the use of that which was used by the Founder of our Faith while He tarried upon earth, and which was recommended by His apostles; and we are sorry to observe that in some instances the enthusiasm of really worthy men has led them to enunciate opinions for which they have no warrant in Scripture, or corroborative testimony from the observation of mankind. The distinction between use and abuse was perhaps never more happily illustrated than by Sir Walter Scott, in his splendid romance of the *Talisman*, in that passage where the Hakim is represented as administering an opiate to the fevered Crusader: "This is one of those

weakness and wickedness have sometimes converted it into a curse. It is powerful as the wine-cup of the Nazarene to drop the curtain on the sleepless eye, and to relieve the burden of the overloaded bosom; but when applied to the purposes of indulgence and debauchery, it rends the nerves, destroys the strength, weakens the intellect, and undermines life. But fear not thou to use its virtues in the time of need, for the wise man warms him by the same firebrand with which the madman burneth the tent." We have treated this topic gravely; not because we think that the advocates of a Maine Liquor Law have one whit a better chance of succeeding in their object than the vegetarians; but because, having taken their stand upon a moral point, any observations regarding their aim should be expressed in a becoming tone.

Have you ever, gentle reader, been introduced by some verger or attendant of that kind, to the interior of a venerable and time-honoured cathedral, rich in historical associations? If so, doubtless you must have experienced an irrepressible desire to get rid of your guide, and free yourself from his ceaseless babble about tombs and mouldings and trumpery, in order to indulge in a reverie fitting to the place. This may be ungrateful, but it is natural; and we feel very much inclined at this moment to do the like with our intelligent and garrulous author. We have accompanied him to the edge of the slaughterhouse, and respectfully decline pursuing our investigations further. We owe him thanks for his courtesy in having brought us so far; and shall now, if it so please you, resume our independent meditations.

We never were at a Lord Mayor's dinner. Born beyond the sound of Bow bells, and located in a land where hotch-potch is far more plentiful than turtle, we can form but a faint idea of the glories and joys of that banquet of delights. But the perusal of the bill of fare, which is tantalisingly published in the papers, has ere now, we confess, stirred our inner man, and we have experienced ton. For, setting aside somewhat that may be ludicrous, those civic feasts are most remarkable as a demonstration of the opulence, liberality, and pre-eminence of the great metropolis, and of the importance of her citizens in the eyes of the civilised world. It is an easy thing to wax facetious on the subject of such festivals, and to extract matter of merriment from customs which have passed from general observance; but, in reality, the spectacle of the chief magistrate of the city of London entertaining at his hospitable board princes of the blood-royal, ambassadors of foreign nations, prime-ministers, judges, and the chief dignitaries of the State, is wholesome in itself, and calculated to convey a useful and improving lesson. Very likely some of our acidulated satirists, who carry the doctrine of *nil admirari* to such an extent that they can see nothing good or venerable in past or present institutions, may sneer at this as arrant flunkeyism, and pronounce it hollow and degrading. The public, we believe, are rapidly becoming aware of the real value of such sarcastic diatribes, and are beginning to understand that it by no means follows as a matter of course, that the man who is perpetually railing at such things should be above their influence; or that he who denounces authorities should be guiltless of the greater meanness of abject toadying to democracy. We, on the contrary, think that nothing can give a higher idea of our free and liberal State, than the spectacle of the Lord of London, albeit no more than a simple commoner—undistinguished by personal achievement in any of the walks where fame is sought and acquired, but distinguished because upon him the choice of the leading citizens of the first city of the world has rested—holding but an ephemeral rank, and after a short tenure compelled to resign his dignity—acting as the host of an assemblage which kings could scarce command, and maintaining the dignity of the citizen in the presence of intellect and of power. We say deliberately, that at no other place or time can a foreigner find

tions, or of comprehending the real power and position of the commons of England, as at a Mansion-house banquet. We say of England, because neither in Scotland nor in Ireland will he find any trace of similar municipal magnificence, or assertion of the prerogative of the citizen. Sometimes we are apt to be crusty with our English friends for their undue usurpation or appropriation of all that is meritorious in the United Kingdoms; and we have protested more than once against their attempts to smother our nationality. British we are, undoubtedly, but not English; and as we repudiate a term which never has been recognised by statute, but, on the contrary, is expressly forbidden, we venture to think that, in common courtesy, our neighbours might humour us so far, as to adopt, in common parlance, the word British, to which no one can possibly object. But England may well be proud of her peculiar civic corporations, for, compared with these, all others are mean and beggarly. In Scotland a town-council is merely a committee of the inhabitants of each burgh, whose functions are confined to the administration of petty revenues, the preservation of the peace within their bounds, the superintendence of local hospitals, and occasionally the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage. But no provision is made, even in the capital, for the maintenance of anything like civic state, nor are the means afforded of extending to distinguished strangers even a shadow of that hospitality which is the boast and honour of London. Hence civic distinctions are not coveted, but rather shunned, by the men who are most fitted, from position, talent, and intelligence, to represent the community; and no more grievous error could be committed than to judge of the tone and habits of the citizens from those of their delegates to council. Thrift in the administration of public affairs is undoubtedly a great matter; but thrift ceases to be a virtue when it degenerates into absolute parsimony. It is not to the credit of the city of Edinburgh that the

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manner unworthy of its position, then the whole amount of the blame falls to be distributed among the individuals. Q. E. D. We hope we have said enough upon this painful subject to open the eyes of our beloved Athenians to the extreme niggardliness of their ways, and the evident unwisdom thereof; and we are not without hope, now that this public appeal has been made to their better feelings and their pride, that before many months elapse, the ancient hospitalities of the city may be renewed on a proper scale.

Dinners, after all, form an important section of our British institutions. Our gracious and accomplished Sovereign sets a royal example to her subjects. At a Cabinet dinner the speech from the throne is arranged—at a Premier's dinner it is first promulgated. The chiefs of the Opposition give dinners; the Chancellor gives dinners; the Speaker of the House of Commons gives dinners. Every man, who is a man, and not a screw, gives dinners to his friends; and thus it is that society among us maintains its cordial tone. If, on the Continent, men dined together at each other's houses, as we do, instead of frequenting table-d'-hôtes and eating-houses, there would be more stability in the body politic. A philosophic friend of ours, whose acute intellect is surpassed only by his gastronomic taste, and who has dined sedulously throughout Europe, once mentioned to us, as a remarkable fact, that he never, in the whole course of his experience, met with a thorough-paced revolutionist who was in the habit of dining at home, or of giving entertainments. Upon this hint we pondered; and, on comparing the result of our own observation with his, we found a remarkable coincidence. The Red Republican is, in the proper sense of the term, no socialist. He is a lowering, scowling, solitary-feeding animal; and when, in some suspicious eating-house, he meets with others of his kind, they are just as gregarious as hyenas snarling over the carcass of a camel. Their plots are generally divulged by the waiter, whose enmity they have excited by refusing him a sou for attendance, or otherwise they peach on one another. The Radical Reformer, who pertains principally to Britain, exhibits his unsocial habits in another shape. He dines at home, because he finds it economical to do so, but a deep veil of mystery hangs over the nature of the banquet. He never entertains, so that is is very difficult to form an adequate notion of his consumption; and it might be supposed that he lives luxuriously, but for the mutterings of the tradesmen he employs, who unanimously pronounce him to be a scrub. His servants are generally procured from the workhouse; and after the lapse of a year, they do not appear to have materially improved in condition. But we make this remark with a qualification. There are two distinct classes of men who style themselves Radical Reformers. One is real, the other is entirely fictional. We have sketched the social habits of the first; but the second, being merely an actor for the time being, or, in other words, a political impostor, does not quite keep up his assumed character. He starts as a Radical, not because he is really such, but because the assumption of that character is the readiest passport to the House of Commons. In manners, thought, connection, ay, and in sentiment, he is perfectly constitutional, but, living in an age of humbug, and not being over-scrupulous, or feeling his conscience particularly tender, he takes the short cut to popularity, and announces himself as a democrat. When a Whig ministry is in power, this is by no means a bad or desperate speculation. He brings forward motions which he knows will not be carried, but they occasion a deliberate debate, and that gives him a name; and in the process of time, when an outcry arises against the Whigs for appropriating, as they always do, the great honey-jar of the State for family consumption, and when it becomes absolutely necessary to let in a few extraneous flies—who so likely as our jaunty gentlemanly Radical to obtain a taste of the sweets? Radicals of this class—and there are not a few of them—dine sumptuously from day to day. They are the Robsons of their political tribe, and may be esteemed pleasant fellows. But ulti-

they were from the beginning, and shams they must remain; but in reality they meant no harm. With Harlequin as the presiding genius of the State, and with the fresh memory of previous pantomimes, were they not entitled to enter disguised as minor actors in the performance?

Dinners, therefore, ought to be by all means encouraged, for the well-being of the State rests upon the foundation of reciprocal hospitality. If the Government at any future period should deem it expedient to institute a searching inquiry upon the subject of the general food, we hope they will not overlook this special and important branch. It is doubtless convenient to have a system of general registration setting forth the number of births, deaths, and marriages which occur in the course of the year; but much more interesting would it be to know how many persons in the United Kingdom give dinners in the course of the year, and how many they welcome to their tables. Of what immense value to the historian would be such a return of Roman banqueting compiled during the reign of Augustus? What a flood of light it would throw on social life and manners? How easy would it be, then, to fathom the true secret of Roman greatness. For it is a very remarkable circumstance that we find hardly any mention of banquets during the iron period of ancient democracy. That the followers of the Gracchi did not absolutely starve themselves, we believe; that they occasionally met together for a sorry supper, we allow; but until we have good evidence to the contrary, we are not entitled to suppose that they did more than eat eggs and apples, and stupify themselves with Falernian so rough, that in a more refined age it would only have been used as a gargle. All that, however, came to an end at Philippi when the Imperial period began; banquets became general, and in consequence trade expanded. Now, a word or two upon the subject of luxury, which some people affect to despise,

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cognised, for there are undoubtedly a large number of affluent persons who act upon the opposite principle. They deny themselves the enjoyment of everything which cannot be classed as an absolute necessary of life, and they take credit to themselves for doing so. Men of this stamp wear the coat which covered them at the hymeneal altar, until their eldest born is old enough to go to school, when Astyanax succeeds to the reversion of the threadbare garment, cut down to the dimensions of a jacket. No sight is more profoundly melancholy than the opening of the repositories of a deceased spinster of the Lady Grippy school. Her whole wardrobe, to which no addition has been made since the Rev. Jonas Humgudgeon disappointed her middle-aged affections, would not fetch three shillings at Rag-Fair. The scanty pieces of furniture are of the craziest description; the carpet so worn that its pattern is entirely obliterated; the dusters have been darned so often that their original texture has disappeared. Cracked china, brass seals, glass beads, and one treasured ornament of cairngorm, are among the most valuable of her effects; but in one drawer there lies a pocket-book of antique form, which her executor straightway clutches, and in it is discovered a deposit receipt of the Royal Bank of Scotland for fifteen thousand pounds! The lonesome woman has been scraping together, hoarding, and saving, for many years, representing herself all the while to her friends as an object of compassion—doing good, no doubt, in her way, by distributing many tracts and a little flannel to the poor, but never dreaming that it was a Christian duty to foster the industry of others. Poor thing! and yet there must have been some amiable traits in her character. The old woman who has acted as her sole servant on miserable wage for the last twenty years, bursts into a loud wail as she sees the sacred repositories invaded by the rude hand of a stranger—and is no hypocrite, for with the death of her mistress her sole tie to earth is dered at the unusual bustle; and the little canary, once so brisk and lively, but now lifeless and dejected, as if it missed the hand that was wont to give it food. A melancholy scene, on which we will not further dwell! Well—there is the money now to be used, or it may be, squandered; for her nephew, Jack Littlego, has a decided propensity for the *turf*; but we cannot help thinking with a sigh that the poor old decrepid and uncared for woman, who now lies in a dreary churchyard, might have had better interest for the money in the shape of the blessings of her kind.

The sin of Dives lay not in his wealth, or even his sumptuousness—it lay in his entire abandonment to self, and his disregard of the welfare of others. The very dogs were more compassionate than he, for they licked the sores of the beggar to whom he sent not a portion from his board. But it is wrong to distort the beautiful and kindly parable into a denunciation of wealth and magnificence, which, duly administered, are beneficial far beyond the person of the possessor. A stranger to British society and customs, who beholds for the first time one of the stately baronial castles, seats of our highest nobility, is apt enough to form a false estimate of the influence which is really exercised by the wealth of the owner. He sees the hall filled with liveried servants; he walks through carpeted galleries, upon the walls of which are hung the choicest productions of modern and ancient art; he beholds the costly furniture, the marble statues and the bronzes, the ample library, and the conservatories; he passes through the gardens and pleasure-ground, and is amazed by the care, neatness, and exquisite taste which are everywhere apparent. He visits the stables; admires the noble horses and the equipages which are there; and on comparing his own lot with that of the owner of the princely mansion, he may lament that the opulence enjoyed by one man should not be distributed among thousands. Such thoughts may occur not only to a

wealth in the hands of a few is the most favourite argument in the mouths of demagogues who preach disaffection to the ignorant. This view has of late years been adopted by some men of education, and even talent. Wealth has been denounced as sinful from the pulpit, and the most dangerous doctrines of Socialism have been insinuated as the aspirations of a fervid philanthropy. Now it is a very easy thing to demonstrate that such views are utterly false, and that, if sincerely entertained, they arise from shallowness of thought. The fact is, that the owner of that wealth is dispensing it for the general benefit. He clothes and maintains a large retinue of servants, thereby lessening the pressure on the labour market. The trimness of the pleasure-ground is the result of the constant care and attention of many gardeners. The equipages have given profit to the London coachmakers, and enabled them to pay high wages to their workmen. The costly furniture has benefited the upholsterer and his operatives. Artists have received large sums for the pictures, statues, busts, and bronzes. The stocking of the library assists the book-trade and authors—in short, magnificence is but another word for munificence, and it scatters its blessings far and wide. The same results would by no means follow if the wealth were subdivided, because wealth alone can give adequate encouragement to artists, and even the highest class of artisans. A man may be comfortable in his circumstances, and yet unable to indulge in such expensive luxuries as pictures, or wrought plate, or other articles of decoration or of taste: and without the existence of a wealthy class among us, art would soon dwindle and decay. Wealth rightfully gained or inherited, and properly employed, even though it be lodged in the hands of comparatively few individuals, tends to the prosperity of the whole nation; a proposition so clear that it seems absolutely marvellous that any one should have been tempted to dispute it.

While saying this, however, we wish is one symptom of the age, or that reckless extravagance which is another. The pursuit of riches is a great snare, and in that headlong race many fall down to rise no more. It cannot be denied that the speculative mania which, some ten years ago, was developed in the country, has had a pernicious effect, by demonstrating that fortunes can be made by pursuing other paths than the royal road of industry. True, it may be shown that in numberless cases the fortunes so acquired were unsubstantial as fairy gold, having vanished suddenly from the grasp. The throne of the once idolised railway monarch was as baseless as that of Theodore of Corsica, of whose coinage it is now scarce possible to obtain a sample. But the fever, though abated, is not yet extinct. It is still burning in the veins of many, and we see the melancholy results in the appalling catalogue of frauds and villanies which have latterly become so numerous that the fabric of credit is shaken. Nor is it confined to one locality—it extends over the whole empire. Alike in the heart of London and in remote Tipperary, rogues and hypocrites combine to organise their plans of plunder. For a time these succeed—rogue and hypocrite alike put on the garb of Crœsus—are flattered, worshipped, promoted, patronised by ministers—until all of a sudden, and without an instant's warning, inexorable Nemesis plucks the robes from their back, and exhibits them in their nakedness and their knavery. Well said the wise old Hebrew: "He that loveth gold shall not be justified, and he that followeth corruption shall have enough thereof. Gold hath been the ruin of many, and their destruction was present. It is a stumblingblock unto them that sacrifice unto it, and every fool shall be taken therewith."

With almost every case of fraud we find reckless extravagance combined. The thirst for display is the temptation to the sin, and one instance of crime infallibly leads to another. This much must be said for the miser, that he is not nearly so

dangerous a personage as your open-handed, jolly, roistering rogue who affects a boundless liberality; or even your sleek comfortable sanctimonious villain, who maintains a first-rate character by subscribing to a hundred charities. If you get into the hands of the miser, he will screw you to the last turn; he will treat you like a cheese under the press, and never leave you till he has extracted the last drop of whey; he will mulct you in discount and interest without the slightest pang of remorse; and will pay no more regard to your supplications than did Reginald Front-de-bœuf to the shrieks of Isaac of York. But, Jew or Gentile, he keeps within the pale of the law. His dealings may be questionable in ethics, but they do not amount to swindling. The other gentlemen are the blandest of all created beings. They are not lenders, but borrowers. They can tell you how to lay out your money to the best advantage, and they will charge themselves with the transaction. They have always some pet investment, yielding a certain return of from twenty to forty per cent., in which, out of pure friendship, because they like you, you shall have an interest; and you leave their office or bank, after having signed a cheque on Coutts or Drummond, in a playful and delighted mood, because you conceive that you have trebled your income. You talk over it at night at the club; indulge in more conviviality than is good for locomotion; and next morning, when, after the refreshment of a draught of soda-water, you betake yourself to the *Times*, you find that the bank has suspended payment, or your sanctimonious friend absconded. We would rather not be in your company for at least a month after that agreeable communication.

Extravagance, however, may exist without fraud, because folly is a capital steam-engine. The laws are merciful in protecting minors, yet there are many men whose minority extends to their dying day, and who will never mend. They are their own scourgers. They deliberately prepare the rack for themselves, and lie upon it; and we cannot see why they should be pitied when they begin to scream. Our argument is of a very simple nature. We regard wealth as being valuable, not so much to the possessor, as to those whom it reaches through the many channels of employment. And we hold that, by a liberal use of the means which a man has obtained through industry, he is doing no more than his duty to others, by promoting industrial product. To avoid parsimony on the one hand, and extravagance on the other, should be the aim of every Christian gentleman; and if he can succeed in doing this, and in maintaining the happy medium, so as to benefit others without damaging himself, his course will be safe and pleasant.

Have we deviated from our subject? We rather apprehend that we have; but we are not an Alexis Soyer, to compose an Iliad upon eating. Even Soyer could hardly grapple with the foodfulness of the question. Maximinus, the Roman emperor, who, according to Herodian, ate forty pounds of flesh every day, and drank eighteen bottles of wine, might perhaps have been qualified to review the work of Mr. Dodd, in the columns of some such journal as the *Athenæum*. Yet we fear that even Maximinus would not have risen above the level of the ordinary contributors. In order to do Mr. Dodd full justice, it would be necessary to use the sorcery of Faustus, and evoke the shade of that follower of Fortunio, who was able, single-gullcted, to devour the whole bread baked for the consumption of a city, and who washed down that fearful quantity of crumb and crust with the contents of every butt of wine which was contained in the civic cellars. We acknowledge, with a sigh, our own inadequacy, and give in. But we cannot close without a benediction. As in presence of an Oriental prince, vizier and mufti and bey deliver themselves of the prayer —"May thy shadow never be less!" so say we to lordly, magnificent, consuming, and voracious London; and we know that the sentiment will be echoed from Land's End to the Skaw of Unst—from China to Peru, and from Peru to the Turtle Islands —"May thine appetite continue to increase!"

GROWN men know that the sea is currentless when the tide is at the turn,—that there is ever a calm before currents shift, and set in another direction. But the child building his first castles on the sand may wonder at the phenomenon. The mobile tide that for the whole of his short day he has seen advancing resistlessly ever onward, up and up on the stable land, comes at length to a stand-still; and the first indication of this that strikes his eye is the disappearance of the line of foamy strife that marked the meeting of the antagonistic powers, and the cessation of the dull or lashing roar that hitherto had filled his ear. How is this? he asks. The sea has grown stagnant,—the tides have expired! His occupation of castle-building, with which he fancied he was stopping the progress of the tide, seems now hopelessly at an end: and, having haply heard other lips explaining how the tides and currents keep the sea fresh and its shores healthy, the boy concludes that henceforth all is to be stagnation and corruption! Perhaps, with a vanity that makes foolishness more apparent, he fancies he has made a startling discovery,—laments loudly the phenomenon as the insetting of a mortal disease in the frame of things,—and calls upon all to aid him in stirring the ocean with stick and shovel, in order to set the tides a-going again. Cease thine innocent wonder, O child!—stop thy vain lamentation and misplaced labour, O youth! A short hour will show you the currents again in motion; and longer observation will reveal that what seems stagnation in nature is but her transition points to the development of new life and motion.

National life has its tides as well as the sea. And its grander cyclical movements, whether in politics, science, or literary thought, transcend the regulating agency of individual men. At one time in the life of nations the tide of Innovation runs high, at another it ebbs into the counter-current of Reaction: still oftener the public mind shifts from one line of action into another,—now it is Home politics, now it is Foreign, that engross the nation: and at each change there is a temporary lull,—the calm of the sea when the tide is turning. We are in one of those lulls now. The din of political parties is no longer heard in the land, and the work of legislation almost stands still. It is curious to observe the different lights in which the abeyance of Party is regarded by different sections of the Press. Some rejoice over it,—proclaiming Party a thing of the past, a phase of national life doomed to disappear with the progress of civilisation. Others lament over it as a sign of national decay,—holding Party to be the palladium of our liberties, and regarding its absence from the Parliamentary arena as they would the disappearance of salt from the sea, or the in-setting of that insensibility which marks the commencement of mortification in the human body, and approaching death. We will not stay to consider which of these views is the greater exaggeration,—for the inquiry is needless. We would rather bid both sides spare their breath. The phenomenon over which they lament or rejoice is natural, and will be transient. Party is not dead, but sleepeth. In due time we shall see it walking amongst us again, shouting its rallying cries. But we do not guarantee that its garb or its rallying-cries shall be the same as they have lately been. On the contrary, we believe they will not be so. Every half-century or so, the main features of the times undergo a change, giving prominence to new subjects, and consequently producing a rearrangement or modification of the antagonistic parties in the State.

One of those cyclical revolutions is now in progress. Domestic politics, which have so long been the shaping power of our great parties, are at zero; and the antagonism of the innovating and conservative principles in the State has sunk into a neutrality producing repose. Content with

inquire what is the cause of this lull, or what will be its end. But through the hush of the general quiet there is heard a voice, almost as spirit-like and bodyless as that which of old bewailed the death of Pan, lamenting that great Parties are dead!—and that the calm of the political waters betokens their settling down into a Dead Sea or a Slough of Despond. To our eyes, as they wander over the face of merry England, comes no such foreboding. We see the people politically contented, materially prosperous; and if the passion for legislative changes have become moderated from its recent intensity, we accept the phenomenon as one desirable in itself, and susceptible of natural explanation. But there is no stagnation in the national life. The heart of England beats as stoutly as ever—and, we believe, more warmly and nobly. If domestic politics are in abeyance, there is plainly visible to our eyes a crop of new ideas springing up, more elevating, because national not sectional, and more desirable because more called for by the aspect of the times.

Many causes, not hard to perceive, have combined to produce the present lull. It is the natural result of our past thirty years' history. During the quarter-century of the great contest with France, it was the War and Peace parties that constituted the great divisions in Parliament; and the grand question ever at issue was—whether we should make peace with the overgrown power of conquering France, and supinely trust for future security to the moderation of our foe; or whether we should employ our strength in timely defence of our liberty and fortunes, and, by steadily continuing the contest and supporting the states attacked by our enemy, strive to obtain that success which would be impossible if we allowed all Europe to be dominated by the foe and arrayed upon her side. But, once the war was over, Parties began to assume a new shape. Our liberties and wellbeing secured from external assault, the national mind addressed itself to the consideration of domestic legislation. Parties remodelled themselves. Huskisson began the work of commercial reform. Wellington, as Premier, gave political equality to the Roman Catholics. Grey and the Whigs then took in hand the work of political reform, and carried it out with more zeal than discretion or discrimination. Next Peel began his sweeping measures of commercial reform, which have been carried to the farthest verge demanded by the party of innovation. Lastly, for a brief season arose a question of budgets and taxation; but no principle was at issue here,—it was a question of details,—and so this also died away.

In fact, an exhaustive process has been going on. For the last thirty years the national mind has been engrossed with the work of internal reform and domestic legislation, and it has done so much that it has left little to do,—what remains, too, being of that neutral tint (such as Legal and Educational measures) which excites no party rivalry, and allows of the measures being supported by men of either side. For a whole generation the nation has been labouring (we do not say always wisely) to renovate and make comely the interior of the palace of the State. We have not altered its goodly dome, but we have scrubbed and chiselled with bold hands at its supporting pillars; we have replaced the venerable tapestries on the walls with freshest oil-paint; we have even "had up" some of the flooring, to remove antiquated inequalities, and have assigned apartments like the rest to members of the family who formerly lived in an outhouse. There has been great strife and keen disputing while all this was a-doing. The majority, of course, have had their way in the main; but in not a few points they have restrained their over-hasty hands at the bidding of the minority, and are now content that it should be so. A good deal, it is true, remains to be done in the house. There will be questions about the dusting and polishing of the furniture, or about the placing of it so as to be most com-

these are mere normal wants, which beset all times and places; and the Family, thankful that they have got over the fierce contention of the main points, see no necessity for fighting with the same fury about what remains to be done.

Nor could they, though they desired it. A revival of the old party-feuds at present is as impossible as it would be unnatural. In order to have great parties you must have great principles. None such are at issue: the old ones are used up, the new are but germinating. We need not wonder, then, that there should be a loosening of party-ties, and a paling of party-distinctions, in the arena of Parliament. Parties will rally again and close their ranks when there are great principles to rally round; but it is vain to seek to accomplish this by a factitious excitement. Party cannot be galvanised into activity. Parliament is but a reflex of the nation; and to hope to stir up Party in the Legislature when all is calm and neutral in the country, is as idle as for a child to stir with his stick the slumbering tide of the ocean.

The temporary slackening in the career of legislation does not alarm us. We wonder how it should disquiet anybody. For the last generation the legislative car has been proceeding with Jehu-like speed,—we feared, indeed, at times that the rash haste of the drivers would Phaëton-like set our world on fire. That was because, for generations previous, Government had done almost nothing in the way of internal reform. Now the domestic work, the putting of the house in order, has been done pretty thoroughly,—in some respects, we think, only too thoroughly. More has been done within the last thirty years than for generations before. But it is obvious that such a furious remodelment of our institutions must have an end. It cannot be carried on *ad infinitum*,—no more than a man can be employed for ever in overhauling the same ledger or checking the same accounts. Arrears must be cleared off some time; and thereafter there but remain the normal wants

late burst of innovating legislation has much resembled the famous *furor* with which Lord Brougham set himself to clear off the huge arrears of work which he found on his accession to the Woolsack. Many of his decisions then would not bear scrutiny, but more of them were right; so that, on the whole, it was probably better that he should have made this mad rush, than that the Augean stable should have been left uncleared. But what was pardoned to him in the exceptional circumstances then, would justly be regarded as totally inadmissible in a judge who has ample time to try his cases and consider his verdicts. In this latter position is the British Parliament now. There is nothing so pressing as to make it reasonable that we should take an ill-considered measure rather than wait till it is mended, or till a better be forthcoming; neither is party-spirit so fervid as to unite the stronger side in forcing through their measures, for prestige' sake, whether good or bad. The nation is contented, and on the whole prosperous,—surely now if ever we ought to be scrutinising and deliberate in our acts of legislation. This is no excuse for a Ministry bringing forward ill-concocted measures, of which sin the present Cabinet were guilty last session; but be it known to all men that if the Bills which were defeated last session had been brought forward by the liberals when the innovation-fever was at its height, the force of party would have been invoked to carry them—reluctant members would have voted with the Ayes rather than oust their party, and ten to one the Bills would have passed with all their imperfections. So that Party is no unmingled good.

A country cannot be in a state of health when legislation is so excessive as it has been with us for the last thirty years. Take all the States of Europe (exclusive of Turkey), and the American Union to boot, and we question if their records during that period will show so many important legislative acts as have obtained the sanction of the British Parliament. In truth, the work of change had

pensable to have a long list of measures to parade at the beginning of every session, and tasked their brains to discover or imagine some sore in the national body for which they must prescribe. When the Russian war broke out, it was some consolation to us to believe that, acting as a counter-irritant, it would have the effect of moderating this mania for over-legislation. In combination with other circumstances, it has done so; and the humiliating failure which overtook the long list of measures paraded in the Queen's Speech for the two last sessions, must by this time have convinced Ministers that the country had lost its omnivorous hunger, and appetite for strong dishes, and begs to be supplied simply with its daily roast, well cooked. As for *entremets*, and other dishes not immediately necessary, unless they be properly got up it will not have them. Having the essentials and substantials of existence, complacent John Bull does not dismiss his cooks when they fail in these dispensable side-dishes; but he tells them to take them back, and see to studying his taste a little better. Or to change the simile,—John Bull, after having been long in the doctors' hands, and finding himself in excellent condition, very sensibly thinks he will let medicines alone, and see if he can't get on without that constant purging and drugging to which he has of late been subjected.

Ought not Conservatives to be satisfied with such a state of matters? Of course, were our own party in office, we and they should like it better; but sure we are that there is no leal-hearted Conservative that will allow the exclusion of his party from office to warp his judgment as to the present state of public feeling. That changes be not made too hastily, is the fundamental maxim of Conservatism. Other principles it has, which (like those of its opponents) vary from time to time, but this one changes never. A Conservative may advocate Education as well as a Liberal; indeed Sir John Pakington's speech at Manchester has placed him Legal Reform as well as a Liberal, and has done it better. He may support the Protestant character of our institutions as well as a Liberal, and for a long time past has done it better. He may advocate Commercial Reform, and did so earlier and better than the Liberals. Indeed, what names are to be found among the Liberal Ministers that will match as commercial reformers with those of Pitt, Huskisson, and Peel? In these various departments of legislation, the Conservative walks as boldly as, and has distinguished himself fully more than, his Liberal rivals. But in Political Reform, in all matters affecting our governmental institutions, he maintains an attitude of extreme wariness. Not indeed that his principles debar him from putting forth his hand to modify at times the governmental fabric. On the contrary, Pitt was the first to conceive the project of Parliamentary reform, at a time when the Whig oligarchs had no relish for the change; and it was only when they found themselves wholly excluded from office that the descendants of the latter, as a means of regaining public favour, took up the project which the outburst of the Revolutionary War had caused the great Conservative statesman to postpone. But in later times—owing to the undue fervour of the reform-passion—the Conservative has ever maintained a negative attitude in all such discussions. We think the Conservatives erred in 1830, in resisting all reform; for by so doing they left the country no choice between adopting the crude and sweeping measures of the Liberals, or declaring that it wished no reform at all. Assuredly Pitt would not have so acted. In regard to the present, we trust that Lord John Russell, who has of late discredited himself by his failures alike in home and in foreign politics, will not, from a desire of reviving his faded honours, do violence to the spirit of the times by introducing a third edition of his already "withdrawn and re-withdrawn" Bill for altering the Franchise and Representation; but if he do so, we trust

veto any idle tampering with the Constitution.

We repeat,—the distinguishing characteristic of Conservatism is the principle, that all changes affecting the governmental institutions of the country be conducted with extreme caution and deliberation. He does not say there shall be no change, and that in all time, whatever be the changes in other things, the franchise and other parts of the Constitution shall remain stereotyped in their present form—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But he recognises the truth, that the first requirement of a Government is *stability;* and that, without this, Government is but an organised anarchy,—a hap-hazard phenomenon, which commands no respect,—a thing of yesterday, which every one is encouraged to knock down and reconstruct. It is Time that surrounds institutions with a halo of veneration,—it is Prescription that makes the rights and usages of society sacred. Time may be a small authority in the sight of a doctrinaire or logician, who idly fancies that humanity should be ruled by what appeals to a mere fraction of their nature, and that men and nations are to be treated as if they had neither habits nor hearts. The oft-repeated revolutions of France tell more terribly than words the futility of all such creations of mere logic. *Cæteris paribus*, an institution is always more stable the longer it has stood; and there is a loyalty to the Past instinctive in the hearts of all nations, which is the best safe-guard of Government against the gusts of reckless innovation, or the violence of usurping tyranny. Moreover, institutions which have stood long, which have been approved by many generations, and under which the country has greatly prospered, must have many excellences, and been well fitted to the times; and the Conservative needs well-assured proof before he will proceed to act on the belief that the times have outgrown them. In all questions relating to governmental institutions, he prefers to walk by the light of Experience

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of the conservative element has sunk to repose without neutralising a similar amount of force on the other side; and so, though not triumphant, we have the satisfaction of not having fought in vain, and of disabling the foe by making so many converts from its ranks. This neutral mass now rests in repose. But mark, it will not long remain so. The atoms will rearrange themselves as other influences come to blow over the mass. And these influences may be of a kind to evoke new combinations rather than resuscitate the old. Modifications of party are no strange occurrences. To go no farther back than the last quarter-century, we have seen Palmerston secede from the Tories and join the Whigs on the question of Reform. A few years after, we saw Stanley and Graham secede from the Liberals rather than lay profane hands on the property of the Church. Next Peel, followed by the ever-changing Graham and others, seceded from the Conservatives on the question of the Corn and Navigation Laws. All these changes have occurred in domestic politics. Can we look for less changes when the battle-ground of party shifts from domestic affairs to foreign? Will not, for instance, the Peelites and Manchester party, in their aversion to all war, draw together, leaving the Whigs too weak to act alone? The first breath of this new gale from abroad sundered the Russell Cabinet,—sending Lord Palmerston into virtual opposition, bringing him nearer to Lords Derby, Lyndhurst, and Malmesbury, and keeping him a semi-conservative ever since. As our interest in foreign affairs grew more apparent, and the war directed thither the slow moving regards of the nation, was not the force of the new element demonstrated by the tremendous overthrow which overtook the Aberdeen Ministry? Do not think that it was merely their administrative mismanagement that occasioned their fall. It was because a storm of indignation had been long gathering against the Cabinet as a nest of philo-Russians—of men who took the opposite side in foreign politics from what the nation gained a place in the Administration, it was only to fall again more irretrievably. Since then, the Palmerston Cabinet has been the weakest in administrative talent of any within the memory of the present generation. Personally, too, he has had no following. Yet he has stood, and stands. What is the explanation? Simply this, that the country believes that he represents those principles of foreign policy which are now uppermost in the hearts of the people. His sole strength lies in this one thing,—yet it suffices! Can there be any stronger evidence of the fact, that the current of national interest is shifting from domestic to foreign affairs?

This we believe to be the case. Not only is the passion for domestic innovation on the decline—partly from exhausting its objects, and partly from the operation of the principle of reaction,—but foreign politics are acquiring a momentous importance, and are displacing their somewhat jaded home rivals from the supremacy. Thus party on the decline as regards home politics, is becoming subjected to new influences, which ere long promise to become supreme. Indeed, the action of these new influences has been quite apparent on the Parliamentary parties during the last session and accounts for much of that loosening of old ties which some writers are so much astonished at, and so greatly at a loss to explain. Of the negative side of the phenomenon—namely, the imperfect unity and action of the Opposition—we shall at present say nothing. But of the positive support which the Premier has received, we would observe that it has been due not only to the prestige which the general public accords to him, but to the noble and better-founded sentiment of sacrificing all minor considerations to the grand object of strengthening the hands of Government in seasons of peril. Parliament and the country alike scent the truth, which the future will make plain, that the grand interests of the country now centre in foreign affairs, and that there are dangers brewing in that quarter which it will ere long

Such, as it seems to us, is the cyclical revolution of national sentiment now in progress in this country, and of which the temporary sleep of Party is but an accessory phenomenon. The currents are shifting,—the tide is on the turn. The national energies, so long employed on our internal economy, are now rushing to the circumference of our power, and even projecting themselves beyond, in order to watch what is going on in foreign States, and timely prepare to keep the danger as far as possible from our own shores. Such revolutions of national sentiment, we have said, transcend the regulating agency of individuals. We see nothing undesirable in the change,—far from it; but even were it so in the main, still it were vain to seek to turn back the tide, or to waste over it idle lamentations. The real wisdom lies in turning such events to true and good account. With nations, as with men, every season that marks the course of Providence has its uses, its capabilities for good: our business is to discern and develop them. If we look at the applauding crowds which attend the lectures of Kossuth, whose eloquence lends grace to the exposition of views of which we need only say that many are undesirable and most of them impracticable,—we will be reminded of the truth that every sentiment has its excesses, and that the national feeling upon foreign politics may, like every other, run into extremes. Nevertheless the present direction of public thought is a natural and fortunate one. Growing dangers abroad are less readily perceived by a country than those within its own bosom. Many a State has been a sufferer from this cause,—we ourselves have had some narrow escapes of the kind; and it will be fortunate if, by timely perception and preparation, we secure ourselves now when these dangers are assuming unusually formidable proportions.

The aspect of foreign affairs threatens the rupture of peace. Any one may see this. Indeed, the probability of a second outburst of hostilities is so obvious that the Prime-minister of England has deemed it advisable

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that the Russians had totally dismantled the strong Danubian fortresses of Ismael and Reni, which the treaty stipulated should be ceded to Turkey, and also the fortifications of Kars. On being questioned as to these matters in Parliament (July 22), Lord Clarendon acknowledged that this was "a very unusual proceeding on the part of the Russian Government," and showed the amazing credulity of himself and colleagues at the Congress, by adding,—"There were no regular measures taken or arrangements made about the manner in which these fortresses should be given up. I should have considered it almost an affront to require any explanation as to the way in which a thing was to be done, about which there was no difference of opinion!"* So much for the stipulated ceding of the fortresses, which, by Russian bad faith, became the mere cession of so many mounds of rubbish. Moreover, the Russians not only remained till the last moment at Kars, but did so in defiance of the treaty, *as conquerors;* so that, when the British Commissioner at Erzeroum, taking with him some officers, at length set out himself for Kars, he was stopped when he came to Russian *rayon*, and told that he could not go further. The object of Russia in thus keeping Kars to the last moment, plainly was to increase her influence over the surrounding population, and especially the Kurdish tribes. As she is the only channel of information for those people, she can easily make them believe that she emerged victorious from this as from her former wars with Turkey; and impressions of this kind, produced on a simple-minded race, are not easily effaced, and will not be without their influence on the future.

The fortresses were destroyed,—the Treaty was evaded;—but the Alliance showed no symptoms of reviving. Thus encouraged, Russia went on. Lord Clarendon, when pushed to the wall in the above-quoted debate, "begged to remind the noble Earl (Derby) that the territory ceded by Russia on the banks of the Danube was not ceded principally on account of the two fortresses. The object was to prevent Russia from having any access to the Danube,—and that object would be secured." Unfortunately, here again our Foreign Minister was calculating without his host. Within three weeks afterwards —as soon as Parliament was prorogued!—two events took place which proved how misplaced was our Ministers' confidence in the efficacy of the Treaty. The first of these was the news that the Russians (as usual, without any word of warning) had commenced measures to secure themselves in possession of the Isle of Serpents, a post in the actual stream of the Danube! The promptness with which a British warship was despatched to the rescue alone prevented the Muscovites from accomplishing their purpose; and though several attempts have since been made to land parties on the

* The following are some further passages from this memorable discussion, showing the extraordinary remissness displayed by our Foreign Minister at the Congress of Paris:—

"The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH said, the same precautions should have been adopted by the Government with regard to these fortresses which, as far as his memory went, had invariably been adopted when the surrender of fortresses was made the subject of treaty. He believed it was invariably the case that provisions were inserted, prescribing in the most detailed terms the state in which the fortresses should be given up, and whether the guns, the ammunition, the archives, and the plans, should also be given up. If the noble earl had taken the trouble to inquire, he would have found that this was always provided for; and if he had not taken the same precautions, the blame for what had transpired really rested with him.

"The Earl of CLARENDON.—The remarks of the noble earl are founded upon cases in which the fortresses are named in the treaty. Now, in this case the fortresses were not named.

"The Earl of DERBY.—If they were not named, that is only an additional instance of neglect. The chief value of these territories no doubt consisted in the fortresses, and the omission to name them is, I repeat, an instance of great neglect on the part of the noble earl."

ston was on the alert, and his promptitude and decision deserve acknowledgment. But how nearly all was lost will be seen in the sequel. For, once more and again, a "difficulty" started up. Almost simultaneously with this attempt of the Russians to occupy the Isle of Serpents, the commissioners engaged in defining the new boundary of Bessarabia were brought to a sudden and unexpected stand-still. The new frontier, as defined by the Treaty of Paris, was to run to the south of the town of Bolgrad,—and lo, there were *two* Bolgrads! If one of these were taken as the landmark, Russia would be excluded from the Danube; if the other, she would retain access to its waters. The former stands close to Trajan's wall, with the line of which the new boundary was designed in the main to coincide, and has no communication with the Danube; the latter lies a good way to the south of Trajan's wall, close to a lake which directly communicates with the main stream of the Danube. The Russians insisted that the latter (New Bolgrad) was the town meant in the treaty, and refused to give it up. In this view it was impossible to concur. The object of the Allies in stipulating for the cession of a portion of Bessarabia was to throw back Russia from the Danube, to the free navigation of which river she had show herself so inimical; and at the same time to strengthen the Principalities by the addition of the ceded territory, and give a more secure frontier to Turkey on the Lower Danube. Old Bolgrad answers to these requirements, and was the one pointed out by Baron Brunow at the Congress; whereas the more southerly Bolgrad would still give Russia access to the Danube; and, moreover, the lake which lies between it and the Danube cuts in two the strip of territory ceded to the Principalities, rendering the lower half still virtually Russian. It was evident that the Czar's Plenipotentiaries at the Congress, with true Russian finesse, had deluded their colleagues by means of false or imperfect maps, and had specified in the Trea mands went to null Bessarabian concessio precise value of tha after the destruction o leaving merely a narr defenceless land betw the Danube, it is neec but if this strip is to b waters navigable by R ing to the Danube, eve don must own that th delusion, and the wl grossest imposition.

We certainly wish to all these matters— of Serpents, boundar exactitude of conditio sisted on; and that, stantly repeating thei mula, "The word o Majesty is preferable t tion that could be f Palmerston and Clar themselves to prevent by present firmness. time—though it is im quit them of serious f fair to own (as we per seven months ago) t overmastered in the and by a stretch of cl conceive that their phrases were designec feat on points which contest. The records are worthless as reve diplomatic contests wh for, in accordance wit ly soothing policy a French Emperor, ever punged from the minu gress which could give of the contracting Po bitter remembrances Europe.

Thus our prediction been fulfilled so far as Russia; let us see if being equally realise duct of our Allies. stealthy stroke, had ac dismantling of the for sion of the treaty, be time to interpose. It *compli*, and it was use asking her to reconstr

resisted. She persisted in claiming the island, and refused to relinquish the town. It has seemed to us from the first, that Russia's claim to, and attempted seizure of, the Isle of Serpents, was a diplomatic ruse: that the claim was not meant to be persisted in, but was devised entirely as a shield to Bolgrad,—as a means of enabling Russia to play off, as her last card, a compromise, by which she would offer to resign her claim to the island on condition of being allowed to retain New Bolgrad and access to the Danube. Be this as it may, she resisted openly on both points the Allied interpretation of the Treaty of Paris. And her expectation that dissensions, and the obstinate reluctance of some of the lately allied states to go to war again, would prevent the Alliance from being revived to oppose her, have hitherto proved well-founded. Britain and Austria insisted on the fulfilment of the treaty; France vacillated, and leant to Russia. For the first time since the late war began, England acted independently of France, and sent a naval squadron to the mouth of the Danube; while Austria, menaced with the loss of her dearest object, that for which alone she had armed and negotiated—namely, the free navigation of the Danube—declared that she would retain her troops in the Principalities until Russia fulfilled the stipulated concession. In these circumstances, the Russian Government, ever fertile in expedients, proposed to "split the difference" between the two Bolgrads,—a counterfeit of fairness which, by still giving Russia access to the Danubian waters, would in reality have yielded to her the whole matter in dispute. Our august ally the French Emperor during these events was absent from Paris, seeking that relaxation which the toils and anxieties of government rendered necessary for him; and in his absence, the main direction of affairs fell into the hands of ministers who, to say the least, were greatly inferior in sagacity to their chief. The consequence was, that France supported Russia's offer to "split the difference;" but the cabinets of London resorted to by Russia,—namely, to offer to refer the points in dispute to a new congress. Again the French ministers assented, and again Britain and Austria said No;—the latter parties justly observing that it would be time enough to call a new congress when the conditions agreed to at the late one were fulfilled. The diplomatic contest now waxed very warm. The Porte was a sort of neutral which either side strove to win. Turkey, indeed, had in a manner the casting-vote, and moreover occupied a peculiar ground of vantage. France and Russia boldly resolved to checkmate their adversaries by inducing the Porte to demand the evacuation of the Principalities by the Austrian troops, and of the Black Sea by the British fleet. M. Thouvenel, the French ambassador, exerted himself might and main, in concert with M. Boutenieff, to obtain a decree from the Divan to this effect; and such a decree was on the very eve of being issued, when that redoubtable veteran Lord Stratford de Redcliffe blew the whole project to the winds, upset the Gallo-Russian ministry of Ali Pasha, and got Reschid Pasha, the supporter of England, reinstated in the Viziership. The result was, that the Sultan declared himself in favour of the Austrian troops remaining in the Principalities until the boundary question is settled, and publicly announced that he took upon himself the responsibility of authorising the British fleet to remain in the Black Sea.

This was a complete triumph for British policy, and the diplomatists of France are proportionally incensed. There has always been a rivalry between the French and British Legations at Constantinople; and the last five years have witnessed several determined attempts by the French Embassy to overthrow the supremacy so long maintained by the noble representative of England. All of these have failed; but so fierce the strife, and so rancorous the worsted parties, that the French Government has found it necessary to recall more than one of its envoys at Constantinople. These facts will suffice to account for the vehement attacks

have never ceased to represent him as a haughty, overbearing, impracticable old man, who carries into the present a style of diplomacy long since antiquated, and now most unsuited to the times. To those who understood the matter, these attacks were very harmless; but we regret to say that on several occasions these Gallic accusations have been blindly adopted by a portion of the British press. It is desirable, therefore, that the true cause and origin of these aspersions should be known. It is desirable that the country should know not only that Lord de Redcliffe is as able a diplomatist as ever represented England at a foreign Court, but that British influence in Turkey is identified with him, and will stand or fall as he does. For thirty years he has represented our Government at Constantinople; and his princely bearing and munificence are proverbial throughout the Sultan's dominions. *He* is England in the East. From Belgrade to Bagdad, from Kars to Cairo, his name is synonymous with that of England. He symbolises our power; and it will bode evil to our important and increasing interests in the East if his influence ever suffer eclipse.

The British fleet under Sir Edmund Lyons, has now orders, and is making preparations to winter in the Black Sea. A ship of war guards the Isle of Serpents from any *coup-de-main* of the Russians; and the Austrian troops continue in the Principalities, to be near the scene of dispute. So stands the affair. It suggests some observations. Firstly, as to the proposal for a new Congress. For England to have assented to such a proposal would have been the height of folly. Russia's great object in the present dispute is to gain time. She hopes to weary out her opponents by dogged obstinacy; and she may reasonably reckon, too, that the longer she protracts her defence, the greater will become the divergence among the Allies. With this view, she will assent to anything that renders necessary a protraction of the dispute—ever leaving herself, or resolving to make, a loophole of escape: there-

are other reasons why and especially Britain, ously oppose the proj Congress. Things w for us at the last they would be muc Ever since the concl Russia has been sowi endeavouring to exalt on the ruins of the active animosities of close the ears of othe her beguiling voice; Peace was precious, means of saving hers diate material dange more opening a fai diplomacy, by which recover in the cabin had lost in the cam cedented magnificence tion fêtes was desig the world both of the with an overwhelmi power, and to show warlike and financial been impaired by the gorgeous panoramic might of the Russias, to reassure his peopl as to the triumphant race, as well as to can to stand in awe befo ment of such giganti was the design a Throughout the Eas upon the impressible Oriental peoples, the Moscow will take am the fêted deputies of by the part they bo ceremonial, will carr tant homes glowing t dour that can hardly and which will be the vans from the Oxus Ispahan to Erzerour to Bagdad and Dam a Western mind the r week of Russian gr in the brilliant colum cannot fail to be impre German newspaper he was so dazzled and he could give no acco saw, is no unapt typ heartedness and awe play at Moscow is lil

at present is to be allowed to smoke its pipe in peace, and make up its mind about nothing.

But it is the peculiarity of Russian policy to rely for success upon persistency rather than intermittent efforts,—to trust to influences slow, steady, and secret, rather than to open displays of power. While, therefore, the costly tinsel of the coronation-fêtes were not unimproved, and amongst those dazzling ball-rooms and gay reunions Muscovite diplomacy was steadily at work, overwhelming with blandishments its recent foes—dropping the word of promise to the ear that would in due time be broken to the heart, and hinting suspicions where it wished to sow distrust,—still it was to far wider combinations of diplomatic skill that the Russian Government looked to follow up its success. We simple-hearted John Bulls, ever inclined to openness in all our proceedings, are little fitted to understand the Machiavellian ramifications of Russian diplomacy throughout Europe. Accustomed to a free press, which, with all its faults, has never been chargeable with corruption, we are loth to believe that for the last forty years Russian gold has been profusely distributed among the newspaper offices at Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg,—indeed we might almost say at every court, camp, and town in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Still more, we can vouch from personal knowledge to similar attempts having been made indirectly upon the English press,—the *modus operandi* in this case being, the offer of occasional Continental correspondence,—the writer sometimes representing himself as a British subject long domiciled abroad, and introducing the Russian leaven into his correspondence with great adroitness. In the cases of this kind which have come to our knowledge, the *ruse* never succeeded—the ruthless editorial pen annihilating the objectionable passages, and quickly terminating the correspondence; but we have known the offerers of such contributions subsequently rewarded (doubtless for that and other more successful

not be received, the rewards to these foreign "friends" of Russia are diamond-rings, gold snuff-boxes with the Emperor's portrait in brilliants; Russian orders of an inferior class; presents of articles of vertu, or the appointment of relatives to cadetships in the Russian army. Besides this class of hired or bribed foreign retainers—of whom the unfortunate Kotzebue was a specimen, and of whom from personal knowledge we could give modern instances—Germany has long been inundated with Russian nobles and councillors of state, not always native-born subjects of Russia (sometimes Greeks, Frenchmen, Italians), one of whose chief duties it is to corrupt the German press, by the insertion of articles sometimes editorially, but most frequently by way of correspondence,—the contribution of "original" news or views being frequently the bait by which this is accomplished. Lastly, as a resource of Russian diplomacy only adopted on extraordinary occasions, we must mention the visit of members of the Imperial Family, with a host of intriguers and *intriguantes* in their train, to those courts or countries where it is desired to make an impression. A striking example of this mode of conducting business was given in the summer of 1853, at the time Nicholas commenced his invasion of the Turkish territories, and when it was most desirable for Russia that England and France should not coalesce to oppose the attack. At that time, it will be remembered that the Russian Princesses came to England, on the plea of delicate health; while a swarm of Russian nobles, unexampled in any former season, spread themselves over Germany "for the sake of the baths." A similar manœuvre is in progress now. The Dowager-Empress has betaken herself with a large retinue on a mingled mission of health and politics, to northern Italy; while the wife of the Grand-duke Constantine and the Grand-duchess Helena are perambulating Germany on a mission of the latter kind only.

These various operations of Russian diplomacy have told upon the

part to a fresh Congress perfectly suicidal. Prussia is ready, as before, to vote with Russia; Sardinia is being cajoled by lavish professions of Russia's hatred to Austria; and France would rather yield the points in dispute than re-open the war. With such a following, Russia would have a clear majority in any new Congress against the views held by Great Britain; and on this account, as well as on the general ground that the insular and naval interests of Britain can find no support on the Continent, we trust our rulers will keep as clear as possible of European Congresses.

As regards our present relations with France, it is unquestionable that the unavoidable suspension of the personal superintendence by Napoleon III. of the foreign policy of his empire, allowed too much scope to his Ministers' leanings to Russia; and the visit of M. Persigny, the able French minister at our Court, to his imperial master at Compèigne was much needed in order to counteract the anti-British representations of Count Walewski. But it were vain to shut our eyes to the fact that the position of France and its Emperor is such as to incline them to the maintenance of peace at any price. In our article on "The Peace," in May, we showed the weighty considerations which existed to urge the French Emperor to bring the war to a close. Without recurring to the political considerations then stated, we may say that the financial ones have since then assumed a still more momentous aspect. The astonishing development of industrial enterprise in France, under the fostering administration of Napoleon III., has brought with it perils as well as advantages. The old hoarding habits of the people have been broken down, —the scattered savings and small capitals, formerly uselessly locked in drawers or hid in corners, have been embarked in industrial undertakings; and, crowning the whole, the gigantic Credit Mobilier has assumed to itself the execution of all the great works in Europe. The Austrian railways are in its hands; through an affili-

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and boldness as ours. It is true Russia is befooling her late colleagues at the Conferences, and openly eluding fulfilment of the conditions of peace; but the French Government, as Russia foresaw would be the case, once loosened from the war, will not re-engage in it for the purpose of checking this breach of faith. Indeed, a majority of the Paris journals have of late spoken bitterly of the English alliance; and as several of those journals are the property of individuals connected with the Bourse, their rage at the line of policy adopted by the British Government is easily understood. The *Assemblée Nationale*, the organ of the Fusionists, reminds its readers that "in the reign of Louis XVI. the united fleets of France and Spain were mistresses of the Channel, and blockaded the English in their own ports;" and expresses a hope that in the event of any future quarrel with this country, "the French navy will be enabled with the assistance of an ally, *even were that ally Russia*, to counterbalance the power of Great Britain on the sea." Such a coalition for this very purpose was pointed out by us as one of the grand contingencies of the future, against which it becomes us ever to stand on our guard; and if this little hint from the *Assemblée* serve to impress the idea on the dull mind of the British public, we shall forgive that journal the many bitter things it has said of our country. It is to be observed that, despite the divergence of opinion between the two Governments, the French Emperor and his mouthpiece the *Moniteur* continue leal to the alliance with England, and we believe that the maintenance of that alliance is regarded by him as the sheet-anchor of his foreign policy. But to how many risks is it exposed! "A man is immortal till his work is done," was the noble saying of Napoleon III. the last time he escaped the cowardly bullet of the assassin; but is not the converse of the saying in some sense true also? We confess we have looked of late with fear and foreboding on that stately life which bears the sorrowful burden of Gallic sovereignty,—the pillar that upholds the tranquillity of western Europe—the sole barrier that separates France from the deluge. We feel as if that imperial life, which has culminated so strangely and grandly, were now in a trough of the waves, from which it must speedily emerge or sink. Our poor feeble eyes see no way of emergence. Inimical everywhere to revolution and popular risings, as incentives to similar movements against his own throne,—yet equally apprehensive of a league of the despotic Courts of eastern Europe, Napoleon III. shrinks from taking any step which, by rupturing the present tranquillity, would force him from his position of neutrality. Accordingly he bends his whole energies to maintain things as they are. Hence that policy of conciliation he has of late adopted in all quarters. We do not believe, whatever be the case with his Ministers, that the penetrating eye of the French Emperor is in the least blinded by Muscovite courtesies to the perils of Europe from the ever-growing power of Russia; but his heart is set on avoiding a present rupture, and he uses soft words to obliterate past irritation. It is the same in regard to other States. Everywhere Napoleon III. is seen pouring oil on the troubled waters. We fear the task is too great for any man. At most, the success can be but temporary. In Spain, in Italy, a conflagration is smouldering, and its outburst is likely to produce combinations in foreign politics to which we look forward with much disquiet. While, then, we turn to account our present alliances, let us not forget that one day we may have to do without them.

Time fails us to speak of the fracas with Naples, save to say that it has been an ill-judged business. Even were we to grant that the advantage of ameliorating the condition, and so preserving the tranquillity of Italy, by obtaining reforms at Naples, justified intervention on the part of the Western Powers, the mode of intervening was one open to the gravest objections. The august majesty of King Bomba, calculating upon the reluctance of the French Emperor to proceed to extremities, set at defiance

Vesuvian despot! But be it so. We prefer that the indiscretion of our Ministers should so end, rather than that, by putting a torch to Naples, we should have set Italy in a blaze. That blaze is sure to come; but, having grievous misgivings as to its immediate result, we would not for the world that the responsibility of exciting that conflagration rested with England.

Running our eye over the Continent, what are the aspects of the hour? Troubled exceedingly. Spain, which for the last three years has been steadily going from bad to worse, is now so near the rapids, that France and England, with all their desire to save her, now cry, "Hands off!" and submit to let her go. Sicily is uneasy—so is Italy. The affair of Neufchâtel, between Prussia and the Swiss Diet, ought to be easily arranged; but farther east we find the question of the Principalities and the Bessarabian frontier in a state of hopeless complication. Austrian troops in the Principalities—Russians in Bolgrad —the British fleet in the Black Sea—everywhere the treaty set at nought. Moreover, it is now seen that the "neutralisation" of the Black Sea is a sham. The numerous vessels of the Steam Navigation Companies which Russia is establishing in the Euxine, are merely war-ships in disguise: it was expressly ordered that they should be built so as to be convertible into ships-of-war,—and although our Government allowed its project of this kind in regard to the West India mail-packet steamers to be blundered, the Russian Government, which cares little for commerce and everything for war, will take better care to see that the war-structure of the vessels is attended to. Still further east, we see Russian officers enlisting against us in the army of the Shah, and agencies at work which may make us loth to withdraw our fleet from the Black Sea. Turning back to Austria, we find a new recruitment just ordered in every province of the empire, in order to make up the losses of the

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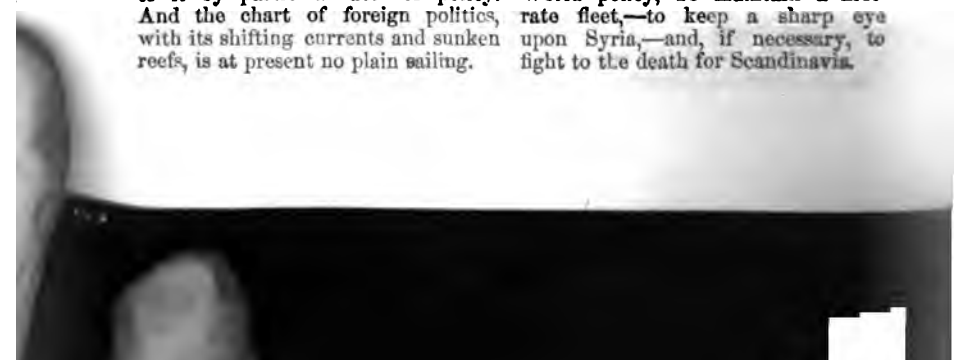
Our firm belief is, that these signs of trouble and apprehension will not pass away without producing convulsion. They are not the mists of morning quickly vanishing before the summer's sun, but the gathering of storm-clouds, indicating a disturbance of the electric elements, which can only regain equilibrium by explosion. What, then, is the inference to be drawn from the various phenomena of the internal and external condition of the country which we have passed in review? Simply, as it appears to us, this,—that foreign policy is naturally attracting so much of the national regard that it will soon become the chief shaping power of our parliamentary parties; and that those who aspire to the leadership of the nation cannot too soon or too earnestly address themselves to the consideration of the many grave, and withal complex and difficult problems which that department of statesmanship presents. Not that domestic legislation will stand still—far from it, we trust; but having cleared off all long-standing arrears, it becomes us to see that our future legislation is not hurried,—and to bear in mind that it is the first principle of Conservatism, as of true wisdom, that it is better to do little, and do it well, than to encumber the statute-book with crude legislation.

We know that many thoughtful minds throughout the country are specially arrested by the threatening aspect of foreign affairs; and that the masses, by an instinct—that mysterious presentiment that so often inspires nations on the eve of coming troubles—have come to the same conclusion, must be obvious to all. It rests with Parliament and its leaders to shape into wise acts the sentiments thus brooding vaguely in the public mind. The public can but supply the *force;* Parliament must be the head to direct that force into correct channels, and give expression to it by particular acts of policy. And the chart of foreign politics, with its shifting currents and sunken reefs, is at present no plain sailing.

cent reduction of the army; but it appears to us that the entire disbandment of the militia was a step unwise and uncalled-for. Ministers in prescribing it appear to have done so from no higher consideration than that, having made a Peace, it behoved them to act as if that peace were a good and safe one; whereas, as Sir E. B. Lytton recently remarked, "the less said about it the better;" and even the Ministry must have been perfectly aware that it was "a conclusion which concluded nothing." In defence of the harsh manner in which the disbandment of the militia was carried ont, we conceive nothing can be said: it was not only injudicious, but disgraceful; and the effect cannot fail to be most detrimental to this peculiarly national branch of the service, by deterring both officers and privates from volunteering into its ranks.

As to the external relations of the country, the main ends of our foreign policy having been reasoned out in former articles, may be briefly stated here. The first is, so to shape our policy, and maintain the magnitude and efficiency of our fleet, as to provide against that greatest peril of the future —a naval confederacy against the maritime power, and consequently the independence and commercial wealth, of Great Britain. The next is, ever to cultivate a good understanding with America; and to support and draw closer our alliances with the Scandinavian Powers, as a guard against Russia becoming supreme in the Baltic, adding its sea-faring population to her own, and advancing her fleet and arsenals to an impregnable position behind the Sound, from whence they could issue at any time to attack the British shores. Finally, we must seek to extend our influence in Syria, as a bulwark for the overland route to India. We leave details to the wisdom of our rulers. But we have no hesitation to reiterate as the three grand ends of our Old World policy, To maintain a first-rate fleet,—to keep a sharp eye upon Syria,—and, if necessary, to fight to the death for Scandinavia.



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